

THE JOURNAL

LUCLIAN SWIFT, MANAGER. J. S. McLANE, EDITOR.

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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-deck Goss Presses, with a total capacity of 144,000 sheets per hour.

April Advertising

The Journal ..... 1710. Evening Tribune ..... 973.

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

Actual canvass of residence district totals shows out of 4786 residences: 3986 Journals, 911 Eve. Tribunes, 668 Morn. Tribunes, and out of 70 flats, 1154 Journals, 156 Eve. Tribunes, 169 Morn. Tribunes.

Something New in Injunctions.

The granting of an injunction, yesterday, by Judge Dickinson of the district court at Omaha, upon the application of the Waters' Union now on strike, to restrain the Business Men's association from interfering with the affairs of the labor unions, is a movement of some interest.

The association is charged with conspiring to destroy the labor unions, and many specifications are made to form a basis for the application to the court. The judge granted the application without comment and the business men will have an opportunity to contest the charges of unlawful acts.

The employment of imported non-union labor which, of course, is not unlawful as the right of an employer to employ labor when and where he pleases, whether the labor employed is subject to a union or not, is fully sustained by the common law and many decisions of the courts and was recently specialized by the anthracite coal strike commission in their report as an unassailable right.

That there may be more in this view of the situation than might be supposed is suggested by the fact that there are negro mail carriers in other parts of Tennessee, who seem to be able to get along all right. It is significant, too, that a white carrier resigned on this same Gallatin route.

"Bill" Russell has introduced steam plows into Louisiana's rice fields he has done more good there in a short time than he has in a long time. The wind that blew him out of Minneapolis blew good at both ends of the line.

Grand Trunk's Embarrassment. The officials of the Grand Trunk railway are being driven into an unpleasant corner by the insistence of the Canadians that before they get a charter and are assisted to build a Canadian transcontinental line, they must guarantee that its real Atlantic terminus will be some Canadian port, and not Portland, Me., which is now the Grand Trunk's all-year port.

And now the Milwaukee has lopped off an hour from its Minneapolis-Chicago service. Now that the roads are giving us a time card that we should have had years ago, it is amusing to contrast their explanations of the advisability of the improved service with their arguments against giving it a few years ago.

Some of the English newspapers have recently been boasting of the superiority of the gunners of the British navy over those of the United States and other nations; but, judging from the recent performances of the gunners of the Alabama, Indiana and Illinois, at Pensacola, the British claim of "British gunners against the world" will have to be modified.

Helping the Y. M. C. A. The president's successful tour of the west seems to have reached its climax at San Francisco yesterday. He was received with enthusiasm and spoke with great earnestness. In part his speech was one of those strong exhortations to good citizenship which have inspired so many thousands of people with higher ideals during this tour.

palms-skinning, long-faced, loud professors of religion. Of course, that is precisely what the Y. M. C. A. is not, for while it does not neglect the belief side of religion, it is especially devoted to that practical religion which demonstrates itself in good conduct, high ideals, good citizenship and a virtuous life. There is no more powerful factor in the country today among the forces that oppose the numberless demoralizing influences to which young men are subject than the Y. M. C. A.

Monday was the greatest flour shipment day Minneapolis has ever known, some 124,000 barrels being shipped. It is positively surprising that the "Soo" road should get the big end of this shipment—ironically speaking.

Too Much of a Good Thing.

That is an ingenious answer that Congressman Gaines and Governor McMillan of Tennessee, make to the action of the postoffice department in abandoning a rural free delivery route at Gallatin, because the negro carrier was intimidated.

Nothing is said as to the character or qualifications of John Allgood, the carrier, but he is called upon to be a sacrifice to the widespread fear southern white women have of negro men. It is true that throughout the south, whether the conditions in a particular neighborhood really justify it or not, white women no longer dare to remain at home alone or go abroad without escort.

The people on the route objected to Allgood for two reasons: one, that he is a negro; and the other, that they didn't want their mail delivered to them. The last reason is particularly interesting, and may relieve the Gallatin episode of a measure of its race problem element.

The world detected his hypocrisy in the disarmament proposition four years ago, and his toleration edict apparently has no more practical meaning than that.

The president gets very close to the masses when he urges the conservation of the public domain. In past times there may have been excuse for winking at evasions of the land laws that led to the influx of capital and population and the creation of industries, but that time is gone by.

Evidently the immigration of well-educated, well-equipped Canadians into the United States has not stopped. Indeed, it is not likely to, so long as the Canadians continue to raise and educate men of the class who are so numerous in all the northern cities.

Now that the twin city business men are taking a hand in adjusting the differences between the Great Northern and its trainmen, a party of the third part has appeared with interests at stake even greater than those of the first and second parts.

There seems to be something in the air. Here is Mr. Burns, the labor member of parliament for one of the London districts, declaring that "industrially America is the thing of the future." Here is the New York Sun comparing President Roosevelt to Napoleon and Bryan. Here is Mr. Bryan himself vowing that Mr. Cleveland "disgraced himself" during his second term as president.

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quickly. The efficiency of the navy in actual warfare, depends, as much upon accurate gunnery as upon skillful maneuvering, and more.

There is no waste of money in target practice, which gives such results as those at Pensacola. And such practice must be kept up. The best navy in the world is the one which has the best gunners in its service and to attain this efficiency much money must necessarily be fired away at targets.

The Iowa idea is without vitality when there is left out of its expression reference to tariff schedules that shelter monopoly. If Governor Cummins has compromised on a tariff plank with that phrase, or its equivalent left out, the calling of it a compromise is about all he gets out of it.

Ever since the Czar Nicholas announced his purpose to accord complete religious toleration to dissenters from the Holy Orthodox Greek church and to the Jews, it is noticeable that Jew-baiting in its most violent and repulsive form has been a conspicuous incident of Russian daily life.

The czar's decree seems to have stimulated the remorseless activities of the Jew-baiting element, and if the czar really wants to include the Jews in his benevolent scheme, he will have to give them at least as much protection as he accords the dogs in the imperial kennels and his horses in the imperial stables.

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AT THE THEATERS

Metropolitan—"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." How eloquent differs from eloquence was the artistic conclusion made by the audience drawn last night by Mrs. Patrick Campbell as pitiful, unloving Paula.

Nothing else, indeed, than this impelling suggestiveness would be necessary to place the English actress among the stage elect. One may not overvalue the independence of superficial indices. So transcendent is her motionless emotion, that her handsome face becomes even beautiful. It matters little that she has not the grace of Bernhardt.

Of more import is her apparent confinement to the coarser passions. Malice is never so convincing as when it is an animal devotion, a bottomless despair. But sorrow is her own approach to sweetness. With this spectators may sympathize may seek but a sympathy that goes out to all malefactors. It is no tenderness for the tender, no recognition of the maiden gentleness that petals the root of woman's higher distinction.

Yet Pineroy, who draws the world in hard outlines on a winter's evening, doubtless to sketch in something of the beauty of Campbell, to uncover a fine soul fiber in the bitterly gray woman longing for any one's undivided love. The mild words are heard in Paula's appeal to her husband, to her step-daughter, in her earnest appeal, feeling, your girl's free-will kiss. But there's sad words no tender; they echo still, the woman that is, not the girl that was.

Mrs. Campbell's emotional limitations, if they are not, the play's dramatic, in Pineroy's play. Morse, the butler—yes, Morse, is a worthy man. We admire Morse, after the curtain has fallen. We reflect that the Cavoy, Julius Woyton, the son on the stage that wasn't more or less a failure. Before congratulating Julius Woyton upon his conjunction with the one satisfactory role, it might be fitting to point out the Paula, Sir George and Lady Orville, are vicious; that Captain Ardale sets forth what black clay is the Severus of a young girl's ideal that he, Arthur himself, has not exchanged vice for wisdom; that lecturing Cayley is a "tiresome old woman," as he himself admits; that Mrs. Cortelou, the discreet and virtuous, is not the one to be commended for her glory with private reputation; that the lawyer and doctor weakly flee from "all this beastly mess, y'know"; and that even the English woman, who has broken half the strings upon her harp before her false chord was noticed.

Morse, the butler, thus remains unchanged. The Cavoy, Julius Woyton, the son on the stage that wasn't more or less a failure. Before congratulating Julius Woyton upon his conjunction with the one satisfactory role, it might be fitting to point out the Paula, Sir George and Lady Orville, are vicious; that Captain Ardale sets forth what black clay is the Severus of a young girl's ideal that he, Arthur himself, has not exchanged vice for wisdom; that lecturing Cayley is a "tiresome old woman," as he himself admits; that Mrs. Cortelou, the discreet and virtuous, is not the one to be commended for her glory with private reputation; that the lawyer and doctor weakly flee from "all this beastly mess, y'know"; and that even the English woman, who has broken half the strings upon her harp before her false chord was noticed.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell will close her engagement at the Metropolitan to-night with the presentation of "The Benson's comedy, 'Aunt Jennie.'" The play is a modern comedy of English life and in the title role, Mrs. Campbell is said to exhibit new and delightful shades of her art.

N. C. Goodwin will present at the Metropolitan commencing to-morrow evening, an interesting drama, "The Altar of Friendship." The scene is laid in England, but the hero and heroine are Americans.

Nance O'Neil, supported by a company which includes such well known artists as McKee Rankin, E. J. Ratcliffe, L. R. Stone, Charles W. Brook, A. C. Ward, Hal De Forest, Joseph E. Whiting, Charles Bertram, William Lamp, Milton Stallard, Agnes Rankin, Rhea Allan, Eliza Olden, and Mrs. Charles W. Brook, will be offering at the Metropolitan for the half week beginning next Sunday evening. She will present on Sunday and Monday "The Last of the Mohicans," on Tuesday, "Magda," and on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, "Elizabeth, Queen of England."

The last half of next week at the Metropolitan will be devoted to the production by Rich & Harris comedians, headed by John C. Rice and Thomas A. Wise, of Leo Dietrichstein's successful farce, "Are You a Mason?"

Despite the bad weather, a good-sized audience greeted the Ferris stock company at the Lyceum last night to witness the company's clever production of the "The Bell Tolls," which will be the next matinee takes place to-morrow.

"When the Bell Tolls" is the title of the beautiful romantic play which will be produced at the Bijou next week. The title has been taken from the venerable Roberts, the monk of St. Bernard, who in the final act, in answer to a query, "What were the sins of that holy man?" replied: "Scarcely a day passes but some poor traveler is lost amid the snowstorms that these are and this old monastery." The dog of St. Bernard imbued with human intelligence by the great Creator, go forth on their errand of mercy when the bell tolls.

"Home and Honor," the Ferris company's bill for next week, is a sensational social drama, newly having been seen in this city. The play was on the road for many seasons. For the week of May 24 the Ferris company will produce a grand scenic revival of "Quo Vadis."

"Janice Meredith," the attraction now at the Bijou, is one of the most successful of the season. The charming story of colonial life draws crowded houses wherever it is presented.

WHAT OTHER PEOPLE THINK

Memorial Day. To the Editor of The Journal. In Monday's Journal I find E. W. Chase, chairman of the committee on Memorial Day service, reported as saying in the committee meeting Saturday night: "It is a disgrace to our churches to think that patriotism is so dead that we could not get a church auditorium for our Memorial Day exercises."

The pastor of the People's church referred the use of the hall in which he holds service to two of the G. A. R. veterans for a memorial program, Sunday, May 31. He held them to be so delivered a decoration speech Saturday at Benson, Minn., but would return Sunday morning in time to unite with the G. A. R. in a Memorial service befitting the occasion.

This offer was made in the same spirit which annually proffered the use of the Calvary and Chicago Avenue Baptist church during the thirty years of his pastorate in this city. The proposal was not accepted, but the People's church decided to observe May 31 as became the time, exact and occasion for our Memorial Day, our nation's Sabbath. When a thankful people meets in the sanctuary of the cemetery to deck the graves of the heroes who died that the nation might have more abundant life, and to consecrate themselves in a loyalty to preserve this government. It would be well if business could be suspended half, if not all of Memorial Day, and then, instead of being given up to sport, be spent in pious and patriotic contemplation.

The union and prosperity we enjoy today was secured at the greatest possible cost of privation and suffering. The only debt we can never pay is the debt we owe our union soldiers. Our tree of liberty, whose leaves are for the healing of Cuba and the Philippines, has its roots in the graves of our soldier dead. They were men unmoved by glorious glory, money, ambition, or willing to preserve freedom at the sacrifice of wife, child and home. For dead comrades there should be flowers and tears, and for the living veterans, we should offer love and respect. Too much can never be said or written of the great Lincoln and Grant, but too little attention has been paid the soldier who made the army who made their victories possible.

Minneapolis can well afford to be just and generous on Memorial Day. When the restrictions of the city and municipalities, may the great judge not look from the veteran's fact to ours and say, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to the least of these soldiers who starved, or sickened, or died, that ye might have a better life, with smiles on their lips, ye did it not to me." Fall back business and pleasure, give place in thought and honor to our soldier dead. Let us be true to their memory, sweat their rest, and dear their memories forever.

An Auditorium Plan. To the Editor of The Journal. Regarding the new auditorium now in contemplation, I take it for granted that the public at large concede that such a structure should cover: Convenience of location; suitable capacity for many years; seating capacity to suit the requirements; and beauty of design.

Influential citizens and the real estate men will undoubtedly give the new building the proper location and allow for the seating capacity to suit the requirements. The architects will probably put forth their best efforts to bring out an auditorium of suitable capacity to suit the requirements, and will endeavor to incorporate the latest acoustic construction, so that the ordinary speaker or the faintest strains of music may be heard in the remotest corner. These same gentlemen will also design in such a way as to produce a combination that shall be safe and comfortable to the many crowds that assemble—if they receive instructions so to do.

But in the haste to get the business in motion, it may be possible that some things may be forgotten in the general plan, particularly that of arranging for protection against fire, or rather, doing away with the possibility of having a fire that shall reach the audience from overhead, from the rear, from the sides or from underneath, so that each man, woman or child who may go there shall feel a confidence akin to assurance that in case of a scare no danger will arise from a stampede, or the fire itself.

In order to create the assurance assurance it will be necessary to plan a structure that shall be fireproof and capable of being emptied quickly, and I would plead that the architect completely and intelligently. It seems to me that the best plan is the ordinary pit arrangement, with the seats arranged in an oval around the ends and one side, and the stage at the other side. This contemplates no substructure, as the seats will be built directly on the ground, the highest on a raised platform, the lowest on the site. To give strength to the superstructure, boxes may be arranged in vertical tiers around and to the rear of the pit and built up on structural iron, the right and left corners of the building in front affording abundant room for reception rooms and offices, while the same spaces in the rear will allow dressing-rooms, etc.

Such a plan is simple and easily understood, and needs only the elaboration of an architect to make it perfect. With plenty of exits, such a building may be emptied in a few moments, and will be an everlasting joy to the people of this city. Respectfully submitted, E. Edgar Griswold, Minneapolis, May 8.

A Laborers' Club. To the Editor of The Journal. The time seems ripe for suggestions regarding the disposition of the old city hall on Bridge square. I suggest that the place be arranged for the convenience and entertainment of the floating population that there are. There are, of course, from 100 to 5,000 men—depending on the season—who lodge in that vicinity and infest depots, saloons, and employment agencies around the day. As a class they are honest laborers, and travelers thru necessity. Their manner of dress, thru expediency, bars them from lounging around our large hotel corridors. Neither would they care to go to the Park theater and kindred places of amusement as good as they want. The plan is this: Fit up the old building as a reading and lounging room with bath accompaniment. If an attendant is necessary instruct him to do a little attending. Many of this class of wanderers are disguised natures of noblemen, and real chagrins at being compelled to spend time in a saloon. This plan seems so logical to me that it must have been offered before and slipped my notice, therefore I do not impute the initiative. Here is a chance for some of our liberal public men to be real benefactors.

READY FOR ANYTHING NOW. St. Louis Star. Owing to a slip in a jack-screw in Minneapolis the other day a seven-room cottage rested duly upon the boom of a leading citizen for a few seconds. Hereafter he is willing to risk resting under a mortgage on a skyscraper.

The Nonpareil Man.

Casually Observed. The Wells Forum tells of the serious financial difficulties of the cook at the Leland hotel. The crisis came Saturday night. It seems that she was holding two quarters in her mouth and accidentally swallowed them.

Wall street complains that the lamb crop isn't coming in to be sheared this spring as it ought to. There is a suspicion in some quarters that the lambs have been shaved to the bone.

Mr. Carnegie ought to offer to provide a nice line of self-supporting insane asylums for poor old millionaires who are driven crazy by people who want something for nothing.

A foreign colony in Kansas sang "Red, White and Blue" in Russian as the president's special slow up. The president remarked, "what a large number of the people seem to be suffering from influenza," and then they explained to him that it was Russianoski that he was listening to.

G. R. Babbett of Osakis, Minn., is advertising for a servant girl. The Osakis Review prints his ad., which starts out cheerfully, as follows: A girl wanted in a small family in Osakis, living one block from the main business street, two blocks from the church and opera-house. Must be a medium sized girl to do a small part of the housework. I say medium sized because a small girl might not have the strength to draw the salary we are willing to pay to a good girl. There is no washing and no upstairs work.

Mr. Babbett explains that he has been without a girl for some time, and is as humble as an alderman before election. The girl may play the piano when she will, but he does draw the line light at one place. He says: I will have to fish these summer evenings and won't have time to wipe the dishes.

It pains us to state in this column openly that Professor Elford of Perham is a villain. The Perham Enterprise brings to hand the story of the amateur theatricals in that town, in which "Dot, the Miner's Daughter," was staged, and in which Professor Elford played the scoundrel to the life. The Enterprise says he did it well. Frank Jung had a difficult role and was at his best in the love scene, wherein by his polished and eloquent plea he won the hand and heart of the much-admired Dot. In fact the whole evening was a decided treat. The Perham Theatrical company may yet be heard from in other towns in that vicinity. If the other towns are not careful.

Mark Hulet of Salisbury, Mo., has a hen that lays two eggs a day. The strain on the biddy is so tremendous that one of the eggs has a soft shell. A walking delegation of roosters will be calling on this hen soon to protest against a violation of the rules of the Hen's Union.

The Chicago laundry girls are no longer hot over the collar, but have struck for a slight share in the prosperity that is eating us up.

Hammurabi, over whom the Emperor William and Professor Delitzsch have been having some small controversy, was king of Babylon some two thousand three hundred years before Christ. He has been identified by some as the Amraphel of Gen. xiv., 1. Bet you never heard of Amraphel either.

Of course it is a Boston paper that is throwing instruction in English grammar into the form of poetry. The Boston Globe is printing a series of "language lessons in verse." Lesson No. 12 is devoted to the improper use of the word "aggravate" for "irritate." The story is written around a very cross woman, who, was easily "irritated." The Boston poet says: To irritate this wretched dame, Was, I am sure, a simple matter; Yet aggravated she was not, Despite the fury of her clatter.

Yet, when a neighbor had aroused This heiress's ill-concealed vexation, A single word sufficient was, To aggravate her irritation.

This may be good English but it is not the kind of poetry that one clips out and carries around in his pocketbook. But if Boston's English is improved, we may say, in the language of the political transparency which Irving Schaeffer tells of seeing in a procession of the victorious party after a hard educational campaign: "Education done it."

L. Frank Baum, the South Dakota boy who has made such a hit in fairy stories and other literary endeavor, tells something "equally as good," if it is not a fairy tale itself, which happened while Mr. Baum was at a winter resort. A lady who had a penchant for meeting all sorts of celebrities, secured an introduction to Mr. Baum and asked permission to present her little daughter, a miss of seven, "who knows every one of your books by heart." The young lady, lank-haired and round-eyed, extended her hand in a mechanical fashion, and staring straight into the author's face, she remarked: "Mr. Baum, I think you're a very wonderful man!" Somewhat embarrassed by this direct praise, the children's author patted her head and asked: "Why do you say that, my dear?" "Because mama told me to," answered the child complacently, and in the roar of laughter that followed the stricken mother made good her escape.

When Hamilton Mable was in Minneapolis he told a story "before a select company" that will bear repetition. It had to do with the thoughtless ways of the late John Fiske, the historian. Mr. Fiske was often so wrapped up in a subject that it was difficult to get his whole attention down to every day affairs. One day, while he was hard at work, one of his boys appeared in the study. "Well, sir," said Mr. Fiske, looking away over the youth's head in an absent-minded way. "Mama sent me in here to have you punish me." "What for?" "Well, you see, I said that Aunt Mary was a fool and that Aunt Jennie was a dam fool." "The boy shifted feet and the historian appeared wrapped in thought. Finally he said: "Well, that is about the distinction I should make." Then he forgot the incident and went back to his writing. A. J. R.

WHY JOHN HAD TO PURCHASE Brooklyn Eagle. John Bruce and Clint Pease were chums. Their stores adjoined, and when business was dull the two young merchants visited back and forth. One cold, blustery day, when customers were few, Clint sat behind the stove in John's store. A young woman came in, and John stepped forward to wait on her. "I am soliciting subscriptions for an organ for our church," she said. Now, solicitors of this character were numerous in that town, and merchants used to dodge them, since it was not deemed good policy to refuse to contribute. So John was considerably pleased with himself when a happy way out of his present difficulty suggested itself in his quick mind. "You will have to speak to the proprietor about that," said he politely. "You will find him a very liberal man. He is back there by the stove." John grinned as the young woman approached Clint and asked her case. "How much are the merchants generally giving?" Clint asked, with grave interest in the cause. "Some are giving as much as a dollar," she answered, "but we are grateful for any sum, however small." "John," said Clint, with an air of authority, "give the young lady \$3 out of the drawer." And John, of course, had to do it.

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