

THE JOURNAL

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

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W. W. ZEMMANN, Representative, Washington Office, 45 Post Building

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The Week in Business.

Within the next three weeks the one great element of uncertainty still remaining in the business situation will have taken on a definite form. Even within a fortnight that question which means so much for the west, and for the whole country as well, will be closer to the point of solution, for by that time it will be possible to know with some degree of certainty how much of a corn crop our country is to raise. This year there is an acreage of corn that, on the condition of \$0.1, shown in the government report of the 10th Inst., should mean a yield of 2,289,000,000 bushels, which would be a very satisfactory return.

Last year our country produced 2,833,000,000 bushels of corn, but the year previous the yield was down to 1,572,000,000 bushels. To come out at all right this year must raise, as a minimum, a 2,000,000,000 crop annually. It is not that the farmers suffer directly by a smaller crop. In fact the last great shrinkage in corn was much more than offset by increase in price, and while the crop of 1899 and 1900, both just over the 2,000,000,000 bushel mark, were valued at \$829,000,000 and \$751,000,000 respectively, the short yield of 1,522,000,000 bushels of 1901 was valued at \$921,000,000. But this is only one narrow view of it. To follow the effect of a short crop beyond the railroad and through all its ramifications would be impossible here. It hits every one in some indirect way. Many commodities and products not ordinarily associated with corn in the popular mind, are affected. Illustrations at random are the record high prices for haddock, recorded in the period following the a short crop of 1901, and the great advance in prices of meats which bore so hard upon the working classes and increased the general cost of living. Serious damage to the growing corn would mean repetition of this, while a liberal yield will be one of the greatest possible factors for our continued prosperity.

The weather of the day is bad in every way. There is a lack of the hot, forcing weather necessary for corn, while in the northwest the spring wheat in stack and in shock is being injured in quality by the rain and threshing operations are seriously hampered.

Another unexpected move was made by the treasury department this week, the secretary directing the deposit in national banks of St. Louis of \$500,000 of internal revenue receipts. The demand from the south for currency to move the cotton crop is just beginning to be felt in the east, and the action of Secretary Shaw will diminish the drain upon the New York banks. Anticipation appears to be the policy of the department, and the secretary, with prevention as his guide word, is showing disposition to use the discretionary power attached to his office to the full limit. The segregation of a part of the revenue receipts for the purpose of forming a fund for use in an emergency was an original and daring move, and has not entirely escaped criticism. It is not to be doubted, however, that the money interests of the east have come to view the department as guided by a strong man, not in the least bound or hampered by precedent, and that this is an important factor at this time. Some western bankers even take the ultra hopeful view that there will be no serious money stringency this fall. Mr. Fowler, it is reported, has a financial bill almost in readiness for the coming session. From Senator Beveridge comes assurance that moderation will be the principle in the proposed new law, and that no sweeping or radical financial legislation of a nature to disturb general business need be feared.

Gold from Australia and Alaska is moving toward New York, which is a favorable sign.

The west is very active, and while the bank clearing for the country has been light, the falling off is almost entirely in the east. Dullness rules in the speculative markets. Exports of wheat this week were light, and considerably under the corresponding week of last year, but indications point to good export demand later on, and to an exceptionally heavy demand for cotton. Grain markets are quiet but strong. England, north France, Germany and the Netherlands have had serious damage, a factor sure to affect us ultimately. The London Statist of recent date says it is doubtful if the Liverpool market can remain much longer indifferent in the face of the

worst season since 1879. That great prosperity argument, increasing railroad earnings, still remains. It is gratifying to note that in the last week of August there was an increase of 10 per cent in the earnings of forty-one roads, while the net figures for July, covering the operations of seventy-six roads, just coming to hand, show an increase of 19.9 per cent.

The state library commission have turned down Thomas Nelson Page's new story, "Gordon Keith." The commission has a right to its opinion about the book and it is its duty to reject anything of which it does not approve; nevertheless, it is very much at variance with some of the best critics in its estimate of what is good literature.

Those Venezuelan Claims.

The semi-official press of Venezuela is furiously kicking against the first decision by a mixed commission, approved by the Venezuelan government, as to the claims of the several powers against Venezuela. The decision lays upon Venezuela the necessity of paying \$2,000,000 to the Belgian company owning the waterworks at Caracas, and is met by the furious denunciations of the Venezuelan press of the gentlemen of the mixed commission having charge of the claim, including the Venezuelan empire.

These fulminations were instigated by the government of General Castro, which divulged the decision made at a secret meeting of the commission, and there seems a strong probability that Castro will not abide by the decision, as he pledged himself to do. The tone of the press is extremely hostile and menacing to Castro, if he accepts the decision. That eminent swashbuckler would repudiate any adverse decision if he felt himself able to contest its fairness. One of the Venezuelan journals uses the following language: "How long will these humiliations last? How long will the foreign extortionists go on holding us in and snuffing our national dignity and integrity?" And one of the church organs charges our government with "hypocritical diplomacy."

Last February, the negotiations for raising the Venezuelan blockade and arranging for putting the claims of the various creditor nations in the way of a peaceable settlement, were concluded by the signing of the several protocols. Castro agreed, after some haggling, to the reference of all claims to mixed commissions, which were to examine them and decide upon the amount to be awarded in satisfaction of each claim. The Venezuelan government agreed to its responsibility and liability in cases where the claim is for injury to or wrongful seizure of property, and stipulated that the decisions should be final. That government also agreed that the question whether the blocking powers should be entitled to preferential treatment in the payment of their claims against Venezuela should be referred to the tribunal of arbitration at The Hague.

Castro is a very slippery citizen and liable to default, and also liable to be fired from his presidential office by a revolution, in the most unceremonious manner. He is tied up pretty effectually by pledges to several nations, including the United States, and to the latter he is indebted for advances from a European armed invasion of his country for debt-collecting purposes, and for the arrangement which provides for a peaceable settlement of claims thru mixed commissions and the Hague tribunal of arbitration. He will learn thru the proceedings of his country to settle disputes by arbitration, and that, if he plays the role of repudiator of promises and debts, it will go hard with Venezuela, whose future is exceptionally bright if she does business on a strictly honorable basis.

It is likewise possible that the action of the United States during the "Venezuelan incident," will bring to an end the decidedly barbarous custom of collection of debts by force, by a creditor nation from a debtor state. Americans who make investments in Central and South America, a recognized precarious arena of investments, do so at their own risk. The European nations will follow the same course and give their citizens to understand that they put their money in Spanish-America, south of Mexico, at their own risk.

And as to all international claims, there is now no excuse for any other adjustment process than that provided thru the tribunal of arbitration at The Hague.

Cook county has only four planes, according to the tax lists. Cook county has long had a reputation as a nice, quiet place in which to rest.

Whistler, an American.

The busy American who manages somehow to read much but nevertheless reads as he runs, paid little attention to the death and obituaries of James McNeill Whistler. To the aforesaid American, Whistler was merely an expatriated poseur and eccentric, a man whose fame was a fad, probably, and of no consequence to practical men if based on merit; he was not considered an American any more than the Anglified Astor.

But Joseph Pennell tells us in the North American Review that thru all his days Whistler was an intense American in exile. He lived in England most of the time, but nearly all of his friends were Americans and he always maintained the keenest interest in the national life of his native land. "The sooner," says Mr. Pennell, "the American nation can understand that this great man was one of those who are compelled to live out of their country by their profession, their business, or their trade, the more they love their land, care more for it and do more for it than those who never stir beyond the borders of their own ward, the broader will be the American outlook."

Some of the country papers still cling to the old notion that the way to help the country is to lambaste Minneapolis. As of old the Minneapolis millers are from time to time held up as the vampires that prey on the farmers. The opposition country by the profession, their business, or their trade, they may love their land, care more for it and do more for it than those who never stir beyond the borders of their own ward, the broader will be the American outlook."

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Are We Wrong?

Foreign observers and critics of our Philippine policy continue to assert, with an air of lofty superiority, that our administration of the Philippines is for all wrong and will continue to be so until we frankly admit that the Filipinos are politically and economically inferior to ourselves, not only in fact—regarding which there is no doubt—but in capacity to reach our level in the future. In substance, we are told that we shall never succeed in the Philippines as the British have succeeded in their Malayan states until we make up our minds that the Filipinos are not fitted and never can be fitted for self-government. We are asked as a nation to take about the same position the average southern white man takes toward the negro—that is, that he be put out of politics and kept out. The southern says the negro, as a race, is not capable of self-government, and is incapable of ever becoming politically efficient. The British say the same of the Malays, of which race are the Filipinos. And in British Malaya, as in the southern states, the dark-skinned man does not count politically.

In an interesting article published in the current number of the North American Review, Mr. Hugh Clifford, formerly governor of British North Borneo, after reviewing the English and Dutch systems in Malaya, can see no hope for successful American administration in the Philippines until to our present policy of administering the islands for the benefit of the Filipinos we add the rule that they are to have no part in the administration themselves. The Dutch rule their Malayan islands for the benefit of themselves. The English rule for the benefit of the governed—but in both cases the natives are counted out as political factors.

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There speaks the hopefulness and the energy of the Anglo-Saxon, ever ready and eager to undertake great enterprises, ever triumphantly confident in the efficiency of the machinery of his command; but there also speaks the spirit of the white man who has not come into contact with the grim facts of the oldest continent upon earth, the land which has no knowledge of the sheer, dead inertia of the Malay peoples; the ignorance to which no long residence in the land of darkness and sun-glare has brought its flood of dreary enlightenment.

Mr. Clifford may be right; our southern fellow citizens may be right; but the white people of the United States, as a whole, do not believe that the negro, as a race, is incapable of development into self-government, and the whole spirit of our institutions demands that we shall not where proceed on this belief of the Briton and the southerner until we have had ample opportunity to experiment for ourselves. On this point we cannot and will not accept the experience of other nations. In the meantime it is not certain that we are all wrong in our Philippine policy. It is based on the fact that the Filipinos are not now capable of democratic self-government, the director in the hope that the capacity may be developed in them. While we are trying to develop it we keep a firm hold on the reins of power; if it cannot be developed we will then be no worse off than the British, and for our efforts to lift the people up may be rewarded with even greater success than they in ruling Malayan peoples for their own good.

The banks have a public duty to perform that must be attended to regardless of opportunities for temporary profits. Secretary Shaw does quite right to announce that banks withdrawing circulation, just when a large circulation is needed, will get no government money on deposit.

The Italians in America.

While much alarm has been stirred up by talk about the Italian invasion, there is a marked tendency to appreciate the Italian as a potential American. It is being discovered that not even has, for all his Italian quarters in the great cities and the clamorous forces upon him by prejudice and ignorance of his language, is able to resist that every-fewer tendency to Americanize every foreigner who sets foot in the republic. The children go to the public schools, and they come out of them Americans. They know not the language of their fathers and no more of their customs and ways.

The prejudice against the Italian of today is not greatly different from that of the forties of the last century against the Irish. Now we speak respectfully of the Irish as a superior element among our immigrants, and only regret that they are not so numerous as they once were. Fifty years ago and less of the century, the hard manual laborers of the country. They delved in the mines, excavated the canals, made the railway embankments, paved the streets and performed all of those necessary tasks in which muscle instead of brain is the main factor; those tasks from which native Americans had already withdrawn if any newcomers could be found to do them. To-day the Irish have become the brain power wherever they appear in American politics and industry, and the hewers of wood and the drawers of water, the men who work with their hands in unskilled occupations, are largely Italians.

It is not conceivable that they as a race will stay there. They are not lacking in brain power and need only the opportunity to apply it. That they will find in free America. They are sober and faithful workmen. In the hard school of the old country's bitter poverty they have learned frugality. They are shrewd business men. They bring with them the Latin love of art and the beautiful.

Half a century hence Italian names will dot the structure of our local, state and national governments, and men of the old Roman race, as good Americans as any of us, will be in positions of power and responsibility in commerce and industry.

Shame upon the corporation-shackled press of the twin cities! Out upon the miserable creatures that toll their lives away in bondage doing the will of the money lords! Verily, the Albert Lea

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About "Getting Mad."

Jacob Rills has been described by the president as a man "who does things." Coming from a man who does as many things as our president, this is a high tribute to Mr. Rills. But Mr. Rills deserves it. While "nothing but a reporter" on one of the New York papers, he became deeply interested in the conditions of life in the New York slums and resented in writing about them. He wrote so much and so vigorously; he told the truth about the condition of the tenement houses on the East Side and the wretchedness of their occupants that public sentiment finally backed him up in the demand that these breeding places of pestilence should be wiped out. It became a menace, and a serious one, to the health of people living in better quarters, and even in the palaces, but whether the support which he received was entirely deserved or not did not matter to Rills. What he wanted was results.

Rills recently had a burglary, now serving sentence in the "House of Reform," a reformatory institution for boys and girls on Randall's island. A letter from a correspondent over the signature of "Sorry" called in question the authorship of the burglar's letter and undertook to rally Mr. Rills for being so innocent as to believe the letter genuine. "Sorry" seemed to think it great fun, while, at the same time, expressing his sympathy with the effort to reform conditions in the Randall's island institution. In reply to him who believes in a thing yet scoffs at it, is not unfamiliar, and let me say that he is perfectly useless. Give me a fellow who fights hard and says no and take away the chap who says he believes in me and in the same breath tells the world I lie. It is that kind of belief that has prevented Christians from redeeming the world. I have no use for it. No one has. Take him away. Let "Sorry" stop being sorry and get himself into a frame of mind to get mad about something so he can be of use in this world. That's what he is here for. Just let him get good and mad about something that needs smothering and then go and smash it.

Mr. Rills has condensed a whole sermon in those few sentences. The vast amount of sentiment and sympathy with good things which never express itself in anything done in this world is expressly boundless, but the man who sympathizes with the wrong, with the oppressed, and never "gets mad enough" about it to do anything to right the wrongs which he so abhors, is the kind of a man of whom Mr. Rills says: "I have no use for him; no one has; take him away."

The board of equalization is still boosting up the taxes on personal property, those people who have been honest enough to make fair returns of their personal property are going to suffer a pretty severe penalty for it. Every time the board of equalization repeats this process it is going to chase personal property still further into hiding. The man who has made a fair return of his personal property, and then sees the valuation of it raised two or three times, simply because some other fellow has not made any return at all, is likely to forget about a whole lot of his personal property when he makes up his next tax list. The attempt to tax personal property is proving a most brilliant and shining failure, to which the action of the board of equalization has kindly contributed.

The St. Paul Dispatch yesterday published what appears to be a rather malicious "pipe dream," under a Washington date, in which an attempt was made to have it understood that W. H. Eustis had received an appointment for which Eugene G. Hay was a candidate—in other words, that Eustis had "out in" and secured a position for which Hay was striving. This absolutely false representation is annoying to both of these men, and particularly to Mr. Eustis, for the fact is that Mr. Hay is not and never has been a candidate for the office for which Mr. Eustis has been named. Nor has Hay been a candidate for this office. He could not have been guilty of plotting against Mr. Hay in this connection, for the further reason that he never expressed a desire to have the office till it was offered to him.

The dairy commissioner is likely to meet with stiff opposition to his ruling against coal tar butter coloring. But having satisfied himself that such dyes are unwholesome, he ought to stand by his ruling. In the end it will be worth a great deal to the dairy interest in this state to have it understood generally that no colorings detrimental to health can be found in the dairy products of Minnesota. While, individually, manufacturers might not hope to accomplish much by abstaining from the use of such objectionable ingredients, when it comes to be known that all Minneapolis butter must be free from such deleterious compounds, every butter manufacturer in the state is sure to profit by the fact.

The indictments in the postal frauds, returned yesterday, recite the particulars of about as coldblooded a conspiracy to rob the government as has been exposed in the history of this country. If the allegations of the indictments can be proven there would seem to be just one more service which the parties accused could yet render to their country, and that would involve hard labor.

A Minneapolis man who was buried with every token of respect and grief by his friends three years ago was inconsiderate enough to turn up yesterday alive and well. Such thoroughness on his part is calculated to jar his circle of friends and acquaintances to a serious degree.

President McKinley died Sept. 14, 1901, just two years ago next Monday. It was McKinley's habit to wear a red carnation in his coat lapel and the McKinley

Ginn & Company, 29 Beacon street, Boston, have issued a series of five readers, by President L. H. Jones of the Michigan State Normal college, and former superintendent of the Indianapolis and Cleveland schools. The books are very attractive in binding, type and illustrations, in color and black and white. The reading material is new and interesting; the moral tone is good and the series will no doubt command a large sale.

The Bookman publishes a very attractive photo of a recent portrait of that admirable author, Kate Douglas Wiggin. The late Phil May, who succeeded Du Maurier in the London Punch, was a most brilliant worker in English comic literature. Since 1898 he has been smilingly an artist in social pictorial satire. The Bookman publishes a poem by Lord Byron which was accidentally found in the trunk of the Bookman's report, the one of one of Byron's university friends, is called "The King of the Humbugs," relating to the coronation of George IV.

According to the Bookman's report, the four best selling books in August were Page's "Gordon Keith," Allen's "The Metropolis," "The Bookman's Report," "The Gray Cloak," and Anna Katharine Green's "The Philiree Ball." The last was published in The Journal serially.

WHAT OTHER PEOPLE THINK
A Non-Resident's Suggestion.
To the Editor of The Journal.
I have been reading with very much interest about the proposed East Side park, and now that it has come that far we are all wondering why the park has not been proposed and built some time ago. Although my residence is seventy-five miles north of Minneapolis, I and my neighbors look to Minneapolis as our own town, and you can depend on it that the country appreciates the move. And why should it not? The possibilities for beautifying Minneapolis by this park are unlimited. Why not keep the good work going? First make the now proposed East Side; then improve the island south of

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Books and Authors

THE CRAZE FOR MOVEMENT

Mrs. L. H. Harris, writing of current fiction in the Critic, finds this fault with all modern fiction: "There are no real pages in it, no meditation, as Hawthorne would have written it. The idea is to do enough movement, incident and wit to keep the desperate reader amused." The majority of novel readers will dissent from this view, but there is an element of readers who find their greatest pleasure in the authors who have something of Thackeray's habit of carrying every now and then from the current of the narrative to talk a little about the characters, and have introduced; indulge in some sentimental blossoming and sentimentally philosophize or meditate. There are such authors yet and they hold their own pretty well in spite of the demands of the hurry-up class of readers who want the scenes to be shifted on every page.

NEW BOOKS

THE BOOK OF THE HONEY BEE. By Charles Harrison. Illustrated. New York: John Lane, The Bodley Head.
This volume relates chiefly to beekeeping in England, but it is so eminently practical and suggestive, and the illustrations accentuate the text so well that the country of the beekeeping is becoming a great industry, its suggestions will be found useful.
The poet's sing of the bees and beekeeping has a certain aesthetic element and Maeterlinck has shown in his "Life of the Bee" the stimulus the flower-sucking insect may impart to the imagination. Full instructions are given in this book as to aparies and bee pasturage, bee appliances and their uses and practical beekeeping, and the latter portion is devoted to bee diseases and enemies, and suggestions as to general management.

THE MOTOR BOOK. By R. J. Meedy, editor of the Motor News. New York: John Lane, The Bodley Head.
The use of automobiles has increased so rapidly through the civilized world that people who know little about their mechanical and management frequently undertake to operate them, and sometimes with disastrous results. No one, indeed, should be permitted to handle one of these machines who is not adequately informed about their mechanical peculiarities. The author of this book is an ardent advocate of the automobile as a vehicle for the masses, and he looks for the horse for every form of traction except the farm wagon. He details the automobile as a complicated piece of machinery and declares that it is so simple that any man of ordinary common sense can run it satisfactorily, but he does not advise, anywhere in the book, that young girls who do not know a hawk from a hand-saw, mechanically speaking, should attempt to run them, as they frequently do.

LIFE IN THE MERCANTILE MARINE. By Charles Frohman. New York: John Lane, The Bodley Head.
The author gives a personal narrative of his experiences as a sailor in the mercantile marine, in many voyages and in many lands. His nautical career began when he was 14 years old in a voyage on the schooner "The Zealand" from London to London, which gave him a fairly good sea education. In the narrative of other voyages the author portrays interestingly the conditions of a sailor's life, his hardships and pleasures, his vices and virtues.

A MONARCH BILLIONAIRE. By Morrison I. Swift, author of "Imperialism and Liberty." New York: G. O. Givley Publishing company, 57 Rose street.
The first part of this book embodies the commencement of a very taking romance. The daughter of a millionaire, Margaret Wyndon, brought up by him after the strictest sect of the "plutocratic" manufacturers, aids her father in extending the area of his money-making operations, and she is very attractively presented. She, however, falls in love with Philip Burton, who has already been smitten by her charms. Burton's father and Margaret's father were deadly enemies, but, after a turn of the wheel of fortune which left Margaret a penniless orphan, and stress, young Burton helps him out and secures the hand of Margaret. Thereafter Margaret joins Philip in a reform scheme and the adjustment of the labor-capital problem on the basis of labor's participation in the profits, and the merchant's scheme of monopolies discussion, which is not altogether unprofitable.

LITERARY NOTES
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To the Editor of The Journal.
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THE NONPAREIL MAN

Casually Observed.
Every time Lieutenant Hobson sees a new girl or calls on a family where there is a marriageable daughter, the society reporters cannot sleep nights.

The United States supreme court has ruled that a man is not intoxicated when he is what is known in the talk of the street as "dead to the world." Those bright intellects who keep staggering drunk for three months running, and then take a "cure" for a few weeks' intermission, are not, then, intoxicated. Permit us to express polite incredulity.

While Editor Reed of Hawley, Minn., was trying to snatch a little repose the other night, lightning slapped his house, larding everything from the top of the chimney to the potato bin in the cellar. The Crookston Journal says he thought at first that some irate citizen had come to interview him concerning a roast. The baby slept thru it all, however, and as he had an insurance policy, he turned over and slept the balance of the night. Lightning can't jolt an editor.

Bemidji chronicles the advent of a new legal light in the person of G. M. Torrance, son of Judge Eli Torrance, who proposes to shoot up with the country.

The Lindale, Tex., Reporter puts its forehead in the trough thus:
W. H. Lyon complimented the editor with a large catch-phrase, "There are no large fish here," but they grow too large to fish, hence is feeding them to his boys.

Every time a few of the Macedonian bandits are wiped out by the Turks, it is wronged people who put up with hard-earned money to get Miss Sine out of captivity to say that they are glad of it.

Senator Beveridge says that while in Maine he got "drunk on nature." The hard editor they used to set up in Maine was about equal to a drink as a wood alcohol cocktail.

The Adrian Democrat man tells of the time when he was pushed up against something pretty low. One evening after supper he secured a little varnish of the drug man and proceeded to go over the woodwork of his house. He thought he detected an odor, and he noticed that the rest of the family left the house and did not come back. People going by took the other side of the street, and the health officer completely frowned out a German cheese in the next block. The Democrat man says:

The whole house seemed to take a burial party. He was looking for a mouse to the drugist, and after a careful search he said he had made a mistake and give me fish while the fish is made of dead rats before the oil was made.

The house was left open for some days, and the oil finally gave up, but while it lasted it created the can label and the family Bible were strewn about the floor. First Papa Aldrich would have the upper hand and then Ray would have the upper hand. A cruel policeman chanced that way and gathered Ray in and hived him away in the police station until morning. Papa Aldrich was in court in the morning still mad to his very center. He spoke so eloquently on his wrongs that the police judge gave Ray the limit—four hours of house arrest. When the limit was up Saturday he came to Waukon to settle matters. After paying up his subscription and stopping his paper, he made an as-

got the incident. The maiden moved out of our neighborhood and out of our lives; but, two years after, her name chanced to be mentioned and my wife sweetly asked me if I had kissed her hair before. I was dumfounded at first, then indignation—then I remembered and explained. It seems that the maiden, who had been in my vicinity within twenty-four hours of my imbecile speech a member of her family—a most masterful woman—had put on her hair and called her my wife to report my misdoings. And rather than worry me and hold me back in my work, that large-minded wife of mine had carried doubt and mistrust in her heart for two years, and only spoke at last when she thought my hardened soul could stand the shock of discovery. Now, I have heard of authors who write my wife to report my misdoings. I was only experimenting; but I watched her face closely, and she said nothing, then she said, "I had read a point, and made note of what I had learned, but forgot to mention the incident to my wife. I know that she has been at other work, gave up love stories, and for-

HOW HE STUDIED WOMANKIND

Morgan Robertson, author of "Sinful Peck," in a discussion the other day of authors' wives and the help they may be to their husbands, told this story on himself. He said that he had written a book, he said, "I much deplored my inability to write a salable love story, and was informed by a wise old editor that I lacked a whole lot of things. He said, 'Pay them compliments and attend to them, and watch their faces. Find out what pleases and what offends them, and note of their little replies and speeches.' Impressed by his words, I decided to experiment upon a young friend of my wife's—a pink-cheeked maiden, whose yellow hair I had often praised (in my own way), and confidentially informed her that once, unknown to her, I had kissed her fluffy yellow hair while leaning over her shoulder. I hadn't, of course—I was only experimenting; but I watched her face closely, and she said nothing, then she said, 'I had read a point, and made note of what I had learned, but forgot to mention the incident to my wife. I know that she has been at other work, gave up love stories, and for-

WOODMAN SPARE THAT TREE

I remember, I remember, the house where I was born.
The little window where the sun came peeping in at noon.
At least I have the right to think the sun came peeping thru,
The I have no recollection of it for a year or two.
I remember well the big, red barn, each cow and horse and lamb,
The meadow and the pasture land, the millpond and the dam,
But towering up above them all as things that gave me joy,
I remember the big apple tree I fell from when a boy.

That tough and gnarled old apple tree, that always bring to me a happy memory.
The smell of apple and walrus, in fragrant memory.
Let nothing spoil the smell of blossoms that the tree recalls.
For me, I have the memory of a score or two of falls.
How mother used to scream when I was cleaving thru the air,
Head first like some spent rocket, and how father used to swear;
And how she would pick me up from underneath the tree.
To find the fall had only knocked the wind clean out of me.

Central avenue, and last, but not least, with its ragged buildings and accompanying outhouse and outhouse. Think of the different impressions people would have of Minneapolis—the traveling public—if, when waiting for trains, they could go and sit in the park close to the depot, and the society of the city to St. Anthony Falls; or, if they had time, take a stroll across the bridge to Nicollet Island park and Exposition park, instead of waiting for the train to get to the city.
If we want to see any of the beauties of Minneapolis, it is not a fact that what a city will be, or is dependent greatly on the impression it makes on the people from other parts that see it? If Minneapolis wants to be a great metropolis let it use its natural advantages, which are here so evident.
—J. S. Anderson, Ogilvie, Minn., Sept. 9.

THE BRAHMIN'S PRAYER
He prays, and one whose heart is love, I think,
Bends over him, the Brahmin's face is stone,
For by and by he sees comforted and alone.
And feels himself less wretched and alone.
"Yes, I shall find Nirvana at the last!
And all this restlessness of mine shall be extinguished like a candle flame at night!
No more to be remembered," whispers he.
Who knows what glad surprise may be and by
Before that wretched Brahmin's vision fly?
Our Father's city has so many gates,
Three to the east, north, south and