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imposition of ridiculous penalties, the states were becoming too feeble to perform their duties. This feebleness, Judge Hammond was sure, was due entirely to the cowardice of Jurors. The masses would not, in his opinion, long tolerate such feeble government but would support such a change of the constitution that the United States would become a highly centralized republic like France, instead of a nation of states.

MINNESOTA POLITICS
Outside of Minnesota it seems to be assumed that the state has had a great big slice of the state pie when it gets the lieutenant governor, and that this locality will be satisfied next year with a no nomination.

Books and Authors
WILL IT BE DESUETUDE?
Boswell Field presents the suggestion in the Chicago Post, after referring to the exhibition of the inkstands of famous writers in the Hugo museum, Paris, that the day of inkstands has passed away and the literary relic of the future will be the typewriter, collections of which will ultimately be made, abandoned and given to the garbage men.

THE NONPAREIL MAN
Out of Date.
The Hutchinson Leader, struggling with severe case of the mulligrubs, says:
Do you ever think as the breeze drives by, that it won't be long till you and I go under and get big plumbed back?

The Minneapolis Journal, for the first six months of the year 1903, carried 818 columns, or over 67 per cent. more Foreign Display Advertising than the Daily Tribune.
The Minneapolis Journal, for the first six months of the year 1903, carried 609 columns, or 70 per cent. more Want Advertising than the Daily Tribune.
The Minneapolis Journal, for the first six months of the year 1903 carried 58 columns, or over 56 per cent. more Readers than the Daily Tribune.

There is a great scandal on in Alabama because it turns out that most of the participants in the recent junket of the editorial association of that state were not editors at all. A lot of rank outsiders broke in and the railroad owners find that they didn't haul editors, and the Canadian cities that entertained the travelers didn't get their money's worth.

More Substantial Racing Yachts.
It has been suggested that the most interesting and profitable form of racing for the America's cup would be a trans-Atlantic race. If the boats had to be prepared to stand two or three weeks of all kinds of open-sea weather, they would have to be built on practical service, as well as racing, lines. They would have to carry their crews and provisions for them; they would have to be seaworthy, and their rigging and sails would have to be designed to comply with conditions quite different from those of a thirty-mile race off the coast. In preparing for such a race, designers would have to consider other things than mere possibilities of speed under favorable conditions.

LITERARY NOTES
A writer in the Critic says this delicate tribute to Miss Mary E. Wilkins (Mrs. Freeman) which her many readers cannot but appreciate, is being written by her own New England no more intimately now than when she first so successfully celebrated it. But it is plain that she has a different look upon it a little differently; more tenderly—almost, as it were, maternally—and the her comedy was always of the kind that is not in the least now more than ever to smile thru tears of sympathy at her own delicious creations.

phade of any livery, feed and sale stable or in any land office where it is considered good ethics to expostorate on the floor. "They are as full as an egg," declares Uncle Jim, "of pink advice, almace talk and boushous horries. Unsought advice is nauseating. Advice of any sort is as useful as two tails would be on a rat. If you cut an ace, this world would have been perfect for you and Uncle Jim adds that one of this class of geniuses "may always be found on the school board or in a barber shop. It is economy of time and nerves to give them some dinky little office to escape their tale of woe for three hundred and sixty-five days.

Pope Pius X.
Cardinal Sarto was a compromise candidate. A man of exemplary piety and attending sedulously to the manifold duties of his archdiocese of Venice, he has never been known to take any aggressive stand, but has played the role of a peacemaker when burning questions come up.

The Retiring Age.
The recent retirement as brigadier general of 83 colonels and lieutenant colonels of the regular army who had reached the age of 62, suggests that there is a need of changing the terms of retirement from the army to suit modern ideas of old age. There are now 151 generals on the retired list of the army as compared with thirty-three in active service. It is well-known that many of these retired generals are men of good health and capable of active and efficient service. This is especially true of the colonels who have just voluntarily retired at 62 instead of waiting for enforced retirement at 64.

State Auditor Iverson has now considered a recommendation for the calling down of the position of grand juror to that of equalization in his interview Monday. When he showed his effort would be in paying for the capitol, he was told on the head. It is safe to say that what was in Ramsey county will stay up.

ELLEN TERRY'S FIRST MARRIAGE.
Reminiscences of an Interviewer, in the Reader for July.
I had a lady who knew Ellen Terry as a state of mind, and she told me of Miss Terry's first marriage with G. F. Watts, the painter. Very little has been published about it, and many people are unaware of the details of the marriage. Mr. Watts was then only 16 years old, and has been described, "as beautiful as a sunbeam—slim, graceful, with hair like a golden ringlet, complexion like a peach, and dancing blue eyes. Watts was then about 34 years old.

THE MAGAZINES
Mr. Gratfield's illustrated paper in the Cosmopolitan entitled "A Pound of Meat," is full of interesting information as to the history of the meat industry in this country. It is shown that packers need no inspection restrictions, they invite most careful inspection and use every precaution in the production of a "Great Public Service" gives very interesting details of the breaking up of policy gambling in New York city, revealing the poor of an infamous swindle.

STORY OF THE GIANT'S HAMMOCK
New York Sun.
This is the season for hammocks. "This is the old circus man, and when I see 'em hanging in the store windows, all sorts of hammocks, cheap and costly and plain and fancy, and including, in these days, little hammocks for little children, I am reminded, always, of the biggest hammock I ever saw, or that anybody else ever did, I guess, and that we had once for the greatest of all giants.

The Lynchings of Negroes.
The lynching of negroes has now got so far away from being merely a mob punishment for assaults on women that a South Carolina mob recently lynched a negro because he didn't tell—and he maintained to the last that he didn't know—the whereabouts of the negro crowd was really looking for. As the Charleston News and Courier says, this crime doesn't even deserve the dignity of being called a lynching. It is just plain murder. Will the murderers be punished? Probably not.

REGARDING CARLYLE'S HEAD
Lord Young, the dozen of the Scottish bench, in a speech at Dumfries, when he received the freedom of the burg, made interesting allusion to Carlyle, whom he met when still obscure. Lord Young's remark: "Take my word for it, this Mr. Carlyle will become a great man in the country." In relating the story to a young woman some time afterward Lord Young said Carlyle's head was of a queer, great block of stone hewn out of a quarry. When she asked him to describe the block, he replied, "Well, you know his father was a stone-mason."

THE PENALTY OF COWARDLY JURORS.
It is coming to be understood that so far as a lynch law is the result of inefficient administration of the statute law juries are to be blamed. Sometimes these erring juries are corrupt, sometimes they are good-natured, and sometimes they are sentimental and often they are cowardly.

HE WAS THE SMELL.
Dr. W. N. McVicar, bishop coadjutor of Rhode Island, tells a funny experience at a recent visit to Boston. He saw some boys trotting down Tremont street and he was playing "aut mobile." One of them kept saying, "Chug! Chug! Chug!" The bishop asked what they were doing, and was informed they were playing "aut mobile." The one saying "chug" was the engine, and the one saying "toot" was the chauffeur, and the one saying nothing was a friend making a ride.

EMBARASSING INCIDENT
Kansas City Journal.
A young Oklahoma man went to church with his best girl. Both were quite handsome and modest. The collection was being taken up the young man explored his pockets, and whispered to the young lady: "I haven't got a cent; I changed my pants." In the meantime the young lady had been searching in her pockets, and, finding nothing, blushed a rosy red as she stammered: "I'm in the same predicament."

THE NEW SPORT IS DANGEROUS
New York Mail and Express.
Throwing boomerangs—not the political kind, but the real one for cutting to be a suburb of Washington, or rather in the suburbs of Washington, for boomerangs throwing in large cities is nearly as dangerous as riding a bicycle on a sidewalk. A person who has gone into the fun say a boomerang crank as a golf crank, or a fishing crank or a baseball crank, or a tennis crank, or a walking crank of Cambridge, England, who has been in for nearly every sort of out-of-door sports, went to Washington and saw the boomerang training camp. The man who knew no better than boomerang throwing, and that in addition to the physical exertion necessary, the training camp was a very interesting one. More than that, Professor Walker had some boomerangs with him, and he took the gentlemen to a field in the suburbs of Washington and showed them how the trick was done.

THE MAN FOR THE PLACE
Brainerd Tribune.
Judge Parker of New York made a political trip to Georgia without saying anything that anybody can remember. He may, therefore, be just the man the democratic party needs.

CONRADES
In solitary rooms, when dusk is falling, I hear from fields beyond the haunted moor, beyond the unpenetrable forests—I hear the voices of my comrades calling. Come from the ancient years, and I remember. Strange, ghostly voices, when the dusk is falling. Come from the ancient years, and I remember. The schoolboy shout, from plain and moor and river. The signatory of scattered comrades, calling. Home, home, home.

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PROBABLY KNEW THE WIDOW
Philadelphia Ledger.
Visits of consolation are not by any means rare and there is no class of men in the world who know it better than ministers of the gospel. They try to be comforting, but they are not always they say just the right thing.

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THE STORY OF A VOICE
I thought that I would comfort myself by praying and singing a hymn. I myself singing this hymn:
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenses with Thy shield,
With the shadow of Thy wing.
"After singing that a strange peace came down upon me, and the long night I felt no more fear. "Now," said the soldier, "listen to my story. I was a Union soldier and was in the wood that night with a party of scouts. I saw you standing, altho I did not see your face. My men had their rifles pointed on you, waiting the word to fire—but when you sang out:
Cover my defenses with Thy shield,
With the shadow of Thy wing.
I said, 'boys, lower your rifles, we will go home.'"