HORSE HAS NO BRAIN POWER

VIEWS OF A VETERAN CIRCUS HORSE TRAINER.

The Animal Has Not as Much Sense as the Ostrich or the Alligator—Instinct Is at the Bottom of All His Tricks—Some Remarkable Exhibitions of Foolishness.

New York.—Edward Shipp, chief horsetrainer for Forepaugh & Sells' circus, while in New York the other day gave an interesting talk on horses to a party of friends in his hotel. Said he:

"My word for it, a horse has less brain power than any other animal. An ostrich has more sense than a horse. So has the alligator. That curious, indefinite quantity known as 'instinct' is at the bottom of all the tricks the horse learns. Just as he eats from instinct, he learns tricks. Usually the eating is at the bottom of his entire education. He does things for the most part because he gets something good to eat after the doing. It is his natural search after food that makes him do them, just as he paws away the snow to get at the grass. After a while the actions become habits, and we will say he is 'broken.'

All Due to Trainer.

"Nothing of the sort.

"There never was anything to break. His instincts were simply set in motion. Some men take months to teach a horse the simplest trick and weeks to make him bridle-wise. In a week I can have the same horse responding easily to my directions in simple tricks. It isn't the horse; it is the trainer. Some men exercise an influence over animals which is almost hypnotic.

"It is no common thing for a horse to open a feedbox to get at the grain inside. Some people fancy this is a proof of intelligence. Really it is natural nosing after something to eat. Man is not the only animal whose heart can best be reached thru his stomach.

"There is not the slightest reason to believe that a horse has a thinking mind. Here is an instance:

"During the winter, two of our ponies that do a pedestal act, and always get a lump of sugar after it, if they make no mistakes, rehearsed so much that their pedestals became dun-colored from dirt. When we came into Madison Square Garden to perform the little platforms were repainted. What do you think those ponies did?

"They refused to act. When led into the ring and set at their task, they looked and sniffed at the new pedestals and didn't make a movement in the direction of their usual performance.

"It wasn't intelligence made them act thus. The same lumps of sugar were waiting at the end. They simply had not sense enough to know their own implements in white paint.

Suspicious of New Things.

"If a horse is taught to go thru a red door he will have to be taught all over again to go thru a white one. All doors do not look alike to them.

"It takes patience, such as any man may own to. Also courage—an enraged horse is as redoubtable a foe as any creature of temper with no good sense to back it. Any one who has ever seen a human idiot in a rage can understand the situation. There is nothing more horrible than blind, unreasonable, unguided temper.

"Not long ago one of our finest thorobreds killed his partner. It was in a car. The partner fell down. The other literally trampled him to death. He danced on him, and refused to stop long after he was dead.

"They never dwelt in peace, these two. From the first days together they quarreled. The end was inevitable. We should have seen it.

"But the success of a trick horse is all in his trainer. The public fancies it is in the horse, but it is not. Without a sensible trainer a trick horse is nothing."

NORTHWEST NECROLOGICAL

ELK POINT, S. D.—Mrs. George R. Freeman died Friday morning of cancer of the stomach, after a brief illness. Mrs. Freeman was one of the earlier settlers of the county, the wife of the president of the First National Bank and widely known and respected. She will be buried tomorrow at Lake City, Minn., the home of her girlhood.

MAPLETON, MINN.—The funeral of Mrs. Patrick Feeney, an aged and respected lady, was held from the Catholic church. Interment was in Calvary cemetery.

LAMBERTON, MINN.—Mrs. Gust Peterson, for many years a resident of Marshall and Tracy, Minn., and the last four years of Lamberton, died at the latter place after an illness of several years.

HASTINGS, MINN.—Nicholas Kasmacker, an inmate of the Hastings state asylum, died from apoplexy yesterday afternoon, aged 52 years.

THE LARGEST BRAIN.

It may be that one of these days physiologists will acknowledge that the largest brain the world ever knew inhabited the cranium of Oliver Cromwell. The biggest lawyer today is named Cromwell. No doubt of that. He is a lineal descendant of the lord protector. Cromwell's brain weighed 82.29 ounces. Tremendous! Webster's weighed 53.50. The average weight of the human brain is 49½ ounces.

WHAT CAME OF A LETTER.

My Dear Aunt Kate:

I must tell you the good news. Right after receiving your letter, the day before New Year's I started in with new resolutions on the first of the year. I wrote to Dr. R. V. Pierce, at Buffalo, N. Y., as you requested me to do. I gave him all my symptoms, which were that I was tired—so tired—all the time and did not care to go anywhere, depressed and sad, and all ambition gone, backache and a dragged-out feeling, could not sleep, limbs feeling sore and aching. I followed the doctor's advice, which he went to considerable pains to make plain to me—to rest every day—a nap after lunch—complete relaxation—cultivate repose of mind, try not to worry, get as much outdoor air as possible, and practice long, deep breathing, expanding the lungs. Then for a uterine tonic, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, coupled with a wash he told me of. I must say that after following his advice for four months I feel perfectly cured and like a new woman.

Yours affectionally, JEWEL.

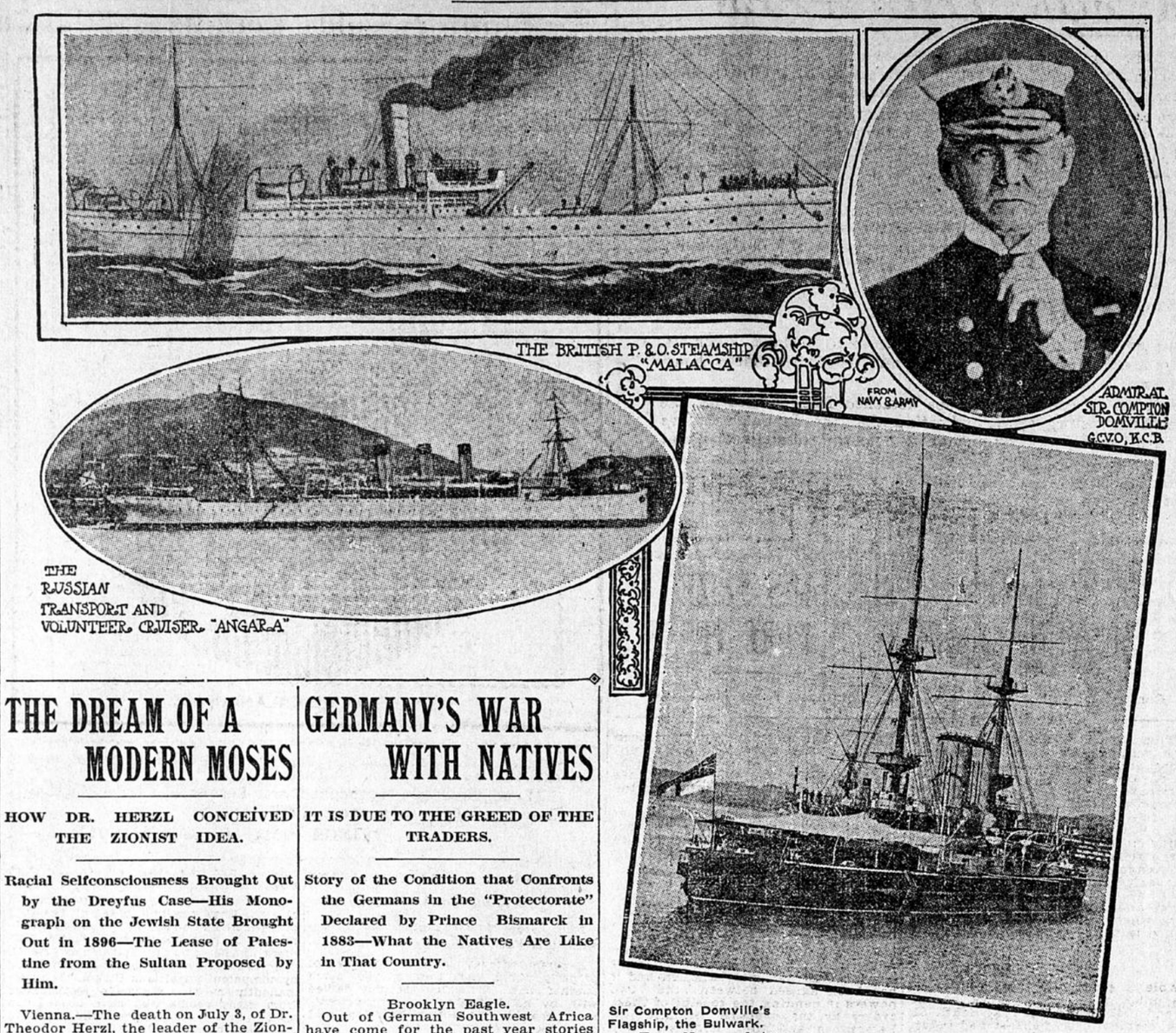
Letters like the above are not unusual.

Mrs. Kooman, of 832 Grant Ave., Schenectady, N. Y., says: "I continued with the medicine until I had taken five bottles, also two vials of the 'Pleasant Pellets,' and I was cured. I always recommend Dr. Pierce's medicines to my friends when they are not well."

"My daughter is in quite good health, thanks to Dr. Pierce's medicines. My wishes are that all who are afflicted will try them and see what good can be done for the sick," writes Mrs. Elizabeth McConell, of Rochester, Ind.

Send 21 one-cent stamps to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for his Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 pages.

SHIPS THAT ARE CAUSING A EUROPEAN SENSATION IN THE RED SEA—AND THE BRITISH ADMIRAL IN THOSE WATERS



Sir Compton Domville's Flagship, the Bulwark. —From Navy and Army.

THE DREAM OF A MODERN MOSES

HOW DR. HERZL CONCEIVED THE ZIONIST IDEA.

Racial Selfconsciousness Brought Out by the Dreyfus Case—His Monograph on the Jewish State Brought Out in 1896—The Lease of Palestine from the Sultan Proposed by Him.

Vienna.—The death on July 3, of Dr. Theodor Herzl, the leader of the Zionist movement, removes from the arena of action a figure of international importance. That he initiated one of the greatest racial movements of modern times—that he succeeded in organizing an unruly and dispersed people for the first time in twenty centuries—the world at large has come to recognize. Mourning for his death is sincere and universal, for Jews all over the world regard him as a veritable second Moses.

The strange fact must be noted, however, that Dr. Herzl did not represent the typical Jew. Born some forty-four years ago in a rich family in Budapest, he had received an excellent university education, had turned to journalism and the drama, and had finally settled down as the Paris correspondent of the Neue Freie Presse. But the Jewish question had never seriously concerned him, because by his position he had never had occasion to feel the keen edge of persecution. It was only the "Hep! Hep!" cries of Vienna and the miserable travesty of justice in the Dreyfus affair that shocked him out of his indifference into a keen racial self-consciousness. The Jewish question loomed up before him in all its pressing import. He began to consider the condition of the eight millions of Jews packed in the ghettos of Europe. They were despised and oppressed, crowded into a killing competition with each other, thwarted in their natural development and wanted nowhere. What was to be done with them? Dr. Herzel's suggestions for a solution of this vexing question were set forth in a monograph entitled "Die Judenstaat" (The Jewish State), which appeared in 1896. He there argued for a legally-assured Jewish state as the only solution to the troublesome problem. He received a hearty response from the thinkers of Europe, and practical measures were taken in the shape of calling a congress which met in Basle in 1897. Thus was political Zionism inaugurated.

Dr. Herzl believed that Palestine could leased by charter from the sultan, and that in spite of its waste condition it could be developed into a great industrial center; that by its natural position it was the key to the commerce of three continents, bordering, as it does, on the Mediterranean, on India and on Egypt; that it would afford a place where the Jews might develop sanely and normally into a great, free and strong nation, throwing off the vices acquired under the stress of persecution; and, moreover, that this solution would not only be a God-sent deliverance to the Jews, but a consummation most devoutly to be wished for the European power themselves.

Whether Dr. Herzl's Zionism be merely a fond dream, or whether it be destined some day to concrete realization, only time can decide. That he was no mere visionary, that he had a firm grasp on all the political and economic bearings of his question, no one can deny. And that he was a noble and great-hearted patriot will also be universally affirmed.

HOW OFTEN.
Puck.

"It takes three generations to make a gentleman, they say."

"Yes; the first makes the dough, the second makes high connections, and the third makes an ass of itself."

LIVED THRU IT.
Judge.

Frayed Fagin—Kin a lobster live in fresh water?

Torn Thompson—Sure! Weary Willie, here, took a bath once an' it didn't kill him.

A HEROIC REMEDY.
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I wrote a little war poem and my wife burned it."

"What was the trouble with it?"

"She said it wasn't fiery enough."

A TRAGIC ALTERNATIVE.
Detroit Free Press.

Waiter—Will you have some Boston soup?

Disconsolate Lover—No, but if you have any paris green soup, bring it along.

"DREAMING, ONLY DREAMING."
Life.

Myrtle—I thought Fred was in love with you, but now I have found out it is I he loves, it seems as tho I was in a dream.

Edna—You are.

When You Think Vacation, Think Lakes.

Somewhere on the shores of the Great Lakes is the place which will suit you for a summer holiday. We can locate you to your entire satisfaction with small expense. Here are a few:

Sault Ste. Marie and return	$13.50
Mackinac Island and return	$13.50
Desbaras and return	$14.75
Sailor's Encampment and return	$15.50
Michipicoten and return	$19.50

We would very much like an opportunity to talk the matter over with you at our ticket office, 119 So. 3d St.

GERMANY'S WAR WITH NATIVES

IT IS DUE TO THE GREED OF THE TRADERS.

Story of the Condition that Confronts the Germans in the "Protectorate" Declared by Prince Bismarck in 1883—What the Natives Are Like in That Country.

Brooklyn Eagle.

Out of German Southwest Africa have come for the past year stories of bloodshed, torture and cruelty. There has been meager news of little German garrisons cut off by natives; of dead soldiers being horribly mutilated; of prisoners being buried alive and of families disappearing over night only to be traced later to the camps of some savage Hottentots or Bushmen. Speeches have been made in the reichstag and credits for millions of dollars have been voted to carry on the little war that is being waged against the natives. But the war has continued for nearly twenty years and the only result of sending machine guns and troops to the front has been to arouse the blacks who possess the up-country districts behind Walfish bay to greater exertions and bloodier deeds.

For now comes the news of the rising of the Hereros. A tribe that can put in the field at least 30,000 fighting men, most of them well armed with breech-loading guns, and all of them of the best fighting stock that Africa has ever produced, is not to be despised. Enemies of the German monarchy, such as Herr Bebel, have freely said in the reichstag that right and justice lie with the native owners of the soil and not with the German invaders. The stake for which the emperor is fighting is hardly worth the shedding of blood, for the most part of the land, especially that on the seacoast, is barren and unproductive. It is only toward the north that the country assumes a genuinely prosperous condition, for it is in the north that the Hereros live with their herds of cattle and their farms.

Even Gross Windhoek, the capital of the colony, has been threatened by the rising of the Hereros, and more than one sharp engagement has been fought with the swarm of blacks that have poured down from the interior toward the coast. The conditions in Southwest German Africa are identical with those that confronted the British in Matebeleland or the settlers in America after the Indians had been roused to hatred of the paleface.

Before 1883 the colony was a sort of Noman's land. It had besides a population of 250,000 natives, a sprinkling of English, German and Dutch traders, hunters and stock-raisers. The traders did a thriving business with the natives, as will be seen later on, and the hunters paid well for guides to take them to the interior after big game. There was a bit of supervision from Cape Town, but not much, as it is a far call from Walfish Bay to Table Mountain by sea, and a much longer and more dangerous route by land.

In 1883 Luderitz, a German, purchased a concession in the south from a Hottentot chieftain, and Prince Bismarck declared a protectorate over the whole territory between Cape Colony and Angola. The German flag was hoisted in 1884. From that day to this the land has been an almost constant care, expense and burden to the German people. Wars, little wars to be sure, have been incessant, and the curious spectacle of one of the most highly cultivated military powers of the world, unable to cope with the lowest tribes of uncultivated savages has been constantly before the world.

The 280,000 square miles of land of the colony is taken up by a number of tribes that differ in character, cultivation and intelligence very widely. Besides the halfcaste tribes called the Bustards, there are the Hereros, Ovampos, Damaras, Hottentots and Bushmen. It is a constantly descending scale as one passes from the northern limits of the colony to the southern. The Hereros, Ovampos and Damaras of the north are almost identical with the Zulus, Basutos and Cape Kaffirs, and are intelligent, highly cultivated up to a certain point, and are still unconquered. For years the Germans have planned expeditions against these three tribes, but each year the expeditions have been postponed on account of the difficulties that the authorities were experiencing with the Hottentots and the Bushmen, and each year has added to the flame of hatred that the high caste natives have felt for the German invaders.

Toward the southern end of the colony are the Hottentots and the Bushmen. Theirs are most rudimentary weapons. Bows and arrows, the latter poisoned, are the familiar weapons; the spear and assegai are rarely used, as these two weapons require considerable courage and strength. But tho the Bushmen and Hottentots use bows and arrows, they have been the thorn in the side of Germany, and it is these two tribes that have kept alive the almost constant warfare in that section of Africa. Lazy, treacherous, thievish and untruthful, they are most unsatisfactory neighbors. Their language is a series of clicks and gurgles. Their intelligence is so low that they cannot count more than five. Above that they call any number "a great many." They never work if they can go hunting. They have few or no flocks. The Hottentot will live and prosper where a white man would starve to death, and find plenty of water where he would die of thirst. The Bushman will live where a Hottentot could not subsist. And with the Bushman the descending scale of humanity ends. The next step is the chimpanzee or gorilla.

But unfortunately for the Hottentots and their close friends and allies the Bushmen, they have a glorious past. In fact, they are cursed with it. Hendrik Witbooi, chief of the Witbooi Hottentots, was for years the terror of all the tribes in the southern part of the colony. He was a born leader and strategist. One after another he met the native tribes in the field and subjugated them, adding their fighting men to his forces. Then in the heydey of his power he quarreled with the Germans. For three years, with wonderful skill and consummate guerrilla tactics, he gave battle to the whites, and finally surrendered on honorable terms. He is now a pensioner of the Germans, and is believed to be loyal.

The Hottentots have never forgotten the good fight that he made. They have never been thoroly thrashed, and as the Germans have allowed the chiefs to retain some authority over the tribes, there is a strong clan sentiment amongst them. Consequently, whenever a Hottentot has felt aggrieved at the Germans, he has not hesitated to lead an expedition against them, and this spirit has kept the southern end of the colony in a turmoil.

But after a fashion the Germans managed to keep at peace with the Hereroes, Ovampos and Damaras. They were doing a thriving trade with these three tribes and especially with the Hereros. This tribe, which has been extremely rich in cattle and even in ivory, is the highest type of African native. It is a hard-working, thrifty, intelligent race, and for a long time it has done all in its power to keep up its friendly relations with the Germans, and the testimony of the Germans themselves show that it is due to their own greed that the present trouble has arisen.

TRUE STORY OF JAPAN

The "Forty-seven Ronin" and Their Death of Pride.

Lahore, India, Times.

Now it happened that a certain provincial lord, Asano of Aho, had been charged with the duty of carrying out the reception of an envoy of the mikado. Asano, a bluff fighting man, well aware of his deficiencies, consulted another nobleman, an experienced, supple, well-born aristocrat named Kira. Kira sneered at honest Asano, and even told him to stoop and tie up his shoestring.

The hot blood of all the Asanos rose at this wanton insult. Out came the great two-handed sword, and the next moment the proud but cowardly Kira was fleeing thru the palace with a great gash in his cheek.

To make an uproar in the palace was a crime punishable by death. A board of punishment condemned the much-provoked Asano to commit suicide by the traditional method of disembowelment, his castle was confiscated, his family declared extinct, his clan disbanded.

Meanwhile the dead lord's clansmen had arranged a plan of campaign. They were now what the Japanese called Ronin—"wavemen"—servants without a master, wanderers without a home. They met and swore vengeance.

Oishi, the head retainer, ordered his men to separate. Some took to mean trades, and, in the guise of artesans and peddlers, gained access to Kira's mansion. Slowly they collected information as to his habits, the precautions he was taking and the intricacies of his house and garden.

Oishi himself, to disarm suspicion, plunged into dissipation. He threw aside his well-loved wife and children and was seen lying in the gutters, and conducted himself as a man lost to all sense of shame and duty.

Two years thus passed. At length Oishi thought he might act. The forty-seven were called together, and one wild, snowy night in January, they attacked the doomed lord's mansion. The gate was forced, the guard killed and the Ronin ransacked the house for their enemy. At last they found him hiding behind a pile of charcoal in an outhouse, quaking with fear.

Kira was too high-born to be killed like a dog, and Japanese politeness asserted itself. Oishi kneeled before the noble wretch.

"Your lordship will forgive your degraded, humble servants," he said. "We are only poor soldiers, and tho our lord's soul demands that you shall die for the injury you did him, we cannot think of killing you without paying every respect to your lofty station. We pray you, therefore, to condescend to oblige us by disemboweling yourself, even as he was forced to do. If you do this we shall be saved the impertinence of laying violent hands on a man we are not worthy to approach."

Thus, doubtless with a low reverence and a drawing of the breath, the good Oishi expressed himself. Kira declined to make an end of himself. So, etiquette or no etiquette, they had to kill him. They cut off his head, marched out to a temple in the city and laid the gory trophy on their own master's grave. Then they awaited their doom.

It came with the dawn—a command that they should all commit suicide. This sentence they carried out, and the graves of the forty-seven are still shown to the curious visitor to the Japanese capital.

HE COULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT.
Judge.

The agent for the individual gas-making plants was putting forth his best efforts to induce the man to purchase an equipment.

"If you don't use our system," urged the agent, "you will be standing in your own light."

"I don't see how that can be," muttered the man, twisting an unpaid gas bill between his fingers.

EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE.
Judge.

"Where shall we put all that waste material?" asks the track superintendent of the yardmaster.

"Along the belt line, of course," answers the yardmaster without look up from his order sheet.

WORK.
Puck.

The life of a slave to fashion was not, the woman still insisted, by any means an easy life.

"I work," she exclaimed, "like a clothes-horse."

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.
Judge.

Traveling Salesman (flatteringly)—How Blankville is growing!

Local Tradesman (enthusiastically)—I should say it was! A few years ago it was only a one-horse, and now it is a seven-automobile, town.

"Inside Inn" Advantages.

Why the Only Hotel in the World's Fair Enclosure Promises to Be a Popular Hostelry.

COMFORT AT MODEST PRICES.

There is one large hotel on the grounds of the World's Fair at St. Louis called "The Inside Inn." It has a capacity of accommodating with comfort and safety, 6,000 guests. It is located near the southeastern corner of the grounds and convenient to two of the entrances. In its immediate vicinity are many of the beautiful buildings erected by the states and territories.

The Inside Inn is embowered in natural forest trees. It is in fact a bit—a big bit—of suburban enterprise set in the edge of a great city. From the doors and windows of the Inside Inn one is not compelled to look upon sun-baked stone streets, sweltering alleys and dead walls. On the contrary, the guest has an outlook upon a primeval forest in which appear here and there the inviting outlines of new houses built without qualms as to cost and embellished with all the artistic adornments that architecture can supply. Looking farther, the guest may behold the graceful towers and the stately domes of the most wonderful city on earth—the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

In short, the guest at the Inside Inn will be practically a summer resorter, away from the din and clamor and dust and heat of the busy city, and yet near enough to the World's Fair glories to behold some of them from his window and to reach any of them in a few minutes. If perchance he shall become aweary of the wondrous wealth of things to see and hear, for the time being, he may hie him back to the Inside Inn, where in his own apartments or in the cozy lounging-rooms or parlors of the Inn he may enjoy a delightful rest, fitting him for a return to the heart of the World's Fair, refreshed and revivified.

The guests at the Inside Inn will be the only visitors who can see the World's Fair from their own front door, so to speak; for at the Inn they will be at home, and while viewing any part of the great Exposition they will have the satisfaction of knowing that a short walk or a brief ride on the Intramural cars will take them home without going outside the grounds.

THE CAMPAIGN HAT

Remarkable Growth of a "Fad" That Has a Basis in the "Party Spirit" of Americans and a Justification in Its Economy.

WITH the opening of the prisidential campaign comes the "campaign hat," which will be worn by millions of voters for the next three months. The "campaign hat," is peculiar to American politics, and, like all other American things, it changes and gets better as the years go by. In the beginning the campaign hat was "a thing apart." It was in most instances a more or less outlandish affair. The "grandfather's hat" of the Harrison campaigns was an example of this.

Of late the "rationalists" prevail, and the campaign hat of the present can be worn almost anywhere and at any time. The "Parker" hat, for instance, is a wearable, nobby-looking headpiece, made in black felt or wool. In the picture of the judge, given herewith, the hat is shown with its embellishment of the democratic "button," which consists of two miniature horseshoes joined together, containing the pictures of the nominees for president and vice president, the motto "We'll win" appearing below the pictures. The emblem can be removed at will.

The "Roosevelt" hat is shown without any emblem. Roosevelt buttons, however, go with each one, and may be attached to the bow at the side of the hat. The "Roosevelt" is a drab hat, which copies closely the famous "slouch" worn by the president when he was touring the country as a vice presidential candidate in 1900. The man who looks for a chance to save money as well as make manifest his presidential preference, finds in the campaign hat his opportunity. For the campaign hat retails at 50 cents, $1 and $1.50, and with many a man it will take the place of the fall hat for which he pays $3 and $5.

The stock of McKibbin, Driscoll & Dorsey (to whose "campaign hat folder" recently sent to the trade The Journal is indebted for the points in this article) contains many other campaign hat styles, which are all modifications of those illustrated here. The shapes and shades shown and described in this article will, however, be staple and favorite the country over.

The McKibbin stock also interests by reason of its answer to the demand of "Young America." "Roosevelt and Fairbanks" and "Parker and Davis" emblazoned in letters of gold across the fronts of caps made of red or blue felt, and retailing at 10 and 15 cents each, will undoubtedly serve to bring many a boy to the stores which handle these McKibbin caps. The dealers who have anticipated the demand and "stocked up" already report a brisk demand from "the little fellows," while the orders from political clubs, marching organizations, etc., as well as the demand from the general public, bids fair to develop a campaign hat business of unprecedented proportions this fall.

McKibbin "Parker" Hat.

McKibbin "Roosevelt" Hat.

McKibbin Boy's Republican Cap.

McKibbin Democratic Boy's Cap.

St. Louis and Return $13.00

The Rock Island System will sell tickets to St. Louis and return July 25th, good for seven days, for **THIRTEEN DOLLARS.** Tickets are first-class, but will not be honored in sleepers. Trains leave Minneapolis 9:10 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., and run through without change of cars. Cafe and Observation Car on Morning train.

Full information on request.

Office: 322 Nicollet Avenue.

Rock Island System

A. L. STEEGE, City Pass. Agent.

W. L. HATHAWAY, Dist. Pass. Agent.

World's Fair and Back $13.00

Monday, July 25

Tickets good on all trains, in coaches or elegant **Reclining Chair Cars,** and returning at any time within 7 days from date of sale. **Why not travel via the Mississippi River Scenic Line?** More than 350 miles of the finest river scenery in America.

Tickets and Information

Burlington City Ticket Office

414 Nicollet Avenue, Minneapolis.

Phones: T. C., 502, N. W. 543.

Burlington Route