

THE JOURNAL

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The Minneapolis Journal from January 1st to June 1st, 1903, carried 73 per cent more advertising than the daily Tribune.

The Irish Land Bill.

The Irish land bill comes up in the house of commons to-day for passage or rejection. Debate may be protracted and there is a possibility that the Irish party may be foolish enough to expand its demands for amendments and obstruct the passage of one of the most important measures that any English parliament ever undertook to place on the statute books.

The government, which has been saved several times from downfall by the vote of the Irish nationalists, has effected a compromise on John Redmond's amendment proposing to lower the minimum purchase price of land and that difficulty has been removed.

The government has no disposition to take any risks on this measure. The liberal party even under Gladstone was unable to settle the land question, which embodies largely the pacification of Ireland. The liberals gave up all efforts to settle it some years ago, and their old conservative antagonists, who had for a settled policy the dragooning of the island and the passage of mutiny and conspiracy acts and the amplification of jails for Irishmen convicted under such legislation, began to legislate to extend the electoral franchise and introduce larger county autonomy and followed it up by astonishing liberals and conservatives by a scheme to buy out the landlords of Ireland for half a billion dollars or more, and transfer some 400,000 holdings to the tenants who may make small payments on long time, while there is a free grant of \$60,000,000 to be expended in paying a percentage of the purchase money to the landlords, distributed so that the largest estates will get the smallest proportion and the smallest estates the largest proportion. As John Morley said in a speech last April: "This gigantic offer, this wise offer, to abolish landlordism, is to acknowledge a very serious thing; is to acknowledge that the whole of your policy in Ireland for the last 100 years has been on completely wrong lines."

The fact is, however, the policy of England to Ireland for centuries was to regard the Irish always out of the protection of law and never in the condition of subjects. There was a time when the Irish really desired to be admitted to the benefit and protection of the English laws, but they were not permitted to get such benefit. It is on record that petitions from the Irish people were often presented for benefit and protection from the time of Edward III. to the reign of Henry VIII. They were every one rejected and this stupidity of the British government has proved a most costly kind of stupidity to which British statesmen are now opening their eyes and see the advantage of dropping all the shifting, patchwork, fair rent, settle-nothing policies which have only increased the trouble, and by a formidably big financial coup, as now in sight, restore peace and authority of law in Ireland and surely promote the substantial prosperity of the Irish people.

The late Duke of Argyll once said he hoped to see the time when the British government would be able to retire from the duty of "dry-nursing every Irishman in the making of his bargain for a farm."

The time has apparently arrived when the state, parliament consenting, may rid itself of the half-hearted dry and wet nursing process and by a stroke of delayed justice, eliminate effectually the bete noire of Ireland—landlordism.

Gourley Eagle-Tail Twister.

Some of our American statesmen dearly delight to twist the British lion's tail, and it is one of their greatest griefs that of late years the lion has kept his tail out of their tip-toed reach—because the lapse during the Boer war. We were in a way proud of these lion-tamers. Their intensity delighted us and their flamboyant oratory gave us amusement. We gloried in their exaggerations and their frothy valor in fighting wars on paper. We considered them the best of their kind, and the kind might be nothing to be proud of, still it was something to have the best. But we have to own that our fiery peace-time mouth fighters must yield first place to a bluenose Canuck, one Gourley of Colchester, Nova Scotia. This is the same Gourley that caused tremulous earthquakes in the United States a year ago when he volunteered to serve two years in the trenches against the United States in the war he proposed to inaugurate for the purpose of conquering this great, bulky over-grown, hybrid nation, the conqueror to be the pure-bred Canadian people, two-fifths French, one-fifth English, one-fifth Scotch and miscellaneous and one-fifth Irish.

Not at all moved to compassion by the awful fright he gave us then Mr. Gourley proceeded last week to dance a Highland fling on our prostrate body. This time he

be turned out of the Canadian treasury upon all who plan, promise or build railways. The proposed Trans-Canada railway is his particular pet. He regards a railway along the southern rim of the midnight sun as a piece of supreme strategy in preparing the Dominion for that dread day when the southern barbarians shall erupt in battle array and attempt to shove the boundary into the Arctic ocean. According to the Toronto Star this is the way Gourley dwells on the Trans-Canada as a strategic railway:

Gourley looks at this Trans-Canada map again. He finds that this railway is the strategic line. It is the railway Canada will fall back on when danger threatens.

"When the detested Yankees invade this country," so Gourley says, "we will lead them on, and on to this railway." How we will lead them he did not explain, but it will probably be by advertising it as a scenic route and inventing stories about the fishing.

"We will lure them on," says Gourley. "Never! never!" The house is stirred to the depths. Gourley has the house going. His martial fire has passed into parliament.

"We will retire," says Gourley as soon as the spasm is over, "and then behind the rocks and crags we will make our stand." Gourley said other fine things. But how to transcribe a shower of comets? The spell of his speech is on the house yet. Only Gourley could do it.

It really begins to look as if we were to have a permanent \$8 rate to Chicago. The railroad passenger agents are all figuring that the business will not be increased in proportion. Perhaps not, and yet it would not be surprising if the total receipts from passenger traffic on the Chicago lines, were larger for the year following the introduction of the new rate, than for the year preceding.

Hard to Transplant.

The decision of the New York school authorities to discontinue German as an obligatory study in the public schools has aroused a discussion which throws an interesting sidelight on the case with which our foreign-born population adopt English as the vernacular, and how little danger there is that it will ever in any great degree, in any part of the country, be superseded by another tongue, even the our population is already made up in large part by the descendants of non-English-speaking people. The New York Tribune shows that most of the outcry for compulsory instruction in German proceeds from "professional Germans," who have been unable to maintain the language of the fatherland even in their own homes, and have failed to bring their children up bi-lingually, as they should have done. If German-born parents cannot teach their own children to speak the German language, what is the use of making it a compulsory study in the public schools?

It would be a splendid educational advantage to this country if all our foreign-born people would strive to pass their native tongue on to their children. It is comparatively easy for a parent to teach his language to his child, and that manner of language teaching is the best there is. But if foreign-born parents cannot or will not give their children a home education that is vastly better in respect to language learning than they can ever get in the public schools, it is not worth while for the latter to encumber their courses with compulsory language teaching. The American people, on account of their diverse origin, ought to be the best linguists in the world, but they are about the worst. We know of some German and Scandinavian families that are laudably exerting themselves to give their children the benefits of complete control of two languages, but they are rare indeed.

It is noteworthy that many of the leading German-Americans of New York do not wish to have German retained as a compulsory study in the public schools. Carl Schurz is one of these, and the New York Staats-Zeitung is reconciled to the change because it realizes that the German element in New York's population is steadily declining and that Italians and other races are increasing at a rate that will soon justify them in demanding compulsory instruction in their languages, if there is a precedent in favor of any language. And, of course, the maximum number of languages that can even be poorly and worthlessly taught in the public schools is very small.

When it was discovered a year or two ago that France had some railway trains that were beating all records for regular service, they were not taken very seriously by the world, which regarded them as being merely showy attempts to demonstrate what could be done. But now it has to be admitted that as a matter of every day performance the French are running more fast trains than any other nation in the world, and also that they are building a type of engines that is

from start to stop fifty-five miles an hour and upward. Two of these trains were scheduled at over sixty miles an hour and one at sixty-three and five-tenths. The trains hauled are of about the same weight as the Empire State Express. The engines are built on the de Glehn system and are of the Atlantic type. They weigh sixty-three tons and are especially good on steep grades with heavy trains behind them. Of the performance of one of these engines the Scientific American says that in all the history of locomotive performance either in America or Europe, there is nothing to compare with it.

Not a Soft Snap.

The investigation of the conduct of President Garrett Droppers of the University of South Dakota, shows that he was a very dangerous man to have in such a position. The charges against him are that he once wrote a letter in improper form; and that he smoked and occasionally drank wine; that he believed in government ownership of railroads; that he was not as good as he ought to be; that he tempted Senator Kittredge with wine and was tainted by the Unitarianism of Harvard. On one occasion he contributed two bottles of beer to the composition of a Welsh rarebit at the home of a woman who was a prominent member of the W. C. T. U. Vermillion, it seems, takes its Welsh rarebits with milk, and that is where Mr. Droppers made his first great mistake.

We wonder how many university presidents would stand 100 in all the tests that were applied to President Droppers? A good many of them 'smoke; not a few believe in government ownership of railroads; many of them occasionally drink wine; some of them have undoubtedly, at some time or other in the course of their voluminous correspondence, written letters in improper form and not a few of them are tainted by the Unitarianism of Harvard.

Evidently it is about as hard to hold down a university president's job in South Dakota, as it is for any one to be principal of a village school more than five years in succession.

Fosston is coming to the front as the real fish-story center of the state. A while ago we were told it took six prominent citizens to pull one maskalogue to the shore in Cross Lake. Yesterday we learned that a fish cut a hole in the bottom of a rowboat with one of his fins. We hesitate to think what would have happened if he had used all of his fins. As the boat filled with water, one of the fishermen seized a stone anchor and giving it a mighty swing, threw it at the fish. "There was a splash followed by a stream of water and blood, and the lake for a distance of ten feet from the boat was lashed into foam, drenching the anglers. This lasted but a moment, when there was a calm, and the body of the peculiarly shaped fish appeared on the surface of the water." We anxiously await the next fish story from Fosston.

If Sheriff Dreger's innovation of collecting delinquent personal property taxes with a moving van and an escort of deputies, comes to be the regular thing in Minnesota, the delinquent list will be much smaller in the future, and the city and county will be benefited by a greatly increased revenue. People who never pay their private bills until sued, as well as that class of persons who make a specialty of dodging public duties of all kinds, can never be reached by any ordinary methods of collection.

It is to be hoped that the aldermen will be moved by the complaints coming in from many parts of the city in regard to violation, by permission, of the building ordinances not to grant any more of those "special permits," which have become so numerous as to almost nullify the building ordinances. These permits are held by the city attorney to be worthless, but they are nevertheless accepted and work under them goes on.

The lack of rain in parts of North and South Dakota is really beginning to be felt, as is also the case in northern Minnesota. The situation does not appear to be serious, as yet, but people of the north-west will be apprehensive until they know there is no longer danger threatening the crops, upon which their property so largely depends.

Iowa democrats are thinking of adopting a government-ownership-of-railroads plan. They ought to wait till the people have forgotten about the postoffice scandal.

HOW KNOX OBEYS ORDERS

Attorney General Knox has been appreciating of a fast horse as a game of golf good companions and a good cigar. The other day he invited a newspaper correspondent to join him in an afternoon at the links. The ride on the club was made behind the attorney general's record breaking team in order that all of the features of the entertainment might be complete. Mr. Knox, however, had forgotten to provide himself with cigars, and soon after the start deplored the oversight. The correspondent at once produced a bountiful supply and through the afternoon the smoking went on. When the program had been nearly completed and the drive home almost finished, the attorney general threw away the last half of his last cigar. "Well," he ejaculated, "we have had a nice drive, a good game and I haven't violated my physician's orders not to use tobacco, either."

KING EXPECTS TO BE EATEN

The King of Siam apparently possesses a sense of diplomatic humor. He is quoted as saying that he has no idea that benevolent assimilation will get him alone. "I know," he said, "that I shall be one day eaten with English or French sauce. The latter is too tasteless. I prefer the English sauce, mixed with the famous Japanese sauce."

IT MAKES HIM BLUSH

Baltimore American. Since the development of the scandals in the postoffice it is no wonder that George Washington's face on the postage stamps looks so red.

HAVE HEARD FROM ALL BUT HIM

Chicago Record-Herald. Mr. Towne, formerly of Minnesota, seems to be neglecting a fine opportunity to get his opinion of Grover Cleveland before the public.

HE SAYS WHAT HE MEANS

Still, governed by consent

MINNESOTA POLITICS

Local politicians are no longer in doubt as to the intentions of former Congressman Fletcher. It is very plain that he intends to try for another nomination next year. Since his return from Washington he has said as much to several of his faithful henchmen, and the attempt is now being made to line up the old-time Fletcher forces once more.

There will be considerable difficulty in this. To be sure, as far as patronage goes, Mr. Fletcher seems to be still de facto congressman, and he has the following that this power brings him. A number of his friends, however, are advising him against being a candidate, for the good of the party. Having been once defeated at the polls, they believe Mr. Fletcher should give way in favor of a new man. His candidacy will mean a bitter fight, and whoever wins will be likely to suffer at the hands of fellow republicans.

Mr. Fletcher believes he can get the vote of an anti that, when a presidential year brings out the old vote, can get revenge on John Lind. He is determined not to quit the game a loser, and is especially anxious to shut Eugene Hay out of the race. Mr. Fletcher's supporters, Albert H. Hall may be a third candidate, but the others who have been mentioned in the congressional connection do not seem to have very serious intentions.

The St. Peter Free Press makes a strong plea for the abandonment of an old tradition, in the following: "The Free Press hasn't much time for the nationality racket, but in the opinion that if this old habit is to be kept up at all, questions of this nature be left to the parties directly affected and the matter to more competent hands."

Senator Clapp does not lack friends in northern Minnesota. The Cloquet Independent joins the chorus for the junior senator, and says: "Save your breath, boys, when a United States senator is elected, you will find that Clapp will have votes to spare. He is without doubt closer to the people than any other man in the state and is sure to be re-elected. Moses E. Clapp is a man easily approached. There is no red tape about him. He will meet you on the level at all times and has always been known to act his part upon the square. He has not acquired these qualifications recently, but inherited them away back and has carried them into all his public and private acts."

C. F. McDonald, the sturdy democratic editor of the Cloquet Times, takes up the refrain where the Independent man left off, saying: "Yes, and he is a broad gaged gentleman, a man of brains; none of your inferior, two-spotted, red-headed, red-dollars and not their ability to take them into the American house of lords. As a democrat our advice may have little weight; but, for the credit of Minnesota, let us have a justifiable pride, we say: Let the seat of C. K. Davis continue to be occupied by this man of towering ability."

State officials and members of the legislature are waiting rather impatiently for the "blue book" or legislative manual, which is still in the press. This publication, which is the only one of its kind in the legislature, but is not likely to see the light this time before Aug. 1. When it does come it will be a more pretentious volume than ever before, containing all the bills that have passed the legislature, as well as of state officers. The work of illustration has had much to do with the delay, but some of it is being done by the secretary of state to the printing house where the bill books are printed.

MONEY IN FARMING

Opportunity. Around the country grocery store you can often hear farmers, who spend much of their time there, assert that there is no more money in farming. For them there is not, and unless they stop wearing their chairs back to the store tilting their never will be. But there is money in farming, and it is to be had. The dollar as tirelessly as the successful man in other occupations. There is hardly a section of the United States, unless it be in some of the poor-soil regions of the extreme west, that does not produce strictly to business does not prosper in the long run. Unlimited industry and resourcefulness may not save him in a year of adverse weather conditions, but in the long run he will have us for the man.

The other day at Jamestown, N. D., a young farmer retired from farming to invest an interest of \$40,000, which represented his earnings from the operation of his farm for seven years and his sale price. He began with a government claim, and at every opportunity bought neighboring land, and until his holdings had increased to 1,120 acres. From operating this farm he earned in seven years \$22,000 net, over and above all expense of operation and living in the meantime. He sold for \$28,000.

What this man did others can do. The land lies ready. It can be purchased on easy terms. Agricultural conditions are excellent. The population of the United States and the consumption of agricultural products are growing rapidly, and the domestic production for this fact promises a high price level for the future. The investment of machinery makes it probable that the cost of production will be even less than in the past. The sudden jump in land prices in the last few years is due partly to a realization of these conditions, but may come a period of fixed values, but a tendency of population to outstrip agricultural production becomes more apparent there will be other ascensions of land prices.

"FADS" A GOOD THING

It is an unobtainable fact that a child can learn more under the new system than under the old. His spelling, geography, arithmetic, history and the like are made easier for him and a few "fads" are introduced. He gets more from some of the fads, the manual training fad, for example, as some of the regular studies, and his work does not really suffer in the least. He is the cleverest. More competent teachers are employed, the text books are better and more simple, easier to learn from and more easily understood. The pupil can spare a little time to the so-called fads without injury to himself.

ANOTHER "PAUPER BARONET"

In connection with the marriage of Sir William Macgregor, the "pauper baronet," it may be noted that Sir Thomas O'Connor Moore is another titled personage satisfied to live in obscurity. He is the eleventh baronet of an Irish creation of 1831 and he is a bachelor of 68. He resides in Cork, where he keeps a small coal store in a working class neighborhood. The poor are regarded him with due respect and entertain a romantic belief that their titled friend could have been married well had he so desired.

THE FERRIS PLAY

Two large audiences greeted the Ferris stock company at the Lyceum yesterday afternoon and evening. Their play this week, "The Fatal Card," is pleasing to the patrons of the pretty Lyceum. The second matinee of the week will be given to-morrow at 2:30. For the coming week the company will present the strong romantic comedy, "Heart and Sword," Dick Ferris appearing in the leading comedy role, Prince Victor.

DISQUALIFIED

Philadelphia Telegraph. Judge—Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth? Witness—I do.

Books and Authors

CHANGED SOMEWHAT

Thomas Powell, in 1849, wrote in his "Living Authors of England": "Alas! that I should write it, but our friends on the other side of the water applaud the author of Pickwick to the echo, but have their own countrymen in comparative obscurity. America will always want the highest element of a great mind enduring nation, so long as she condescends to steal the literature of England, rather than pay her own undoubted men of genius." There is a large element of truth in that statement. The stealing arrangement is correct, but it was too diluted water and to have his well boiled, a well from which his ancestors had drawn their drinking water for 800 years, Job roared good and loud.

The Outlook notes that the consumption of chewing tobacco is decreasing steadily, and that the chewing of gum is as steadily increasing. This may be a step in advance, but whence the necessity of chewing anything except food—and perhaps a straw?

Casualty Observed.

Farmers on the bottom lands this year can't raise anything but whiskers.

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owing a brewery \$2,800. It is safe to say that the "drugs" he sold were not put up in capsules.

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Have at these!

The Plum Creek correspondent of the New Prague Times has made it very warm for Mr. Bednar of that town by printing the following personal item:

Joseph Bednar makes quite a few trips westward lately. Something on the string, Jo?

Mr. Bednar says that if he gets hold of the fellow who gave him away he is going to sprain his face.

A world's fair official says that they are going to have a "hot midway" at St. Louis, Helen Gould to the contrary, notwithstanding.

If a few Carthage Nations arise to the occasion and take the ax of the apostles to the whole street of oriental degenerates, nobody will feel so bad.

The Waterville Advance, speaking of the recent baseball victory over the "Waseca aggregation," says:

Joe Jacobs done the muzzle work and arrested several of the Waseca players while stealing second.

If "muzzle work" isn't "rooting," then we don't know.

The Mabel Sentinel regrets the loss, temporary probably, of a well known member of its staff.

The Sentinel says: Budd Antrim, who has assisted in the Sentinel office for some time, has resigned his position for the present and will spend a few months in the open air regaining his strength the better to enable him to fill the position of fighting editor in the fall when business is good, and wood plentiful.

This indicates that Mr. Antrim will, in the fall, fight the woodpile with a good sharp bucksaw, thus doing editorial work of real value.

The Appleton Press's Uncle Jim complains of the adipose ladies that feed their families on salads and knick-knacks, photographed in the Ladies' Home Journal.

They also like to hand out talk about Vogner and Hooge, thinking that they are making a fierce impression—but not on Uncle Jim.

Ada beat Ulen at baseball, but the Ulen Union came out with the declaration that Ulen could play better ball, but that Ada imported its team.

Which comment made the Ada Index feel "snickeritski." The Index adds: "If Ulen played their 'own team' it would take several weeks to get in a score on the Ada nine." Why not arbitrate?

It had been a day of earnest endeavor at Blue Lick, Breathitt county, Kentucky.

Two feuds had been fought to a finish and the coroner, as he whipped up his team from place to place, wore a cheerful, preoccupied air as he ran up the fees on his fingers and wondered if the end for the day was in sight. Four men dead and two fatally hurt! As he meditated thus he noticed a stalwart old mountaineer resting his gun across a fence and waiting for some one to pass the muzzle, so that he could pull the trigger without too much exertion. The old man looked at the coroner dubiously as he passed and seemed in a brow.

"Howdy, Colonel, doing a little shooting of the fence and approached the carriage. The grizzled veteran left his gun by the fence and approached the carriage. "Grizzled veteran, do you remember if that Eversole feud was all shot out?" "Seventeen all dead and buried in the early nineties, and the fees collected." "That's what I thought. And the Hargis-Finch feud?" "All the Finches are dead—except the women." "Then stranger, tell me I've been waiting for all this afternoon. 'Pears like there's some feud on as I've done clean forgot." The coroner was unable to furnish the required information, and the mountaineer climbed into the saddle and proceeded thoughtfully homeward. "He's likely to shoot a colored man yet," said the coroner thoughtfully. "The day's young and he seems in the mood for slaughter. Hardy stock: these mountaineers."

YOUR FIRST LOVE STORY RETOLD.

From Edwin L. Sabin's "A Boy's Loves," in the July Century.

In the utmost beginning of things—in that time when roosters were very large, and geese were very fierce, and only Mother could avert the thousand perils, had the thousand wounds—existed a mythical partner established in family annals as "Your Little Sweetheart."

"You little! Don't you remember Annie? Why she was your little sweetheart. You used to play together day in and day out. It was so cute to see you!"

But, no. You may catch her a bit of blue ribbon, there an echo of a laugh, set try as you will, you may not recall her. Evidently when Your Little Sweetheart Annie was put away along with dresses and curls, she was put away so far that she was lost forever.

What space of months, or of years, elapses you cannot tell. Nevertheless, suddenly you do witness yourself, still of age most immature (you recollect that somewhere in this period you were miserably spelled down on "fish"), laying votive offerings upon the desk of your First Love, a girl with brown eyes and rounded, rosy cheeks.

These offerings are in the shape of bright pearl buttons and carnelian pebbles. The transfer requires much breathless daring. Down the aisle of the school room you march, your gift tightly clutched in your hand, which swings carelessly by your side. Past her seat you scuttle, and, without a single glance, you leave the treasure upon the oaken top, beneath her eyes. Away you hurry, affrighted, ashamed, apprehensive, but hopeful. Presently, blushing, from your seat you steal a look across at her. She smiles roguishly. The offering is gone. It is accepted; for she holds it up to what you may see. And you grin back, as red as a beet, while your heart exultant, goes thump, thump, thump.

HOW TO TREAT A SICK COW

Wall Mason in Nebraska State Journal.

You have read those stories of the vultures in the desert country. The sky will be clear, not a bird in sight; but an animal falls dead, and behold, the blue is at once flecked with the birds of prey, coming from heaven knows where. It is the same way when a cow falls sick. All the amateur cow doctors in the country seem to know of it by instinct, and they flock around the unfortunate creature, telling the afflicted owner what to do. Cheap men, the kind who wear chin whiskers and leather suspenders, and keep their trousers legs inside their boots, always have a weakness for doctoring cows. It is a peculiar fact which has never been explained to our satisfaction. If your cow falls ill of some of the ailments peculiar to her sex, or from any cause, you will be surprised to find your barn filling up with lank, lean, men, who wear chin whiskers, and leather suspenders; they are like the guests of Hiawatha, there is no getting rid of them. They remain until the cow either dies of gets well, and if their advice is followed she is reasonably sure to die. They do not offer to do anything for the relief of the cow, further than to tell what they would do if she belonged to them. Their favorite remedy is to cut fat pork in strips, and force it down the cow's throat. If you do this the cow will be sure to die.

MODJESKA'S MARY ANDERSON JOKE

The late A. C. Wheeler, in speaking of women's sense of humor once said that Mme. Modjeska was much more than ordinarily capable in seeing the point of a joke.

She had a number of her own wit references to a professional entertainer.

THE NONPAREIL MAN

THE CHAIR OF HUMOR.

The chair of humor in Wisconsin University will have object lesson field work during the football season. The first year course in humor comprises eight weeks' lectures "On the Seventeen Varieties of Jokes on the Mother-in-law." Courses will be offered on "The Coal and Ice Business, and the Forty-six Permissible Jokes Connected With Them." There is an optional course on "Sitting, Ashes." Professor George H. Gloom will give a series of talks during the spring term on "The Mr. Gotrox and Mrs. Newlywed Varieties of Jokes." Candidates for the degree of D. Ph. (dampool) will be required to write a column of original humor or humorous verse on subjects treated in the course.

P. S.—A postgraduate course in general foolishness will be offered soon.

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