THE JOURNAL

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Where the People Fill Their Wants.

For the first eleven issues in July The Journal carried *107* columns of Want Advertising, which is nearly *60* per cent more than its nearest daily competitor carried.

Such Is Fame.

Someone has defined fame as being the glorious recompense of having your name spelled wrong in the papers after you have died in battle. Sioux Falls now grasps the full meaning of that cynical definition.

Scribner's magazine is publishing a serial story entitled "The Undercurrent," the same being a problem novel, with the popularity of divorce in the United States as the problem. So far, so good.

The accommodating nature of the South Dakota divorce laws is duly emphasized, and one of the heroines starts in the July number of the magazine to take up her residence in the divorce colony at Sioux City.

What a row there'll be in Sioux Falls! To be confounded with Sioux City, Iowa, for the ten-thousandth time, and to have such an important industry transferred by a stroke of the pen from the greatest divorce center in the world to a town that enjoys nothing but some local eminence as a pig-packing metropolis is, indeed, too bad.

Notwithstanding his name, H. Gassaway Davis is said not to be much of a talker.

Being a Republican.

The efforts of the democrats at St. Louis to get away from further association of the party name with the fiat money idea, altho many of them are yet unwilling to frankly and unequivocally repudiate their former declarations as to free silver, and the passing of the free silver heresy, recalls a little political history in Minnesota. Some reference to it may be made with propriety at this time because on Thursday of the second week of July, 1894, just ten years ago, there was published in the newspapers of this state the platform of the republican party of Minnesota, adopted at the convention held the previous day. That platform contained the following plank:

Second—The republican party believes in the use of both gold and silver as money, maintaining the substantial parity of value of every dollar in circulation with that of every other dollar. It believes in bimetallism and that the restoration of silver as ultimate money to the currency of the world is absolutely necessary for business prosperity, proper rates of wages and the welfare of the people.

Holding these views, we believe it should be the policy of the United States to do everything in its power to promote the restoration of silver to the world's currency.

The committee on resolutions which prepared that plank contained the names of two ex-governors, several members of the legislature, the president of the state league of republican clubs, an ex-lieutenant governor, and an ex-railroad commissioner, and would be regarded as representative. But it was not harmonious, and there came near being a minority report just on account of this silver plank. That was a time, however, when a good many republicans were weak-kneed on the money question. Mr. McKinley himself once entertained financial views which he afterwards discarded, and many republicans, some of whom remained loyal to the party and others who did not, expressed sympathy with the advocates of silver as a basis of values.

Now, in connection with the attempt of a few of our state contemporaries who have seen fit to impugn the republicanism of The Journal because it declines to approve what it believes to have been an unwise and exceedingly unfortunate nomination for the head of the state ticket, it may be in order to call attention to the fact that on this occasion of the committal of the republican party of Minnesota to the free silver standard by its convention in 1894, The Journal saw fit to repudiate that plank, and took issue with its party in the following editorial the following day:

It is unfortunate that, with such an opportunity to reaffirm republican principles, the committee on resolutions bungled so badly with the financial plank, and unfortunate that the convention adopted it. As a matter of fact, the republican party does not believe, and never has believed, in such a thing as "the restoration of silver as ultimate money to the currency of the world," or that such a "restoration" is "absolutely necessary for business prosperity, proper rates of wages and the welfare of the people." What did the committee mean? Did they not know that in demanding "the restoration of silver as ultimate money to the currency of the world" they are demanding the single silver standard pure and simple * * * and the shrinking of the value of currency to the market value of silver bullion? Does the republican party believe in the single silver standard?

It is very unfortunate that the committee allowed some trimmers to get in their work on the platform and make the document utterly misrepresent the great republican party, which has always maintained the credit of the nation.

The Journal believes in and advocates republican principles, but it is no party organ and does not wish to be so regarded. But its republicanism proves to have been made of better stuff on that occasion ten years ago than that of some of the weak-kneed republican platform builders, or even that of the republican state convention which adopted a silver plank; and we are quite willing now to abide the verdict of time and experience on the wisdom and justification of our refusal to subordinate our judgment in this matter of a fit candidate for governor to the action of a convention which we believe to have been deceived in part, and in part improperly influenced.

The venerable antique whom the democrats have nominated for vice president, if he should happen to be elected, will be the oldest man in the body over which he will be called to preside, except one. Senator Pettus, with his 83 years, antedates the vice presidential candidate by two years.

The Southern Democracy.

One noticeable feature of the democratic convention at St. Louis was the important and decisive part played by the southern delegates. The issues of that remarkable gathering were determined in every case by the men from the southern states, standing with an almost solid front.

The south began to line up for Parker's nomination before it was even certain that he would carry New York. When he won his home delegation the southern states declared for him, from Virginia to Texas, with the sole exception of Florida. This stand by the southern delegates spoiled the efforts of the Bryan-Tammany combination to head off the Parker boom.

It was the opposition of southern men that prevented Hill from forcing a gold plank thru the resolutions committee, yet when Judge Parker sent his telegram, the southern delegates stood firmly for the only sane course, and voted to send the reply indorsing the candidate's views.

The south really acted as a balance wheel between the extreme conservatism of the eastern democracy, and the radical tendencies of the Bryan men of the west. The southern delegates had a reason for everything they did. They, above all others, are hoping and praying for democratic success.

With the southern democrat, democracy means more than a passing craze for free silver or any other political fad. He may have his own views on these questions, but he has deeper reasons for his democracy. His loyalty to the party is just as sincere as his loyalty to the government at Washington. This democracy is bred in the bone. Republicanism is synonymous to him with race agitation. Federal patronage tends to keep the republican party alive in the south, and so the greatest concern of the southern democrat is to see that patronage passed to democratic hands.

So the southern democrat watches the political pulse of the northern states. His concern is to see enough electoral votes added to the solid south to insure a democratic president. The southern leaders, Bailey, John Sharp Williams, Tillman and Carmack, have been planning to that end, shaping events to a possible victory, and the democracy of the south has followed them blindly. Bryan's two defeats taught them that salvation could not come from the west. It was deemed necessary this year to return to the old Cleveland alignment, the only one that ever brought a democratic victory since the war.

As soon as the south found that New York wanted Parker, and that he stood a chance of carrying the old Cleveland states of the east, the south declared for Parker with a voice almost unanimous. It went against the conscience of the southern leaders to adopt a gold plank, and Parker's telegram grieved them sorely, but when the question came to be settled, they knew that the only way to save the party's face was to indorse the nominee. So again the south came in solid behind the reorganizers. Hill and Belmont won on both these tests, but not with their own strength. They won because the south believed their course was expedient, and pointed the way to a possible victory this fall.

Mr. Hill found it necessary in 1896 and in 1900 to prove his democracy by constant iteration. No southern bourbon needs to say "I am a democrat." The genuine democrat of the south can paraphrase the patriot's toast and say:

"My party, may she be always right; but right or wrong, my party."

Quitting the Air Castles.

There are signs that large investors are growing tired of stock speculations, and returning to more old-fashioned and substantial methods of getting returns for their money. Beyond a doubt, the business world has felt some ill effects from the great withdrawals of capital needed to finance the steel trust and other watered corporations. It will promote the general welfare if some of this capital returns to normal channels.

The increase in building operations this year is an index to this change of policy. Permits in twenty-three cities for the month of June represented a total cost of $37,630,048, which is 42 per cent greater than the value of permits issued in the same cities the same month last year. The figures for the six months ending June 30 show an increase of more than $5,000,000 over the same interval in 1903, and this increase has all come in the last quarter.

One reason given for this showing, which is rather remarkable for a presidential year, is that labor troubles are insignificant this year as compared with last. However, there is another reason operating in Minneapolis, and doubtless in many other cities. Capitalists who have been deceived into bad investments have been drawing their money out, and are looking for better places to put it. They find that good and steady returns come from real estate, so they are putting up stores, flat buildings and residences for sale or rent.

Money invested in watered stock does the country no good. It benefits no one but the inside ring that manipulates the new stock issue. Money invested in real estate and improvements is a direct stimulus to many important industries, and the greater part of it is spent for labor. It is a welcome sign that betokens the return of capital to the old channels.

There are hundreds of people "packing up" and leaving their nice, comfortable homes for a few weeks at the seashore or among the mountains. Yet the poet of the Washington Star tells us that:

The place that's best
For a real rest,
Is out on the old front stoop.

So I ain't a-packin' my satchel
Nor studyin' up the maps,
Nor travelin' abroad for the "comforts of home,"
I am missin' a lot, perhaps.
I have studied the matter over,
An' maybe I'm fancy's dupe,
But it seems to me
That the place to be
Is out on the old front stoop.

If you cannot get away, this is a splendid philosophy to have. And there is a good deal of truth in it, too.

Booker Washington declares that Captain Hobson was mistaken in asserting that he, Washington, favored mixed schools in the south. Mr. Washington declares that the captain either misread his utterances about colored education or somebody has given him a wrong version of them, as never in his life has he advocated the sending of colored and white children to the same schools. Mr. Washington's life has been devoted, not to exciting, but to allaying race prejudice, and he is not likely at this juncture to fly in the very teeth of southern prejudices.

The Nebraska experiment station is struggling with a new disease that has appeared on the wheat. It is called by the farmers the "scab." The scientific name for it is "fusarium." It saps the sustenance of the wheat and prevents the heads from filling, the head turning white. It is a wet weather disease and is of a fungus nature. It will materially decrease the Nebraska yield this season, even with the best of weather from now on. Wheat is going to be worth money this fall.

Senator Elkins says his father-in-law is a good fellow, but that West Virginia cannot be beguiled to give up protection and sound money just for the sake of making one of its distinguished citizens vice president. The nomination of Davis puts it up to Elkins to show whether he or "Grandpap" has the greater influence in West Virginia.

We are told by the director of the mint that the silver dollar is passing out of use. The director of the mint calls our attention to a matter which has always been a source of grief.

The war is giving Japanese journalism a great boom. Some of the papers are now over the 100,000 circulation mark—and they are not lying about it yet, either.

Mrs. Carrie Nation is going to Europe. We feel certain that Carrie will freely tell King Edward what she thinks of him if she gets the chance.

In Washington, D. C., the police are forbidden to pick their teeth in public. Who says this country is not moving onward and upward!

General Miles got three votes at St. Louis, two from Kansas and one from Nebraska. All he needed was 660 more.

Do not eat too much meat in hot weather. It is bad for you. And, then, just now, there are other reasons.

Iowa is about to enact a law making it a misdemeanor for an able-bodied man who is able to work to refuse a job.

THE PEREGRINATIONS OF DAVID

"Th' last I see iv David B. Hill was four years ago whin he was lapin' out iv th' front dure at Kansas City something less than a safe an' painless distance fr'm Willum Jinnings Bryan's congress gaiter. Th' nex' I see iv David B. Hill, he's gone ar-round th' back yard, climbed over th' fince, let himself in th' cellar dure with a skeleton key, climbed up th' dumb-waiter shaft an' is nailin' a pitcher in th' front window iv a peerless dimmycrat leader who will lead us on to victhry, that I niver heerd iv befure."

—From Dooley. See the whole story in Saturday's Journal.

THE NONPAREIL MAN

Woeful Letter from "An Ugly Duckling," Who Is Easily Set Right and Shown That She Is in Truth a Most Beautiful and Attractive Woman.

The following sorrowful letter has been received at this office, addressed "to the Editor of The Journal." It has every appearance of being a bona fide appeal from a person who calls herself "The Ugly Girl" and wonders what she can do about it. She writes:

"I read a good deal about the law of compensation. I used to believe in it somewhat, but I have failed to discover in the all-too-many years of my life the compensations for being 'a homely girl.' A girl with no redeeming qualities of brightness, queenly bearing or well-balanced womanhood to make up for other deficiencies, a downright ugly girl, with stupidity to match.

"I am an ugly girl, with coarse features, an awkward body and a decidedly stupid mind. My own family, brothers and sisters, love me, but it is not, of course, an affection inspired by winning qualities. I have none. It is a fine sympathetic sorrow for my unattractiveness and a sweet family devotion combined so pleasantly as to be most precious, and it is very much appreciated. I am unable to attract friendship or love, and my ugliness is so exaggerated as to attract the notice of strangers, altho I try to make myself as inconspicuous as possible.

"I went in a restaurant today and sat at a table with a well-dressed, fine-looking party of people, favored of the gods. Immediately on my arrival the man of the party seized a fan and began vigorously to fan himself, saying in an audible voice: '——, your chances are gone now,' and continued by words and acts to add to my discomfort, altho the very sweet and pretty girls who made up the rest of the party showed their disapproval.

"I do not complain because people dislike my ugliness. I love beauty too devotedly myself and turn instinctively from what is unlovely. I am simply puzzled as to the whereabout of my compensations. I have a conviction that the convent should be a shelter for unfortunates like myself, but as I have never seen a stupid or uncomely 'sister,' I am led to believe that the church may place sweetness and beauty among its qualifications.

"My own experience would lead me to conclude that there is no place on the earth for the ugly girl, and that it would be a merciful act on the part of parents if they would submit their children to impartial judges and kill all their ugly offspring in infancy for humane considerations. Failing in this, had we not, the ugly ones, better stand in the way of the automobile and cease to cumber the earth while we seek our compensations in the Great Unknown? Or can The Journal Editors suggest an answer to the Ugly Girl Problem?"

Here is a girl who claims to have "no redeeming qualities of brightness, queenly bearing or well-balanced womanhood," yet who writes one of the brightest and most attractive letters received in this office for some time. Hence we must refuse to take her at her own valuation. Possibly if she seems unattractive to herself, it is due to a somewhat morbid sensitiveness over what the glass shows her. She says herself that her brothers and sisters love her and even mentions "devotion." Isn't this something of a compensation?

Again, if we take the writer at her own valuation, it is safe to say that she will not be annoyed by dudes and other cheap masculine flotsam and jetsam. Some of her beautiful sisters could write her a volume on the value of this compensation.

And then beauty is not always on the outer walls. There is that "inward sense" that the poets talk about, and, unless they are fooling us, it would appear that there are things which are not seen that are quite valuable assets and have the advantage of being eternal.

"Outward seemings" are sometimes lies that deceive us. There is Lowell's fine sonnet on "Insight:"

I grieve not that ripe knowledge takes away
The charm that Nature to my childhood wore,
For with that insight cometh, day by day,
A greater bliss than wonder was before;
The real doth not clip the poet's wings—
To win the secret of a weed's plain heart
Reveals some clue to spiritual things,
And stumbling guess becomes firm-footed art;
Flowers are not flowers unto the poet's eyes,
Their beauty thrills him by an inward sense;
He knows that outward seemings are but lies,
Or, at the most, but earthly shadows, whence
The soul that looks within for truth may guess
The presence of some wondrous heavenliness.

Now, isn't this something of a compensation? Is not the writer of this letter judging by "outward seemings" and "earthly shadows," when there is within a "wondrous heavenliness" that may make her very attractive and very much beloved, if it is brought out?

In the story of "Jewel," a little "homely girl," when some one spoke to her of her "unattractiveness," she replied that her mother had told her that you never could tell when things would come right to the senses, but that the beauty might be there just the same.

No, we are inclined to believe that the writer of the letter is a very beautiful and attractive woman, even tho it has not yet come true to the senses. Then we must remember the story of The Ugly Duckling.

Ten years ago today—July 14, 1894—the A. R. U. strike was petering out.

The cruiser Minneapolis was given an official test of her speed, 23¼ knots.

The mattress factory burned.

September wheat was worth 56⅝ cents.

The Detroit baseball team hit us on the eye. Score, 4 to 2.

The spark arrester ordinance was passed.

The Children's Endowment association was being settled up.

We were feeling a good deal older than we do today.

Society Note.—W. Walker, J. Sorefoot, Charles H. Hungry, Vicious Benson, Hairy Andy, Easy Jake, Charles Walker, Solomon Smoothe, Frank Leggett, Kneepan Bob and Limpy Fellows are boxcarring in the freight yards at Cedar lake this week.

What do you think of the character of the fly for meanness who stands on four legs and whets his other two front feet on top of the bald-headed man?

Mrs. Somebody's society column states that a concoction of one-third lemon juice and two-thirds rum will remove freckles. Too many men act as if their stomachs were freckled.

The Japanese religion calls for 168 hot hells. This must be what they are now handing out to their Slavonic friends.

Recipe for Raspberry Jam.—Leave the berries within reach of the baby.

At Duluth the wheat has all gone out. So has the ice.

Did you ever, as a boy, own a pair of copper-toed boots with red tops? If you did you will know just how joyous we feel at the prospect of a vacation. Writing half a column of this stuff per day for 300 days is something like washing the dishes every day regularly for 300 years. Have you ever been queen of the kitchen?

We have had our horoscope cast and find we are safe from railroad accidents. The dog star at our nativity was gnawing a bone in Capricornus' backyard. The pole star was able to reach the persimmon. The horoscope says:

"A man born under this combination will be all right if he gets a little money; if he does not, he will be hard up."

Well, goodby, everybody; take care of yourselves!

We're off!

—A. J. R.

Vast quantities of earth containing radium compounds have been discovered in the llano mineral region, near Austin, Tex.

NEWS OF THE BOOK WORLD

Wisdom Recoined in Maine—The Recoinage as Presented in Holman F. Day's "Kin o' Ktaadn," Verse Stories of Plain Folk—A Melodrama in Narrative—The Centenary of George Sand.

It is wonderful what an amount of wisdom comes out of Maine. It is the same old wisdom that has been floating around doing service in the world since man came and the commodity became a necessity. But every time a chunk of this necessity comes thru Maine, it is given a new stamp; it is worked over into a new mixture, fresh and sticky, and when it strikes the mind again, some of it is sure to stick, like fragments of a boy's missile of mud to a barn door.

Some of the world's supply of wisdom, restamped with the Maine seal, has been gathered together in a book of sense—and nonsense—called **Kin o' Ktaadn**, "verse stories of the plain folk who are keeping bright the old home fires up in Maine," by Holman F. Day. Under Mr. Day's handling the material loses none of its homely quaintness or picturesque charm. On the contrary, he gives it a form and force that helps make it stick. For example, under the subdivision "Waitin' for the Mail," which he introduces with,

Always a seat for another,
Providin' we squeeze 'em tight;
Stampin' in from the smother,
For 'tis snowin' hard tonight.
Time for a bit o' smokin'
Time for another tale,
Time for a little jokin',
Waitin' for the mail.

he falls to moralizing on "human windmills." He says when they "git to sittin' air thru their arms and clickin' away with their tongues, then's the time to look sharp at the grist they're turnin' out. Like enough you'll find they're grindin' sawdust, after all." He goes on:

The moral was p'inted pretty strong at that railro'd town meetin' we had. Those lawyers an' railro'd maggots or magnets or magnates—suit yourselves—talked an' talked an' talked. They rumbled on an' on in the heavens above us, till our ears rung an' we got dizzy, an' we was all ready to vote to lend town credit. * * * But when we thought the railroad shower was all over, up jumped old Square Brown, an' he clinched his big fist an' stuck out his long forefinger an' waggled it, an' says: "Townsmen, go slow till we KNOW. Ye can boil a pot of potaters, but you can't unboil 'em." That's all he said. But the lightning struck.

The wisdom stuck.

This practice of puncturing one's "arguments" with a few words of good common sense is sometimes carried still farther. The tone with which some colloquial slang phrase or word is interjected will sometimes serve quite as well. This is shown in "She Simply Said 'Cat's Foot'," in which "Cat's Foot" has much of the meaning of the more common "Rats." Here is "Cat's Foot":

I have heard a rousing speaker bang another fellow hard,
Give him fits and Hail Columby an' hell fire by the yard;
But the chap that he was tacklin' simply'd set an' grin an' grin,
For the raspin' he was gittin' didn't seem to start the skin.
I've heard a rosy schemer talk an' tell about a plan
For doin' this or tryin' that to raise poor fellowman;
And the chap that riz to answer had a hundred pounds o' steam
With which to buck the center of a fog-bank kind o' scheme.
Why, 'twould take my old Aunt Betsy only jest about a jiff
To knock it galley endways—she would simply give a sniff.
Cock her specs above her knittin', kind o' slant her head around,
Look him over grim's a bob-cat from his topknot to the ground,
Say a couple words, or sech like—and she'd say 'em mighty strong—
An' she'd squizzle all to nubbins a speech an hour long.
Talk of hammerin' your rival! Why, I bet that she can put
More'n a ton of solid knockdown in her "Pshh! Cat's Foot!"

—The Uneasy Chair.

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM,
Author of "Anna, the Adventuress."

Mistaken identity has a secure place in modern melodrama. In **Anna, the Adventuress**, really a melodrama told in narrative, there is the old story of two sisters who are wonderfully, fatally, similar in external appearance. But there the resemblance to other stories ceases. Of course, the sisters are diametrically opposite in character. But in this tale, the "good" sister not only assumes the position of the erring one, but also enters the erring sister's forsaken environment.

The good sister is Anna, the erring one Annabel. The change in identity is assumed by Anna so that Annabel may wash away the folly of her past and marry an English knight who has become enamored of the ideal which he thinks she represents.

Annabel has been a singer in the music halls in Paris, while Anna has been working in a studio. When the change in identity is assumed, Anna goes to London. Here she finds that there is nothing that she can do to keep the wolf from the door. She is too proud to accept help from her sister's husband and decides to take advantage of the opportunity presented of assuming the character of "Alcide," which her sister had impersonated in the music halls of Paris. Her success on the London stage is immediate and complete. But now she finds that the rest of the character of her sister is assumed by others to belong to her. All sorts of difficulties arise, such as an importunate pursuer who says he is her husband.

Of course, an unraveling of the complications comes about, but it is from an entirely different source than the reader would expect. However, that is for the author to explain.

The interest of the story is never allowed to flag and the local color of London and Paris is sufficiently accurate to lend additional attraction to the story. A sentence shows the value of the style to the story:

"My dear child," he said, "with me you need have no apprehension. I am old enough to be your father."

She looked at him with uplifted eyebrows—a look of whimsical incredulity. Sir John felt that after all 45 was not so very old.

—L. S. K.

The centenary of George Sand was celebrated at La Chatre, France, July 10. In the morning the visitors paid a visit to the village of Nohant, preceded by a company of the "Gars du Berry" playing on bagpipes and hurdy-gurdies, and in the afternoon homage was shown the novelist before her statue. The festivities ended with a procession of cars escorted by haymakers, agricultural laborers, vintagers, etc.

BOOKS RECEIVED

KIN O' KTAADN. By Holman F. Day, author of "Up in Maine" and "Pine Tree Ballads." Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

ANNA, THE ADVENTURESS. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price $1.50.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

Frank M. Eddy Says He Is Going to Stay in Politics to Help Reform Some Abuses—Democrats Talk of Non-Partizan Judicial Ticket—May Name Douglas and Lovely.

Frank M. Eddy says he is not out of politics by any means, but has only just started. As he is coming out in the open in the role of editor of the Sauk Center Herald, he will have a good vehicle to promulgate his ideas, which are in no wise changed by the result of the state convention. In the last issue of the Herald he says:

Notwithstanding it has been so asserted, we are not out of politics. We intend to remain in politics and work with voice and pen until the principles we believe are for the best interests of the nation and state are written in a republican platform and enacted into legislation. We are going to remain in politics until a man can make a canvass for the highest office in the gift of the state on its merits, and without the expenditure of twenty times the salary of the office, and the establishment of a full-fledged campaign five months before election. We are going to remain in politics until delegations brought down on a railway pass, in the hands of one man, like a carload of men going out to work on a railroad extension, will be thrown out of a convention, no matter whom they support. We are going to remain in politics until legislation is passed providing for a judicial manner of settling contests, especially when such contests are vital to the actions of the convention. When these things have been accomplished, we may go out of politics; not before. As it is, we are not out of politics. Our political career is only commenced.

The Harmony News says:

The defeat of Judges Lovely and Douglas for renomination is really to be regretted. Both have merited better treatment at the hands of the party. Mr. Lovely has shown himself a fair and impartial judge. Mr. Douglas' defeat is easily explained when it is remembered he was one of the main spokes in the merger prosecution and had won the hatred of that combination. We believe, however, that the two new nominees are fair and honest men, and that they will always be found on the side of right and justice.

There is some talk among democrats of taking advantage of the dissatisfaction felt by friends of Lovely and Douglas by putting both of them on the democratic ticket, with two democrats to complete it, making a non-partizan judicial ticket.

The Breckenridge Gazette expressed itself forcibly on the leading incident of the state convention as follows:

The unseating of the regular Hennepin delegation from Hennepin in favor of the "rump" delegation, which came to the convention with no other excuse for existence or legality other than that it was for Dunn, was a high-handed piece of political jobbery and one which will undoubtedly be rebuked.

—Charles B. Cheney.

SUCCESSFUL ADVERTISERS

MR. JAMES M. BUGBEE,
Advertising Manager for Walter Baker & Co., the Great Cocoa and Chocolate Firm.

The cocoa and chocolate factory of Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., was established 124 years ago on the Neponset river, in the old town of Dorchester, now a part of Boston. One of the big mills of the present corporation occupies the site on which the first chocolate mill in North America was erected, in 1765, and which, fifteen years later, came into the possession of Dr. James Baker, the founder of the present house. He was succeeded by his son Edmund and later by his grandson Walter, under whose name the business has ever since been conducted. On the death of Walter, it came under the management of his grandnephew, Henry L. Pierce, first as lessee, and later as sole owner. During the forty-two years in which he had control he raised it from a comparatively small, local concern to the position of the leading industrial enterprise of its kind on this continent.

The history of the house is a remarkable one. It has had a career of uninterupted prosperity from the start. The business has been pushed in a conservatively progressive way, the machinery and products being kept fully up to the requirements of the times. While the company has had to contend in these later days with what has been branded by the courts as "unfair competition," it has maintained the high standards which were adopted at the start.

Up to about the year 1876, the advertising was restricted almost wholly to the Boston papers and to exhibits at international and local expositions. The business had then reached a point where in order to maintain, in the face of the keen competition which had set in, the steady increase which had marked its progress thus far, it was necessary to use the press in a wider field. The general advertising was placed for some years through an agency, but about ten years ago an advertising department was organized and the business has since been placed direct with the publishers.

All advertising mediums have been found of value; but the chief reliance in securing a wide general publicity has been upon the newspapers and magazines.

A large amount of money has been expended in advertising the business during the past twenty-five years and the results show conclusively that judicious advertising pays—and pays well.

James M. Bugbee has been advertising manager for the firm since 1890 and is a thoughtful, scholarly writer as well as a keen and shrewd advertising man. He has contributed many essays and book reviews to the leading magazines. Every newspaper reader is familiar with the "Baker Chocolate Girl" and other clever and attractive bits of Mr. Bugbee's publicity.

NEWSPAPER MAN AN EXILE

Citizens' Alliance Deports Correspondent from Cripple Creek.

Cripple Creek, Col., July 14.—H. J. Richmond, correspondent of the Victor Record in this city, was deported today by the citizens' vigilance committee. He has a wife and two children here. The citizens' committee has announced that Richmond was not driven out because of his connection with the Record, but because he was personally objectionable.

NATIONAL HOLIDAY IN FRANCE.

Paris, July 14.—The French national holiday is being celebrated in the usual manner. Business is suspended, the bourse is closed and the boulevards are filled with noisy throngs. President Loubet and the bey of Tunis reviewed 20,000 troops at Long Champ this morning.

INDIANS ASSERT THEIR RIGHTS

SAY THE STATE CLAIMS TOO MUCH SCHOOL LAND.

These Are to Be Sold to Townsite Boomers, and the Reds Do Not See Where They Come In.

Special to The Journal.

Bonesteel, S. D., July 14.—Charging the state of South Dakota with attempting to take 6,660 acres of school lands in the Rosebud rservation, in excess of what it is entitled to, the Indians of the reservation have wired a protest to President Roosevelt

At the rate of $4 an acre, which the Indians would receive if the lands were taken up by homestead settlement, they would receive about $26,000. As school lands the Indians will receive only half this amount. In addition, the homesteaders will lose over 6,000 acres, which they might otherwise take up. It is the purpose of Commissioner of Lands and Education Bach to sell these school lands for townsite purposes on Aug. 27.

The Indians have engaged J. W. Lindsay, attorney, of Geddes, to push their protest, and it promises to upset all the well-laid townsite plans. Mr. Lindsay is confident that the action of the state is a violation of the statutes.

Article 2 of the act of congress, opening the Rosebud to homestead entry, provides that the government "agrees to dispose of the same to settlers under the provisions of the homestead and townsite laws, except sections 16 and 36, or an equivalent of two sections in each township." Section 3, article 5, provides that if sections 16 and 36 have been allotted to the Indians and lost to the state, for indemnity school lands "the governor, with the approval of the secretary of the interior, is authorized, in the tract herein ceded, to locate other lands not occupied, not exceeding two sections in any one township, which shall be paid for by the United States in quantity equal to the loss."

In some townships the state has selected from three to four sections, and now has several of these sections advertised for sale for townsite purposes.

The state has apparently interpreted the law as meaning that if the sections 16 and 36 are not allotted, the state is still entitled to select the additional lands.

If the protest of the Indians should result in the defeat of the state, it will upset all the plans made by townsite companies to take up these lands for townsite purposes.

Bonesteel, S. D., July 14.—Parties from as far east as Bangor, Me., have registered here for Rosebud lands and from as far west as the state of Washington and as far south as Florida.

There are about one hundred notaries here, all clamoring for their share of the 25 cents per person, which the government alows for drawing registration papers. Persons who have been her for only two weeks are in the locating business and work the greenhorn who trusts his business to them. Pickpockets are numerous, but owing to the vigilance of the city police their profits are very small. Gambling on the streets has been prohibited and all games are confined to the saloons. The souvenir badge man is here and is reaping a harvest selling 5-cent badges to the easterner for a quarter.

The lunchcounter man is greatly in evidence, and tons of sandwiches are sold at 5 cents each. At least 5,000 people are in today. A great number of old soldiers have registered thru agents. It is intimated by the officials of registration that about 75,000 will register for these lands.

Yankton, S. D., July 14.—Three thousand and ninety-six was yesterday's record at the registration offices in Yankton. While this is smaller than yesterday, the crowd on the streets seemed to be fully as large.

One of the noticeable groups at the registration offices today was that composed of the Sisters of Mercy from the Sacred Heart hospital in Yankton. Their uniform, which invariably singles them out for especial respect, was a striking contrast to the motley throng at the offices. The same courtesy which has been extended to all ladies was shown to the sisters and they were admitted ahead of the long line of men.

As the crowds increase and the demand for rooms becomes more pressing, the homes of the refined and cultured people are being turned open to admit the better class of visitors, who prefer the comforts of a home.

The Rosebud reservation will not hold all who are coming, but there are hundreds of desirable claims west of the Missouri river, which are under the free homestead law. When the next great reservation, the Cheyenne Reserve, is thrown open, as it will be within a few years, there will be a rush for homes that will discount the great Oklahoma rush, and it will show the effect of the advertising that the state is getting now.

WORKING THE GREENHORN

Various Devices Used for Ridding Him of His Spare Cash.

Special to The Journal.

Yankton, S. D., July 14.—The registration rush grows constantly, people coming from all sections of the country. Government officials have taken his papers from Dick T. Morgan, the biggest notary firm in the city, for illegal registration of old soldiers. Morgan was at El Reno and has had twenty men employed here. It is doubtful if matters can be adjusted.

SLOCUM DEAD NUMBER 958

Only 235 of 1,400 on Steamer Escaped Uninjured.

New York, July 14.—The total dead in the destruction of the excursion steamer General Slocum, June 15, is given at 958, in the final report by the police department. Only 897 of the dead were identified. Sixty-two were reported missing and 61 unidentified, while 180 were injured, and only 235 out of the nearly 1,400 on the steamer escaped uninjured. Assuming that the unidentified dead are among the missing, all but one person has been thus accounted for.

DENIES MORGAN AIDS HIM

Alleged Protege of Financier Says Story Is Untrue.

New York Sun Special Service.

Milwaukee, July 14.—Pierpont Morgan's broken-backed protege, Louis P. Gardner, who is supposed to have incurred the financier's gratitude by stopping a runaway containing his daughter, last night insisted he did not know Mr. Morgan and that the financier had no interest in his case. Who had furnished the money to meet expensive bills for his care and who paid the experts that treated him in London during the past three years, he refused to say.

DEATH IN FRENCH-HEELED SHOE.

Chicago, July 14.—Nora Cronin, 27 years old, for five years a chambermaid in the Northern Pacific hotel, was found dead at the bottom of the rear stairway to the place last night. Her neck was broken. A high heel, which caught in a crack in one of the steps, is thought to have been responsible for her death.

Defective Page