

THE JOURNAL

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY MAIL. One month \$0.35, Three months \$1.00, Six months \$1.90, One year \$3.50.

THE JOURNAL is published every evening, except Sunday, at 450 Fourth Street South, Journal Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

AN INVITATION is extended to all to visit the Press Room, which is the finest in the west. The battery of presses consists of three four-color presses with a total capacity of 140,000 sheets per hour.

IN A NUTSHELL....

The Movement to Save Children From Hard Labor—Various Facts.

The crusade in behalf of unfortunate children compelled by parents or the greed of manufacturers to ruin their lives by excessive toil is now so far advanced as to be certain of success all along the line, so far as legislation is concerned. Moreover, the public conscience has been so awakened on the subject that the laws enacted or to come will probably be enforced.

In New York bills have been introduced into the legislature which are designed among other things to make it impossible for children or their parents to evade the law making the age limit 14. The present law applies only to children employed in factories or stores. It is now made to apply outside. The provision of the existing law which allows vacation work in factories to children between fourteen and sixteen who have not had the full schooling required for employment, is to be repealed.

Books and Authors

IT IS TOO BAD.

The Critic says: "How badly the newspapers treat us! They come out with a statement that somebody is going to do something that is not interesting and we are delighted at the fact of its immediate realization."

MARY DEVEREUX, Author of "Lettie of Louisiana," is a person to obey implicitly. The Critic ought to know that human nature is exceeding pliant.

NEW BOOKS.

CAP'N TITUS. Sketches of New England Country Folk. By Clara Brewster. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Minneapolis: M. A. Donohue & Co. Price, \$1.

ETHAN ALLEN OF GREEN MOUNTAIN FAME. By Charles W. Brown. Author of "Nathan Hale," etc. Illustrated. Chicago: M. A. Donohue & Co., 427-428 Dearborn Street. Price, \$1.50.

A WHALEMAN'S WIFE. By Frank T. Bullen. Author of "The Cruise of the Cachet," etc. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.50.

HOW TO ATTRACT THE BIRDS; AND OTHER TALKS ABOUT BIRD NEIGHBORS. By Nellie Bingham. Author of "The Neighborly Bird." New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Minneapolis: M. A. Donohue & Co. Price, \$1.50.

A SUMMER SNOWFLAKE AND DRIFT OF OTHER VERSE AND SONG. By W. D. Wanger. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Minneapolis: M. A. Donohue & Co. Price, \$1.

THE PASSING OF SUMMER. "Slumber Song," "An Old Wedding Ring." The latter is full of beauty, as in the last two verses.

LITERARY NOTES. The Critic's Lounge thinks Mr. Lawrence Housman has not helped his reputation by confessing his authorship of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters" after positively denying that he wrote the book.

DR. CRUM'S CASE. Herein lies the portentous importance of Dr. Crum's case. In him the prejudice of caste strikes at his own race. His rejection confirms Henry Root's description of the mighty question that is soon to confront this republic.

ALMOST KILLED THE ANITIES. St. Louis City Journal. Governor Taft's popularity in the Philippines is the blow that almost killed the Boston anities.

CHEAP ENOUGH. Boston Herald. The \$50,000 appropriation for the coal strike commissioners appears to be going through congress all right. It is certainly cheap enough.

The Nonpareil Man.

Casually Observed.

In the discussion over the strenuous family life led by our president, Bishop Huntington of New York advocates the disgusting doctrine that perhaps a man should be allowed to run his own family affairs without interference. We are surprised at the bishop!

An examining physician of a boys' reform school in Maryland says that if you cannot close your eyes and touch the tip of your nose with your finger quickly you are crazy or weak minded. Thank Heaven! We have just made the trial and have discovered our sanity.

This column does not care to take on either Mott or Nelson, but there is a cord of cross-grained wood in our yard that is looking very groggy.

Baltimore has a telegraph editor who understands Central American politics. He is so cheery that the managing editor takes his hat off in the office.

The Iowa hen, says the census, throws off 99,000,000 dozen eggs in a year. Secretary Wilson of the department of agriculture says he knows this is so for he went out and counted them.

How would you like to live in Iron county, Michigan, with a 45-mile breeze cutting right into the grindstones and no fuel in sight except granite, and that frozen.

The formalin cure is said to have petered out in New York. The trouble seems to have been a minor one—the patients who tried it died.

A foot of snow, a foot of ice. The weather again—and in a trice! It snows clear—now ain't that nice! Nebraska!

I read dispatches from that state. (The mercury is "minus 8.") The snow is over the dy-barred gate! Nebraska!

Now, really, what do you suppose? Courting a red-haired girl named Rose. A Lincoln man was nearly froze! NEBRASKA!!!

The attempt of the police in New York, Chicago and St. Louis to prevent a man from "foisting" his money on a Sure Thing is, indeed, a serious invasion of the popular rights. If an "investment" company has its name in large "guilt" letters on its office door in a large 12-story office building it ought to be guaranty enough to the police and security enough for the investment public who dig so large a bunch of its hard-earned savings down the street and leaves it with the "ann-ann-ann" who stands behind the railing. It is perfectly safe with him. He holds it very securely and will hold it for you a few months' interest at 2 per cent a month you are playing in great luck. You wouldn't believe it, but the Great American Public, wise as a rule on gold brick games, bites on the investment dodge to the extent of millions of dollars a month.

About two years ago an Infernal Scoundrel on Wall street got the name of the writer in some unknown way and sent his "literature" regularly to this office. He played the market on a "system" by which you could not lose and could easily make \$10,000 without spraining yourself. There was a "char" that went with the game and the whole system was figured down to a mathematical certainty.

This column had a little tin savings bank on its parlor mantelpiece full of bright, new dimes and nickels, \$100 altogether, the hoardings of many happy years. It took much strenuous, strong-arm mental work to keep from handing over this little pile to the Infernal Scoundrel with the Cheat.

About a year after that great mental victory the police harshly pulled the Cheat genius or he fled, or something, and it came out afterwards that there were a number of shrewd investors in this city who were separated from their earnings with a sound kick that made by the porous plaster when it is torn from father's form.

You may laugh all you please, but it is hard work not to hand your cash over to an Infernal Scoundrel who longs to make you rich beyond the dreams of avarice. There is the mining game—but let us not dwell on this. The subject is too painful.

THEY HAD THINGS MIXED

It was almost sundown when I arrived at a mountaineer's cabin high up on the Tennessee side of the Cumberland mountain, and I found the man seated on a log at the gate and his wife smoking her pipe on the doorstep. I asked him if I could find lodgings for the night, and he shook his head and replied in doubtful tones: "I don't skassly believe you kin, stranger—not skassly."

"How far is it to the next cabin?" "Bout a mile, I reckon, but I ain't believin' they could take you in."

"And the next after that?" "Two miles mo', but they'd hev to pass yo' on. I'd really like to take yo' in, but I ain't skassly seen 'how it kin be done."

"But yo' must give up yo' r'ust," he called back. "I saw that there 'as a family dispute of some sort on, but hesitated to ask any questions. After a minute or two, however, the woman rose slowly up and came down to the gate and explained: "Stranger, Tom yere got up this mawnin' and said that the whale swallered Dan'l."

They Will Be Missed.

When I shall loose these bonds and take my flight Unto those realms prepared for the just soul. Lover and friend may through that peaceful goal, Yet will my heart drop sighs: Alas, the white, Strong spirits that have not found these fields of light, And may not come while the stretched aeons roll, Hamlet and Lear, Othello, and the whole Of life and beauty as 'twas Jessie's dancing feet."

A Solicitous Maid.

Miss Elizabeth G. Jordan, author of Tales of Destiny, has a Norwegian maid who has literary proclivities and is very proud of being a compatriot of Henrik Ibsen, in whose reflected glory she appears to bask with intense satisfaction. From the conversation of Miss Jordan's friends, she slowly acquired the fact that her mistress also wrote books, over which she was subsequently found poring at surreptitious intervals. From that time Miss Jordan found herself the object of increased deference. She was even oppressed with her maid's attentions—doors were closed at all hours to keep off draughts, and abasms were tenderly wrapped about her regardless of the fact that she was already suffering from heat. Meanwhile the solicitous maid caught numerous colds herself, and her work suffered. Finally Miss Jordan protested: "If you would take as good care of yourself as you do of me it might be better for us both," she remarked, mildly. "Oh, ma'am," said the maid, "it don't matter about me; the world don't need me, but you and Ibsen has got to be took care of right."

Faith Without Works.

Faith curists should note with interest the Syracuse case of Mrs. Caroline Buck. The lady sued for damages, it being alleged that in a railway accident she lost the use of her right ear. "Can you hear this?" asked the lawyer for the defense, holding a watch to the derelict member. Mrs. Buck couldn't. "Can you hear it now?" holding the same watch to the plaintiff's left ear. Mrs. Buck could. But then the hard-hearted lawyer showed to the jury that the seeming timepiece was an empty case, guileless of machinery. Obviously the lady believed that her left ear was good. So believing, she had a realizing claim to the "tick, tick" of an instrument which mortal error proclaimed tickless. In the presence of the unlightened she became a victim to a watch without insides—to faith without works.

The western Canadian farmer will not love the eastern Canadian manufacturer any more than he will love the American manufacturer. He will insist on having his interests and not those of the manufacturers made the basis of legislation. As the indications are that the agricultural interests of Canada will be greater in proportion to those of the manufacturers than in any other country in the world, it does not follow that, even if high protection shall win a temporary victory in Canada, it is always to be in the saddle. Those uninhabited stretches of land in the Canadian northwest will one day be full of voters.

The lower house of the legislature yesterday authorized the forestry board to purchase land for forestry purposes at not to exceed \$2.50 an acre and then considerately denied it a cent for that purpose.

Public Examiner's Revelations. Regarding the decision of the railway companies operating in Minnesota to pay \$60,000 as the gross earnings tax on six years of rebates which have hitherto escaped taxation, the Minneapolis Tribune naves remarks in its news column: Hereafter the railroads will not make any report of rebates or commissions but will keep their gross earnings in a lump sum, leaving the industry in possession of rebates to be ferreted out by the interstate commerce commission.

The truth is that the railway companies have been sedulously concealing all evidence of rebates, and have only reported their earnings after deducting rebates. Moreover the railroads would have continued indefinitely to conceal them if it had not been for the work of Public Examiner Johnson in getting authority from the legislature to check up the railway reports of earnings, and then utilizing that authority in a vigorous and effective fashion. The sleepy old railway commission would have gone on indefinitely accepting anything the railroads offered them. This \$60,000 that Mr. Johnson has brought into the state treasury is only a part of his good work. In several other ways he has been able to show that the railroads were not making accurate returns of their gross earnings. But what he has earned for the state in this one matter of rebates is about twice as much as he is asking the legislature to spend on his department. It begins to look as if money spent on the examiner's office were a first class investment.

Incidentally it may be remarked that Mr. Johnson's work has thrown a brilliant sidelight on this question of rebates. On Minnesota business alone Mr. Johnson has been able to prove that the railroads have been paying rebates to such an extent that the gross earnings tax on them is \$10,000 a year.

That means that only on business that is calculated to be Minnesota's share the railroads that do business in this state have been paying rebates to the extent of more than \$300,000 a year. That sum represents a good year's profit of \$30,000 each for ten fairly large business concerns.

The amount probably went to more than that number, but it is a characteristic of rebates that but few receive them. Say that fifty large shippers received \$6,000 apiece in rebates; the sum is large enough to give each of them a powerful advantage over competitors. It looks as if Mr. Johnson had been able to discover some facts that may be useful to the interstate commerce commission. Moreover, if Mr. Johnson is permitted and encouraged to continue his good work we believe that the granting of rebates will not be so much of a habit of the Minnesota railroads in the future as in the past, a result which the railroads will profit by as much as any one else.

Pat Sheedy intimates that Pierpont Morgan's banking-house is nothing more than a get-rich-quick concern, operating with a O. P. M. (short for other people's money). It is true that it does not appear that he helped other people to get poor quick, and that is the other side of the true get-rich-quick business.

A New Deal for Ireland. The Irish land bill failed in the last session of the English parliament. The measure did not meet the Irish nationalist party's demands. Since then, there seems to have been developed a tendency on the part of the English conservatives to recognize the fact that it is useless any longer to attempt to Anglicize Ireland or to stand in the way of rational Irish home rule with the Irish demand for the extinction of landlordism or the abolition of the dual system of proprietorship. Such a distinguished Irish nationalist as John Redmond has abandoned the Parnell program of an independent Ireland, and in a recent speech said the chief thing desired was to obtain for the Irish people a chance of living in peace and prosperity on their own soil, and he remarked that he believed a measure to be presented in parliament would soon become law and bring about the desired changes under the crown.

The late conference at Dublin of Irish landlords and tenants came to an agreement touching the transfer of the landlord's interests to the tenant element, practically handing the proprietorship of the lands to the tenants on terms agreed to between the latter and the landlords. The resolutions of the Dublin conference will be presented to the English parliament. If this scheme is given statutory effect the bitter fight of the last century, against landlordism will be ended.

It is noticeable that when the colonial premiers were in London last year they all fraternized and sympathized with the Irish party. Members of the British government, indeed, are more disposed to favor dealing with the Irish question in a rational way, which has never been done heretofore by any British ministry or parliament. Gladstone's effort having conspicuously failed.

There is enough waste and drainable bog land in Ireland to furnish many hundreds of thousands of Irishmen with productive farms, and there is hope for "the old sod" in the intelligent development of manufactures and the neglected Irish fisheries off the west coast.

It is good to know that if Minnesota should desire to do its own municipal lighting it is in a position to do it, when the time comes, without going to the legislature for help. Between the terms of the gas company's franchise and the existing law, we shall be able to take over the plant without a jar if our people think it wise—which is another question. If the Tige home rule amendment is adopted we shall be able to do so handsily, even if by 1910 we are on a home rule basis.

A Righteous Judge. United States Circuit Judge Grosscup of Chicago will be hailed by the American people as a just judge. In granting, yesterday, a temporary injunction against the beef trust, he dealt out justice as the people understand it. Moreover, his opinion is one that a child can understand.

Judge Grosscup brushes away all bewildering half-splitting niceties and finds: First—That the evidence shows that a combination of packers exists. Second—That the combination is in restraint of trade. Third—That taken as a whole the commerce carried on by the combination is of an interstate nature and subject to federal law.

There are three facts that nobody would dispute, except in some technical legal sense, as a lawyer might dispute them to the advantage of his client. As to the facts bearing on restraint of trade, Judge Grosscup finds that such practices as the joint bidding up of the price of cattle merely to attract a large supply which is subsequently bought at low prices, and various acts intended to establish a uniform high price to the consumer are unquestionably in restraint of trade.

The high price of beef last summer was not wholly due to the beef trust. We have realized that the cowboys would not be trusted, but the agitation at that time served to bring out the most objectionable practices on the part of the trust. The practice, for instance, of making an essentially artificial price in order to attract offers of cattle to be subsequently purchased at an equally artificially made low price was substantially business under false pretences. It is a practice that is ruinous to the cattle raisers, and diverts to the combine all the profits of the business, however high may be the price exacted from the consumer for meat.

The combination has been able to ruin the cattlemen on the one hand and practice extortion on the consumer on the other. It has been able to make an unearned profit at the expense of both producer and consumer. Of course, if Judge Grosscup's decision is sustained in the end, the combine will speedily become a single corporation instead of an alliance of separate companies. But we have hopes there are long there will be legislation that will keep even the big compact corporation from playing the part of a robber.

AMUSEMENTS. Foyer Chat. Horace Lewis in "A Poor Relation" will be the attraction at the Metropolitan here to-night. This comedy, written for Sol Smith Russell, by E. E. Kilder, is a clean, wholesome and sweet comedy-drama full of humor and pathos.

"Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," by Clyde Fitch, which will be seen at the Metropolitan for half a week, commencing next Sunday evening, ran almost a year at the Garrick theater, New York.

"Miss Simplicity," the new operatic comedy in which Frank Daniels is to appear at the Metropolitan the last half of next week, is said to be a noteworthy production on account of the generosity with which Manager La Shelle has equipped the fair women in the company with costumes.

Joseph Murphy is scoring a decided hit at the Bijou this week. For the rest of the week, beginning to-night, "Shaun Rhine" will be presented. In this play Mr. Murphy sings the song that is the more famous of those he has sung into note, "A Handful of Earth."

McIntyre and Heath have been together since 1874. They originated negro dancing on the stage. James W. McIntyre had watched the pickaninies of the southland dance about the cabin doors and he learned how they did it. What passed for negro dancing was mere travesty. They appear with the Orpheum show, which comes to the Bijou next week. A special matinee performance will be given Monday, Feb. 23.

of caste strikes at his whole race. His recent Stock company at the Lyceum this week is one of the best plays that this company have as yet appeared in. Opening Sunday evening, the company will present the pretty comedy-drama, "A Young Wife."

POOR OXFORD. Harper's Weekly. It is no secret—it is not even news—that the University of Oxford is very poor. A book has lately been issued setting forth its pressing needs, to which the London Times has called attention. The Rhodes scholarships, instead of helping it, have increased its needs. Its great library, the Bodleian, is cramped for room, both for books and readers, and has not funds enough to buy the books to keep it abreast of the times. Its deficiencies are so serious that the Oxford board of modern history reports that the scientific work of the university cannot at present be prosecuted at Oxford. In science it wants are manifold. It lacks equipment for the study of metals; its instruction in geology is woefully inadequate; it needs a mechanical laboratory with instruction buildings, and machines; it has an engineering department, and it is far behind the times in the attention it pays to physics. Something seems to be wrong with the relations of England to the world. Perhaps the trouble is that the old university has become so long regarded as a rich man's university, and as a source of income and maintenance for the nobles and gentry of the British public so realize that the venerable nurse of learning herself needs to be fed. There is no lack of money in England, but the British nation seems not to have formed the habit of so widespread here, of giving money to universities. Dr. Andrew White, defending his countrymen from the charge of greed, said in a speech in a village speech in Berlin, that the gift of over \$10,000,000 to American colleges in 1901 abundantly proved that the British are not so miserly as the mighty dollar, he also knows how to use it. The British are earnest money-getters, but they don't seem to have the American accomplishment of letting go.

KICKING AND KICKER. Furniture Journal. What is the use of kicking, brother? When things go wrong with you and you feel like a fiddle with the bridge down, don't it occur to you that the chances are that it is you who are bluish and not that the universe has slipped a cog in the night? Don't you know that the man to whom you take your tale of woe sees in it a confession of weakness on your part and that in nine cases out of ten you are condemned out of your own mouth? More times than not, the whole blame from your big head to your big opinion of your deserts and too low a one of your neighbor's. If success has marked you for its own, if you are going back to your old job, if your old job is going to ignore what you can do of unpleasantness, bear what you must and work away with an unflinching determination to get the door for the only thing that really counts for anything in results. Talk will never cover deficiencies, nor will any amount of explanation or excuse prevail in the face of common sense. If you are going to do anything for yourself, make two blades of grass grow in the place of a weed; send in that order the horse hardy hopod you've been riding, and get the door for shed; show up a satisfactory balance sheet at the end of the year—and let the other fellow kick. It is better to lead and have superior to you than to be one of the pack that hangs on the heels of the leader. If you ever accomplish anything of value in this life, it will be while doing it. Let the other fellow worry his breath over these, and do something more while he talks. Errors are often made the skirmish line that draws the enemy's attention, and he never makes a plan of attack. The only man who never made a mistake is the one who never made a success.

SO INCONSIDERATE. Youth's Companion. A young woman who wore at a concert a hat with a high crown and a wide brim requested to remove it. She did so, but with poor grace, and the old lady behind her who had proffered the request could not resist the temptation to give her a little help. Being blessed with a sense of humor, the old lady smiled in spite of herself. "I think she was very inconsiderate," said the young woman, emphatically. "Of course you feel obliged to do it when any one asks, but I should think she would have realized that if she held the hat in my lap on top of my coat, the door would come right up into my eyes and prevent me from really seeing anything on the isn't it?"

PRESS GANG SHOCKED. Sioux City Journal. The publisher of the Alcester, S. D., Union has sold his newspaper and will engage in the banking business. The surprise is so great that the South Dakota press gang is in danger of forgetting to extend its congratulations.

KIDDER AMONG THE REST. Bismarck Tribune. A few years ago the people of Steele did not know whether they would ever be able to pay their bonded indebtedness of \$35,000 or not, but now they are anticipating the future and want to pay \$6,000 now for a deed of release—which shows that Kidder county and her county seat are prosperous.

NOT INTOXICATED WITH SUCCESS. Anaconda Standard. At any rate, nobody will ever accuse Judge Harvey of being intoxicated with his success as a jurist.

A DEARTH OF BORROWERS. Sioux Falls Press. Having reduced the interest rate from 6 to 5 per cent, it was supposed there would be a rush to borrow money from the school fund. Beadle county reports an entire lack of concern over offers of loans. Nobody wants money. But the school fund is being leased and an income thereby derived.

ALMOST KILLED THE ANITIES. Sioux City Journal. Governor Taft's popularity in the Philippines is the blow that almost killed the Boston anities.

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