

THE JOURNAL
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Shall It Be Repeated?
It seems hardly credible that the anthracite coal miners can seriously contemplate a repetition of the disastrous strike of last year, yet at the meeting of the three district boards of the anthracite miners of the United Mine Workers of America at Wilkesbarre, yesterday, it was decided to hold a joint convention at Pottsville on June 15, to determine whether or not work shall be suspended in the mines on that date.

The question at issue is not one of wages, or hours, for in those respects the provisions of the agreement effected in March thru the anthracite strike commission are accepted and in force. The mine workers claim that there is irregularity in the selection of representatives on the conciliation board for the adjustment of differences, as provided in the agreement, there being no stockholders' meeting for the purpose of appointing the operator's representatives and the appointments having been made by the officials of the railway companies.

The fourth section of the commission's award, relating to the board of conciliation, provides that in each of the three mining districts, one member of the board of conciliation shall be appointed by a majority of the miners in such district, making three miners' representatives on the board, and three other persons shall be appointed by the operators, the operators in each of said districts appointing one person, making three operators' representatives. This board of six representatives of miners and operators, constituting the board of conciliation, shall take up and consider all differences presented and all evidence obtainable, and the award of a majority will be binding and, in case of inability to decide, the question at issue is to be referred to an umpire appointed by one of the federal circuit judges of that circuit, and no work must be suspended pending the umpire's decision.

These provisions do not prescribe, as to the choice of operators' members of the conciliation board any more than that they shall be appointed one for each district, while the miners' representatives are to be appointed in each district by organizations representing a majority of the miners in each district. Such is the provision for the make-up of the board of conciliation. The operators contend that the miners' representatives were appointed by the executive committees of the miners' organizations and do not represent the public regards any prospect of a rupture and repudiation of the strike commission's award with profound reprobation and disgust. The question now at issue is one which can be adjusted, if operators and miners have any consideration for the public interests, which cannot safely be ignored, and for their own welfare, which will be greatly impaired by a prolonged strike. Before the Pottsville meeting is held, it will be eminently rational if both these parties, apparently sharpening their swords, will entertain some sober second thought. It is, indeed, possible that the combine of the coal roads, in spite of the fitness of the coal, the Reading railway, may be remorselessly brought under the ponderous trip-hammer of the new anti-trust and anti-rebate legislation.

A Brown Peril.
The Chicago Tribune is fond of bringing out sensations. It used to discourse nervously about "the yellow peril," meaning that the whole civilized world was menaced by the awakening of China from her centuries of somnolence, for a strenuous crusade against the outside world. The "yellow peril" certainly does not seem formidable since the absurd collapse of the imperial government's combination with the boxers, under the most aggressive of Chinese rulers, the Dowager Tsze-Hi-Twan-Yu-K'ang-K'ing, who has the emperor tied to her apron strings. The "yellow peril" played itself out in 1900. There is no unity of action in China to make a "yellow peril" and China bids fair to see disintegration under the persistent maneuvers of the western powers. The Tribune sees the "yellow peril" near revival under the leadership of Japan. That makes it a "brown peril" instead of a "yellow peril." The idea is that some Japanese Alexander will start out westward to conquer the world, drawing upon China's yellow millions for soldiers, and stimulating them to the extreme fighting fervor under Jap officers trained in modern tactics. It is probable that the western nations will not "scare work a cent" by the suggestion of a possible "brown peril," saddling and bridling the "yellow peril." The Jap cry, "Asia for the Asiatics," amounts to little so long as Russia keeps her big, flat foot, with the regular Adam Zed slawit in it, on 6,664,779 square miles of Asiatic territory and adds to that area every now and then. The greatest Asiatic power in the world today is Russia. She and Great Britain, who owns India, with 1,560,160 square miles of territory, present a pretty strong

buffer against the "brown peril," with "yellow peril" attachment, if the hypothetical crusade against Europe assumes form and substance. There is no doubt that, since 1868, when Japan emerged from the hindering feudal system and adopted western civilization's methods, she has progressed wonderfully, but she is not prepared to play Alexander as yet, although Jap conceit may be cocksure that his prowess can put the world in a sling. "That's a vallant feat that dars eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion."

Further reports from the flooded regions in Kansas indicate a pressing need of assistance. The work of raising funds in Minneapolis has begun in earnest and the subscriptions are coming in at a gratifying rate. It begins to appear that the present is really by far the greatest flood disaster the west has ever known. The whole country is responding to the cry for help, and Minneapolis is certain to do its part.

Is Sir Wilfrid Tempering?
Our Washington correspondent reports that the view prevails in Washington that Sir Wilfrid Laurier is not greatly in earnest in his apparent interest in another sitting of the international joint high commission, and that his correspondence with Senator Fairbanks is of a tempering nature which has begun to make the latter suspect that Sir Wilfrid is merely trying to keep a string on American reciprocity while waiting to see what may develop from Chamberlain's advocacy of reciprocity within the British empire, or something of that sort. On the other hand, the reports from Ottawa assert that there is no change in the Laurier ministry's attitude toward reciprocity on account of Chamberlain's recent speech taking advanced ground as to preferential trade within the British empire. Our correspondent further says that the government at Washington intends to force Sir Wilfrid to show his hand. Of course, if it is really believed that the Canadian premier is purposely pursuing a dilatory policy and is not at heart really interested any longer in reciprocity with the United States, the sooner we know it the better. And if such is the case, we can only blame ourselves.

But it will be well to wait for later developments before concluding that the outlook for a meeting of the joint high commission in the fall is not so good as it was a few weeks ago. Any despondency as to the outlook the state department may now entertain may perhaps be attributed to the persistent opposition of the senate to all reciprocity treaties, and a feeling that it is a useless labor to draft treaties that are so rarely considered on their merits by that citadel of special interests. Possibly the attributing of a dilatory policy to Sir Wilfrid Laurier may result from the inability of the state department or Senator Fairbanks to assure him of a reasonable probability of favorable action by the mossback senate on any treaty the commission may agree upon. In that event the blocking of reciprocity is our fault and not that of the Canadians, for from the first suggestion of the resumption of negotiations the Canadian premier has wisely asked informal assurances of a probability of something being accomplished. If the fault lies with our own government primarily, there is nothing in the situation to discourage the pushing of the campaign for reciprocity with Canada, because it has been realized by its advocates from the start that an immense amount of home missionary work was the sine qua non of success.

Bishop Edsall's suggestion that the official name of the American descendant of the Anglican church be "The Episcopal Church in the United States of America" is about the best we have seen. It seems to clear of all valid objections within the church to a new name and it does not offend the church people organized in other Christian bodies.

An Optimistic View.
Mr. James B. Dill, the famous New York corporation lawyer, took for the subject of his commencement address at the University of Minnesota to-day, "Outlook for the College Graduate in America." As might be expected he was not able to get very far away from his specialty, but it is only fair to say that it would be impossible to discuss the college graduate's outlook now without taking the trust question into account. Mr. Dill thinks that his opportunities have not been restricted by the concentration of industry. He thinks that the great modern combinations of capital need at their heads men of broad training, who are prepared, as the narrowly trained specialist cannot be, for commercial battle on a big scale.

It is very gratifying to learn that Mr. Dill is of the opinion that the large corporation is a democratizing institution, and that its offices of power and large salaries, are filled less by reason of "pull," blood ties and social relations than in the smaller ones. The modern corporation manager appreciates the evils of too many sons and sons-in-law in the business, and the rich man's son has lost his pull with him because he feels that the prosperity of the corporation depends in a measure upon having in every position a man who earns his salary. There is nothing more discouraging to the deserving worker of ambition than to look up the ladder of the service in which he is engaged and find all the good places held down by relatives of the manager or chief stockholders, with another generation coming on to take their places. If the great corporations have really discovered that this is poor business they have in benefiting themselves greatly benefited their employees. In this respect they are in advance of most smaller corporations, where the natural tendency for a man to use his own position to provide for his relatives is necessarily less restricted than in a company where he has, in one sense, to consult the public welfare, so numerous are a great company's employees and ramifying interests.

In freely admitting that there are numerous trusts of an evil nature and that with some of them there was never any hope of success except "as it was possible to suppress trade in a way thoroly repugnant to American principles," Mr. Dill sets a good example to those numerous trust idea pushers who seem to think that whatever the promoters do is good.

It is distinctly encouraging to find a man with such an intimate relationship to some of the great trusts as Mr. Dill has enjoyed, so American, so democratic and so broad in his views. If we shall have many men of his type powerful in direct-

ing the policy of the great corporations there is not much to fear from them. The University of Minnesota has decided that a knowledge of English composition, grammar and spelling, will hereafter be indispensable to all diploma seekers there. Naturally the university has heretofore proceeded on the theory that the candidate for admission had long ago learned how to spell and compose in the English language, but the discovery has been made that some very good specialists are defective in such rudimentary training. When specialization is carried so far that candidates for degrees are unable to write correctly or spell passably it is indeed time to compel them to turn back a few years and take some elementary lessons.

Curiosities of Suicide.
Professor Bailey of Yale university has made a profound study of the statistics of suicide in the United States in the period 1897-1901. There were 29,344 cases of suicide in all, and of these he takes 10,000 cases for convenience, finding that 7,781 of the suicides were males, 2,218 females; the favorite period for suicide, between 30 and 40 years, with the period between 20 and 30 a close second. Significant is it that the married suicides numbered 4,807, of whom 990 were females, and the unmarried numbered 4,054, of whom 925 were women. Of widowed persons there were 678, of whom 183 were women and of the 198 divorced persons only 52 were women. Shooting was the favorite method; poison next, drowning, cutting and hanging next. The leading procuring cause of suicide was despondency. Alcoholism sent seventeen times more men than women to suicide.

It appears that the married state furnishes the largest number of suicides and four times as many men as women. Widowhood drove three times as many men to suicide as women.

There is hardly any law of suicide to be drawn from such statistics further than that ill health and financial troubles are very apt to induce acute despondency which, in the absence of a deep religious faith and hope, engenders a desperate yearning to get out of one's environment and take a leap into a very blackness of darkness tactual in its density. There are cases, it is true, where persons who have been deeply and rationally religious, have under the stress of despondency due to ill health, yielded to the suicidal impulse, but such cases are not numerous. It is not surprising to find such a large number of women committing suicide by poison. These numbered 919, more than for any other cause. Comparatively few women shoot themselves, but next to poison the figures show a preference for drowning. Comparatively few women like to jump out of windows or from precipices or to stab themselves. Women have been, in all history, experts in poisoning people, and, as death by that method is generally easy, and entails little or no disfigurement, it is not difficult to understand their preference. The noisy and disgusting method of shooting suits men, but women naturally do not often take to it. More men than women throw themselves under railway trains for the same reason. Women are repelled from suicide of the body-mangling and bloody kind.

It is difficult to conjecture why 496 widowers committed suicide to 133 widows during the four years referred to. Is the grief of men more acute than that of women under the loss of the life partner?

AT THE THEATERS
FOYER CHAT
The patronage accorded the production by Mrs. Leslie Carter and her excellent company at the Metropolitan, "The Girl of the North," in which the Ferris Stockman general, while Ella Marlowe will play the role of Princess Wanho.

Large audiences visited the Bijou yesterday to see the many thrilling scenes and situations in "Over the Niagara Falls," which is holding the boards this week.

"For Her Sake" will be the attraction at the Bijou next week. The play is promised to be well presented here. The company includes a clever and handsome Minneapolis girl, Miss Millicent Evans, who will be seen as Phyllis Gray, the American girl. William Marble, another popular player, will appear as the Russian general, while Ella Marlowe will play the role of Princess Wanho.

WANTED THE MOTION-OVERULED
A correspondent of the Rochester Post-Express tells a story of a certain justice of the supreme court of that district who is very fond of sailing. One day last summer the jurist invited a friend of his, a lawyer, to take a sail with him. At the start the wind was quite brisk, but soon freshened into a gale that caused the little craft they were in to toss and roll in a manner that soon caused the lawyer's features to twist into expressive contortions.

The judge, noticing his friend's plight, laid a soothing hand on the latter's shoulder, and said: "My dear fellow, can I do anything for you?" "Yes, your honor," replied the lawyer in plaintive tones, "you will please oblige me by overruling this motion."

THE KING'S MEANNESS
Boston Herald.
The other night King Leopold went to dine at the Paris Jockey club which is the finest restaurant in the world. Leopold was so delighted with a certain dish for which the club's chef had prepared that he was only twenty-four hours later that the chef was on his way to the royal residence at Brussels for keeps. Thereupon the Jockey club held a meeting and resolved that King Leopold was what we call an English mean cuss. Here the incident rests for the present.

AN UNRESPONSIVE AUDIENCE
Lord Herbert, a young peer, after making his first address in the British house of lords was asked by a friend if he found it difficult to take a seat with him. "I find it a little difficult," he replied. "It was like addressing ebetted tombstones by torchlight."

Books and Authors
A FORGOTTEN AUTHOR
In the June Atlantic, H. S. Pancoast earnestly commends Thomas Day as a patriot, social reformer and a true emancipator of England. Comparatively few of the present generation know anything about Day, but he was known very well in his country along the middle of the last century as the writer of some very popular stories for young people. Mr. Pancoast says: "It is but justice to give to a writer should rest chiefly on 'Sandford and Merton' and his 'History of Little Jack.' He classes him with Maria Edgeworth, Charles Dickens, and the other great writers of the day referred to as much more effective than those of Miss Moore or Miss Edgeworth. They could well be reprinted, for in the nineteenth century, and before tales, with electricity familiar as household words, they dealt with child nature and its phenomena most admirably, and the child problems dealt with by Day are largely the same known very well in his country and solution to-day. In this country the story 'Sandford and Merton' had large vogue among the boys. A high school teacher of mine, who has known them, not in stilted and wall-eyed prose, but in a most agreeable and fascinating style."

THE SIEGE OF YOUTH. By Frances Charles, author of "In the Country God Forgot." Illustrated by Townsend. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price \$1.50.

NEW BOOKS
THE SIEGE OF YOUTH. By Frances Charles, author of "In the Country God Forgot." Illustrated by Townsend. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price \$1.50.

This is a story with much love in it; a little overworked with epigram; full of the psychology of love; and, with original. The scene is in San Francisco. Journalists figure conspicuously. Julian Jago, artist, floods the tale with sunlight and laughter in a faint, a satirical, a few minds out of Hawthorne's "Fable Faun." His friend Jameson is the opposite, and a strong character. Three women appear—Antonia, Ludwiga, and Deborah. The thread of the story is determined by two first chiefly. Jameson and Julian are both in love with Ludwiga, who, under the fascination of Jameson, who for the first time in his life of love, and draws to him from Julian, but discovering, as he believed, that she really loved Julian, he battled with a case of conscience and gave her up with a terrible heart-wrench, because he thought he was wronging his friend. Then Antonia, who loved Jameson, discovered that he did not love her, and her heart became stone, and she married, cheerfully, another woman. The last scene shows Ludwiga dying in a hospital. So, when Jameson found out what real love was, he turned to the woman's woman's supporting love, he lost it to a mistaken sense of honor.

God gives us love. Something to love. We find it in the things that grow to ripeness that on which it thrives. Falls off, and love is left alone.

HANS THE ESKIMO. By Christina Scandlin. Illustrated. New York: Silver, Burdett & Co.

The author in this book has taken as her hero Hans Christian, an Eskimo of Fiskensne, Greenland, who accompanied Dr. Elisha Kane in 1855-56 as hunter on the second Grinnell Arctic expedition. He was the only Eskimo who fully recognized the value of his services. Life in Greenland and among the bears, the perils of navigation, fishing and hunting, and the details of some of the experiences of "The Advance" and her crew are set forth very attractively and young readers will get a clear idea of Eskimo home life. The book is well illustrated.

TRENT'S TRUST AND OTHER STORIES. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.25.

These stories were found among the literary remains of the late Bret Harte and the volume is the last containing his work, which in humor and pathos has been maintained and has been so popular. The seven stories in this volume relate to Harte's favorite field, the earlier stories of "The Advance" and her crew are set forth very attractively and young readers will get a clear idea of Eskimo home life. The book is well illustrated.

A DETACHED PIRATE. The Romance of Gay Vaneleur was detached from Colonel Richard Gore, of the British army, by the decree of a divorce court. After that she steamed for Canada and landed in Halifax, where she comes face to face with Colonel Richard Gore, who is a millionaire and a powerful man, and who could not help it. The book is made up of Gay's letters to her friend, Vera, and, being the letters of a pretty, worldly, flirting, semi-sensitively girl, they are full of interest and wit, with a streak of the womanly woman in her, nobody can help reading these breezy comments on her life and marriage. In the very last chapter she offers to sell in love with her. She posing as a maid, "The Detached Pirate" found herself in society where Colonel Gore was constantly appearing. She had to be very witty with him, when she had to Vera recorded her detestation of him. One night Gay dressed in male costume; put on her snow boots and a pair of breeches, and, with the teeth of a blinding snowstorm. She was overcome by her struggle with the gale and was rescued when on the verge of freezing by no other than her husband, Colonel Gore, who took her to his quarters in the barracks and revived her with stimulants. While Gore went to her hotel to get her maid, and her own clothes, she had a turtling time until Gore returned and extricated her and sent her home, she coming to the conclusion that she had been deceived. "I had a little out of a skirt would be the worst possible." Out of this interesting incident something came, but before it came a good deal that is interestingly disclosed by the facilities of "The Detached Pirate," in the matter of love, lovers and marriage. There were three men certainly after the Pirate and the story of the campaign certainly has a real fascination about it. The thing that happened was not so unnatural after all.

TRUE LOVE, a comedy of the affections, by Edith Wyatt. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. Minneapolis: N. McClure, Price \$1.00.

Interest in this story centers in Norman Hubbard and Inez Marsh, also there is a good string of characters and incidents. Inez is a very lovely girl, was taken in by the distinguished manner Hubbard assumed. He talked of "epic principles," quoted Latin authors imperfectly, talked of "great classic masters," and "idealism," and, after a few months, proposed marriage. Inez had been impressed favorably by his showy superficiality, but she wisely proposed waiting a year before she should be married. At the end of the period of probation he came to her as from a sense of duty when she was ready to meet him. "I will wait," she said, "I will wait a year." He had strength to get out of "idealism," and emotion was ruled out. He had not much of that quality

any and talked in such a stony way that she very sensibly broke off all communication with the cold-blooded "idealism," and after a long attack of typhoid fever, took a fresh interest in life and ere long married a man, not a superficial man, who would have broken her heart. She discovered that no true love can be based upon the simulation of character and "epic principles" which forbid natural emotion.

HERO STORIES from American history, by A. F. Blaisdell, author of "Stories From English History," etc., and F. H. Ball, of Phillips and Co., Boston: Ginn & Co. Price, 60 cents. Illustrated.

This volume contains stories of the most interesting incidents in the history of this country from the march of George Rogers Clark, Vincennes and Kaskaskia in 1776, to the visit of Lafayette in 1824. It is not a mere story book, but the facts of history and the conditions existing at the time of each incident are clearly explained.

THE MAGAZINES
Current Literature for June (New York Current Literature Publishing Co., 84 West Twenty-sixth street), gives large space to international affairs, the Louisiana Purchase centenary, the Balkan crisis, and provides an excellent summary of progress in the arts and sciences, literature, etc., with many excellent illustrations. The periodical is very useful for reference purposes.

The World's Work comments very sensibly upon the merger decision and that of the New York court of appeals, declaring the law taxing public franchises constitutional, as warning to corporate power of its limitations. There is excellent reading on summer vacations, with practical suggestions and illustrations. Henry Norman's illustrated paper on automobiles, their cost and economy, is pertinent. Andrew Carnegie leaves his useful mark on the summer in his paper, "The Secret of Business," of which he knows much of interest to the unknown. There are very attractive papers of the open air, including fishing and hunting, by Edwin Sandys ("The Art of Fresh Water Fishing"), Dan Beard ("The Art of Camping"), Frank Chapman ("Hunting With a Camera"), H. D. Sedwick, Jr. ("On Horseback Through the Canadian Forest"), and other papers of an exclusively summer tone and, appropriately, Mr. Cunniff contributes a paper on "The Comforts of Railroad Travel." The paper on "The Mountains Illustrated and in the most exquisite quality of modern photography.

Scribner's for June contains some very interesting features. The Military Administration of the War Department, by Brigadier General W. H. Carter, and an account of the battles of Antietam and Gettysburg, by General John B. Gordon, are the chief attractions. There are many interesting things about those great struggles, in which Gordon was himself nearly shot to death. "A New Playground in the New World," is the title of an interesting illustrated paper by Edward Whympere, on his expedition to the Valley of the Bow in the main range of the Rockies in the Canadian West, where grand mountains, wonderful waterfalls and lakes abound. Mr. Tlexotto writes of the cliff-dwellers of France, and the fiction of the number is the most interesting character study will be found in Mrs. Philip Gilbert Hamerton's "The Modern French Girl."

The Living Age for May 15 contains, among attractive features, a critical paper on Joseph Henry Shorthouse, author of "John Inglesant," the one book which has gained literary reputation. Mr. Dillman's paper on "The Manifesto," and the review of Mrs. Ward's "Lady Rose's Daughter" are also notable features. Boston: The Living Age Company.

The Century for June is an especially pleasing number in illustration. There is something seasonal in Arthur Schneider's illustrations in color and half tone plate, of his very interesting paper on the travels of the Sultan of Morocco. We have all the brilliant coloring of African skies and the royal pageantry and the text is of deep interest. The illustrated paper on the London stock exchange, by Messrs. Norman and Ashton-Johnson is an attractive feature, the illustrations being Andre Casaque's fisheries and papers on the state of the fisheries (Ray Stannard Baker), and "A Land of Deserted Cities" (H. C. Butler), the latter descriptive of the remains of long-dead cities and ways to central Syria, and Herman Klein's "Modern Musical Celebrities" are features which greatly enhance the value of the number. Noticeable in the fiction features are "The Wind," an ideal story by Ernest Horn; "The White Turkey," by Elizabeth C. Waltz; "In the Quiksand," by L. B. Miller, and "Princess Pontioff," by Signe E. Fish.

The Cosmopolitan for June most appropriately opens with a delightful, illustrated paper on roses—"The Rose of Yesterday and To-day," by Katherine Matthews, which is written so appreciatively that the delicious fragrance of this queen among flowers seems to float about the reader. Then Miss Humphreys discusses gateways with illustrations and Mrs. Woodrow contributes a charming illustrated paper to show that women should revive the pretty and graceful custom of dressing the hair with flowers. Dr. Albert Shaw discusses the profession of journalism with much sound advice to young men as to the proper preparation for the serious work and responsibility, showing the enlarged opportunities in the latter days presented by the profession for men who are capable and audacious and who are ambitious to take a part in directing public sentiment and taste, whether in politics, science, art and related aesthetics. Among other papers of interest is the illustrated account of beet sugar manufacture and the growing of the sugar beet in this country, and the fiction of the industry. The fiction of the number is very attractive. (Irvington, N. Y., John Bristen Walker.)

The Bookman (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.) in its Chronicle and Comment feature is especially happy in text and illustration. McCutcheon's cartoon, hitting Sherlock Holmes, is a good bit of humor and the reproduction of some cartoons which appeared during the civil war and the accompanying text by Messrs. Cooper and Maurice are a most interesting feature, showing some excellent humor in cartoon making, but inferior in drawing and point to the work of present-day cartoonists. Mr. Isaacs' paper on "Comio Opera: Past and Present," is one of the attractions of the number and there is a breezy sketch of Henry Labouchere, or "Lobby" of London Truth, who contrives to get himself so much talked of by his idiosyncrasies.

WOULDN'T FIGHT THAT WAY
General John B. Gordon in Scribner's. One of those furious leaders of the south settled in the United States and Comment feature. There would be no war, and if there should be a war we would whip the Yankees with children's popguns. When after the war the secessionist was dressing an audience, he was asked by an old, maimed soldier: "Say, judge, ain't you the same man that told us before the war that we could whip the Yankees with popguns?" "Yes," replied the witty speaker, "and we wouldn't fight us that way." "Oh, they wouldn't fight us that way."

HE REMAINED A BACHELOR
The late Paul du Chailu was on one occasion asked why he had never married. "Well, once upon a time," he answered, without a smile, "an old African king who was very fond of me offered me my choice of 852 women as a wife. 'You majesty,' I replied, 'I should marry one of these beauties of yours there would be 852 jealous women here.' 'Well,' replied the king, 'that is easily settled. I will give you the 852 women as a gift. That was a lot of women to have under your roof, and I have never had such a field to choose from since I am still a bachelor.'



The great Looperino was ready for action, and a delegation of prominent Elks stood proudly looking it over. "Say, Theo," said Harry Rendell, thoughtfully, "I believe I could loop that blooming thing all right."

"Sure! It's dead easy," replied Mr. Hays. "All you've got to do is to grip your teeth, hang on, shut your eyes and peddle like gehenna."

"I'd like to try it." "Let's send for a bicycle and take a throw at it all by ourselves."

Weed Munro, who was standing by, broke in with the suggestion: "Why not use my old Pabst bicycle, made in Milwaukee. It never disappoints."

"The only trouble with those Milwaukee machines," said A. L. Hazer, "is that they always balk in front of a beer sign. I remember riding Weed's machine up Nicollet one day, and I could hardly get it past those places."

"No doubt, no doubt," said Rendell. Mr. Munro entered into an elaborate description of his wheel, and a messenger was finally sent for it. When he returned, a good-natured rivalry ensued as to who should first take on the loop.

"Shucks, I suggested it first," said Harry Rendell. "You hold my coat, Theo." "Hold nothing," replied the impresario. "You let me give the loop a razzle and I'll pay for the Mrs. Wiggles."

"It's my wheel," broke in Weed. "Seems to me I ought to loop'er first." "It's your loss up for the privilege," suggested Hays.

Everybody agreed to this proposition, and on the turn of the coin, Weed was first thrown out and then Theo. So the honor fell to Mr. Rendell. "Split on your hands, Harry," suggested Theo, "and keep your eye glued to the black line. We don't want to scrape you off the side of the enclosure."

"That's all right," said Mr. Rendell. "I never saw a loop yet that could throw me." While this conversation was going on, Mr. Rendell had trundled Weed's old wagon to the top of the incline. The bicycle appeared restive, and Mr. Murphy, of Gessman & Murphy, who had strolled in to see what was going on, suggested that Weed had hidden a chestnut burr under the saddle. The suspicion caused some feeling on the part of Mr. Munro, who breathed hard and looked stern for a few minutes. But nothing came of it.

Hayer held the machine while Harry took off his coat, necktie and hat, and slowly mounted to the saddle. "By gumps, that looks steep," he remarked, as he surveyed the incline. "I hope nobody's gressed it." "Oh, that's all right," said Munro. "If you're afraid, you climb down and let me plot the car around the loop. It knows me."

"No-o-o, I guess I'll try her, now I'm here. Let her go, Hazer! Good-by boys!" "Good-by, good-by." Mr. Rendell shot down the incline like three fingers of a wood alcohol "split" down the dusty throat of a tired farm hand, and before the boys could draw one lung, shuddering breath he was tangled up with the loop. He came out the other side of it right side up and safe from harm, with the exception of losing the pedals and trying to kick holes in the air.

"Did it tangle you up, Harry?" "Now, I know here I was all the time." After he had dropped the wheel Theo Hays had seized it, and was soon at the top of the incline. He leaped lightly into the saddle. "Pedal mount, by Jimson!" said Mr. Hazer, as Theo slipped down the incline. The eyes of the whole gang stood out like lobsters' eyes on the ends of antennae, as Theodore, on reaching the loop, slipped his legs over the handle bars and recklessly coasted around the circle, and was shot out like a catapult.

"Fully Mackinaw!" said Mr. Murphy, as he started home. "This is too fierce for me." Weed Munro could hardly wait to get the machine. As he mounted the incline, Mr. Hazer telephoned for eight stout firemen and a blanket. They arrived just in time. Weed went down the incline like a missile from a 13-inch gun. Pretty soon the bicycle came out alone, trembling in every limb, and the eight stout firemen took Mr. Munro neatly on the fly. "Striker out!" yelled Mr. Hazer.

At this point, several alarms having been sent in, the police appeared, further experiments were put a stop to, and the whole crowd went over and had a round of pineapple sundaes. As they separated a wall was heard from W. M.: "My goodness, I believe the old wheel has sprained a spoke!"

Casually Observed.
How that Kentucky man ever lived to be 102 years old is what is bothering the mortuary statisticians.

A Chicago man had an otherwise fatal bullet stopped by a roll of bills in his pocket. A roll of bills is one of the best life protectors there is.

The movement for irrigation in Iowa and the southwest has temporarily subsided. The Britt, Iowa, Tribune says that the ground is so wet that Andy Vailler, who lives on a hill top, complains that the bluebirds ran up thru the tile into his cellar and ate fifty pounds of pork and a tub of butter one night recently, and now the pickered run up the eave spouts to his barn every time it rains, and have broken up all the dove nests in the cupola. That is too damp for wheat.

Hardly had Richard Harding Davis disappeared in the fastness of the Balkans before Breathitt county, Ky., exploded.

The Lanesboro Journal is much amused by "pipe" stories via La Crosse, about "floods" in Lanesboro. One story was as follows: A huge cliff at Lanesboro, undermined by floods, fell to-day, crushing the iron bridge and burying two clam diggers' houses. No one injured. The Lanesboro Journal says that the story should have been written as follows: The earth trembled. Pat Casey, working in his garden, turned and beheld a awful spectacle! The whole bluff seemed about to fall. With mighty strides he reached the scene and pulled the bridge over into Galligan's pasture just as the crash came. The clam diggers were all away to a picnic and were not severely injured. Three thousand shovelers are clearing the debris and hope to find the river in time for the next steamer to pass. The schooner Sinirole, loaded, went aground near Dusschee's creek. The crew saved themselves by standing up in the rear. Associated Press, help yourself to this. You're welcome. From which it would seem that a good many of the "awful flood" stories merely indicate a slight excess of moisture and strong anxiety on the part of some correspondent to make good "on string."

In the Minnetonka Record last week Willard Dillman printed his Rubaiyat of the lake, as follows: The morning paper, but an hour since born. Ah, love, could you and I a palace make Where the tall lindens bend above the lake, Would we not people it with two glad hearts, Each fondly fonder for the other's sake? Are those of yester night or yester morn? With me along this reach of pebbly sand, Not so with friendships by the lake-side planned. That just divides the waters from the land, Not so with loves by the lake breezes fanned. Where Hill might give his hostler the glad And earth-mispepper quite, but these will stand.

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