

THE JOURNAL

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The Evening Paper.

"I believe that the average American family devotes more time to evening papers than to any other newspaper. In the morning I get to the office by 8:30 at the latest; the cars at that time are more crowded than at any other time during the morning. Probably one-third of the people are reading the morning paper. After the express train stops at the first downtown station you can pick up a paper in any of the cabs. Men rush pell-mell to the office. Most of them do not get another opportunity to look at the paper till noon, then it is out of date."—Extract from article in Mahin's Magazine.

The Great Daily of the Great Northwest.

Average Circulation for March, 57,965

The best circulation in the Northwest, as it is almost entirely one edition—AN EVENING EDITION—which goes directly to the homes when people have time to read. THE JOURNAL is the only 2-cent daily in Minneapolis.

The Business Situation.

The week was marked by developments of an extremely unfavorable nature in the local business scene resulting in the temporary suspension of the city's greatest industry. The closing of the flour mills means the throwing of many men out of employment, which is the worst feature. There is besides the lessened consumption of wheat and resultant state of comparative inactivity in the local cash wheat market, the loss of tonnage by the railroads, and the fact that the falling off in the output will make a new record of production for this year more difficult of attainment. So long as the shut-down continues the effect will be felt by the banks and clearings will be lighter.

Let no one imagine, however, that these conditions will be maintained for any considerable length of time. The present situation is bound to improve. So much has been printed on the subject of the discrimination in freight rates on wheat as against flour since the mills first began to agitate the question, that many readers are acquainted, at least in a general way, with the matter. One need not be a miller to understand that a freight tariff which imposes 3-1/2c as the cost of carrying 100 pounds of wheat from Duluth to Buffalo, against a charge of 3c for 100 pounds of flour, puts the northwestern miller at great disadvantage as compared with his eastern and foreign competitors.

For the difference in the two commodities the comparative ease of handling the raw material and the facilities existing for loading and unloading it expeditiously, a lower rate is likely to exist at all times. But the millers contend that when the difference between the two rates becomes so wide as to threaten the milling industry, the railroads should show their loyalty to the mills by such readjustment of rates as will equalize matters. When the roads begin to see that their firm attitude in the matter is likely to mean a heavy loss of tonnage they may be brought to view the matter in another light. They are not going to kill the goose that lays the golden egg. And if the result of the closing of the mills shall be to impress upon the roads the importance, the necessity of a more liberal attitude towards Minneapolis in the matter of rates, then the temporary losses and annoyances incident to the closing of the mills will be as nothing compared to the advantages that will accrue to the city in the long run.

But for this unfavorable development in the milling trade the week has been a good one for Minneapolis. All the leading business lines engaged in the distribution of merchandise over the northwest report good demand and collections easy.

Seeding for spring wheat has taken up the time of the farmers and in consequence there is the usual falling off in demand at many country points. In the financial and commercial centers interest is gradually turning towards the southwest, where the wheat prospect is extremely favorable. Wall street has thrown off the gloom of last week, and while conservatism and caution still rule, there is a disposition shown to take a more hopeful view of the outlook. If the winter wheat crop should come to maturity with conditions anywhere near where they now are, there would be the largest yield in the country's history. Indeed, if conditions should turn so unfavorable as to cause a loss of 100,000,000 bushels between now and harvest time, there would still be a yield well above the average.

The pessimist finds it hard work against this brilliant prospect and all that it means if it is realized. Nor does it follow that prices will necessarily rule low in consequence. There are already indications that France and Germany will have to import considerable wheat and that we will be able to sell our surplus abroad at full average prices. Railway earnings are the largest ever shown at this season, and in the gross figures run about 14 per cent over the corresponding time last year. The iron mills are crowded with work and there is urgent demand for structural iron. Also there are a number of threatening features in the labor situation and the country is not free from strikes and disputes, nothing of a serious nature has occurred and if May 1 be passed without serious trouble the outlook will be favorable for a summer of uninterrupted industrial activity.

The Journal congratulates Judge Collins on this, the twentieth anniversary of his ascension to the bench. Twenty years ago to-day he took his seat on the district bench at St. Cloud, where he served four years, when he was elected to the supreme bench. Twenty years of continuous service of the state in a judicial capacity has gained for him a constantly enlarging place in the good opinion of the people. May he have many more of them.

As to Which Ox Is Gored.

The present dispute between the northwestern flour mills and the transportation lines, which has led the Minneapolis mills to shut down as a demonstration to the railroads of what their patronage is worth, should serve to open the eyes of some of the hitherto blind to the dangerous power the process of transportation consolidation and communication of interests has given into the hands of a limited number of men. These "kings" of transportation have it in their power seriously to handicap any industry merely because they have certain ideas about relative rates, or because they deliberately choose to promote one form of carrying over another.

Many of the leading business men of the northwest have refused to look at this transportation problem except from a selfish point of view. Instead of taking a stand on general principles against all combinations that give dangerous power into the hands of a few, they have preferred to consider each combination in the light of its effect upon themselves and with regard to the character and accepted intentions of the men at the head of it. They acclaimed the Great Northern-Northern Pacific merger for short-sighted reasons. They said: "Of course, this merger gives enormous powers into the hands of one man, but that one man is one of us. His home is here, and also his interests. He is sentimentally devoted to the northwest, also. His great powers will be used for our good as well as his. Therefore, let us be wise, and refrain from adversely criticizing his merger, even on general principles." Now all of that is largely true. Mr. Hill has repeatedly shown his personal devotion to northwestern interests, and has often made rates designed more to build up the northwest than to give his roads any immediate gains. Deceived by this particular demonstration of the effects of consolidation many of our business leaders have taken glibly and probably sincerely about the great value of transportation combinations.

But there are transportation combinations to the south and east, and on the great lakes that no Mr. Hill and regard not the interests of the northwest, and they are using their great powers almost as effectively to harm this section as Mr. Hill is using his to benefit it. They are persistently discriminating against the flour industry, yet they can be as well defended on general principles as Mr. Hill's combinations. Our people are discovering that something is basically wrong when one man or a few men can wield so much power, whether for good or evil.

Now, if we are not to have laws that actually restrain the malefic use of the rate-making power, there is nothing left for the people of each section of the country but to swear anew fealty to their particular transportation baron and pray him to come to the rescue of his sorely afflicted people. As the benevolent railroad baron of the northwest, Mr. Hill must now logically come to the front and save his people, or lose some of their reverence. What is the use of having a baron if he can't help you in your hour of need? Let Mr. Hill buckle on his armor, draw his sword and march from Minnesota to the sea, leaving behind him a path of devastation and transportation rates. This is evidently the opportunity of Mr. Hill's life. He will never get a better chance to "make good."

J. Pierpont Morgan was 66 years old yesterday, and the fact is noted that he has achieved most of his great successes since he passed three-score. This is respectfully submitted to the man yet in the fifties with little to show for his efforts and a tendency to discouragement.

A Biased Report.

The Mosely commission of British workmen who visited the United States last year are not able to agree on anything except that the British workman has nothing to learn from the American, while the British employer has much to learn. This unanimity is singular, and suggests the possibility that the workmen were not able to get away from class prejudice, and have used their trip as a means of rapping their employers. Still, we have no doubt that the American employer is superior to the British. The difference between the democracy of England and the aristocracy of America would be quite sufficient to account for a very considerable difference.

But there are other facts that make it probable that the British workmen came to the United States convinced that they were as good, if not better, than the Americans, and with the determination not to let any amount of evidence persuade them from that view. It is interesting to learn, for example, that the workmen who have built up American industries are largely British-born, and that most of the inventions in

American workshops come from men hailing from the old country. We strongly suspect that these statements will have to be classed with alleged facts.

The policeman who compels a "stool pigeon" to participate in a crime comes near to being a criminal himself. Chief Conroy ought to follow up Judge Elliott's reprimand with the creation of two vacancies.

The Civic Awakening.

The civic awakening in America for which we have so long waited seems to be at hand, if we are to believe J. Horace McFarland, president of the American League for Civic Improvement. Writing in the Outlook Mr. McFarland calls attention to the evidences in every part of the United States of a desire for an improvement of the conditions of life in villages and cities. This awakening is not in evidence only in the rising of an honest people in the great cities and the turning out of the brood of parasitic and corrupt rascals, but in the evidences of a general and earnest desire for the improvement of physical conditions. We seem as a people to be getting ready to shake off the slouchiness which has naturally fastened itself upon us with the huge task we have had to accomplish of occupying and utilizing a wilderness. We have been so much occupied in building great railroads that we were indifferent to wretched wagon roads. We have been in such a hurry to build houses to live and do business in that we have ignored the litter at the door. We have been so busy dealing with the large-looming essential physical elements of life that we have not cared for its refinements. So our cities have had shabby and rough streets, broken sidewalks and a general appearance of dirtiness. So our villages have had their yards full of weeds, their cattle wandering thru the streets and their dusty, ragged roads. The new feeling of improvement that is showing itself everywhere is well put in the constitution of the St. Louis league for civic improvement, organized "to unite the efforts of all good citizens who want to make St. Louis a good place to come to and a better place to live in."

Mr. McFarland gives a number of samples of the calls for help the American league is receiving. Shreveport, La., wants to know how to enthrone a population of 22,000, many of whom are negroes. Chipley, Fla., cries out for help against the razorbacks, aided and abetted by local politicians, who have caught the shiftless vote by promising free range for the hogs. Calvert, Texas, permits the cattle and hogs to run at large and sidewalks are used for dumping refuse. "We want to take up the work of improvement," cry the Calvertians. Seattle reports fifteen improvement leagues and a wish to stir up more enthusiasm. From Wahkiakum, Hawaii, comes a request for help. Batesville, Ark., is anxious to live a better life. Florence, S. C., is ready to get to work, and asks for advice. New England towns call for help and so also do middle western towns and towns everywhere. Even our Canadian neighbors have caught the spirit, and in some instances are co-operating with the league. Much more testimony does Mr. McFarland cite that tends to prove that throughout the republic men and women are beginning to feel as he feels when he says:

In some way, in some place—ofttimes in several ways and places—it is the duty of every man and woman who believes that God has set America in the forefront of human progress, and who wants to make this great, growing, powerful country the very best place in the world for the very best people, to join hands with those who are trying to hasten the day. Combination, federation, and "agosticism" mean power and efficiency in philanthropy as well as in business.

It is reported that during 1902 1,500 families settled on northern Wisconsin farm lands along the Ojibwa railway. This is well within Minnesota territory, and the 7,000 people these families number are worth more to us from a business standpoint, than several times their number several times as far away.

The Irish Land Bill.

The Irish National convention at Dublin terminated last evening. It was called to pass upon the Wyndham land bill, which will soon have its second reading in the house of commons, and was characterized by unusual harmony, the measure being approved, with a few amendments not affecting the general tenor of the bill. Mr. Redmond stated that there would be no difficulty about the acceptance by the landed interests of the amendments and he thought the government would not object. While there was very vigorous discussion in the convention, the general tone was jubilant and congratulatory, as if the speakers and delegates saw the alluring day dawn in the eastern skies, the consummation of Irish hopes, the realization of Irish prayers.

Of course, there is a possibility of serious opposition in parliament when the bill comes up for discussion. The government, however, has no doubt felt its way through all possibilities, and before the measure was introduced had a pretty fair idea of the support it would receive. The Irish landlords certainly have no serious objection to receiving a bonus of \$60,000,000 merely to induce them to dispose of their lands at the price fixed by the land courts, based on the capitalized annual value. Under the Gladstone land act, the two last revisions of rent cut down the landlords' rent roll 50 per cent, and they naturally look for further depletion at the next revision. The new measure provides for the judicial fixing of valuations at the hand of an impartial tribunal, so there is no room for extortion on the part of the landlords. In cases where tenants make their own bargains with the landlords, the state land commission revises the bargain. The convention, it is noticeable, voted for the imposition of a small permanent rent charge, to prevent the money lenders coming in and buying up the land, and to check subdivisions of holdings, which is practically what the government proposes. Any Irish landlord with even a minute business instinct, must perceive the advantage of selling out for a share in the big bonus, and at what is equivalent to twenty-eight years' purchase, with a prospect of statutory revision of rents in a few years under the existing laws, which will still further reduce his rents. The Dublin convention, indeed, could hardly have been stupid enough to flout the government proposition to lend over

half a billion dollars to occupying tenants, to enable them to purchase their holdings. Mr. Wyndham, in his speech introducing the measure last month, said: "We can prolong the tragedy for another hundred years, or we can initiate and carry out in fifteen years a business transaction based on self-interest, probity and mutual good will of all concerned, that will settle the land question and achieve the social reconciliation of Ireland."

Mr. Redmond's congratulatory speech, yesterday, after the convention had acted favorably upon the land bill, was a fine tribute to Irish persistence through the storm and stress of the long agitation for "Irish soil for Irish people." He however, went somewhat into the future, predicting, as a result of the present convention, "a system of national self-government" at an early date. That remains to be seen. It is certain, however, that diversification of industries and employment of a profitable kind will follow the concession to the land hunger of the Irish. Manufacturing enterprises, mining, the fisheries, improved means of communication, will change the face of the "Emerald Isle" and stop the migration of the people.

Flour goes by merger rates—steamship merger—and wheat by free competition rates. The closing down of the mills affords another illustration of the beauties of mergers.

Success Versus Happiness.

One reason why Americans are meeting with greater success than other peoples is that they are determined to have success. It is the purpose of their existence. In all the older nations the people are more inclined to look upon life as something to be enjoyed as much as possible all the way thru. The American puts aside such theories of life and grids himself for the race for some fixed goal, caring little how it fares with him on the way and hoping to get his share of life's satisfaction out of the attainment of the goal. Speaking of the Americans, Max Nordau says:

"Everybody ahead" is the national motto. I suppress intentionally the other half of the smart sentence. The universal ideal of the American people seems to be success. The dream of success feeds the fancy of the child, hypnotizes the youth, gives the man tenacity, tenacity and perseverance, and only begins to become a matter of indifference under the sobering influence of advanced age.

What does success mean to Americans? It means the accumulation of a large amount of money or the attainment of a commanding position in some department of human activity; it means to be on top. These top places are comparatively few. Even if all men were equally endowed with ability and energy, all of them could not have these few places. The wealth of the United States is put at \$4,000,000,000. If this sum were equally divided among our 80,000,000 people there would be less than \$1,200 for each individual. Plainly we cannot all be millionaires. Only eighteen men in a life span can be presidents. There is only a limited number of great railroad headsips, only a small number of authors can have great success, only a few men can be presidents of the great universities, there is a demand for only a handful of leading lawyers or great medical specialists. Compared with the number of ambitious employees the number of great manufacturing executive places is small. These being the facts, is not the national ambition constantly dooming uncounted millions to disappointment and bitterness of spirit? Would it not be better if our people were taught that the success of life lies in the living and not in outward rewards?

A little book by Carl Hilty, which preaches this rule of life has just been translated from the German. "Happiness" is its title. A contemporary review of it remarks that it ought to bring comfort to those who have nobly failed in specific enterprises, and heart searching to those who have secured the external insignia and distinction of success. After quoting Thier's saying, "Men of principle need not succeed," success is necessary to the achievement of the French call 'succes', and which for many men means the end of effort. He who plays this game of ambition may well abandon the hope of peace of mind or of peace with others, and in most cases he must forfeit outrightly his self respect.

We suspect that there would be more genuine happiness in this restless American life, if men were more content to do their chosen or assigned work faithfully, with a calm mind and a pure heart, cheerfully accepting or passing by the seats of power and the accumulations of wealth.

The talk about Senator Fairbanks for vice president receives no more encouragement from the senator's friends than did the move at Philadelphia to make Mr. Roosevelt vice president. The vice president has not yet come to be what it ought to be, a useful and effective part of the executive branch of the government, and so no one who desires to do things wants it. There is no reason, however, why the vice president should not be an assistant to the president, helping to carry out the general policy of the administration, just as the vice president of a big corporation works in connection with the president and helps to carry the burden. The burden of the president of the United States is getting heavier all the time as the country grows and the vice president ought to help to bear it and do something to earn his salary.

In Missouri the lieutenant governor is no longer a figurehead. He distributes the booty.

A Great Charity.

The Amherst H. Wilder charity in St. Paul, conceived by the late Mr. Wilder and carried out by the wills of the widow and her daughter, Cornelia Day Wilder Appleby, is one of the most remarkable of recent deeds of benevolence, both in respect to the amount of wealth involved and also in purpose. So far as appears from published synopses of the will of Mrs. Wilder, there is to be created a general charitable institution which is to provide a permanent fund for the care of the worthy poor of St. Paul, regardless of sex, color, age or religious belief. Only two specific charities are mentioned in the will, one a public bathhouse to cost \$20,000 and be maintained at an annual

cost of \$5,000, and a public nursery, which is to be housed in one of the rooms of the building to be erected for the accommodation of the administration of the charity fund. This fund is to be the income of an estate estimated to amount to \$2,000,000. The donors contemplated a businesslike equipment for the management of the estate and the expenditure of its income for the poor.

The estate should yield not less than \$100,000 annually. The untrammeled expenditure of such an amount for any charity purpose that may seem to them wise, except that the appropriation of money for expenditure by specific existing charities is forbidden, imposes a tremendous responsibility on the executors of the estate. According as they are wise or foolish in judgment will this great gift be a benefit or injury to St. Paul. It can be made to be a great uplifting agency or it can degenerate into a source of pauperization of the worthy poor. The purpose of the donors was a noble one. Every friend of charity will hope that the administration will be worthy of the purpose.

The San Dominicans are reported to have resumed fighting. Did they ever stop?

This Is Fair.

Time was when the St. Paul papers would have gleefully put the worst possible construction on the temporary suspension of operations by the Minneapolis flour mills, pending a settlement of the rate difficulty. But in touch with the growing recognition of the common interests of the two cities and those of the northwest, the Pioneer Press this morning says:

Any manipulation of rates which tends to interfere with normal processes must be harmful in the end to railroads as well as millers, and to the people of Minnesota at large as well. It is infinitely better for the state that the wheat of the northwest should be ground within its borders than that it should be sent to the east or to Europe to be ground.

Books and Authors

FIRST BOOK SUCCESS.

The uncertainties of authorship, even when an author has been eminently successful with one novel, are illustrated in the case of John Henry Shorthouse, author of "John Inglesant," who recently died in London. Shorthouse wrote his first novel when he was 50 years old, and that novel was "John Inglesant." Shorthouse was a manufacturer and a chemist, and a

book that he had 100 copies privately printed to give away to his friends. One of these became the property of Gladstone, who knew a good book when he read it. In a portrait of himself about that time the "Grand Old Man" appeared with "John Inglesant" under his arm. People read the title and thought it was a publisher's blunder. It was not. It was a dramatic passage, notably the scene of the king's execution, won public sympathy, and the book was a big success, but Shorthouse never wrote another successful book. A first book success is no prophecy of the hereafter of literary work. Many an author does not "hit the spot," so to speak, until he has written two or three books.

NEW BOOKS.

AGNOSTICISM. By Robert Flint, D. D., LL. D., Professor, University of Edinburgh. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.00. This book by Professor Flint, one of the most distinguished scholars in Great Britain, is the most perspicuous and extensive study of the pure history of agnosticism which has been put in type. Taken altogether, it is an argument of an irrefragable character for "Trinitarianism" as set forth by the professor Harris of Yale, in his "Self Revelation of God," has dealt most intelligently with agnosticism, but not to the point of view of the book. Professor Flint, referring to the adoption of the term "agnostic" by the late Professor Huxley, first shows that Huxley used it to imply that there are strict limitations to man's knowledge of God, and he proceeds to demonstrate that many agnostics deny to the mind powers of knowledge which it really possesses, notably the power to know God and spiritual things. This knowledge, if imperfect, is knowledge, limited as to the self-existing and almighty God, deepening by acquaintance with God, and thus agnosticism, the sceptical schools, and analyses the absolute and the agnosticism of such great minds as Kant and Herbert Spencer. Kant, indeed, in one sentence, gives the definition of religion as "the recognition of all our duties as divine commands," and showed his admission of a supreme being to be obeyed, altho he denied that we can know God. Of course, if we can think of God as a being to be obeyed, it is a gross inconsistency to affirm that we cannot know him. Herbert Spencer, calling "the great agnostic," freely admits the existence of an absolute first cause, but he affirms that this absolute being is not knowable, but the very denial of our power to know what the absolute is, implies, at least, that He is. Spencer's position gives us for a God a being for all rational purposes dimly, impotent, who cannot make itself known, and thus the agnosticism which negates spirit and interprets the universe in the terms of matter and force, is only a poorly disguised materialism. Professor Flint argues that there never was, is not and never will be a total or absolute agnosticism, for man lacks the ability to maintain a system which entirely and expressly disowns and disavows the rationality distinctive of his nature. The most absolute form of agnosticism restricts its own professions of ignorance. In the fifth and sixth chapters of this work will be found a masterly exposition of the weakness of the agnostic system, and in the ninth chapter there is a specially interesting treatment of "Agnosticism and Religious Belief." Professor Flint closes with the reflection that religious agnosticism is likely to be long prevalent, while the knowledge of God may reasonably be expected to grow.

THE SEAMY SIDE.

Mr. Snitcher—When we get home, dear, I wish you'd turn the hose on Willie. Mrs. Snitcher—Why, John? Mr. Snitcher—Because he's got 'em on wrong side out, Simple.

MANIFEST.

Pittsburg Dispatch. Man (getting shaved)—What politician did you shave with that razor last? Barber—Why? Man—Because it has a pull.

THE WAVES, TOO.

The beach's Sabbath quietude soft Disturbed by merry makers; Down on the seashore 'e'en the waves Are surely Sabbath breakers.

The Nonpareil Man.

Casually Observed.

Northern Securities might put its merger in its wife's name. Babes are becoming fashionable in England. Queen Alexandra, it seems, has set the pace by riding through London holding little Prince Henry of Wales in her lap. Since then London society women have, of course, been driven out with the baby in place of the poodle or lap dog. And the doggie was so cunning, too. Too bad, too bad!

Sinnerbar, Mont., Aug. 18.—George Hapid, artist for Collier's Weekly, came out of the park twenty feet ahead of a bear to-day. He said, as he fought for the crowd, that he thought the game in the park was tame.

Dr. W. H. Tolman, head of the New York Institute of Social Service, arrived in Paris the other day, charged by Helen Gould to study the "charm of Paris." In order to attempt to introduce into American cities the qualities of life which have given the French capital its fame. We trust that Mrs. Tolman is not with the doctor.

A bunch of legislators trying to change thousand dollar bills made the St. Louis detective offices smoke.

The Magazine of Humor is out. It is edited by some party with a tendency toward a belief in total depravity, and the first issue is calculated to throw a gloom over a funeral.

The department of agriculture's statement shows a world's wheat crop of 3,124,423,000 bushels. This column last year predicted a crop of 3,124,423,000. Pretty good for a beginner!

Complaint is made that the Chicago board of trade is now exclusively a big boys' game. No matter what the market would do naturally, the big boys have so much money to use that they push the prices the other way, and then all the thousands of little peewees all over the country hand over their savings bank books to the fat boys. It's an interesting game—for the fat boys, but it is ruinous on the peewees. The only hope for the peewees to-day is that the fat boys' game preserves will soon be all shot out and then the fat boys will have to go out for another. Somebody will get the idea again that he can own all the wheat there is. Then all the peewees will get on board and put from \$500 to \$700 each in the bank, and the fat boy who is engineering the game will go bump. How business would suffer if it wasn't for this mighty safety valve!

A New York chorus lady makes complaint to a writer of syndicate stories for newspapers, regarding "liresome married men" who squeeze your hand and sigh, and say: "Ah, the trouble is my wife doesn't understand me!" when she knows perfectly that their wives understand them all too well. Then there is the kind of "dotty old papa," this is the chorus lady's language, who comes around after the play with the "I'm-old-enough-to-be-your-father" air, and acts as if he were going to say: "Sit on my knee, little one, and I'll show you the works in my watch."

The Nonpareil Man has a friend whose principal disposition is to play with little girls, and to try to enter sympathetically into their little lives and make-believes. But this man says that to avoid being the "dotty-old-papa" nuisance, complained of by the chorus girl, one has to make it a rule never to play with little girls after they are 10 years old. The best little girl to play with is about 6 years old. She has not found that her doll is stuffed with sawdust. She lives in an ideal world, and the trees have names and know what you are saying to them. But when you have to put the stenographer into the "little girl" class and tell her all about your family's lack of appreciation of your merits, you never fool her for a minute; no, nor anybody else in the office building. And do you doubt for a minute that there is one who knows it all—knows, in fact, your every thought? I refer to your wife.

SATISFACTION ALL AROUND

New York Sun.

"Speaking of fees," said the country lawyer. "I well remember the easiest one I ever earned. The trouble began at one of the usual Saturday night auctions, when Bill Jones and Abe Smith, who had been at loggerheads for some time, began bidding on an old fish crate. The box wasn't worth a single dollar, but the bidding ran up a nickel at a time, until it was finally knocked down to Smith for \$3.25. "Hold on," says Jones. "I bid \$3.25 on that crate myself, and I intend to have it." Then they had a squabble over it, but Smith paid the money, loaded the box on his wagon and drove home. "About two days afterward Jones came into my office. "Hello," said he. "I've got a job for you. You was down to the auction Saturday and saw me bid on that fish box. Now, I want that box, and I intend to have it if it costs me \$100. Do you think you could get it for me?" "I guess so," I replied. "How much will it cost?" he says. "About \$25," says I. "With that he plunked down the cash and I told him to come in again in a couple of days. As soon as he was gone I hitched up and drove out to Smith's farm. I was in the insurance business, too, in those days, and Smith's insurance had about expired. Smith was at home and I told him that I had come over to look over the buildings, as I supposed he wanted to renew the insurance. He said he did, so we walked about. I kept my eyes open and pretty soon I saw the fish box. "Ha! I exclaimed, 'the very thing I want.' "What's that?" he asked. "Why, that fish box." "Oh, that old fish crate. I nearly got into a row over that thing, and I just bought it to spite Jones." "Well, what will you take for it?" I inquired. "Well, I gave \$3.25 for it, and you can have it for that figure." "Load it in," I said, and the money's yours." "I took it to my office and put it in the back room. A couple of days later Jones walked in. "What's that luck?" he inquired. "I have it," I replied. "Where?" "In the back room there," I said, pointing to it. "Is there any more to pay?" "No, that will be all right," I said. "Well, sir, I would have spent \$100 before I would have been beaten," said Jones as he walked out, carrying the box and smiling his complete satisfaction."

BEATEN BOTH WAYS

"As to 'salting a silver mine,'" said the westerner. "It's one o' the tricks o' the trade, and not half as mean as some other I could name. "A few years ago, before I got to be a conscientious man, I had an old mine which I thought it a good business move to unload on a tenderfoot. Just as I got it nicely salted a greenhorn from New Mexico came along in search of a good thing. "I marked him down for my mutton, and for ten days I had him in tow. He didn't knock a hole in the ground from a buzzard in a tree top, and my conscience really accused me over the way I worked my mine off on him. He had no cash, but he had a deed of 200 acres of land in his territory, and when we exchanged even up I made out that I was \$1,000 ahead of the game. "And how did you come out?" was asked. "Why, the cheekey cuss put up my old claim on a raffle, and actually sold 2,000 tickets at a dollar apiece, and when I had a friend look up the New Mexico land it proved to be a mountain on which a woodchuck could hardly get a foothold. "I might have swallowed my chagrin and sold it to the government for an observatory, but I hadn't owned it two months before the whole business slid down into a valley and made a new farm of 300 acres, which the tenderfoot went back and duly 'jumped' under a law of the land."

AN OBLIGING SERVANT

Miss Clara Barton, the president of the American Red Cross, visited Philadelphia recently, and at a luncheon that was given in her honor, she described a green servant she had once employed. "This girl," said Miss Barton, "came to me as a cook, but she could cook nothing. Her ignorance was incredible. She couldn't boil an egg. "I ordered soft boiled eggs one morning, and they came in as hard as bullets. 'Mary, I told you to have these eggs soft,' I said. "I know they're very tough and hard, ma'am. Mary returned, and yet I boiled 'em an hour, for all. I'll put 'em on again and boil 'em two hours, thoyes, or even three—for I'll be bound to get 'em nice and tender for ye yet."

Comparative Advertising

Table with columns for Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Totals, comparing JOURNAL and TRIBUNE circulation figures.