

THE JOURNAL

LUCIAN SWIFT, J. S. McLAINE, MANAGER, EDITOR

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AN INVITATION is extended to all to visit the Press Room, which is the finest in the west. The history of the press consists of three floors.

Abundant Taxation.

The New York Tax Reform association, of which Mr. Lawson Purdy, well known in Minneapolis, is secretary, takes great satisfaction in the act passed by the last legislature of New York amending the charter of Greater New York as to require that land shall be assessed for taxation separately from the improvement.

Manifestly more accurate than the present valuation of real estate in New York city. Manifestly more accurate than the present valuation of real estate in New York city.

But the little pamphlet which the association has just distributed, giving an account of the act and appending some matter pertinent to it, shows that, in separating land from its improvements, New York has only touched the fringes of the taxation problem.

It is a fact that every person paying a personal tax is robbed by being required to pay more than his share. The deputies are required to swear that the annual record contains the names of persons taxable and the amount of their taxable personal property.

Of the small number of people who pay personal property taxes in this city, it is safe to say that the largest part of those who pay on any considerable amount are trustees, executors, widows and orphans. The properties in the hands of such persons are apt to be invested in conservative railroad bonds and real estate mortgages, which yield about 4 per cent, or say, \$40 on the thousand.

The committee rightly declares that such unjust taxation would not be tolerated if it were not easily avoided by the active and competent, and applied only where the great numbers of those affected are persons of no influence in the business world.

The only way out of the inquiry, according to the bar association committee, is to secure the passage of a law granting local option in taxation. The evils of personal property taxation do not bear so heavily on the country districts as on the city, so there is little hope in New York, as in Minnesota, of getting a general law omitting personal property from taxation.

Uncle Loren Fletcher has got so used to making the rounds of the departments at Washington, "plugging" for his district, that he keeps right on, even with an ex before the congressional vestibule to his name.

Servia's Problem. The Servian parliament will assemble at Belgrade to-day to choose a king and take control of the situation.

The burning of the City hotel at Jackson, Ky., gives the outside world another glimpse into the villainous sort of human nature that flourishes in the Kentucky mountains.

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is done. Who will make the first move of interference? It does not seem likely that the powers, who, unmoved, allowed the Sultan of Turkey to massacre 120,000 Armenian Christians, will interfere to bring to trial the conspirators of the Karageorgevitch dynasty, who, apparently, have the Servian army back of them.

The national assembly will meet under the constitution of 1901, which the late king, in the coup d'etat of April, suspended while he effected some changes in a daring absolutist way, and his refusal of the request of the late Vuitoch ministry to submit his project of making his wife's brother the heir apparent (as he had no children), to the parliament, led to immediate preparations, the ministry approving, for the extermination of the king and the whole Obrenovitch family.

There is some talk in Belgrade of the assembly voting to change the form of government to a republic, but this change is not likely to be made. The Servians have no republican traditions.

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Ballard is Avenged.

These are evil days for saloon keepers in the state of Washington. The navy department has been the means of driving them out of Bremerton, and now the city of Ballard proposes to punish them for their lack of public spirit.

The saloon keepers would not contribute to the celebration fund, the "grand Fourth of July celebration" in Ballard has been called off. The flags will not wave, the cannon will not boom, the rockets will not pop in Ballard on the glorious Fourth.

Ballard will greatly miss its Fourth of July celebration, and it proposes to get even with the drink dispensers whose pettiness has kept the city from having a good time. It was not lack of patriotism among the publicans that caused all but one of them to refuse to subscribe to the fund, but each wanted assurance that the celebration would celebrate at such a place as to give him a strategic advantage in competing with his fellows for the patronage of the thirsty.

The committee is thoroughly mad and the report runs that it is its avowed intention to wage a war on the saloons and make it a personal business to see that the state law is enforced in Ballard and that the saloons be closed on Sunday. E. B. Conroy of the committee announces that he will see to it that the Sunday law is enforced during the next six months. The indications are that in 1904 the saloon keepers of Ballard will subscribe liberally to the celebration fund.

If other towns would follow Ballard's example it would be much easier for business men's associations and the public affairs committee to get subscriptions for public purposes. Let the saloons and gambling houses run, but let them understand that they must always subscribe liberally. The town of nerve as Ballard. Elsewhere they would have let the saloon keepers withhold funds and never speak of the Ballard business men "have their nerve with them."

For once at least the railroads appear to have bethought themselves that Minneapolis sometimes has conventions that are worthy of low speed railway passenger rates. The special rate for the American Swedish Singers' Union festival in Minneapolis July 21-24 applies to all portions of the country and is the fare one way plus \$2. It has been a long time since Minneapolis has had so low a rate as this applying to a large territory.

It begins to be doubtful whether it is the Canadian banking system or the proverbial conservatism of the Canadian people that has saved them from severe financial stresses in the past. Now that they are shaking off their slowness and beginning to do business rapidly they seem to be in danger of getting into as much trouble in the way of financial panics as the United States has had. Perhaps the stress of the new era in Canada will cause the world to think worse of its banking system.

Over 11,892 immigrants going into western Canada in May, only 1,358 styled themselves Americans. It appears, however, that the immigration authorities call Americans only those emigrants from the United States who were born in the territory. We suspect that most of the Germans, Swedes and Norwegians in the Canadian immigration reports are American citizens.

Lyceum—"Mr. Barnes of New York." One of the most delightful plays of the season aroused enthusiasm last night at the Lyceum. For Gunther's drama in competent hands displays the merits that not the faults, of its entertaining merits. So skilful is the dramatic adaptation to stage purposes, that what is really melodrama is freed from the falseness of that medium. The play is a study in a Corsican vendetta that entangles Englishman, Frenchman and American in snarles of love or hate might be unusual, if not improbable, in the present day. The actors are both surprising and inevitable. Climaxes begin in the very first act with the touching death of the young Corsican, slain in the duel on the beach. Yet interest is maintained, even intensified, until the final curtain. The excellent fun is so judiciously assigned that it does not strain the tragic thread.

Such opportunities were not lost by the Ferris Stock company. The characters were played as admirably as they were cast. Byron Beasley elevated the role of Mr. Barnes to a new level of nobility and prepossessing, so modest but distinctive, that the self-sufficient New Yorker became charming always and never offensive. Miss Grace Hayward, in the difficult role of Marie, the loving and avenging Corsican, brilliantly brunette, has seldom been more picturesque. Her novel gown will delight the women. At the most intense moments Miss Hayward would have gained by repression. But her pathos, notably in the duel scene, was very affecting. As a Corsican girl reared on the island she might not have the Italian accent because of its associations in this country, would probably weaken the dignity of her role. A really fascinating Ethel was that of Miss Maude Gilbert. If her "pathetic eyebrows" were Gibsonian, her sweet dignity suggested the high class English woman. She completed the poignant interest of the original play by her second act. Her journey from Paris, thru Tommie, down to Lyons, Maud Chartris, the "baby" of 14, would have been no less comic in the hands of Miss Maude Gilbert. Ben Johnson put southern fire into the role of old Tomasso. All the parts were especially that of the duel, were very good. —H. B. Curry.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS SKETCH Chicago News. In view of the reconciliation between Senators Hanna and Foraker it would be eminently fitting for Senators Fairbanks and Beveridge to enfold each other in a tender embrace.

INCORPORATED TO OVERLOOK IT. Indigent Father (dining in restaurant)—I presume, you are a doctor. You are the only physician I know of who forces the indigent to pay for the privilege of drinking beer. —All the other students did. Indigent Father—Walter, two beers.

THE MAGAZINES. The National Review (London: 37 Bedford street, Strand) gives much space to Joseph Chamberlain's strongly imperialistic Birmingham speech last month. In which he protested against being "brought down to a purely technical definition of free trade and declared for freedom on the

Books and Authors

REAL NATURE STUDY. Professor Bailey, in his "The Nature Study Idea," makes some very wholesome suggestions. Nature study has become something of a craze among teachers. He thinks that much that is called nature study is only "diluted and sugar-coated science," and some of it is "mere sentimentality." He rightly insists that when we talk about nature-study in the schools, we ought to mean that the pupils are coming more closely in touch with nature and comprehending nature, not that the medium of text books, reading books, so much as by personal and actual observation. The more we are in touch with nature, the less do we publish the fact abroad. It is the every teacher by any means who is qualified to teach nature-study. The qualified nature-study teacher must have been baptized, so to speak, in the beauty and influence of nature, and inspired with nature's disclosures. The qualified teacher may, indeed, communicate the fervor of his or her inspiration to those who are to be guided in the study.

THE BLOW FROM BEHIND. By Fred C. Chamberlain. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price \$1. Postpaid \$1.10. The author details some of the more reprehensible features of the so-called anti-imperialist movement, growing out of the occupation of the Philippine archipelago by our government, which recognized the fact of its responsibility for the good government of the islands and the duty of restoring peace deferred by the insurrection of the Filipinos under Aguinaldo. The author's work is a polemic, consisting in obstructing the policy of our government by encouraging the insurgents to take up arms and resist the United States, and, in various places, to suggest that the United States should withdraw its troops from the Philippines, deluding them with the belief that public sentiment in the United States would soon stop the war and that our arms would settle up the islands. Mr. Chamberlain gives examples of the literature printed for distribution at home and in the Philippines, and points out the viciousness of the propaganda which is being carried on by the propagandists. He portrays the situation in the islands from Dewey's victory to the present time, setting forth the difficulties to be settled, and the author suggests which of the two parties he believes to be the more just. He sets forth the reasons why the United States cannot leave the Philippines until a stable republican form of government is maintained over the whole group.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF ALEXANDER POPE. Cambridge Edition. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Minneapolis: N. McCarthy. Price \$2. This is the first time Pope's poetical work has been published in a single volume. Heretofore it has appeared in from a dozen to a score of volumes, and has been published in many unimportant notes of Pope and using two columns of matter to the page and reducing margins, the poems of the eccentric, hot-tempered Pope have been printed in a very unbecoming manner. Pope wrote under three English sovereigns—Queen Anne, George I. and George II. His best work was done under George II, which produced some fine literary genius, but she herself was far from literary, and was rather superficial. Pope did his best work for George II, when he produced his translations of Homer's "Odyssey" and "Iliad." His "Dunciad" bristles with sharp hits at dunces, and he gave Colley Cibber a conundrum which has been practiced heretofore can be knocked in the head.

THE LAMBERTON STAR SAYS: "No doubt the railroad companies will make a determined effort next year to again elect two members of the warehouse and railway commission. A good way to avoid this is for the rural counties to instruct their delegates to the state convention to remain until after the commissioners are nominated and in this manner to keep the railroad companies from practicing heretofore can be knocked in the head."

THE SAME PAPER IS AUTHORITY for a rumor that Lyndon A. Smith, of Monticello, former lieutenant governor, is willing to stand for one of the commission nominations. —Charles B. Cheney.

REFRAINED FROM MURDER. Nashville American. The renewed activity in eliminating personal enemies by the favorite process of assassination in Breathitt county, Kentucky, rather makes apropos Henry Watterson's story of a battered and crippled lawyer who had been put in jail for a year in the town of Breathitt where the keen crack of the rifle and the short, sharp bark of the revolver are often heard and where the odor of burnt powder freights the air, to collect a claim. He was only a piece of a man, but he was not afraid of anybody. As Mr. Watterson tells the story it runs about as follows: The old lawyer was lame and blind and one armed. A local celebrity in the case was the district's dead shot, who had killed many men and who was ready to shoot anything or anybody. He came in daily to see the lawyer about a case in which he was interested, until his visits became extremely tiresome. Finally the lawyer exclaimed: "Get out of here and stay out of here. Get out right away. I'm sick of seeing you. Don't stand there. Go on out, I tell you." The desperado looked at the wreck of a man in incredible dismay and before he knew what he was doing he was backing out of the room. When he reached the street he burst into tears. The inhabitants crowded around and saw the man what was the matter. "He drove me out," he wept. "Drive me right out of the room. Said he 'I'm sick of looking at me and won't let me come back no more.' 'Why didn't you shoot him?' asked the crowd. 'I shot him,' echoed the slayer of many lives. "Shoot him? He couldn't walk. He couldn't see. He's deaf and couldn't hear. He couldn't run and he couldn't fight. Why, fellow citizens, if I'd 'a' shot him it would 'a' been murder."

THOSE GOOD CLEVELAND TIMES. Des Moines Capital. Should Mr. Cleveland run for the presidency again, would he want to do so on the strength of those good times (?) which we had during his last administration?

REMARKABLE DETECTIVE ABILITY. Kansas City Star. Mr. Bryan has been called upon to discover some connection between Chancellor Anderson's renunciation of silver and Mr. Rockefeller's recent gift to the University of Nebraska.

THE DEADLY PI LINE. Some fiendish printer is my secret foe, On the top floor of the building where I live, He has a trick that fills me up with woe And oaths galore. I wrote a sonnet to my lady's hair, And said that "only with it can compare Othello's shroud," my "vbkjg xziffifis"—this made me sore.

A thrilling romance, too, I penned one day. On the last page The villain told why he did seek to slay Sir Duryvage. "I sought his life," quoth he, "not in the Magdine, but because he once did say: 'vbkjg xziffifis'—'shrdiu shrdiu inlu' That made me rage.

And forthwith to the editor I wrote, With angry pen, Correcting the mistake in a brief note Of how and when. 'Twas printed; yet an added horror smote. As over the correction I did glaze: MUST—All Eds—A J T—Bury on inside page I was mad then.

Could I but have this wretch to work my will, For one short hour, or better still, I'd boll him in hot pitch, or better still, Had I the power. Above the fiery furnace have him grill, Able alone to shriek in wordless wail, "Vbkjg xziffifis—'shrdiu shrdiu tao,'—Forevermore. —Inland Printer.

part of the government to retaliate when Britain's own interests or her relations with her colonies are threatened by other people. Captain Mahan contributes a valuable paper on "The Principles of Naval Administration" and another on "The Boer War goes into details of the situation. It is by Sydney Buxton, who declares that "the worst of the war is that its cost is not confined merely to its direct outlay, but it leaves in its wake increased expenditure, not to say extravagance." Maurie Low's discussion of American affairs is, as always, interesting and piquant.

MINNESOTA POLITICS. Efforts to get H. J. Miller of Luverne into the field as a candidate for lieutenant governor will not be any more successful next year than they were last year. The ex-senator has no ambition in that direction, and plainly indicated his distaste for the office by rejecting the band for a large number of years ago. A recent newspaper "yarn" had it that a Miller boom for lieutenant governor was being worked up so as to get Miller out of the congressional fight and release Judge Brown from the campaign against McCleary. This has no foundation, as Judge Brown has said repeatedly that he would not take a nomination merely to get into the campaign. He has many friends who would be glad to support him, but he has no desire for the place, either with or without a fight.

The present outlook is for a warm primary contest in the second district next year. The anti-McCleary men will unite on Miller or Somerville, or else they will bring out a large number of candidates and endeavor to make McCleary a minority nominee. This would prepare the way for another battle in 1904, with the opportunity for a candidate who made the strongest showing in 1904.

Anti-McCleary men would like to get a strong Blue Earth county man in the lead in the congressional fight, but efforts to bring out Gus Widell do not meet with success. The Mankato colonel is a good politician, but he is not looking for anything on his own account.

Thomas Lowry, when seen in Washington the other day, gently pushed aside the senatorial toga, without making an emphatic denial of his candidacy, and answered to know that the matter with Senator Clapp. Changing to national politics, he declared that "no power on earth could defeat Theodore Roosevelt for the presidency."

Former Congressman Fletcher has returned from Washington, where he went after the departments just the same as when he was a real member, and he reports that there will be sufficient funds for the completion of the Fort Snelling improvements and for continuing the work on the locks and dams between the twin cities. Mr. Fletcher will continue to affirm or deny the report that he will be a candidate for the congressional nomination next year.

The Lambertson Star says: "No doubt the railroad companies will make a determined effort next year to again elect two members of the warehouse and railway commission. A good way to avoid this is for the rural counties to instruct their delegates to the state convention to remain until after the commissioners are nominated and in this manner to keep the railroad companies from practicing heretofore can be knocked in the head."

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THE NONPAREIL MAN

Casually Observed. We nominate Curtis Jett of Kentucky for king of Servia. Now will the ladies let Governor Bill Bailey of Kansas alone?

A pamphlet is sadly needed giving the exact details of the affair when Thomas Carlyle spilled some coffee on the clean table cloth and kicked the cat, at which Mrs. Carlyle exploded and the row was heard by Miss Jennings in the next house, and was taken down by a stenographer. Let us know all.

East St. Louis has to swap horses in the middle of the stream or not at all. When a man in patent leathers mows the lawn after dew fall it doesn't take long for the patent to expire.

The society editor of the Hutchinson Leader makes note of a very swell function in that busy town, namely, the Burdock luncheon, given his friends by Sam G. Anderson, Tr. Mr. Anderson was assisted in receiving by Mr. Chase Anderson, the two standing at the foot of the great staircase "neath a festoon of dandelions and plgeweed, with a Shorthorn in the foreground and two Poland Chinas rampant. The parlor was profusely decorated with wild oats and the dining salon with Jimson weed. Massive refreshments were grabbed for and chin music was furnished by the horde present. The guests were asked to guess the number of grunts in a brunette pig of tender years, and the winner of the contest was presented with a last year's bird's nest, the booby prize being a festoon of dandelions and plgeweed with black threads and the row was heard by Miss Jennings in the next house, and was taken down by a stenographer. Let us know all.

The editor of the Litchville, N. D., Bulletin is down in Iowa trying to toll away farmers to settle near Litchville, and is spending spare time writing a series of interesting letters home regarding his effort to uproot the Iowan. He says that the land speculators are not going to be very numerous this year, but he does find that the people who are renting farms can be easily agitated. The renters do not like the idea of paying \$3.50 an acre annually, and it is "only a question of perseverance and sweet oil until we shall have a good Iowa farmer on every piece of prairie land between Piano and Fort Ransom."

The Bulletin man in his last letter made a strong plea for thrift. He says: Why, twenty years ago, when I struck Iowa it was bare prairie for miles and miles. The farmers stubbed in the grain, bought butter and eggs and let their machinery stand in the fields all the year. A man with four horses and no hired man put in a section of land. The Germans from Dubuque and Clayton and Jackson counties, and the Dutch from Alto and Pella came in and bought the land at from \$15 to \$25, and they bought cows and hogs and put up machinery sheds and planted trees, and cross my heart if the country hasn't changed in these twenty years, so it doesn't look at all like it used to. I've driven fifty miles across these Iowa prairies with never a grove of trees to cast a welcome shadow on the sod. But now! It's the fairest farming country in the world to-day. Men who have visited this statement. And it's the trees, small farms, live stock, machinery sheds, careful work and good management that has made this Iowa country prosperous and beautiful. We can do the same in the Litchville country. We need a grove of trees on every quarter section, a machine shed, a pig sty and a stock barn on every farm, and smaller homesteads with better cultivation. When we get these improvements, then will our country be the equal of this splendid northwest Iowa, where farmers are out of debt and have money in the bank all the year round.

The man who don't keep four-legged critters, and who leaves his implements outside as a sign of incompetency, soon goes the way of the transgressor and his name is now known no more forever, except by the collection agencies. You can't defy the laws of nature any more in North Dakota than in Iowa.

Incidentally the editor states that South Dakota is a sand heap and that the Canadian northwest only thaws out from Aug. 10 to 15, inclusive, while the Arctic circle is being pulled in for repairs. North Dakota and the section right around Litchville is the only real Garden of Eden between Eastport, Me., and Puget sound. Of course you can raise stuff elsewhere, but it is not quite the same.

A CHAPTER IN MISUNDERSTANDINGS. Mail and Express. The man with the soft, low voice had just concluded his purchases in the department store, says the Chicago News, and the young woman with the lopsided bang who had taken his order, produced a large manila tag and, moistening her pencil between her lips, asked his name. "Jepson," replied the man. "Chipson?" "No, there's no chip about it. Jepson." "Oh, Jefferson." "Jepson. J-e-p-s-o-n." "Jepson." "That's it. You've got it now. I knew you would if you kept on trying. Sixteen eighty-two." "First name, please." "First name. What? Balliss avenue. Want the street first? Balliss avenue, sixteen eighty-two. One, six, eight, two." "Your first name—initial." "Oh! K." "O. K. Jepson, 1682 Balliss avenue." "That isn't O. K. You didn't understand me. I said 'Oh!'" "O. Jepson." "You're too quick. Now you've got to rub that O out. Let the K alone." "Which is it you want?" asked the girl with an annoyed air. "First you tell me O. K., and then you said O, and that I didn't write O. K., when it's down as plain as can be. Now you want me to rub the O out. What are your initials?" "I said K." "I beg your pardon, you said O. K. I think you'd better write it down yourself." "I said 'oh'." "Just now you said that you said K." "Let me finish what I was going to say. I said 'oh' because I didn't understand what you were asking me. I didn't mean that my initial. My name is Kirby Jepson." "Oh!" "No, not O—K," said the man. "Give me the pencil and I'll write it down for you myself. There! I guess it's O. K. now." "If you are satisfied I am," said the girl, tossing her head. "Cash!"

LOYAL TO THE ORGANIZATION. Philadelphia Ledger. Senator Quay tells a story to illustrate Senator Penrose's loyalty to the organization without regard for his personal opinions or comforts. Quay, in a spirit of well concealed rivalry, told the junior senator one day that no inconsiderable part of official popularity lay in entering the Washington season, and advised him to go in prominently for social honors and attention. "I'd advise you, for the sake of the organization, to get married. Your chances of re-election through influential demand by the bigwigs will be increased a thousandfold if you take a charming wife down there with you next term. With your money you ought to be able to do it well."

Penrose pondered deeply a minute or two, and then asked: "Do you really think a thing like that counts?" "Sure!" said the old man. "Well," said the junior senator, resignedly, "let the organization pick out the woman and I'll marry her."

A LITTLE LATE. Senator William A. Clark of Montana was born in Connellville, Pa., and sometimes narrates an incident of his boyhood in that town. He was attending a children's party that was given at the home of a little girl. Towards the end of the party the small guests were led into the dining room, and there an excellent repast was served to them. The mother of the hostess sat at the head of the table, and a number of times this lady noticed that the Clark boy was about to make some remark to her, but each time, being busy, she was obliged to interrupt him.

After they had all retired from the dining room to the parlor, the lady, remembering her apparent rudeness to the boy, and approaching him she said apologetically: "Tell me now, won't you, what it was that you wished to say to me in the dining room? I am sorry that I couldn't listen to you at the time." "It was nothing of importance," young Clark answered, with a blush. "But tell me what it was, anyway." The lady persisted, smiling. "I just wanted to ask you," said the boy, "for another helping of ice cream."

THE SAME "GOOD STORY" RETOLD. New York Times. Stories of oGod Bishop Williams' conversion, continue to crop out wherever clergymen meet. One just told at the general theological seminary relates to his first sermon in the parish to which he was called just after he was ordained. He was rather nervous as he began to preach, but as he progressed he noticed an old man in a front pew who seemed intensely interested in the sermon. Whenever the preacher made a point the old gentleman nodded vigorously in approval. This was very encouraging to the not over confident pastor, and after the services he inquired who the man was. "The old man in the front pew?" asked a vestryman, "oh, he is one of the harmless inmates of the insane asylum around the corner."