THE JOURNAL

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Verestchagin.

If the tragical death of Admiral Makaroff was a great loss to the Russian navy, sorely in need of expert naval talent, the concurrent tragical death of the great Russian artist, Verestchagin, who was the admiral's guest on board his ill-starred battleship, and went down with him to the deathful bottom of Korea bay, is an irreparable loss to the national art interests of his country.

Minneapolitans, a few years ago, were privileged to see some of the best examples of Verestchagin's art in the collection on exhibition in this city. In that collection was the picture which brought upon the great artist the wrath and indignation of the sensitively patriotic people of Russia, when it was first exhibited in that country. This was the remarkably fine canvas showing the brilliant procession of the great Durbar in India at Delhi, on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales, now King of England and Emperor of India, in 1875-76, the prince appearing at the head of the procession, seated on an elephant in gorgeous apparel, and surrounded by a brilliant escort. Verestchagin was hotly accused of deficiency in patriotism by press and people, altho he had been immensely popular previously, because he had portrayed the heir to the English throne and the Indian imperium as the central figure in the painting.

At that time Russia had not hesitated to declare that her eastward progress had its chief objective in India, and Russian sentiment largely spelled itself in getting compensation for Great Britain's industry in keeping Russia out of Constantinople and the waterway between the Black sea and the Mediterranean, by terminating British power in India.

The inflammation of the Russian mind over Verestchagin's picture was due to the diligent cultivation by the panslavist party of hostility to Great Britain, so that the portrayal of the triumphant march of the future Emperor of India stung the Russians to madness, and there were not wanting people who would have torn that splendid canvas to shreds, if they could have taken hold of it. Verestchagin survived the noisy charge of treason by the Russian patriotic press, and all art lovers, of whatever nation, will deplore his tragical death before Port Arthur, whither he had gone to secure more hints for his series of war pictures at close range.

No one who has seen his pictures of the Delhi Durbar and its pageant, or "The Day of Death," or the military burial scene, where the Russian priest is seen chanting the prayers for the dead and slowly swinging the censer beside a vast number of dead Russians, laid in long rows before him, can ever forget them. As a painter of war scenes Verestchagin has had few equals. "The Way of Death" is heart-breaking in its melancholy suggestions. His pictures of India are sometimes criticized as being too flooded with light. But that is India's atmosphere. Verestchagin has studied the pervasive splendor of the sunlight of India. He places the sunlight on his canvas with fidelity to nature, such as John Ruskin insists upon in his fine discourse on the truth of color, in his "Modern Painters." Ruskin's language as to one of Turner's pictures is applicable to Verestchagin's sunlight painting: "We approach only to follow the sunshine into every cranny of the leafage and retire only to feel it diffused over the scene, the whole picture glowing like a sun or star at whatever distance we stand, and lighting the air between us and it."

A Forestry Grant.

A bill drawn by the Minnesota state forestry board has passed the senate allowing the state of Minnesota to select for experimental forestry purposes not exceeding 20,000 acres of public land in this state, which, according to the field notes of the government surveyor, is third or fourth rate. The bill is now before the house committee on public lands. In 1864 congress granted to California for a public park the Yosemite valley, fifteen miles long by two miles wide, and the Mariposa big tree grove, embracing 2,560 acres. In 1892 it granted to this state about 10,000 acres for the Itasca park. While these and many other grants of land of a similar character were not strictly for forestry purposes, yet the forestry board hopes that, inasmuch as there is considerable waste land in Minnesota that cannot be utilized for any other purpose except for the production of timber, the house will pass the bill.

Used for forestry, the land will practically be a public park.

The United States still holds 5,000,000 acres of public land in Minnesota, a part of which is unfit for cultivation and in localities too scattered to admit of its being made a national forest reserve. Being at the headwaters of the Mississippi river, it will be of national benefit to have all non-agricultural areas maintained in forest. Congress has granted, since 1850, over one hundred million acres of public land to states and corporations for railroads. It would seem as if the Minnesota delegation in the house might secure the passage of this bill if they would make a serious effort.

It is 5,913 miles from St. Petersburg to Port Arthur by the Trans-Siberian railway, nearly twice as far as from New York to San Francisco and nearly one-quarter of the way around the globe. Is it any wonder that Russia finds it difficult to contend successfully at the end of such a long line of railway with a foe so alert as the Jap who is fighting just across the street, as it were?

The Business Situation.

The financial world may now be said to have entered a period of crop and political uncertainty that is to remain for a time. This year it is the annual crop nervousness intensified by uncertainty incident to the great quadrennial political campaign. Much will be made of these things as the season moves along, the pessimistically inclined may find the changing developments affording opportunity for unfavorable inference, and already the fear is expressed that something of business hesitation will follow.

Why this should be it is hard to see. However the political game may shape itself, the people may be trusted not to elect to the presidency an unsafe man, should such a candidate appear, nor is there likely to be any issue at stake of a nature to unsettle business generally. There is always a sort of dragging tone the country over during the heat of a presidential campaign, and we need hardly hope to escape it this year. The crop worry is the regular thing every season from April on.

The whole may make for greater conservatism, and if so it will be a good thing. What this country needs is a little more conservatism. Because there is not much heard of new combinations or consolidations, and there is nothing doing in the promoting line, it is utter fallacy to think the country is sliding backward, altho some eastern financial opinion and much of the Wall street gossip leans towards this view of it. When the last great boom was on there was enough financial exploiting done to last the country for some time. Things went thru then with a mighty rush, and to get rich over-night seemed the aim of a considerable element of the American people. A return to saner ideals and to the movement of business along the old-fashioned legitimate lines is not a bad thing. During the week general interest has been turning more this way, the backward spring being a matter of prime importance. There should be no mistake about conditions in the northwest. Never was there a time when the April outlook for good agricultural returns was better. The later season signifies little with reference to the amount of new wealth to be produced in the northwest, which will be much larger than ever before from all indications. An unusual interest attaches, however, to wheat, for the reason that for several successive years moderate wheat yields have been the rule, but this year there was the early indication of a gain of probably 1,000,000 acres in seeding. The disposition to increase largely the wheat acreage remains, and a materially larger area may yet be seeded, but it has been feared that delay in farm work will mean the sowing of other cereals, in some important districts, on land originally allotted to wheat.

A wheat acreage smaller than originally indicated would be a disappointment, especially to the milling interests, but it would mean an increase in something else, and in so far as the present outlook for good crops, satisfactory returns to farmers and future railroad tonnage are concerned, the northwest is in splendid condition.

The government foreign trade statement for March, indicating a decrease of $17,000,000 in value of merchandise exports, as compared with March a year ago, presents the unfavorable side. When the complete exhibit comes later this will be found to be materially modified by a better relative showing in exports of manufactured articles.

The present monetary situation is a most unusual one. Money was moving into New York, slowly but steadily. Then the government called in a big sum to have it ready for Panama canal payments. Litigation in Paris stopped the proposed payments. Some gold is going out of New York, but it is being replaced by Japanese gold coming in to pay for war supplies. New York banks are burdened with money. From the fact that the Bank of England this week reduced the rate of discount, it would appear that London is in much the same position. Such a time, one might naturally suppose, would invite speculation, but the public is out of the market for stocks, and is not likely to come in until the big men cease quarreling among themselves, nor is it certain public interest could be drawn in even in that case.

The best evidence of the value of our grade and high school training in Minnesota was furnished at the university chapel last night. Young men in the high schools who can think as clearly and tell what they think as forcibly and effectively as the young debaters in the State High School Debating league did in the final contest are a credit to any system of instruction and to any set of instructors. It was a splendid debate and the best one of the series.

Mr. Carnegie is going to give "Billy Brash" a chance.

Success in Sight.

One million dollars of life insurance has been written by the canvassers for the auditorium fund. This is half of the whole amount agreed upon with the insurance company. It has been secured in about six weeks' work. The result is remarkable and seems to insure complete success in the undertaking. It has been accomplished chiefly by busy men who have worked at it at intervals when they could take time from their regular business. A well organized and determined effort will now be put forth to secure the balance, and with the prospect of success so clearly indicated, the canvassers and all interested have acquired greater enthusiasm and zeal. They seem bound to win.

At the same time it ought not to be necesary for a few men to spend their time soliciting citizens of Minneapolis to do what many of them should be willing to do of their own motion, and such persons can aid the effort to secure a first-class music hall for Minneapolis if they will not wait to be called upon, but will send their names and addresses to Mr. W. G. Nye, secretary of the public affairs committee of the Commercial club, stating that they wish to take life insurance under this plan. They will be afforded the opportunity without further trespass on their time.

James A. Peterson pleads not guilty to the charge of harboring ambition to succeed Senator Nelson, and says it would be a calamity to the state of Minnesota and to the country if the senator should not succeed himself. If Mr. Peterson really wants to avert such a calamity, he will cease to train with an organization which has Senator Nelson's retirement as one of its purposes.

Not Built That Way.

The Chicago Inter Ocean puts one aspect of the merger question in a suggestive way when it says:

What Mr. Hill and his associates tried to do with the Northern Securities company was to secure despotic power over the fortunes of the northwest. To make the plan hateful it was not necessary to assume that the power thus acquired would be abused. It might be cheerfully conceded that Mr. Hill would be the most benevolent of despots. Yet his plan was resented, because despotism is hateful in itself, no matter how benevolent.

The Pullman workmen might be, and probably were, better off for living in Pullman regulated houses, but they would not believe so. The average American is not built to believe so. The people of the northwest might, and possibly would, be better off for having all their railways regulated by Mr. Hill, but they would not believe so. They are not built to believe so.

A despot is an absolute ruler. The political despot had his day, but is out of date now. Very often the political despot was a benevolent fellow. He always thought he knew better what was good for his subjects than they did themselves, and sometimes he did. But for all that, political despots became unpopular and there are no political despots doing business now-a-days where the people as a whole are good for anything.

In these latter days a new kind of despotism, a new kind of absolutism, is trying to establish its authority. It is commercial rather than political in character. It pretends to know better than the people themselves what is good for them. Perhaps it does know better than they sometimes, but for all that the people do not take to the idea of commercial despotism any more kindly than they do to political despotism and are not any more disposed to submit to it. It is all well enough to philosophize about the higher organization of industry and the concentration of power as making for higher commercial efficiency and greater industrial success, but there is not a single principle or argument in support of absolutism in commerce that is not equally true and applicable in politics. A political despot might swing things in this country much better in some respects than the people can do it themselves. It is argued that commercial concentration is economy. We could save money by abolishing congress and the state legislatures and economize immensely on time. When the despot saw a good thing to do he could do it without any fooling around about laws or constitutions or any such narrow and absurd restrictions as those. Popular government is exceedingly clumsy and wasteful and inefficient, and its machinery rattles terribly when compared with the mechanism of a compact, well-oiled despotism. But just the same, the enlightened people of the world are thru with political despotism and will have nothing but popular government. Is it any wonder, then, that the people of the United States, who have set the pace in the world's progress toward popular government, should resist the establishment of commercial despotism in its stead? For it is a substitution. Commercial despotism will never be a complete success and will never stop, if it is given full sway, till it controls the government. It is well enough to talk about the inevitable laws of trade and platitudes about the survival of the fittest sound large, but it is just as well to keep in mind the inevitable laws of human nature, too. They are something which, as our contemporary suggests, Mr. Hill and other commercial absolutists forget about, and the oversight leads to trouble.

Mr. Fletcher says he desires to round out his record with a successful campaign, and that this is the last time he will ask for an election to congress. Haven't we heard something like that before?

The democratic politicians in Washington think Hearst is preparing to bolt. They cite the bolt of a ridiculous minority in the New Jersey convention and the instructions of "first, last and all the time," to the South Dakota delegation. This delegation is headed by "Dick" Pettigrew, who openly declared that he "would not support the nomination of any republican." By that he is supposed to have meant Cleveland, and possibly Parker.

No, that disturbance in St. Paul political circles is not a house cleaning. It is the spring election season, and the dear old saint is just doing a little dusting. The election will soon be over, and the dust will settle again.

Southern Unreasonableness.

"President Roosevelt, politically speaking, is more to be feared than war, pestilence, or famine! He is regarded in the south as the embodiment of all that is bad and dangerous for the country. The Booker T. Washington incident and many other high-handed acts have lost him the vote of the south."

So spoke Governor Vardaman of Mississippi, yesterday, declaring also that in that state, with its million and a half of voters, the president will not receive more than forty votes.

It is difficult to understand how a man of Governor Vardaman's position and attainments can give utterance to such extreme sentiments. The president's attitude toward the colored man is the occasion of it all. The Booker T. Washington incident is cited as the principal cause of offence. Because the president chose to recognize Mr. Washington as the leader of his race, and, in the most natural way imaginable, asked him, when an important conference on between them was interrupted by the arrival of the lunch hour, to sit down with him and have lunch while they continued their conference, he has committed an offence which in the view of the governor of Mississippi causes him to be regarded "as the embodiment of all that is bad and dangerous for the country."

Booker T. Washington is a remarkable man, a man of remarkable intellectual capacity, of remarkable attainments, and remarkable devotion to his own people, and he is rendering an important service to the whole country He is probably the superior of the governor of Mississippi in natural ability, in intellectual power, and in his value to the country as a citizen. He is a man of high character, gentlemanly bearing, modest, and admirable in every respect. His only fault is that he has a dark skin and mixed blood. He will live in the history of his country long after Governor Vardaman is forgotten.

And, yet, it is undoubtedly true that Governor Vardaman expresses the sentiment of a large proportion, if not a majority of the people of the south. Race prejudice is so deeply rooted and is such a powerful influence in shaping public sentiment that reason, justice and common sense are all overthrown when it comes to the treatment of any man who has even a trace of negro blood in his veins. Intelligence, character and usefulness count for nothing. Governor Vardaman has given expression to a striking, a startling state of feeling, a condition of the public mind in the south which it may take generations to change. But that it will be changed eventually is as certain as anything can be. It is narrow, unjust, mischievous and wrong. This is stated not without sympathy for the people of the south who have inherited the prejudice of which they are victims, and not without consideration for the great difficulties which the existence of their mixed population involves. But sympathy for the unfortunate and approval of their errors are two very different things.

Colonel Watterson says he considers the Hearst candidacy for president as a kind of insanity. If the probate court took jurisdiction over that form of insanity, Judge Harvey would have to hold evening sessions.

The Tariff on Lumber.

The Redwood Gazette asks:

"Will The Minneapolis Journal kindly answer the question as to who will get the benefit of the present $2 tariff on lumber, provided it is removed from Canadian lumber? Would not the lumber dealers, organized as an association, keep up the present prices or advance them still higher, and pocket the present tariff?"

The Journal is pleased to answer the question. The "lumber dealers" are not organized in an association, unless the Gazette means the retail dealers, who are not accused of having a price list. The lumber manufacturers have an association and a price list, but that is kept down by the competition of southern and western lumber, which are handled right in Minneapolis by wholesale dealers.

Removal of the tariff would not bring much Canadian lumber into Minnesota, but it would benefit the consumers of this state none the less. Canadain mills north of the Great Lakes would send their cut to the eastern market, which is now largely supplied by the mills of northern Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan. This would turn the product of our home mills to seek the western market and increase the competition. White pine is now growing scarce, and there is plenty of demand in the west for all that is produced.

If Mr. Dunn's press bureau continues the present gait with its cartoon campaign, it will abuse Judge Collins into the governor's office.

Colonel Wright, the republican candidate for mayor of St. Paul, is much handsomer than "de Bob," anyway.

THE ITCHING PALM

The late George Francis Train was known for many hobbies, but the one which people will most readily recall was his steadfast refusal to shake hands. Train's theory was that vital energy was transmitted from the stronger to the weaker person by the simple contact. Now a doctor has come forward with a more substantial reason for not practicing the amenity. "A small parasite," says Dr. W. E. Young, "attacks the palm of the hand and readily communicates itself to the handshaker. The parasite carries his family with him, and he is most difficult to dislodge. The doctor says that the itching palm is epidemic on the upper East Side and is most prevalent among those whose business or social duties call for frequent contacts. So far thirty cases have been placed under observation, and in all of them the parasite was found present." The itching palm is rare in this climate, but Dr. Young says it is common in the tropics.

NEWS OF THE BOOK WORLD

Marriage and Divorce Viewed From a High Level in a New Novel—A Book to Attract Attention for the Picture Drawn and for the Skilful Handling of Its Subject.

"Just what is worth living for, just what is worth dying for?"

"Was it fair that the best of her life should be sacrificed just to develop him? Had she no right of her own to happiness?"

* * * * * *

The first of the above questions, asked by one of the characters in **He That Eateth Bread With Me**, by Mrs. H. A. Mitchell Keays, is answered in part for one of the other characters in the word "Happiness" in the second half of the other question. Happiness surely is worth while? Yes, if one accepts the definition of happiness implied by the central figure of the story in this: "Happiness, real happiness—not the cheap stuff we all so passionately crave until we learn better—always costs an enormous price." Such happiness, she means, as is the fruit of pain—discipline, which one cannot covet, yet from which springs all that is loftiest and most enduring in life, to quote questioner number one again. But such a definition can be accepted only on condition that the time limitation be removed. The best of one's life could hardly with reason be voluntarily devoted to suffering for a reward of a few added years of physical comfort and mental ease.

MRS. H. A. MITCHELL KEAYS.
The author of "He That Eateth Bread With Me."

These are some of the things one is forced to think of in reading the book in hand, a novel handling the divorce problem with delicacy yet in a way it has certainly for a long time, needed to be handled, that is in a way to make people consider whether it is not a vastly more serious question than it seems in the eyes of the law or the church. "Law," says Mrs. Mackemer, the central figure of the story, in speaking of her husband who has secured a divorce from her and married another woman, "cannot one day make him mine until death, and the next day give what is mine to another until death." "The church doesn't worry much about the sacredness of marriage," says Airlie Casler, whose conclusions are always interesting if not always sound.

Lest this line of comment give the impression that the book is a dry treatise on the principles of marriage and divorce, it should be said that it is quite the contrary: it is a book of much more than usual interest, much better handled in the telling, and full of sunshine as well as shadow.

There is Whitney, the son of Mrs. Mackemer, who wants to know what poets' licenses are and where they get them, and asks his teacher whether they are like a dog-tag. He can't understand why his cherry juice won't stick to his bread and butter, a question that has bothered more than one boy.

For the unexpected the reader looks to Airlie. It is she who does a bit of skirt dancing just to startle Dr. Regester whom she regards as a bit too sedate, too much of a paragon, who ought to be put in a frame and labeled "Edward Regester, Archangel. Hands off!" But she afterward changes her attitude toward the doctor. It is Airlie also who writes of her mother and aunt:

But my inability to develop a marrying affection for J. C. has crushed them. They take no interest any more in the size of the washings on the line next door, and they don't give a dash whether they have new bonnets or not this winter. I've put them on tonics, and I just wish you could have heard Mr. Briggs laugh when I asked him for some medicine warranted to produce a desire for new table linen in elderly female souls. If they'd only beat me I could bear it with bawls, but I simply can't stand this everlasting drip of aged tears. It is so bad for their complexions.

But the chief interest, of course, centers in the Mmes. Mackemer and in the man who as a lawyer is tempted by the possibility of divorce to forsake his wife and child for another, and yields. The tragedy of it all is strongly pictured, yet not overdrawn. The lesson it teaches cannot be misunderstood and is only wholesome.

Bessie Bell, by Martha Young, is a story about a very life-like little tot and how she found her mama, partly because that mama knew of a window the child had seen "where everything was green and small and moving."

—The Uneasy Chair.

THE MAGAZINE SAMPLER

Child's Views of Things—Under "Delights of the Unexpected" in **Harper's Weekly** for April 16, the following curious story is told:

On being told of a friend's death, a little girl of 6 stood wondering, round-eyed and rosy, at the foot of her bed, and swiftly propounded there questions:

"Did her body get to heaven?"
"Will her soul take up her skeleton?"
"Does a soul have any kind of feet?"
"When she gets there will God put an angel head upon her?"
"Will she wear a shirt waist and skirt?"
"Will Jesus walk down to the gate and hand her out a judgment?"
"When will she get her judgment?"
"Will she climb up the steps to heaven or will angels carry her? My hymn says steps up to heaven."
"Will she see Jesus at last, in the real?"
"And will she see God in the real?"
"I don't want to die because of the valley of the shadow of death; that must be very dark."

Then, without a pause, came, as a conclusion, a quick laying aside of the whole matter, as she sang out cheerily, "I am going to hop to my bath on one foot," and she did, chanting as she went, "D-e-a-d—dead, dead, dead."

Sources of Typhoid Infection—They are not found in water alone says Dr. Seale Harris in a report to the Medical Association of Alabama, which is reproduced in **The Sanitarian** for April. Among other sources Dr. Harris names, milk, flies, dust, contact infection, uncooked vegetables, oysters, ice. Dr. Harris lays special stress upon the infectiousness of the disease. William Osler Davis, M. D., in the same number discusses the subject of the home in its relation to tuberculosis.

BOOKS RECEIVED

HE THAT EATETH BREAD WITH ME. By Mrs. H. A. Mitchell Keays. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. Minneapolis: N. McCarthy.

BESSIE BELL. By Martha Young. Illustrated by Ida Dougherty. New York: Scott-Thaw company.

BRINGING MATTERS TO A FOCUS.

Chicago Tribune.

"You may turn up your nose at me, Martha Ann Billiwink, but I want you to remember it's leap year, and Kit Garlinghorn is trying to get me away from you."

"Well, I'll just show the freckle-faced thing she can't do that—George, dear."

MINNESOTA POLITICS

Parker-Hearst Wrangle in the Local Democracy May Cause Trouble Later on for Congressman Lind—Change at Faribault—House Members Announce Themselves for Re-election.

Local republicans have some hopes from the present lively contest between the Parker and Hearst elements of the democratic party. The Hearst boomers have worked up considerable enthusiasm for their man as a "trust buster" and dispenser of charity, and they have played effectively on the prejudice against the eastern democracy and the old leaders of the Cleveland-Hill schools. Many of the Hearst men say openly that as between Parker and Roosevelt, they would vote for the present occupant of the White House.

Of course republicans are not worrying over Roosevelt's prospects, especially in Minnesota. The thing that pleases them about the Parker-Hearst struggle is that it bodes trouble for Congressman Lind. The Hearst men are bitter in their feeling against Lind because he has declared for Parker, and they say that if he comes bank and takes an active hand against them they will get even later on. Congress will adjourn in two or three weeks, and Mr. Lind will be home for over a month before the primaries are held. He may not take off his coat, but he will certainly make his influence felt against Hearst and in favor of Parker. If the Hearst men carry the county, it will be a serious blow to the congressman's prestige. If Parker wins the delegation, the radicals who are behind Hearst are likely to make good their threat to get even. Most of them are men not identified closely with the party organization, and with no hard and fast principles of party loyalty. They will fly the track very easily, and in this presidential year Lind will need every democratic vote, as well as a large share of the republicans, to win him another term at Washington.

So the democratic row sounds music to the ears of republican leaders, and they are giving the most friendly encouragement to the followers of the New York journalist.

The Elbow Lake Herald gives its reasons as follows:

When Mr. James J. Hill undertook to merge the Great Northern, Burlington and Northern Pacific railways and thus do away with all competition in the transportation line, when he thus undertook to place the people in a position where they were largely at his mercy, Governor Van Sant stepped into the breach and instituted a fight to protect the rights and interests of the people. It was no small undertaking; it required a lot of courage. He needed the sympathy and support of the people, and especially the backing of the men of influence in his party. Here was Mr. Dunn's opportunity, for he was then state auditor—elected on the same ticket with Governor Van Sant. How did Mr. Dunn meet this opportunity? Not only did he withhold his sympathy and support, but he openly, insistently and persistently ridiculed the efforts of Governor Van Sant and did what he could to make the governor's fight a failure. The issue was in the balance, the outcome doubtful; it was a critical situation. Mr. Dunn did not take the side of the people in that struggle; we know it because we heard it from his own lips. That is the Herald's warrant for saying there would have been no merger case if Mr. Dunn had been governor instead of Mr. Van Sant. That is the reason the Herald is not now supporting Mr. Dunn for governor. And perhaps that is also the reason the Pioneer Press, St. Paul Globe and other railroad influences are supporting Mr. Dunn.

Joel Heatwole and his associates have let go of the Faribault Journal, which they have been running as a daily for several months, selling control of the stock to a new set of men, with R. C. Brewsaugh as editor. The new editor says he will make it more of a newspaper, and the editorial columns "will deal more largely with topics of strictly local interest." This probably will be good news to the readers of the paper.

P. A. Gunders writes The Journal to take exceptions to a statement in the Warren Sheaf, recently quoted in this column. Mr. Gunders admits that he was in Warren, and that he said Mr. Dunn wanted Marshall county, but he denies saying that "any one who would actively take hold of the Dunn campaign would be furnished with the sinews of war." Perhaps it wasn't necessary.

P. A. Gunders of Sunberg, one of the substantial members of the house in 1901, 1902 and 1903, has announced himself a candidate for re-election, and the Willmar Republican-Gazette indicates that he will have cordial support. He has a splendid record, and was chosen to introduce the antimerger bill framed by Attorney General Douglas.

Emmet Mark of Princeton, also a veteran of the last two legislatures, is a candidate for another term, in the big forty-fifth district. He is a hustler in the live stock business, but does not have much to say in the house.

—Charles B. Cheney.

LIMBURGER BY MAIL

When the employes of the house postoffice in Washington arrived the other morning they found a strange package of mail awaiting them. It proved to be something entirely new in the franking line. The odor of the package, which came in a wooden box of considerable size, threatened to put the postal clerks to rout. It was under the frank of Congressman Weisse of Wisconsin, and proved to be nothing more dangerous than several choice cakes of limburger cheese. The last time Mr. Weisse was in Sheboygan Falls he left some of his frank labels there by mistake and some waggish friend used one of them to send him the odoriferous parcel.

THE NONPAREIL MAN

Contest for the Position of Champion Busy Man of the State Waxes Hot—Send in Your Entries—How Carlos Avery of the Hutchinson Leader Attempts to Take a High Moral Position ..and to Run a Gasolene Engine.

A paragraph holding up Mr. McGovern of Waseca as the champion busy man and the occupant of various positions of honor and pecuniary emolument brings from a correspondent a claim that the Waseca mayor is in this respect a few laps behind Carlos Avery, editor and publisher of the Hutchinson, Minn., Leader. Mr. Avery is mayor of his city, secretary of the school board, secretary of the library board, in which connection he helped separate Andy Carnegie from $12,500, and secretary of the Citizens' Improvement association, that secured for his city Ansgar college and many other good things. Again, he is an officer of the Minnesota Municipal League and president of the Home Print Press association. In addition to these stunts Mr. Avery keeps a cow and looks after a 7x9 cast iron contraption that is supposed, when properly treated to gasolene and canned lightning, to perform the function of an engine.

What Mr. Avery, tho a consistent church member, has been heard to say of this latter bit of dodgasted, low-browed, heart consuming machinery we would not care to repeat, for fear he might come up and try to throw us out.

Anybody who has tried to run a gasolene engine and to belong to the church at the same time knows the awful proposition the Hutchinson Leader is against. But it can be done!

Admiral Ouktomsky would do well to keep his ships in dry dock as long as the Russian mines are cruising about the offing.

"Dr. Nichols of Boston, alleges," says the American Inventor, "that cocaine is used to stimulate football players." He says: "Besides enormous doses of strychnine, cocaine is known to be employed by professionals in athletic games. I have unquestioned evidence that in the last Harvard game one of the eleven was drugged to force his supreme effort." That explains why the eleven often acts as if its moral sensibilities were blunted.

Professor Alexander Bell's tetrahedron kite is scheduled to make its ascension on April 30, late in the evening. It is a safe guess that Mr. Bell will not be on board.

More people are turning out flyless airships than ever before.

The coal man this morning told us that he thought there was a good deal in the doctrine of special providences.

There is some considerable stir in real estate circles in Burrville, Conn. The first new house that has been erected there in thirty-eight years is about to be built.

Willie Thompson, office boy to a large firm of publishers in Chicago, is bound to get on in the world. He was sent to one of the operative departments of the house the other day with a message and noticed that something was wrong with the machinery. He reported it to the head of the firm. A few days later he was summoned to the office.

"You have done me a very great service, my lad,' said the chief. "In future your wages will be increased by $1 weekly."

"Thank you, sir," said the little fellow. "I will do my best to be worth it, and to be a good servant to you."

The reply struck the chief almost as much as the lad's previous service had done.

"That's the right spirit, my lad," he said. "In all the years I have been in business no one has ever thanked me in that way. I will make the increase $2. Now, what do you say to that?"

"Well, sir," said Willie, after a moment's hesitation, "would you mind if I said it again?"

Willie is bound to get ahead.

A Maine traveling man tried to get a good one on the old folks but "father" countered on him neatly. The traveling man's parents purposed to celebrate their golden wedding and the drummer had long planned to spend the day with them. But when the day arrived he found that he was too far from his old home to get back to it, so he sent a telegram to his father. He thought that it was a good time to get off a joke on the old man, so he merely sent the message, "Is marriage a failure?" He was somewhat taken back when he got the reply, "Marriage is not, but the results sometimes are." —A. J. R.

ODD CLUB NAMES.

There are many queer clubs in old Greenwich village that New Yorkers unfamiliar with that tangled-up portion of Manhattan never hear about. All of them have regular meetings for purely social purposes, and some of them have large memberships. It is hard to find a shop in old Greenwich at this time of the year that does not have a card announcing the annual ball of one of these clubs. Tickets for them are sold in cigar stores, saloons and grocery stores. The Tough club is one of the most conspicuous of these organizations. Some of the best citizens of the old ninth ward belong to it. Then there are the Hickory club, the Ping-Pong club, the Village club and the Spare Rib club, the latter organized much on the lines of the Beefsteak club. Their spare rib feasts are said to be epicurean revels.

St. Louis' World's Fair is Costing Nearly $40,000,000

(Almost double the Cost of Chicago's Fair)

It will be the greatest Fair the world has ever seen and the last, probably, for many years. Just 12 days left to work in The Journal's Popular Voting Contest. Be a winner and visit this great show as a guest of The Journal, with all expenses paid.

GOOD FOR ONE VOTE

For person named below if sent to Circulation Manager, The Journal, Minneapolis, before April 23, 1904.

Name.....

Street and No......

City.....

County..... *State*.....

Look on Page 2 and see how the contestants are running.

Defective Page