THE JOURNAL

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April Advertising

	Cols.
The Journal (26 issues)	1719
Daily Tribune (26 issues)	973
Tribune (Daily and Sunday, 26 daily and 4 Sundays)	1462

The Journal carried more advertising in April than any other Twin City paper (daily or daily and Sunday combined) ever carried in any one month.

Actual canvass of residence district totals shows out of 4676 residences: 3904 Journals, 883 Eve. Tribunes, 661 Morn. Tribunes, and out of 69 flats, 1128 Journals, 153 Eve. Tribunes, 167 Morn. Tribunes.

The Ames Verdict.

The verdict of guilty in the Ames case heightens the feeling of self-respect which the people of this community are entitled to entertain.

When the jury said yesterday that Dr. A. A. Ames is guilty they rendered a service to the city of Minneapolis which the people of this city can well afford to recognize.

There was considerable apprehension lest the jury should not be able to reach an agreement; but the men who composed it appeared to have been made of very substantial and reliable stuff. As a result Minneapolis occupies a higher place in the estimation of the world to-day than she did yesterday. This verdict is the crowning success of a courageous and brilliant prosecution of the nastiest nest of criminals that ever made their headquarters in an American city. Not even the revelations in the celebrated prosecutions of the New York police developed a lower state of depravity, a grosser variety of immorality, a more disgusting partnership of authority with vice and crime than existed here.

It will be to the everlasting credit of this community that not only were the underlings prosecuted and punished, but that the head center, the presiding genius, if not the clever originator of every form of graft, the one whose participation and approval and lion's share of the profits made it possible for this system of graft to exist, has been reached by the hand of the law and is now held in its strong grip. It would have been a gross and cruel miscarriage of justice to punish his subordinates, the willing agents of this grafting system, and allow the chief of the disreputable gang to go free. Hence the special importance and value of the conviction of ex-Mayor Ames.

The benefit to be derived from this result is not confined to Minneapolis alone. Every boodler and grafter has been given a stern warning by this conspicuous instance of the ability of the law to reach the chief criminal, that his turn is likely to come if he persists in his evil practices. Every community infested with boodlers and grafters will be encouraged to rid itself of the plague, and the cause of good city government has been advanced immeasurably by this happy result.

When we speak of it as a happy result, we do not think of it without a feeling of pity for the wretched old man who stands before his fellow townsmen to-day humiliated, dishonored, ruined in reputation and near his end. No one can view such a miserable spectacle without a feeling of pity; but sympathy is another proposition. Sympathy palliates and excuses. There is no palliation, no excuse possible in the mind of any right-thinking person for the offense committed, no matter how genuine and sincere a pity for the perpetrator of this offense, overtaken in his guilt.

The occasion also calls for generous and liberal commendation of the authorities for the splendid work done in prosecuting this case. County Attorney Boardman surprised the public and compelled its admiration for the skill and effectiveness with which he marshaled his evidence and piled up proofs of the indictment. In this work he was ably and admirably assisted by Mr. C. S. Jelley. Public attention was focused upon Mr. Boardman as it seldom has been upon any single individual in this community when this trial began, and right handsomely has he sustained himself.

The jury will no doubt be gratified to find that the general public took no more stock in the insanity plea advanced by Dr. Ames' attorneys than they did.

America's "Magnificent Example."

A Paris cable details an interview with Baron de Constant, a member of the French chamber of deputies who represented France as a member of the French delegation to the peace conference at The Hague four years ago, and who is a most ardent advocate of arbitration as a substitute for the horrors of war.

The baron pays a fine tribute to our government for its strong stand at the peace conference, which largely influenced the action of the conference in the establishment of the international arbitration tribunal at The Hague, and for its "magnificent example" in bringing the first business before the court, when the European powers were inclined to let the tribunal die of dry rot and wilful neglect. The United States, indeed, proved itself the influential peacemaker of the civilized world.

Doubtless his advanced years and impaired health will mitigate the penalty in the Ames case, and doubtless the public will be satisfied with a moderate sentence now that a conviction has been secured. The verdict of guilty in accordance with the evidence was the main thing.

The Standard Train.

Whether the Great Northern conductors and trainmen decide to strike or not will be settled within a few days. And even if they do strike and should win their point at this time, the probabilities are that the victory would be only temporary. What they are trying to do is to establish what may be called a standard train. This may not be the direct issue in this controversy, but it is believed to be the end aimed at ultimately. This standard train means that all roads must haul the same number of cars with the same number of locomotives, no matter what the grades or the condition of the track or the power of the locomotives.

Railroads have been increasing the power of their motive stock. Heavier and more powerful engines have been added from year to year for the purpose of greater economy in handling freight. The railroads have also been reducing their grades for the same purpose. The effect of a standard train would be to deprive the roads equipped with large engines and roads built with low grades of the advantages to which they are entitled, by reason of the superiority of their equipment and construction.

Just now railroad men are scarce and the trainmen may be able to compel the acceptance of their demands. But let work become slack and the labor supply a little more abundant, and the standard train will probably be ignored. It is a good deal like resisting the introduction of labor-saving machinery to deprive the railroads of the power to use their machinery to the best and the most economic purpose. Resistance to improved machinery and improved methods has often been made, but has never prevailed in the long run. It may have had temporary success, but not permanent.

The demand made by the Great Northern trainmen appears to rest upon the hope that in operation it will create employment for more men. And yet they rely upon the scarcity of labor at this time for success in their demands. The facts are that there are more jobs nowadays than there are men to do them, and the requirement of the trainmen is the imposition of an extra and unnecessary expense upon the railroads which, even if granted now, they will be pretty sure to get rid of again when conditions make it possible.

There seems to have been some mistake about the winning of that one game by the Minneapolis baseball players. It spoiled an otherwise clean score—of defeats and perhaps was not intended.

Lansdowne's Warning.

While the Balkan situation is becoming more critical thru the Turkish note to Bulgaria, yesterday, and the persistent and destructive activity of the insurgents in Macedonia, and the talk of intervention by the "concert of Europe," another phase of the eastern question was revived by the British foreign minister, Lord Lansdowne, who, in a speech in the house of lords, yesterday, gave emphatic notice to the powers that Great Britain would not tolerate the establishment by any of them of a naval base or fortified post on the Persian gulf, but would resist any such movement "with all the means at our disposal."

This warning was intended primarily for Russia, who has secured a concession from the Shah of Persia for a railway to the head of the Persian gulf to carry out her long-cherished purpose of reaching the unfrozen seas in that direction and acquiring a naval base as she has at Port Arthur on the Leao Tong peninsula in China. It also concerns Germany, whose capitalists have obtained control of the Anatolian railway connecting Constantinople with Konieh (the ancient Iconium) and have obtained a concession for an extension of that line to Bagdad on the Tigris river, and are trying to get Great Britain to consent to the location of the terminus at Koweit, a port on the Persian gulf within the British sphere of influence. The proposition is to raise the $90,000,000 necessary to build the road by subscriptions of 25 per cent of the cost each, from German, French and British financial groups, the remaining 25 per cent to be divided between Swiss and Austrian groups and the Anatolian Railway company.

Russia has kept out of these negotiations, altho she has been asked to come in. She regards the talk of the Bagdad railway and its Persian gulf terminus as inimical to her deep-laid plan of getting control of that outlet. She has despoiled Persia of much territory; has obtained the dominant influence over the Persian government, and is constructing her railway on a Persian concession to the Persian gulf. Lord Lansdowne gives Russia due warning and intends her to understand that, so long as Great Britain can lift an arm, she will oppose to the bitter end any effort to displace her from her control of the Persian gulf. Her consent will have to be obtained to make Koweit the terminus of a road, as the ultimate objective of the road is India and Great Britain controls the country intervening, she is sensitive as to any Russian project for a naval base on the Persian gulf.

It will be remembered that in 1885 Russia and Great Britain nearly came to blows because of Russia's approach to Herat in Afghanistan nearly to the Robat pass in the Barkhut mountains, and war was averted only by an agreement upon a commission to define anew the Afghanistan boundary. Any Russian approach toward India arouses British antagonism intensely. Koweit stands between Russia and her Persian gulf naval base project. If she ever controls those waters she will first have to inflict a stunning blow upon the vitality of the British empire. Her progress southward has been slow but persistent. Prevented by Great Britain from obtaining possession of Constantinople and the outlet to the Mediterranean, she busied herself in encroachments upon central Asia, which were really flank attacks upon Great Britain, and after many years of strenuous effort, she has succeeded in reaching the unfrozen sea at Port Arthur and Newchwang, and, altho checked in her designs upon the Persian gulf, she will await a more favorable opportunity to carry out her program. The Balkan tangle only embodies one phase of the persistent eastern question.

The conviction of A. A. Ames is the final answer of Minneapolis to the slurring and humiliating criticism which has been handed out so freely from some other cities during the past year, and the answer is complete.

Bad Advice.

A Minneapolis contemporary has been converted to the jingo-Canadian program for strong Canadian defenses along the American frontier and even goes so far as to urge the Canadians to stud the frontier with guns and fortresses, saying:

As a mere matter of peace of mind Canada will get so much return from vigorous attention to its defenses that the expense will be made up in security of progress, and the new departure may be conducive to a continuance of the peace and harmony in which these two neighboring countries have dwelt so long.

So far from an aggressive Canadian military policy, carried to the extent of putting up strong defenses on the frontier, being "conducive to a continuance of the peace and harmony in which these two neighboring countries have dwelt so long," nothing would be so apt to disturb those relations. If there is one thing we have been thankful for on this continent it was that there were no frontiers marked by fortresses and patrolled by soldiers. The United States has not a single fortress on the Canadian frontier. It has some barracks here and there in the northern part of the country just as it has elsewhere for the accommodation of the soldiers of its small regular army, but our fortresses are all on the sea coast.

We do not dream of a war on the Canadian frontier and we have made no preparations for one. But if Canada begins to put up fortifications, then the trouble will begin. We will be forced to reply in kind, and when it comes to a competition in armaments the little country will not last long against the big country. And this suggests the utter folly of Canadian preparations for defense against the United States. Presumably the defenses are supposed to be able to defend. But if for every dollar the Canadians spend in warlike preparations we should spend ten, wherein will they have gained. Wise old Goldwin Smith takes the right view when he says that money spent to put Canada in a state of defense against the United States is wasted, because it will avail nothing for the purpose. And if it should be spent and have the result of arousing in the United States hostility to Canada it would be worse than wasted.

Amid the rattle and roar of the downfall of the citadels of corruption in Minneapolis and St. Louis, rotten old Philadelphia stands unabashed. When will her turn come?

Race Prejudice and the Civil Service

Race prejudice has now collided with the civil service laws. There were five applicants for the position of rural mail carrier on Route No. 1 at Gallatin, Tenn. The three highest standings in the civil service examination were those of negroes. The postmaster general had no option but to appoint the man with the highest standing. He soon resigned without giving reasons. What they were may be inferred from the fact that the next highest man, who succeeded him, has been held up on his route by masked men and warned that he would continue the service at the risk of his life. Soldiers might be sent to the route to protect the carrier, but, instead, it will probably be abolished.

It will be interesting to see whether the southern press will become as angry over such a discontinuance of service as it was over the suspension of service at the Indianola, Miss., office after the negro postmistress had been forced to resign. This time it cannot rage at the president or the postmaster general, but only at the law. But the law has only operated to give the place to the best qualified applicant, who happens to be a colored man. Will we now be met with a demand that whenever a colored man excels in civil service examinations the place must be given to a white man of inferior capacity, if a mob or some outlaws so demand?

Circuit Attorney Folk of St. Louis had a very hard time of it when he began his boodle investigations in St. Louis. If Lincoln Steffens is to be believed, the better element of the city had either been so accustomed to boodling, or was so cowed by the power of the boodlers, that for a long time there seemed to be no public opinion to support and encourage Mr. Folk. That deplorable condition in St. Louis seems to have been overcome, for here are the business men of the city presenting Mr. Folk a $15,000 residence in appreciation of his magnificent work for the city. If every boodle-cursed city had such a public attorney as Folk there would be a mighty improvement in the political tone of American municipalities. Mr. Folk seems to be invincible in dealing with corruption. His success in securing confessions is remarkable. The latest instance is the clean breast Lieutenant Governor Lee has made to Mr. Folk of what he knows about bribery in the Missouri legislature.

Canadians who desire to have the British attachment kept strong are pleased with the showing made by the British element in the immigration figures for the first four months of this year. For the first time since the present population movement began, the British are more numerous than either other Europeans or Americans. During these months there came 16,487 British, 13,770 Americans and 10,445 continental Europeans. Last year there were 9,280 American immigrants in the first four months, 7,476 continental Europeans and 5,186 British. In the first third of 1901 there were 5,000 arrivals each from the United States and Europe, and 3,347 from Britain. This immigration seems large to the Canadians, but they are getting in four months about half what we are getting in one.

Part of the vindication of General Baldwin, charged with reflecting on negroes and Filipinos as soldiers, was the report of the colonel sent to investigate, that the reporter who interviewed Baldwin for the Denver Post had been discharged by that paper as a fakir. Now comes the Post and says the reporter was not discharged "because the Post does not believe that he perjured himself when he made oath to the truth of his interview with the general." S-h-h, the Post ought to keep still; doesn't it know that the approved method for an army officer to follow when he has talked too much is to repudiate his statements and call the reporter a liar? It is easier to do that than formally to retract.

Andrew Carnegie does not think that the great corporations have yet succeeded in closing the door of hope in the face of the small manufacturer. "I am convinced," he said yesterday, "that the huge combination and even the moderate corporation, has no chance in competition with the partnership which embraces the principal officials and has adopted the system of payment by bonus or reward thruout its works." This is a good theory, and it is to be hoped that it will prove equally good in practice. In fair competition there is no doubt that such a business enterprise would have advantages that would offset those of large corporations. But no advantage of the small business will protect it against unfair competition by a huge corporation. Of what avail is management by owners or the cordial co-operation of employes when a struggling partnership or company is continuously undersold at a loss by a far-reaching trust?

This is good news, that we are to have a sweeping investigation of the postoffice department from top to bottom; from the $3,000 automobile of the postmaster of New York to the affairs of Machen and Wynne. It will hardly be possible now to keep this investigation a family affair. It should be in the open. Open investigations are the only kind that ever amount to anything. The administration must clean up every speck on the nation's great business department. It cannot afford to stand for any hushed-up scandal.

Alderman Van Slyke notwithstanding, there will be no saloon at 375 Concord street, St. Paul. The brewing company that was backing the applicant for the license was more considerate than the alderman of the feelings of the people of the neighborhood. When the company found out that the property owners opposed the opening of a saloon, it withdrew the application. This brewing company is a good offset for Van Slyke and his ideas about building up business by building saloons.

A special correspondent of the London Mail reports that the United States has made no progress in the Philippines. Maybe we have just been getting ready for progress.

AT THE THEATERS

Metropolitan—"When Knighthood Was in Flower."

The local multitude that found delight in Major's romance must renew their dreams at the Metropolitan. The beauty of the book is there in the fascinating Mary Tudor of Miss Effie Ellsler, in the decorative life of a sixteenth century court.

How closely the drama accords with the novel will be determined by each spectator according to his—or, rather, to her—individual judgment of the "very loveliest thing." But a play with much less merit could be enjoyed so long as it encircled a heroine equally delectable. The acted charm is crescent thruout the first three acts—the love of the Tudor princess, like that of her queenly ancestor, for an obscure gentleman; her sweetly ferocious determination to marry no king of France, no potentate of Christendom, no man but her own Charles; her attempt to flee in manly guise and take shipping with her sweetheart for that marvellous New Spain beyond the seas. All this is tender and delicate, a history wrought in violets and roses.

But the sweet bells jangle dismally at the climax of the fourth act, the very moment that should focus the enchantment in the tale. Here an unscrupulous king of France locks doors against the English princess that contemns his passion; and once again it is demonstrated that attempted assault has no true place upon the stage. The maidenly dream of love and chivalry is scattered by an exhalation from "The Gay Lord Quex," without the poor excuse of an uncommon dramatic finesse. How the play ends, after that, scarcely interests the disconcerted spectator, forced and feeble as the ending happens to be. The moral is obvious without capitals—if you wish an exquisite memory of Miss Ellsler and her play, go home at the close of the third act.

Of less influence is the somewhat surprising lack of sixteenth century atmosphere—a void due to the comparative absence of historic allusions and a needless modernity of diction.

That Miss Ellsler has caught the very tones of Miss Julia Marlowe in the latter's successful role argues merely for the good taste of both ladies. Miss Ellsler endows her Mary Tudor with all the changing lights of winsome womanhood. Even the brutal temper of the Tudors is refined into a girlish wilfulness that gains no coarseness from traditional "swear words." It is a stage presentment of high rank. Dexterity of contrast, subtle emotion, whatever graces and ennobles the less somber side of acting, may be lauded in Miss Ellsler, whose intellectual and sentimental skill obscures details of gesture and physique.

The value of the support provided for this well known artist might, perhaps, be greater, if Walter Seymour (the Charles Brandon), were less enamored of attitude. But his unchanging features are handsome, he "hath a gallant leg," and his sword becomes most lifelike. The stage pictures are stately and informing.

—H. B. Curry.

Foyer Chat.

A large advance sale at the Metropolitan yesterday indicates unusual interest in the appearance next week of the distinguished English actress, Mrs. Patrick Campbell. She is to be seen in three of her most distinctive characterizations. On Monday evening, and at the matinee Wednesday, Suderman's great drama, "The Joy of Living," will be presented. Tuesday evening she will be seen in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and on Wednesday night as Aunt Jeannie in E. F. Benson's comedy of that name.

A succesison of large audiences has greeted N. C. Goodwin wherever he has presented his popular play, "The Altar of Friendship," which will be his offering at the Metropolitan for Thursday, Friday and Saturday of next week.

"Not Guilty," the melo-drama now holding the boards at the Bijou, is duplicating its success of last season.

But three more performances remain of the Ferris Stock company's clever production of "Tennessee's Pardner" at the Lyceum.

Altho "Janice Meredith," soon after its first presentation by Mary Mannering, was quickly christened "The Sandow of drawing-room melodies," the novel, according to the original notes of its author, Paul Leicester Ford, is founded upon actual happenings. The play contains several scenes essentially dramatic, altho since the death of the author they have been found to have been based upon incidents that actually occurred in the Revolution. "Janice Meredith" will be presented at the Bijou the coming week.

Opening Sunday for a week the Ferris company will be seen in Arthur Jones' great melodrama, "The Silver King."

The sale of seats for the Ferris company's production of the religious drama, "Quo Vadis," will open on Sunday morning, one week in advance.

Books and Authors

THE SMALLEST BOOK.

Here is a photograph, actual size, of what is probably the smallest printed and bound book in the world. It measures 5-16x7-16 of an inch. It is Fitzgerald's "Rubaiyat," and has 48 pages. It is bound in green cloth. The edition is limited to fifty-seven copies, and is published by Charles Hardy Meigs of Cleveland. The price asked for these toys is $65 each. Photography has made the making of miniature books easier than in the days when expert engravers, with powerful glasses, laboriously worked over plates, the print from which could be read only by good eyes in the best of light or with the aid of magnifying glasses. To produce this tiny "Rubiayat" Mr. Meigs first made a book about 7¼x6½ inches in size, printed from special type peculiarly adapted for a great reduction. From this the tiny plates were made by the usual photographic process, and destroyed after the fifty-seven copies were printed. It is unnecessary to say that the type lines are so small that the eye merely sees them as lines. Yet they can be read with a strong enough glass. The book is dedicated to John Hay, "lover of Omar and beloved of Omarians."

NEW BOOKS

A SELF-MADE COUNTESS. By John Strange Winter. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott company.

The death of Sir Edward Darlington left his widow and her daughters only a few thousand pounds to live on, and they had to retire to less expensive quarters, where Lady Darlington exercised her talent as a matchmaker for her girls and succeeded very well as to the older sisters and kept on the lookout for little red-haired Blanche, a "callow chicken," her mother called her—who proved perfectly able to take care of herself, altho her sisters predicted that her red hair was strongly against her marriage prospects. She dismissed several lovers, however, and when the Earl of Gundlebury fell in love with her and proposed, she accepted him. Gundlebury was a clever fellow, but he didn't please his mother, who had picked out a stupid, rich heiress for him. He was of the army and Blanche had what the world calls a "pretty good time," when she was informed one day by an experienced lady that, now she had achieved her end so far as her girlhood went and she was a countess, she still had to make herself as a married woman, and as a woman of position; that is, she must identify herself with and work in some charitable, educational or other useful movement; be a lady patron of something and be prominent as a working countess. Blanche found that this was correct, according to society's code and the story of her toil is worth reading and pondering over. She found she had cut out for herself harder work than she had ever dreamed of, as a woman of affairs, a woman of business, a shop-keeping countess.

JOHN PERCYFIELD. THE ANATOMY OF CHEERFULNESS. By C. Hanford Henderson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Minneapolis: N. McCarthy. Price $1.50.

If you have not leisure to read this book, don't attempt it, because it is a book not to be hastily read. It is conspicuously a cheer-up book; a book of reflections upon the true, the beautiful and the good; a series of very beautiful descriptions of natural scenery, a splendid glorification of the true love of men and women; an idyll of the qust quality, fraining a charming love affair. Margaret Ravenel, a beautiful New Orleans girl, of a southern family impoverished by the war, and John Percyfield, of "The Uplands" in Pennsylvania, were marked for each other, doubtless. John was sure of it from the time when, as a boy, he loved the little New Orleans girl with chestnut-gold hair and dark-brown eyes. The reader finds John first telling of the delightful life on the shores of Lake Seman in Switzerland, he and his sister were leading in a pleasant chateau, with a charming chatelaine and interesting boarders. Afterwards in Italy John finds on the register at Naples the names of Margaret and her mother. He had not seen her for a dozen years, but his heart bounded and throbbed alarmingly. He sought her in vain, but, some time after, the Ravenels came to the old chateau on the lake. Then much happened. The chapter headed "Margaret" tells about it. Do not say it is too extravagant as a tribute and an assertion of what love is. "A woman's love," said Margaret, "is instinctive and can give no account of itself. I think it is the soul that a woman loves." What a queer honeymoon these two spent in London, studying social problems—the housing of the poor, old age relief, ministrations to impecunious motherhood, etc. This book will shake the megrims out of anyone.

OUR NEIGHBORS. By Ian Maclaren, author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," etc. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Minneapolis: Wm. Donaldson & Co. Price $1.50.

This is a book of impressions. Dr. Watson is a most excellent raconteur. He is a close and keen observer. How finely and cheerily he tells about a baby he saw in an omnibus, under the caption, "His Majesty, Baby." There are stories of Presbyterian moderators and elders, with glints of real humor in them. "Receiving Moderators" is rich and racy. "Our Boy" has a real Dickensy flavor. "The Residuary" is a touching and amusing tale of the remarkable result of the sudden quitting notice of an old family servant, who was forced to recall it by an incident at family prayers. In "The Restless American" Dr. Watson relates in a very interesting way some of his experiences with American life when he was in this country. "No man," he says, "goes slow if he has the chance of going fast; no man stops to talk if he can talk walking; no man walks if he can ride in a trolley car; no one goes in a trolley car if he can get a convenient railway, and by and by, no one will go by a railway car if he can be shot thru a pneumatic tube." In this country, he says, we have "an electric climate, and the electricity has passed into the people, who are simply vessels charged up to a certain number of volts." In "The Lecture Platform," Dr. Watson relates his experience as a lecturer in this country and elsewhere, and gives an inside view of things bearable and unbearable in connection with the business. He tells how he was "reduced to confusion and incoherence of speech" when he opened a clubhouse for a company of women students at an American university, who "flopped down upon the floor" when he began his little speech, and, as he "looked down upon that fair flower garden all my thoughts vanished, and I do not think I uttered a grammatical sentence." There are twenty-three sketches in the volume.

ANOTHER REMINDER.

Lives of Congressmen remind us
Up fame's pathway we might sprint
If the fates had but assigned us,
In the Record, leave to print.
—Washington Post.

HAD HOPES

Yonkers Statesman.

He (facetiously)—A society bell should have the right ring.

She (demurely)—Well, I have hopes.

HANDICAPPED.

Chicago News.

"Have you the inspiration of the muses to-day?" asked the caller of the poet.

"No," repiled the long-haired party, "I'm sorry to say the bottle is empty."

The Nonpareil Man.

Casually Observed.

Mrs. Kate Woolsey of Kentucky made a painful historical discovery that has separated her from sympathy with her fellow laborers. She found, on careful investigation, that the wretched Fathers of the Republic organized a government by males, of males and for males, and therefore she refuses to remain a Daughter of the Revolution. Every woman dishonors her sex, in the opinion of Mrs. Woolsey, who glorifies the revolution. We trust Mrs. Woolsey will give these opinions the prominence they deserve at the next annual meeting of the daughters.. If she does, the election of officers will be pushed over into the following week, while eighteen or twenty ladies are "denouncing" something.

We would call the attention of Mrs. Woolsey to the fact that when the fathers were founding their old government on the theory that nearly all men were created almost equal, the ladies never came around and asked for anything in the line of the franchise, hence, naturally, they were not given anything.

So there, now.

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Dr. Moore, in the Lancet, says: "There is no doubt but that we shall remove the gall bladder very frequently in future. The mortality is very little higher in cholecystectomy than for cholecystotomy." That settles it, A careful person will carry this important organ with him hereafter to prevent porch climbers getting it during the absence of the proprietor.

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A canvasser with the "Memoirs and Correspondence of Hannah More," in eighteen volumes, called yesterday, and the office boy shook his head and said, "No More."

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

When Henry Watterson reads about this Grover Cleveland boom it just takes the flavor all out of the mint.

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There was some little anxiety at St. Louis, but it was found that the breweries stood the strain, and much relief is expressed.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

People returning from St. Louis bring some new bits of slang such as "a shine" for a colored man, and "a swell doll" for a pretty girl, while a nickel is called a "gitney." There is no accounting for the latter. It just happens.

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There is much complaint about the manufacture of bogue antiques in Europe. Even the art galleries and museums have been purchasing some very doubtful antiques, but at not very doubtful prices. Having acquired, at a price now kept secret, the mummy of Queen Nitocris—the one queen of ancient Egypt, who, like Cleopatra, later reigned in her own right—the Munich museum people put it in a place of honor. After a few weeks there was a general tendency in the museum to keep the windows open. There could be no doubt about it. The museum authorities finally confessed with painful surprise that Queen Nitocris was putrefying! There was nothing to do but to bury such a flagrant imitation.

We are told that when in Rome we should do as the Romans do, but if we follow that advice we become base deceivers. In Rome secret places have been found where sculptors of great talent turn out nothing but disfigured antiques, broken arms, legs, heads, whose missing parts have never existed. They have invented a liquor for the staining of marble. Once perfected, the antiques are planted. There they lie in the ground, watched over by innocent shepherds. When the wealthy tourist comes along, the innocent shepherd whispers to him. They strike a bargain. Then, at night, they dig up the antique. This time the wealthy tourist is sure of his antique!

But the crockery people are probably the worst deceived of all. In the royal porcelain factory at Meiseen they will show you modern "Dresden" cups beside old ones; and you can not tell the difference. At the Delft manufactory of Nuremberg they do the same thing, while the French government artists at Sevres imitate the old Sevres ware so minutely that purchasers do well to save their money by buying direct from them. Often these manufacturers, in trying to acquire old pieces to imitate, are themselves deceived with the imitation of other experts.

There is only one way of being sure of your antiques, and that is to make them yourself. There is one possible exception to this rule, and that is when you see canned goods advertised at wonderful reductions by our honest grocers, who must live. In this case you are pretty sure to get genuine antiques.

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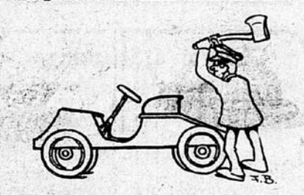
An old nursery rhyme, familiar to people who began life a half century or more ago, runs something like this:

"If I had a donkey and he wouldn't go,
Do you think I'd wallop him? Oh no, no!"

And then the story goes on to show that the animal ought to be treated with the greatest kindness to insure free locomotion. The same thing is true of the automobile. When it refuses to go, the tendency is to get an ax. But it is not the proper thing to do.



Last Sunday two bad Bills, who shall be known as William I. and William II., decided to take the office machine out for a little twirl. William I. had the Flier in his barn, and William II. was to sit on his porch in the early morning until William I. came around and took him in. William II. was on his perch at 7:45, but nothing came.

William I. was having troubles of his own. He took the machine from the barn shortly before breakfast, went over it with a currycomb and an oil can, threw in a few gallons of crushed gasolene as a breakfast food, filled the chu chu box to the lid with condensed chu chus, loaded up the whistle with a superior and expensive variety of toots, patted the machine on the neck and went in to breakfast. During this simple meal eighteen kids gathered in the yard and "looked her over." Some of them pulled the whistle once or twice and others wiped their feet on the enamel.

After breakfast and a smoke William I. jumped into the machine and pulled the trigger. It unhitched something inside and there was a racket and a tearing of wheels. The machine was visibly agitated, but refused to go. William I. got the wrench and made a diagnosis of appendicitis, but did not dare to operate.

"Did you put the gasolene in her, pop?" asked a small boy.

"Put some oil in this hole here," suggested another.

"Why don't she go, pop?" asked a third.

A neighborhood boy called for oats, and other derisive suggestions were:

"Push on its tail feathers!"

"Git a hoss!"

"Git out and pull it along!"

"Build a fire under it!"

William I. went all over the machine with the wrench again and oiled everything in and out of sight. When he got warm under the collar he sat down in the shade of the barn and tried to answer a few of the kids' questions.

Finally, after dinner, at 2:17 p. m. by the watch, the machine threw out a few chu chus and sailed down the street. William II., who had worn a hole in the piazza, tossed his side partner a reproachful look as he soared into view, and climbed in. William I. was not sure of his machine, so they started out Lyndale avenue, "where it would be quiet."

After about fifteen blocks of magnificent work, the clutch failed to make the necessary close connections, and while the engine was chasing itself like mad, the machine moved but slowly along the pike. Finally the water in the coil began to boil and the two bills threw out the anchor and waited for it to cool off.

The next start that was made was in the direction of home, the engine racing madly and emptying a barrel of chu chus out for every rod of progress. Then the coil boiled up again, and they threw over the anchor again.

About this time all the friends of the two bad Bills in the twin cities seemed to be going past in all kinds of rigs. And as they passed they left much good advice upon the air as to how the machine should be handled.

After a blood-curdling afternoon, just as they were pulling into port, the clutch began to work again, and the machine sailed into harbor like a bird. Then one of these bad Bills uncoiled a long and complicated chain of mule-driver language.

—A. J. R.

A CRITICAL EXPRESSION.

Philadelphia Press.

Miss Gushington—Mr. D'Auber was showing us some of his sketches in oil. I think his style is just cute, don't you?

Mr. Knox—Oh, I wouldn't say "cute," exactly.

Miss Gushington—No?

Mr. Knox—No; I should say "artless."

HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN

Detroit Free Press.

Borum—I say, Miss Sharp, what's the difference between a woman and a monkey?

Miss Sharp—What is the distance from your chair to mine?

Borum—O, about six feet.

Miss Sharp—Well, that's the difference.

Comparative Advertising

For the Current Month.

	JOURNAL Cols.	JOURNAL Inches	TRIBUNE Cols.	TRIBUNE Inches
Sunday, May 3,	(No Sunday Issue)		113	18
Monday, May 4,	48	1	23	11
Tuesday, May 5,	52	12	30	00
Wednesday, May 6,	66	2	42	21
Thursday, May 7,	42	2	30	17
Totals (First two days in May)	144	5	85	8
	353	0	326	9

Watch The Journal Figures Grow.