THE JOURNAL

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Great Record for January

The Minneapolis Journal has again demonstrated right to its title of "The Great Daily of the Great Northwest," having carried in 26 issues in January 1,311 columns of PAID advertising, while its nearest competitor carried 882 columns, or nearly 50 per cent less.

By eliminating objectionable medical advertising, which The Journal would not carry, from the amount of its nearest competitor, The Journal carried as much advertising in its 26 issues as its competitor carried in its 26 daily and five big Sunday issues.

AS TO CIRCULATION.

During January The Journal's circulation showed the gratifying daily average of

61,463 Copies.

What May Be.

To-morrow or next day the cannon may begin to speak in the far east, the long-waiting fleets may be unleashed, the eager soldiers may dash forward to the fray. A day or two later, perhaps, there may be fought in the Yellow Sea a naval battle such as the world has never seen. There within a few square miles of the sea's surface, as the grim black battleships and armored cruisers of the two nations maneuver and close in a death struggle, the fate of the whole world may be decided.

Suppose the Russian fleet shall win? Gone for Japan are Korea and Manchuria; and the little brown men who have been so bravely counting on the conquest of Manchuria may have to fight on their own soil for the very life of their nation.

Unless, Britain and the United States shall intervene.

We are sitting back here in America to-day like comfortable spectators in the preliminaries of a prize-fight. We feel sure that we shall have good entertainment, and we can hardly restrain our impatience as we look forward to the promised day of thrills when with bated breath we shall slowly unfold our daily papers, watching each letter as the lowering headlines unfold the story of the combat of Muscovite and Japanese.

It does not occur to us that the scene may suddenly shift and that we the spectators, carefully dressed and groomed, shall suddenly have to take our places in the ring of combat, stripped for battle.

But if the unexpected happens and the hard fighting men of the czar shall sweep the mikado's soldiers before them, this peaceful republic of ours may suddenly be called to arms. Once the Janus door opens for a war between Russia and Japan, it may remain open for other nations.

Professor John Graham Brooks asks whether commercialism is in disgrace? Well, not very much with those who have made their pile.

Teaching the "Clerks."

It would seem as if the officers of railroads centering in Minneapolis, whether they live in St. Paul or Chicago, or any other place outside of Minneapolis, might have learned by this time what it costs a railroad to ignore Minneapolis in its advertising matter. Apparently some of them have yet to learn something on the subject, among them the management of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, which has just issued a calendar advertising the Pioneer limited, from which it appears that that train only runs between St. Paul and Chicago.

When the attention of the local representative of the passenger department was called to the matter, he was very much surprised and expressed regret, but excused it on the ground that "some clerk" in the general office was guilty of the offense. If they would discharge a few "clerks" in the general offices for this offense they would be less likely to hear from it in the future. We have yet to hear of any discharges for this reason.

The Milwaukee road is usually so fair to Minneapolis that this offense is the more easily condoned, but it is not unimportant that advertising matter should be scattered all over the east and west advertising the passenger service of that road as if it ended at St. Paul and leaving room for the impression that the rest of the journey must be made in a stage coach. The Journal does not take any pleasure in calling attention to this discrimination against Minneapolis, but it does not intend to let anything of the kind go by without jumping on it—not if it knows about it. Perhaps, in time, the "clerks" may be taught better.

Canadian newspaper men wish to keep American papers out of Canada by means of a withdrawal of the arrangement by which mail passes back and forth between Canada and the United States just as freely and cheaply as it moves within the country of its origin. That men who are supposedly, from the nature of their calling, among the most liberal in Canada should call for such a backward step is one more proof of how little any class in any country can be trusted to take measures for the general good.

An Interesting Wheat Situation.

General public attention has been diverted in part this week from routine business reports, by a succession of violent price changes in a number of leading commodities, commercially of importance and likewise highly speculative.

Locally there has been evidence of a great increase of outside interest in wheat.

The dollar wheat idea put forth in these columns last summer, with the argument based upon a further supply and demand situation warranting an advance, and even then apparent upon careful analysis, has been working closer to the point of realization.

No one then expected that the rise would [illegible] carried Minneapolis May wheat to 94c by the fourth day of February. The original dollar argument was a contention for an actual shortage of contract wheat in May. Three months yet remain before the maturity of that option. The entry of Armour into the market as a buyer on a large scale, and the rise of the war cloud on the far eastern horizon have hastened what was due to come later on in any event.

There is no city in our country in which the interest in wheat is so keen as in Minneapolis, the world's greatest milling center and primary wheat receiving point—the home of many great elevator companies, whose storage houses dot the city, and the lake terminal points, cover the west and northwest and reach even beyond the line into the newer fields of the Canadian Northwest. There are thousands here identified in one way or another, with the grain trade to whom the price of wheat from day to day is a business matter of prime importance.

Aside from this there is a lively and growing speculative interest here in wheat second to none in the country.

If there is a live commercial question in Minneapolis at the present time, it is: How high will May wheat ultimately sell? No man can answer it. Any attempt at a prediction even approximate, in a market in which there has begun to be an increase of ouside speculative interest, would be extremely hazardous.

In no other country is there so tremendous public speculative force as in America. Power almost beyond general realization lies in it. Once it is concentrated in any one center, or upon any one thing,, ordinary rules and comparisons fail utterly as guides. When the great stock boom was on two years ago, prices previously undreamed of were made. The end came. Stocks fell, Wall street was no longer attractive, and the public withdrew. For a year there has been no public trading in stocks, while scandals, suits at law, and stories of overcapitalization and gross mismanagement of great industrial combines, operated to kill confidence, and prevent a revival of interest. A tremendous speculative force lay dormant.

In September last, coffee futures sold in New York at 3.55c, the lowest on record. There was no interest in coffee. Bad crop reports began to come from Brazil, and later when the crop estimates were made, they were bullish. Speculation began. Outside interest was attracted and coffee futures reached 8.50c a few days ago. This was even beyond what the bulls, at the start, had predicted, and by comparison with 3.55c it was a sensational advance, yet, in June, 1887, December coffee sold at 22.35c.

All the world has been watching cotton. The boll weevil and the bullish government report were the original factors. Then came Sully and Browne, the bull leaders. When cotton sold at 10 cents some conservative men in the trade, taking up old lines of argument, said it was high. They afterwards turned bulls at 12 cents. Cotton has had a great fall this week, due in part to war news, but the bull market was not checked until 17.55 was recorded for July. For twenty-nine years no such prices had been seen, while for the cash article figures were heard in New York not reached in sixty-eight years — not since 1836. (This does not take into account the famine prices, ranging to $1.90, of the civil war period.)

Six years ago there was dollar wheat in Minneapolis. After a long bull campaign and some hesitation around 99 cents, the first trade at $1 was made at 9:32 a. m. Thursday, April 14, 1898. That was the morning bull enthusiasm ran away with decorum, and the late Charles A. Pillsbury, substantial and honored citizen, who had predicted dollar wheat, marched in on the floor of the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce, followed by a brass band.

After a rise to $1.04 the impression became general that wheat was too high and would decline. But by April 3 May wheat was $1.13½, and on May 9 it sold at $1.62, the highest figure ever recorded in Minneapolis.

This article does not contend that history will necessarily repeat itself, neither is it maintained that conditions are entirely the same as in 1898. It seeks only to point out the wonderful force of sentiment in speculative markets. Under every market there lie conditions solid as rock, arguments unalterable, that no power in the world can change. Supply and demand make prices. According to these things prices work out finally, and their adjustment to levels, justified by conditions, is as inevitable as the rising and setting of the sun.

But there is with this a mighty force unseen, the force of speculation. No one who follows the markets can fail to appreciate this. Wheat is higher than for some years, on conditions warranting higher prices. What it will do finally no one can tell, but it would be unsafe to assume that it has seen top or to place a limit upon it at a time when, with the strong legitimate domestic supply conditions still remaining, there is indication of increasing interest upon the part of the speculating public.

The battleship Iowa yesterday blew off the muzzles of her big guns. A modern battleship is twice as dangerous as an old one, for it is able to inflict injury on both sides.

Minnesota vs. Dakota Towns.

James J. Hill has hurt the feelings of some of the Minnesota towns on his line of railroad, by a line of argument used in his recent speeches. He has been comparing their station receipts with those of similar towns in North Dakota, with the inference that the Dakota towns are more prosperous and do more business.

This is resented by the Ada Index, which shows the unfairness of such a comparison. Mr. Hill showed that receipts at Ada were much less than at Bottineau, N. D., a town of equal size. The Index editor thinks that is only natural, since the bulk of the receipts at both places are from cars of wheat shipped to Minneapolis or Duluth. As Ada is only 265 miles from Minneapolis, and Bottineau 521 miles, an equal amount of freight at Bottineau would pay about 50 per cent more revenue to the road. Minnesota suffers in comparison because it does not furnish Mr. Hill's road the long haul. Station receipts furnish a very easy basis of comparison, but evidently they can be misleading. Tonnage figures would be more fair.

Senator Patterson yesterday compared Charles M. Schwab and J. Whitaker Wright. Isn't that rather disrespectful treatment of the departed?

The Immigration Question.

The current number of "Charities" contains a most interesting discussion of the question of restriction of immigration. Both sides of the question are ably presented. Of course, the arguments are along familiar lines. One side says that we no longer assimilate our immigrants and that the further indiscriminate coming of millions of illiterate and backward persons is adding to the number of our social and civic problems and increasing the gravity of existing ones; that the aliens make our slums, occupy the time of our police, crowd our hospitals and asylums and congest our prisons; degrade our electorate, corrupt public service, overwhelm American ideals. Speaking on this side Robert C. De Ward says:

Southeastern Europe has furnished three times as many inhabitants as northwestern Europe to the slums of Baltimore, nineteen times as many to the slums of New York, twenty times as many to the slums of Chicago, seventy-one times as many to the slums of Philadelphia. The "Little Italys," "Little Syrias," "Little Armenias," etc., we find increasingly difficult and burdensome problems of public and private charity, of police, of education, of religious training, of public health.

There is no "Know-Nothingism" in the feeling that the unlimited immigration of the races who are now coming to us in such large numbers should in some wise way be regulated. It is pretty clear that we are not properly assimilating our foreign population. The life of our foreign-born as well as of our native-born is made harder because of the ever increasing competition caused by the newer immigrants.

The other side, of course, contends that new blood has ever been the life of this nation, and that the very existence of our nation demands that the foundations of society shall be continually broadened and strengthened by the incoming of millions willing and glad to do the hard and dirty work that the second generation of Americans usually shrink from. Those who argue in this way seem to think that it is only by continual infusion of new blood that our society is to be prevented from crystallizing along the lines of social caste that prevail in all the old countries to a greater or less extent. The following paragraph from Kate Holloday Claghorn's paper concisely puts the argument in favor of unrestricted immigration:

The Italians, Russians and Austrians are almost exclusively of that great body of toilers on whose broad and patient shoulders rests the towering structure of European states. Their very presence here shows a desire for bettering their condition and the energy to set about it that is so characteristic a lack in the true pauper. The pauper population is predominantly composed of the old and the very young. This immigrant group is composed of young adults, males in the majority—a class most likely to take care of itself. Considering the volume of immigration it is obvious that the great mass of our immigrants are absorbed in the industries of the country with surprising rapidity and completeness. Our foreign-born population furnishes the greater part of our dependent population because the foreigners constitute the greater part of those economic classes from which the dependents of any country are drawn, while the native-born are for the most part found in those economic classes that do not furnish dependents.

The advocates of restriction of immigration do not concede that it is only by keeping up a sort of social flux by the importation of aliens that we can keep our society from crystallizing. They maintain that the influx of cheap labor simply delays the development of machinery that will do away with the necessity for hard and dirty manual work. The man who runs a machine is always a step above the man who is a machine. If common labor should become scarce in this country by reason of restriction of immigration, it is argued, that soon practically all work would be done with the aid of machines, thus utterly abolishing in American life what is now the lowest stratum industrially.

Mr. Hill rather objects to being called an oriental dreamer, but so long as his dreams "come true" he ought not to object. Six or seven years ago he dreamed of a great trade between the United States and the Orient, and the trade is developing to-day and Mr. Hill has about completed the work of building the two largest steamships in the world to handle it. Of such stuff are not all dreams made.

The supreme court holds that tobacco is a necessary, and may be sold on Sunday, tho meat may not be sold on that day. Well, that is not so unreasonable as you might think. It is a deal harder for a habitual smoker to go one day without tobacco than without meat.

The railroads have raised the rates of westbound transcontinental freight traffic. They will have to make hay while the sun shines in the rate line. Perhaps ships may be sailing thru the Panama canal within ten years.

Senator Hanna's illness will spare him for a time from letters asking him whether he intends to be a candidate for president against Roosevelt. It may also be the means of keeping him from getting into an awkward position.

In the event of a world-wide war, the central portion of the North American continent is about as safe a place as we know of.

To-day J. J. Hill's navy will be increased about 100 per cent.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

Partial Roster of the Dunn Managers—C. S. Mitchell Will Stay with the St. Louis Commissioners—Activity of Heatwole in the Preliminary Stages of the Campaign—Collins Men Will Hold an Open Meeting in This City Wednesday Evening.

The Dunn campaign certainly is not lagging for lack of managers. More or less authority in the conduct of the Dunn boom appears to be in the hands of Joel P. Heatwole, George Flinn, C. S. Mitchell, W. E. Verity and A. N. Dare. Each has his peculiar field of work, but they sometimes overlap and cause confusion. All of them have had more or less to do with lining up newspapers. Practically all their work is outside the twin cities. Hennepin county is entrusted entirely to James A. Peterson, while Ramsey county is being managed by Dar Reese, Eli Warner and Fred Schiffman. G. G. Hartley, Senator E. B. Hawkins and two or three others are looking after the head of the lakes.

Charlie Mitchell has been prevailed upon by the St. Louis exposition commissioners to stay with his work and not desert them at this inopportune season. He was to have resigned to take charge of a Dunn press bureau campaign, but it is understood that he decided for some reason not announced to heed the call of the commission and stay with them. He will continue to do some work for Dunn and act in an advisory capacity.

When the campaign approaches a crisis it is understood that Joel Heatwole will assume general direction of it. He spends considerable time in St. Paul, meeting people by appointment at the Merchants. He remains in partial seclusion there, and is always attended by Representative J. B. Kelly of Dakota county, who locates the people wanted in the hotel lobby and guides them to Heatwole's room upstairs. The Northfield man is also out over the southern and western part of the state a good deal of the time, meeting local leaders and talking Dunn to them.

Of course every one knows that Heatwole is not spending his time and money because of any regard he has for Dunn personally. They have disliked each other cordially for the last fifteen years. Neither are they held together by any great principle, and the only issue on which their views are believed to coincide is the question of the merger. Dunn has publicly declared the anti-merger fight the work of demagogues. Heatwole has been more discreet, and his newspaper criticism has always been covert, attacking the conduct of the case rather than the principles involved, but in private conversation he has not hesitated to ridicule the whole proceeding. The merger issue, and hope of the spoils of victory, seem to be the only bonds of union between the two. They are enough for present purposes.

The Ortonville Herald-Star said last week:

"To an outsider, dropping into the cities for a few days, the impression is gained that R. C. Dunn is far and away the most popular candidate in the field, and that it will require a landslide to defeat him for the republican nomination."

To which the New Paynesville Press replies:

"Well, now, it's funny how people see things. The editor of this paper was in St. Paul not long ago and it seemed to him that every man in the city was for Collins. If anyone succeeds in prying loose any considerable amount of land you can safely bet your last dollar that the slide will come towards the Collins camp."

Senator H. L. Barker, one of Dunn's close friends, says in his paper, the Cambridge Press:

"We do not think Mr. Dunn is indebted to Senator Clapp but vice versa, and that it would be more proper under the circumstances for Mr. Dunn to ask why does not Senator Clapp take a position on the gubernatorial question? We do not blame Mr. Dunn for not announcing his position on the senatorship under the circumstances. It seems to us it will be time enough when Senator Clapp indicates where he stands on the governorship."

It is understood that Joel Heatwole is not urging Dunn to commit himself to Clapp.

Judge Collins' supporters in Hennepin county will hold an open meeting at the Nicollet house next Wednesday evening. They are going to play the game openly and above board, and not use a free banquet as a drawing card. The feasts held here in the interests of Dunn must have made quite a hole in that $5,000 campaign fund, which will not last long at such a rapid pace. By the way, several who attended those dinners have remarked since that they did not go as Dunn supporters, but merely accepted an invitation to dinner; that they were not then and are not now in favor of Dunn's nomination.

Quite a change has been noted in local sentiment this week, since the fourth ward banquet, which demonstrated the emptiness of the Dunn claims in this county and the latent strength of the Collins movement, which is now beginning to appear.

The Appleton Tribune says:

"James A. Peterson, the able Minneapolis jurist, is the leader of the Dunn forces in Hennepin county. Mr. Peterson was a candidate for congress at the last primary election and controls an effective organization. His support will go far towards securing Hennepin county for Mr. Dunn."

The Albert Lea Standard comes out for Frank Larrabee as a democratic candidate for governor, and says "he carries the right platform right along with him."

Representative T. G. McLean of Anoka has sent word back from California that he will be a candidate for renomination. He was prevented by ill health from taking an active hand in the session last winter.

—Charles B. Cheney.

The naval bill carries with it an appropriation of $250,000 for a naval training station on southern Lake Michigan.

NEWS OF THE BOOK WORLD

Another Unpublished Poem of Whittier's—One of His Earlier Efforts Produced in The New England Magazine for February for the First Time—An Odd Picture of Wm. B. Yeats, the Irish Poet—Richard Le Gallienne Tells the Public How to Get the Most Out of Books.

"Hitherto unpublished poems" of Whittier's have been announced twice within the last two or three months. The latter is "The Vestal," published in **The New England Magazine** for February. The poem was written seventy-five years ago. Recently the legend on which Whittier built his poem has been worked out by F. Marion Crawford in his novel "Cecilia."

The story of the legend and the poem is that of a vestal maiden, who for love forgets her vows and neglects the fire upon the sacred shrine of the Temple of the Vestal. She and her lover are slain and buried among the menial dead, "tombless and uneulogized of Rome."

The poem, being one of Whittier's earlier efforts, lacks the qualities of his later work. Here is a portion of it, showing Whittier's power of description:

Morning was over Italy. The sun
Burned on the Adriatic, and its waves.
Wandered like golden messengers along
Dalmatia's borders; and the mist that hung
Over the dark old Apennines, became
As golden helmets binding the swart brows
Of marshaled giants, kindling from afar
The beautiful islands of the circling sea—
Italia's children—started into light.
The vapor spirit drew his curtain up
From all their streams, and green hills of vine
Tossed their dark foliage to the summer sun.
Then was a flood of pleasant sunlight poured
Thru the long arches, where the moon had thrown
Her milder gift upon the temple floor,
And round the Vestal shrine. That shrine was cold.
The sacred flame had perished. Dark cold stains
Were on the polished marble—stains of blood;
For violence had been there; and murder closed
Love's thrilling interview. The heavy print
Of armed feet was graven on the stone
By the death grapple, and a broken sword
Glazed fearfully in blood.

Wm. B. Yeats, the Irish poet and stage reformer, has had his run thru the literary magazines of the country in picture and prose. The next stage of the race for him is caricature. **The Lamp** for February is the first of the reviews to arrive at this point. It comes forward with the accompanying odd view of the poet, by Pamela Colman Smith. It looks like one of the wraiths (in black) of which Mr. Yeats loves to write, rather than like a man who would advise his hearers to go out and kill a landlord and thereby do something for their country.

WM. B. YEATS.
The Irish Poet as seen by Pamela Colman Smith.

Richard Le Gallienne will issue thru the Baker & Taylor Co., at once, **How to Get the Best Out of Books**, a popular manual which should serve as a reading guide to the average business man. Even those who feel that they have read much are usually floored completely by manuals of this sort, for they find in them titles which they never dreamed of, and the hopelessness of the task which is spread before the average man is so great as to discourage an undertaking. Mr. Le Gallienne's book does not commit this fault. He eliminates with a stern hand dozens of books which few writers on this subject would dare to omit, and he makes even more sweeping eliminations in advising no man to read that in which he finds no pleasure. As a guide to those who would seek enjoyment behind doors that busy lives have closed for them, this book will be of great value. One chapter on "What's the Use of Poetry?" is particularly attractive.

A repository of jests, good, bad and indifferent, is the "famous" **Joe Miller's Complete Jest Book**, and a very handy repository, too, for the jokes are all numbered and indexed according to subject. Many of the jests are by famous men and relate to historic incidents. With the handy index, therefore, the book becomes a very valuable accessory for the lecturer, or, indeed, for any platform speaker, including the preacher who indulges in pulpit jokes. The collection was brought together and arranged by John Motley in 1739, so that some of the jokes are plainly chestnuts. This new edition contains the two volumes of the original in one, with two frontispieces, one of Joe Miller in the character of Teague in "The Committee," and the other of the Theater Royal, Drury Lane, London.

It is announced that the letters of John Ruskin to Charles Eliot Norton are to be published in two volumes next autumn by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and that, in the meantime, selected portions of this correspondence will appear in the Atlantic Monthly.

WHAT THE MAGAZINES SAY

Prejudice Toward Corporate Capital—C. S. Mellen, former president of the Northern Pacific railroad, has been talking since he went back east. **Harper's Weekly** for Feb. 6 epitomizes Mr. Mellen's address before the Hartford board of trade, which was the talking referred to, thus:

Mr. Mellen believes that the prejudice exhibited to-day toward corporate capital and activity is founded in apprehension rather than in reason, and in large measure is due to the unpleasant personal traits of arrogant and arbitrary men who have been placed in positions of authority. To his mind, the day has gone by when a corporation can be handled successfully in defiance of the public will, even tho that will be unreasonable. The public may be led, but not driven, and Mr. Mellen, for his part, prefers to go with it, and try to shape or modify its opinion, rather than be swept from his bearings by an overwhelming tide of adverse sentiment, with disastrous consequences to himself and to the interests in his charge. Evidently the new president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad is a man of experience and common sense.

Might Be Called a War Number—Collier's Weekly for Jan. 30 bears the inscription "Household Number," but inasmuch as it has an editorial on the fact that there are no swear words in Japanese with speculations as to what a good Japanese trooper would do when he wanted to say something befitting a trooper in anger, and further has a report of how it intends to handle the war, giving the names of its staff of war correspondents, its cable service, its arrangements to have Captain Mahan write descriptions of the naval battles, we think it might fairly be called a war number.

St. Paul Boomed—Under the heading "St. Paul, the Pride of the Big Northwest," **Leslie's Weekly** for Feb. 4 tells of the greatness of St. Paul. If the writer, Everett Wilkes, were a member of the twin city world's fair committee, Minneapolis would have a chance to get back at St. Paul for its opposition to Professor McVey of the university. Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, Mr. Wilkes is not on the committee.

BOOKS RECEIVED

JOE MILLER'S COMPLETE JEST BOOK. Being a collection of the most excellent bon mots, brilliant jests and striking anecdotes in the English language. With an introduction by Andrew G. Dickinson, Jr. Unabridged. New York: William T. Henderson.

THE NONPAREIL MAN

Colonel F. W. Woods, the Bob Ingersoll of the Cow, Pronounces a Noble Eulogy on One of Man's Best Lady Friends—Words That Thrill and Burn Spoken About That Noble Animal That Has Done So Much for Humanity.

Speaking of the other sex, I do not know of a more noble eulogy than that pronounced in a recent auction sale at Springfield, Ill., on the cow. Colonel F. W. Woods was the eulogist and the words he uttered deserve to give him the appellation of the "Bob Ingersoll of the Cow." Colonel Woods said:

"Of all the animal friends of man she is the greatest. To her we owe the most. I wish that I, as you are about to sit down to the noonday meal, might remove from your table what the cow has placed thereon. I'd take the cup of milk waiting at baby's chair. I'd take the cream, the cheese, the butter, the custard pie, the cream biscuit, the steak, the smoking roast of beef, and leave you to make a meal of potatoes, beets, pickles and toothpicks.

"There is not a thing from nose to tail but that is utilized for the use of man. We use her horns to comb our hair, her skin upon our feet, her hair keeps the plaster upon our walls, her hoofs make glue, her tail makes soup, she gives us our milk, our cream, our cheese and butter, and her flesh is the greatest meat of the nation, her blood is used to make our sugar white, her bones are ground to fertilize our soil and even her paunch she herself has put thru the first chemical process necessary for the production of the best white cardboard, and they have discovered that such paper can be made into the finest quality of false teeth.

"No other animal works for man both night and day. By day she gathers food and when we are asleep at night she brings it back to rechew and convert it into all things of which I speak.

"She has gone with man from Plymouth Rock to the setting sun! It was her sons that turned the first sod in the settlers' clearing; it was her sons that drew the prairie schooner for the sturdy pioneers as, inch by inch, they fought to prove that 'westward the star of empire takes its way,' with the old cow grazing behind, and when the day's march was done she came and gave the milk to fill the mother's breast to feed the suckling babe that was, perchance, to become the ruler of his country. Who says that much of what we are we do not owe to man's best friend, the cow? Treat her kindly, gently, for without her, words fail to describe the situation."

Anyone who reads these noble words will feel, when he meets the cow hereafter, like taking off his hat to her. There is an old song,

"A Boy's Best Friend Is His Mother."

Perhaps next to the mother, she who is the best friend to the boy is the cow. Stand up for Minnesota! Her cow population is large and it is a growing one. The Minnesota cow, like Grandmother Shirley, that "ornament of advancing age," has one foot among the stars!

Rev. G. L. Morrill is going to get in on the ground floor on a new theater building. An organ is to be put in for Dr. Morrill to paw and the contribution will be lifted if Mr. Rogers has to get a jackscrew under it.

The Spring Valley Mercury shows how very, very dangerous it is not to pay your subscription. During December two men who owed the Mercury on subscription, were unable to escape their pursuing conscience, and committed suicide. The Mercury fears that there are others who may suffer from this new form of mercurial poisoning.

Miss Alice Roosevelt's birthday is a legal holiday in Minnesota. Incidentally President Lincoln was born on the same day.

Ex-Secretary Whitney was rich enough to afford the most complicated kind of appendicitis.

The Springfield (Mass.) Republican was all broken down because, when Governor Taft arrived at San Francisco there was a military escort on hand. It is true that the governor had no time to stop, but took a hack immediately to catch the next outgoing train for Washington, but the Republican cares not for that; the gilded trappings of royalty were there! Our blood-bought liberties are in a pretty punk way when the troops come out to greet a distinguished American.

A Russian Rev. Irl Hicks, named Demtschinsky, having become quite well known as a weather guesser, the Russian government kept tabs on him and showed that he was right just 50 per cent of the time. As any good guesser could come up to this average where the weather is flopping constantly, the government considered that it had M. Demtschinsky down and out. But no. The peasant preferred his weather forecasts founded on the moon, rather than on meteorological observation of the government, and so continues to cough by Demtschinsky.

Colonel Edward A. Bromley now has for sale a photograph of the first settler being scalped by the Indians before breakfast. The group kindly stood while the artist worked his daguerreotype machine.

In this extremely changeable weather do not neglect to fortify your system with Bunyon's Dog-Paw.

The Fairmont News chronicles a new form of sport. It is practiced by the hunters along the lake shore who shoot into the fishing houses out on the ice. Some of these hunters are of the opinion that a fishhouse makes a good target. That is not so bad so long as no one is within. But as many of the fisherman now use oil stoves from which no smoke develops to warn the gunner of the presence of anyone in the house the shooting is likely to result in getting the fisherman. Life insurance on fishermen has risen to war rates at Fairmont this week. The boys confidently expect to get a fisherman yet.

"Brownie," the best all-around canary in the city, has a rival. The other day a very fine yellow bird appeared at the old homestead. After a place had been found for his cage and after he had taken his base and had become a little used to the surroundings the new bird lifted up his beak and uncoiled a yard and a half of fluted bird song with trimmings on it that thrilled the very piano strings.

When Brownie heard that song the feathers on his head stood straight up and then laid down so flat that he had every appearance of a hawk. As soon as his agitation had subsided a trifle he hissed between his clenched bill:

"Ha! a rival!"

As he listened to the other bird's lay a fine expression of contempt soon settled on his bill and opening his mouth he poured forth a burst of melody that sounded like a shrill steam siren hollering "dinner" at 6 p. m. As he bit off the last note he cocked his head with an expression that said,

"I'll show 'em what real bird song is!"

If you want a little bird song get a canary. If you want a house so full of it that the walls bulge, get two canaries.

—A. J. R.

A Study of the Word "Vindication."

St. Paul Dispatch.

The decision assumes the truth of the evidence. It assumes that the ex-mayor did direct Gardner to levy blackmail upon the dissolute women and give the loot to him; that Gardner, aided by policemen and detectives, did gather this plunder at various times from various women and did hand it over in a lump sum to the mayor, who received and pocketed it. It admits the guilt of the mayor, but says that he was guilty twenty-five or more times instead of but once. The ex-mayor accepts this reasoning and conclusion as his "first victory," and says it is not to be his last. Meanwhile the subordinates who executed the order to levy, languish in prison under sustained convictions. If this is a "vindication," the word must be defined anew.

WHAT OTHER PEOPLE THINK

For the Single Taxer to Answer.

To the Editor of The Journal.

A few years ago, I read a notice in the newspapers of the city of Columbus, Ohio, which is my home, that a meeting would be held at which single tax would be discussed. I had read Henry George's plan of taxation, but had not then read his book. An address was delivered by a man who was afterward elected a member of the Ohio legislature, by the democrats, in which he very earnestly advocated the taxation of land only, as proposed by Henry George.

When he closed I asked to be heard, which the chairman promptly granted. I then stated the following proposition:

"Suppose I had come to Ohio forty years ago and bought a quarter section of well-timbered government land, and had cleared as much of it as I wished to cultivate, and had farmed and improved it until it is now well fenced and productive. But I had neglected one of the duties of a good citizen, having neglected to marry, and had not built a house, but had lived with a neighbor. Having given forty years of steady labor, and having got my farm into such condition that I could rent it for enough to support me comfortably, I conclude I have done as much hard work as a man should be required to do and I am entitled to a rest. I conclude to rent my farm and for that purpose make a contract with a young man who worked for me several years to rent it. But just as we have got the agreement complete, Henry George's tax gatherer makes his appearance and says 'I'll take that rent if you please,' for Henry George's proposition is to tax land at its 'rental value.'"

Turning to the person who had just addressed us, I asked him, "What are you going to do with me?" His answer was prompt and earnest, for he seemed to be excited.

"We will serve you as we served the slaveholders, they had no right to their slaves and we took them from them, and you have no right to your land and we take it from you."

"Then you treat men, who have given forty years of hard work to my farm, just as you treat the slaveholder who has lived forty years on the labor of other men, and that, according to Henry George, is to relieve us of nearly all the ills of our present system."

Now, will some of the advocates of single tax please say whether that was a proper answer to my question; if not, what would that proper answer be?

—John J. Janney.

Minneapolis, 912 Second avenue S.

The Parks Near Courthouse.

To the Editor of The Journal.

The marvelous and steady growth of the city of Minenapolis is well known to all, and as a result of this ever increasing progress, large business, hotel and apartment blocks are constantly being built, so making the city more and more congested, and hence the great need there is of more fresh air breathing places for the public, more especially in the down town districts.

Therefore I sincerely hope that the city authorities will, if possible, secure the land close by the courthouse, before it is too late, to be used as a park for the public. By so doing, they will be conferring upon the city of Minneapolis an incalculable boon.

—Arthur Meacham.

THE AMES DECISION

The Central Figure.

Chicago Record-Herald.

The decision of the court liberates the central figure in one of the most sensational stories of civic corruption ever recorded in the history of municipal government.

Eluded Justice.

Indianapolis Journal.

The notorious Mayor Ames of Minneapolis escapes all punishment for his misdeeds, having found the technicality loophole, thru which clever lawyers are pushing so many of the "big" criminals. "Doc" Ames is not vindicated; he has simply succeeded in eluding justice.

Courts Not to Be Relied On.

New Bedford Standard.

His case, from the point of view of a moral consideration, stands exactly where it did at the beginning, and this action looks very much like a miscarriage of justice. Whether the attorney who drew up the indictment was careless or incompetent, or whether the justice who quashed it was too insistent on fine points, we cannot say. But such occurrences as this, and several of like nature which have come to pass in the cases of St. Louis boodlers, intensify the popular suspicion that the courts are not to be relied upon for the adequate punishment of faithless office holders who can summon money or influence to their aid.

Too Many Careless Attorneys.

Boston Herald.

Before proceeding further against the grafters let's have an organization for the suppression of careless attorneys who draw up indictments with holes in them. That is the obvious moral of the quashing of the indictment of ex-Mayor Ames of Minneapolis, as it is of the triumph of so many of the St. Louis boodlers over their prosecutors. There's precious little satisfaction in undertaking to punish boodling and seeing the boodlers come off on top so frequently.

LIND A GOOD BARKIS

Sioux City Journal.

John Lind has announced that Minneapolis should have a public building more in keeping with the size of the city, and the people of Minneapolis, without regard to partizanship, are inclined to agree with him. Mr. Lind is understood to be willing to stay in congress and pull for that building until he gets it, even if twenty years of earnest endeavor is required to accomplish his purpose.