

THE JOURNAL

Subscription rates by mail: One month \$0.35, Three months \$1.00, Six months \$1.80.

THE JOURNAL is published every evening except Sunday, at 145 Fourth Street South, Minneapolis, Minn.

AN INVITATION is extended to all to visit the Press Room, which is located in the west.

April Advertising

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 4327 residences: 4014 Journals, 925 Eve. Tribunes, 669 Morn. Tribunes, and out of 70 flats, 1154 Journals, 150 Eve. Tribunes, 169 Morn. Tribunes.

A Wise Settlement.

The settlement of the dispute between the Great Northern and its trainmen is a notable triumph for the public. The outlook was dark and threatening, when the business men of Minneapolis and St. Paul took a hand in the negotiations; a strike seemed almost inevitable.

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Triumph of Electro-Motive Force.

A significant statement in the recently issued census report on street and electric railroads in the United States is that during the twelve years, 1890-1902, the length of line increased from 5,783 miles to 15,447 miles, or 187.85 per cent; number of fare passengers from 2,023,010,202 to 4,813,466,001, or 137.84 per cent; miles of single track operated by electric power increased from 1,261 to 21,920 or 1,638.37 per cent; miles operated by animal power decreased from 5,661 to 259 or 95.42 per cent; miles operated by cable decreased from 488 to 240, or 50.71 per cent, and miles operated by steam from 811 to 169 or 78.15 per cent.

BOBBETT'S STROKE OF ECONOMY.

Brooklyn Eagle. Bobbett was in a desperate hurry to reach home. He was already late for dinner, and Mrs. Bobbett had addressed an ultimatum to him on this subject that very morning.

DEEP MAN, HANNA!

Mr. Hanna's powerful reply to Senator Hanna's address is that it was made for political effect. According to some folks the senator goes to church, pays his debts, supports his family, and keeps sober, all for "political effect."

GIVING ROOSEVELT A HARD RUN.

For the benefit of King Edward a set of Tangke chimes played by British artists in Rome, probably from an Italian series. It is hard to get back of cosmopolitanism like that.

NOW LET GROVER BEWARE.

Uncle Hank Watterby is now using gunpowder instead of pepper on his meat in order to make him roarer.

Much Naval Talk.

The president yesterday talked strongly about the duty of increasing our naval strength in his speech at San Francisco, on the occasion of the dedication of the monument erected to commemorate the victory of Dewey at Manila in May, 1898.

Danger for Rural Delivery.

If the investigation of the postoffice department under General Bristow resulted in a crippling of the rural delivery service it might be had at almost too high a price. General Bristow is reported to be prejudiced against rural free delivery and in favor of the postal postoffice.

The Bible Trade.

If corporations of the ordinary kind are soulless, how shall we psychically classify trusts, and next, how shall we classify a trust that controls the output of Bibles and jacks up the price?

THE MAGAZINES.

"The Harmonizing of Organized Labor With Organized Capital," by M. Cokely, is the title of an article in the Engineering Magazine, in which the writer argues for a better understanding between the employer and the employee.

PEARLS THE RESULT OF OYSTER MICROBES.

The latest researches prove that the finest pearls are not formed by the oyster as a coating for shells, but by a microscopic enemy, a sort of fluke known as the Saccostoma.

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AT THE THEATERS.

Metropolitan—Nat. C. Goodwin in "The Art of Friendship." It is a matter of regret that the art of Mr. Goodwin does not show a greater development with the passage of years.

MINNESOTA POLITICS.

There is a well-defined rumor that Joel P. Heatwole and his associates in the Frinceton man was the original choice of this organization. His well-known lack of sympathy with the present state administration made him available.

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The Nonpareil Man.

Casually Observed. One of the latest and most popular fads with us is this breakfast feed. It is simple and pleasing, and after you have tried it a few times you feel like a new man. It is this. You get up in the morning and eat a hearty breakfast. It beats medicine.

The Yale corporation no longer requires Greek at the entrance examinations. Thousands of us have put six or eight valuable years into Greek, and we cannot now, without profane thought, distinguish between an aorist and a tetradion. Yet our votes count.

It has been discovered that there is a cod liver barrel back of the rise in prices. He secured the available supply around \$28 a barrel. It is now worth \$132. With the delicate, fishy confection at this price, most of us will try to worry along on beer, a tablespoonful after each meal.

With so many presidents and ex-presidents in public view St. Louis could not pay much attention to mere bishops, and it is reported in the east that even the equanimity of Bishop Potter was jarred when he was announced at a St. Louis function as "a fellow named Porter." Dignity of all kinds seems to suffer at these great herdings called expositions.

The postal employes who stole a million stamps took a severe "lick" at the government. William E. Watts, a Chicago teacher, says that Shakespeare is no good. That may well be true—In Chicago.

Theater goes this week are straining at a Nat and swallowing a Campbell. Rev. W. W. Waddell has just returned from Bahia in Brazil, where he has been trying to build up a church amid the greatest difficulties. He reports, however, 100 members. The ideas of the Brazilians are hazy as to the Protestant form of worship, and Mr. Waddell tells a good story to illustrate this hardness.

"Remember one man," he says, for example, "coming to me and asking me if he could become a member of the church, and when I asked him if he understood the creed of the Presbyterian faith, he said: 'No, but I want to go to heaven.' Then, of course, you expect to lead an upright life." I said, "No, no," was the answer, "that's just what I don't want to do. They tell me that one can sin all he wants to and belong to your church."

The pastor experienced a shock, but after catching his breath he denied the statement. It is feared that this theory of church membership is held in some parts of the United States also.

Somebody has suggested that the freakiness of the weather is caused by the unconscious power of the human mind. It is the philosopher of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch who turns the theory out to its perfection. The fat men, of course, want to get cool, and the thin men want to get warmed up for once. For a time the united will of the fat men, acting unconsciously, prevails, and "winter" lingers in the lap of spring. But after a while the desire of the thin men preponderates, particularly as the fat men believe that summer will come any way. Then we have a few warm days. Buds, swell, flowers spring forth, and the fat men sweeter in their winter clothing. Then a fierce and united desire for coolness goes forth from the men of first and second order. The desire of the thin men is temporarily overpowered and a frost happens. This is too much for the farmer and for the country. Everybody unites in wishing that the weather shall moderate and summer reign. And we see the result.

But somebody, a thoughtful person, asks, how did they manage to have any weather at all before there were any fat or thin men? Why, they didn't manage it at all. The weather just happened then. It was a meteorological omelette. And sometimes when all desires neutralize now, that is what we get; weather that just happens. Brethren, let us get together on the weather. If we have to sacrifice every fat man south of the forty-sixth parallel.

When I see natty millionaires solicitous about the creases in their golf trousers, carefully and painfully following the golf ball over hill and down dale, I wish that they could be induced to play kick-the-stick. If they could, the game would go off something like this: Every millionaire would provide himself a good, stout golf stick, which the golfer would be chosen "it" on the tee-up; that is, he would be stick-keeper. The stick, about a foot long, would be carefully placed against the barn, forming a triangle with the side of the cow's house.

The wealthy and distinguished president of a trust company would be chosen to "knock off." Taking his golf club, he would strike the stick a tremendous blow, and it would fly half a block. Then all the millionaires would scatter like jackrabbits and hide under the barn, on the roof, around the corner, under the sidewalk, anywhere out of sight. The fleshy old banker with the stout would make a wild hustle to gather up and replace the stick. So long as the stick was in place, he might "tag groul" for any millionaire he sees. If, on the other hand, while he was out hunting for prey, another millionaire rushed in and knocked the stick again the game is blocked until the golfer replaced it.

Finally the golf keeper sees some wealthy oil merchant's glasses peering over the roof of the school house, and he lets out a terrible yell: "A son J. Foster Calkins of the Pennsylvania Oil company. Taggou for J. Foster Calkins!" Then J. Foster becomes goal keeper, and the game stops while everybody hollers, "All in free!"

There's where your bankers and merchants would get real exercise, shining up and down water pipes, crawling under sidewalks and jumping fences. And fun! For pure fun, kick-the-stick beats the earth.

THE WAYS OF THE HEATHEN.

The officers had listened at the door for a long time. Sounds emanated from the interior of the room—sounds which seemed to indicate the progress of a red-hot fantan game.

The officers started to break in. A scuffle sounded inside the room. Down went the door, and a faint light shone from the opening.

The officers were puzzled. They could have sworn the sounds they heard were fantan. A fleshy old banker with the stout would make a wild hustle to gather up and replace the stick. So long as the stick was in place, he might "tag groul" for any millionaire he sees. If, on the other hand, while he was out hunting for prey, another millionaire rushed in and knocked the stick again the game is blocked until the golfer replaced it.

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Comparative Advertising

For the Current Month (including Two Big Editions of the Sunday Tribune.)

Table with 4 columns: Day, Journal, Inches, Tribune, Inches. Sunday, May 10: Journal 105, Tribune 20. Monday, May 11: Journal 40, Tribune 16. Tuesday, May 12: Journal 36, Tribune 17. Wednesday, May 13: Journal 61, Tribune 17. Thursday, May 14: Journal 49, Tribune 8. Totals: Journal 497, Tribune 19. 636 11 657 18

Watch The Journal Figures Grow.