THE JOURNAL

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Meet Governor Johnson

The Election and Business.

In considering the many things that operated for the return to power of the republican party, by an overpowering electoral and enormous surplus popular vote, one important factor about which least has been said, comes forcibly to mind—the great desire on the part of business men for commercial stability.

How strong this feeling was is shown by the heavy Roosevelt vote in the larger commercial centers and in the great industrial states of the north. The merchant, banker and manufacturer, for the most part, felt that safety lay in continuance in power of an administration not likely to favor radical changes, and the workingman believed sufficiently well in the idea of mutual benefit to employer and employee to throw his vote largely on the the side of conservatism.

To say that the business man could see nothing at all to criticize in the president or his party would be overstating it. To say that he feared Parker or the control of the democratic party as likely to bring business demoralization would be equally erroneous. There was no such nervousness as in the two previous campaigns. There was, however, a safe, strong party in control of national affairs, a man at the head of the nation whose honesty of purpose his severest critics do not question, and a cabinet headed by a statesman and diplomatist of world-wide renown. The whole looked good to the average business man.

The opposition may have had some very worthy principles and some honest, capable men, but failed utterly in the presentation of convincing reasons as to why place should be made for it by the throwing out of the ruling party. The business man could see no reason for a change, especially in the face of the general revival of trade and increased industrial activity, which presages great prosperity to come.

The immediate effect of the election was shown in the strengthening of the speculative markets. This is no great indication of prosperity in itself, nor do the majority of business men care about it directly, but it is important as indicating confidence. Everyone now believes that the country is in for good times.

To pick one item from the many making for favorable sentiment, we may take the government report of Thursday. This indicates a yield of 2,453,000,000 bushels of corn, one of the largest crops ever raised, and of high quality. With this comes the estimate of Broomhall, the Liverpool grain trade authority, who says Europe will likely need 180,000,000 bushels of corn the ensuing year. Last year we sold Europe 56,400,000 bushels corn and the year previous 72,200,000 bushels. This year we will sell at least twice as much. Enormous exports of cotton will also go to swell our credit abroad, while at home an era of general construction work that will show principally in building in the cities, and in railroad extension, appears to be close at hand.

Judge Evans, chairman of the Missouri democratic state committee, says cotton did it. He was asked what had happened to southeast Missouri, the old "Gibraltar of the Missouri Democracy?"

"That was cotton," he said. "We lost both the fourteenth and fifteenth districts. They had a heavy crop of cotton down there and it brought a good price. It was a fine day for picking cotton and the democrats stayed at home and worked. The republicans turned out and voted."

But to think of there being allowed to be republicans down there! It was an oversight somewhere.

Iowa's "Bad Man Plank."

The republicanism of Iowa is usually regarded as of the genuine, unadulterated, "blown in the bottle" brand. Who ever heard of an Iowa mugwump? And yet, Iowa republicans have not only bolted the ticket, which a few republicans in this state have professed to regard as unpardonable, even with respect to one name on the ticket, but they have gone so far as to declare in their authorized party statements that under certain circumstances refusal to support the party candidate is thoroly republican and commendable.

Back in the early seventies the republican machine in Iowa became very arbitrary and offensive, with the result that quite a considerable body of young republicans declared their intention to revolt against its domination. There were not a great many of them, but they were organized and in earnest, and they made so much protest against objectionable nominations that they compelled recognition, and in the convention of 1873, under the leadership of "Rhet" Clarkson, who was thoroly saturated with republicanism, presented to the convention a resolution which was adopted in the following form:

"To make an end of bad men forcing their elections by securing the party nomination, we declare it to be the duty of every republican to oppose the election of a bad and incompetent candidate, whether he be a candidate upon our own or any other ticket."

This came to be known as the "bad men plank" and was much exploited at that time in the magazines and elsewhere as a literary and political curiosity; but it was republican doctrine just the same. It came from a regularly constituted state convention, and influenced political action in Iowa for some time afterward.

We haven't any "bad men plank" in Minnesota, and from appearances we do not need any. The voters here evidently reserve to themselves the right to refuse to support a nominee who is conspicuously unfit for their indorsement. The existence of such a plank in any political platform is sufficiently interesting to justify comment, but it it particularly significant as a recognition of the fact that the voter is more than ever a free agent and cannot be compelled to support the mistakes or the sins of his party leaders.

Minnesota with only about two-thirds the population of Iowa, gives within a few thousands of as large a plurality for Roosevelt as Iowa. Time was when Iowa was regarded as the banner republican state, but Minnesota with her democratic governor, is giving relatively larger republican majorities.

Indian Names.

Shall the educated Indians retain their aboriginal names, with their wild flavor and poetic significance, or sacrifice them to simplicity and convention, and go before the world as Smith or Jones?

An argument in favor of the old names was presented at an Indian institute held in St. Louis not long ago. It was made by Miss Emily S. Cook, a former employee at the White Earth agency in Minnesota. Miss Cook protested against the modern tendency toward a haphazard adoption of Anglo-Saxon names. They are taken as family names, in order to conform to the legal usage of civilization and provide for the descent of property. Unfortunately, in taking the new names they are dropping the old ones entirely, and becoming plain John Jones or Mary Smith.

In her address, Miss Cook urged that the adult Indians should be enrolled under their present names, and give them as family names to their descendants. The suggestion seems well made. Some of the Indian names are long and hard to remember, but they can be simplified and the "jaw-breakers" dropped out. The Indian of today is taking on civilization, but he should not be taught to be ashamed of his history or his ancestry. He will make a better citizen if he retains his pride and perpetuates the musical language of his fathers in family names. There are enough of the Smiths and Browns and Johnsons, and why should their ranks be swelled by proud sons of the forest, forsaking such surnames as Sang-way-way or Mah-ge-gah-bow? Our Anglo-Saxon names are prosaic. Why not enrich our nomenclature with such gems from aboriginal matrices as Mah-je-ke-shig, Wah-sah-yah, or Ain-dus-o-gwen? Who with any touch of romance in his soul would discard Ma-ca-j-e-wence for Perkins?

Laying sentiment aside, the Indian needs to retain pride of race while acquiring civilization. To civilize him does not mean to suppress his individuality. He does not need to be cut down to fit the dimensions of a white man's mold. Let the Indian become educated and self-supporting, but do not teach him to be ashamed of his native blood.

The Journal contained a paragraph a few days ago referring to statements in southern papers that Booker T. Washington sent a son and daughter to school in Massachusetts instead of educating them at Tuskegee. The comment of this paper was: "This looks like a fair criticism. Yet the south has not done so much for Mr. Washington that he need be excessively loyal to it if there are better schools elsewhere, and if he can afford to send his children to them." The Journal is in receipt of a letter from Booker T. Washington referring to this paragraph, in which he says: "Permit me to say that there has been a good deal published on this subject to which I have not replied. I find that if I get into the habit of denying there will be no end to it. My daughter, to whom reference was made, finished both the industrial and academic courses at Tuskegee, and my son is now here taking the course in brickmasonry and academic branches. It is safe to say that all my children have taken about twice as much industrial work at Tuskegee as the average student takes."

So Mr. Washington practices what he preaches. He gives to his own children the same education which he advocates for other young men and young women of his race. We are not surprised at this. Mr. Washington is thoroly sincere and an eminently practical man and desires for his own children the same preparation for life which he advocates for the children of other men. He is certainly rendering a service to his race and to the south which will cause his name to be held in great regard by future generations. The future will appreciate him more than the present.

Minnesota Wants More People.

There will be another heavy migration of homeseekers to the northwest next spring. The movement in this direction, which has been in progress for the last three years, shows no sign of being checked. It will continue until the vacant territory has been filled up and land values are equalized as between the northwest and the states south and east.

The Canadian northwest has been thoroly advertised on this side of the line, and a large share of the movement has gone into that territory. Minnesota has not had as large share as the state deserves. In the craze for cheap land the homeseekers have been going great distances.

Minnesota ought to attract and hold a great proportion of the farmers who come in this direction next spring. To do this it will be necessary for us all to make a hard, systematic campaign, calling attention to the opportunities to be found within our state, to its fertile soil, magnificent climate and proximity to markets.

Now is the time to start the spring movement this way. The time to reach the homeseekers is before they start, and not after they have bought their tickets. A well-directed campaign of publicity this winter will bring results when the snow has melted and the warm sun welcomes the homeseeker.

The election will take a picturesque figure out of the senate, that of Senator Cockrell, sometimes irreverently known as "Old Garden Sass." The Missouri legislature this winter elects his successor and Missouri has elected a republican legislature.

The Delights of Football.

What is the charm of football? Why do hundreds of thousands of people regard a great football game as one of the events of the year? Do most of the people who attend games understand the formations and strategy well enough really to appreciate the game as a game? Or, if they do, is it possible for them to see the plays well enough to appreciate the work of the individual players, or, indeed, to tell just how the play was made?

A very large part of the pleasure derived from a football game by the spectators proceeds from partizanship. This is proved by the fact that the dreariest thing in the world to a rooter for one team is a game in which his favorites go to defeat. On the other hand, his moment of supreme joy is when his team wins. Another part proceeds from the grim satisfaction, the lurking traces of savagery in all of us, take in witnessing a contest in which conflicting physical force, the shock of man against man, takes so large a part. People are interested in football games for somewhat the same reason that they are interested in wars and rumors of war.

A few appreciate a game for its exhibitions of skill, preparation and physical strength and agility. A few see and understand the details of every game, but the average spectator does not and cannot.

Most of us like a game of football, because we hope to see the other side licked to the inspiring accompaniments of thrilling rooting, clashing cymbals, waving pennants and colors, and the delirious abandon of a great crowd wildly delighted.

It is strongly suspected now in some quarters that the republicans went ahead last Tuesday and held an election without letting the democrats know anything about it.

The offer of peace made to Russia by Japan is so magnanimous that the world is astonished at it. All Japan wants is that Russia keep her promises.

That fierce contest over the electoral vote of Maryland seems to be a waste of effort. What's the difference? Maryland doesn't count anyway.

It is about time for Port Arthur to do another totter. There never was a place that could do so much tottering and so little falling.

Fashionable London has its overcoat creased. A good many election betters have had a crimp ironed in their pocketbooks.

Between the republicans and Jo Folk it is difficult to see how the boodlers are going to make a living in Missouri.

The forecasters are at work on 1908. It is hard to discourage people who get the habit of foreseeing the future.

If the trusts were for Parker they got whipped, if they were for Roosevelt they will get their trouble later.

The Atlanta Constitution says of the election: "We can stand it if the others can." Well, we'll try to.

New York didn't seem to have much doubt after all in spite of its place in that column.

The Brooklyn Eagle predicted 180,000 majority for Parker in New York. That shows!

Mr. Grosvenor is astonished at his pre-election moderation.

VERY ANNOYING

Baltimore News.

Count Cassini says that the attack on the British fishing fleet was, if true, a very disagreeable mistake. It really must have been exceedingly annoying to the men whose heads were blown off.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

How Will the Primary Principle Be Applied to Nominations of State Officers?—Apportionment for Next Convention—Judicial Results Surprising—Sore Dunn Supporters Making Threats—Eustis Boomed for Next Nomination—Results in Rice County.

Primary election reform will be one of the most important subjects for the consideration of the next legislature. There will be many projects for amendment of the law, but the most important proposition is to apply it to the nomination of state officers.

There is sentiment in favor of nominating candidates for governor by the direct primary, and after the experience of last summer some change is sure to be made. However, there seems to be a majority opinion opposed to abolishing state conventions. If conventions can be safeguarded against the abuses which prevailed last June, then the objections can be met. It has been suggested that precinct delegates be elected at a regular primary, presided over by the regular election judges, so as to remove the choice of delegates from any possibility of contest. This would require both parties to hold caucuses and conventions at the same time, which would hardly suit the democrats, but they may have to take some such law and make the best of it.

Will the present state committee, composed almost entirely of Dunn men, decide to penalize the counties which cut the republican candidate for governor? The committee will issue the call for the next state convention, and will decide how the apportionment is to be based. It is usual to base it on the presidential vote, especially just after the presidential election. This year the presidential vote was taken, altho it was cast four years ago. If the committee decided to take instead the vote for governor it would cut down apportionment in the twin cities and southern Minnesota, to the advantage of northern counties. Such an act would create feeling in the counties losing representation, and would not be the politic thing to do. The question is whether the committee as now constituted will care to do the politic thing.

The two outside judicial contests both furnish surprises. The defeat of Judge Cadwell by P. W. Morrison, republican, in a democratic district, was hardly looked for. Morrison was strong, however, in the entire district, and carried Carver by a big vote, while Le Sueur, the home of Judge Cadwell, was close.

In the seventh district John W. Mason was picked to defeat Judge Baxter, who was handicapped by the candidacy of Valentine as a democrat. Judge Baxter's long acquaintance in the district brought him a heavy vote, and he carried some of the republican counties. Valentine got a surprisingly large vote, but Baxter did not seem to suffer much by it.

Among the more rabid Dunn men threats are being made of turning the tables and helping to re-elect Johnson two years from now. That sort of talk is natural while stinging with the disappointment of defeat, but it will not meet with much popular sympathy, and will be apt to die out inside of two years. The verdict of the election was too emphatic to justify much talk of retaliation.

A sample of the talk going round is this from the Preston Times:

> Those who have been fooled will find this out during the next two years and may resent the imposition by perpetuating Mr. Johnson in the governor's chair for still another term, while many of Mr. Dunn's friends might conclude that inasmuch as Mr. Johnson was good enough in 1904 he will do in 1906.

T. J. Meighen, who was the populist candidate for governor two years ago, rendered distinguished services to Dunn in the late campaign, and owing to the populists who followed his lead the Dunn plurality in Fillmore county was much larger than looked for. He did considerable talking for Dunn, but since election says that what he was after was to defeat Johnson in order to "bring the democrats to their senses," so they would make some concessions to the populists hereafter.

The Blue Earth Register is getting some satisfaction out of the results in Faribault county, where a normal republican majority of 1,000 was cut down to less than 250. The Register says:

> **They Told Us a Lot of Things.**
>
> They told us that all the soreheads were in Blue Earth.
>
> They told us we were making the noise but they would have the votes.
>
> They told us that the farmers would be solid for Dunn.
>
> They told us this was a Dunn county before the convention.
>
> They told us Faribault county would give Dunn not less than 800.
>
> They told us the public examiner's report was all false; evidently the people did not think so.
>
> You can fool some of the people all the time, and all the people some of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time.
>
> You can always depend upon the people to vote right, when they have the facts presented to them.

It seems a trifle early to start the next state campaign, but the Heron Lake News has opened the ball by declaring in favor of Wm. H. Eustis for governor in 1906, predicting that if the party gets together and nominates him he will win easily.

It certainly would seem a good "hunch" to consult the wishes of Hennepin county for once. Two years ago the county was satisfied, and gave the republican candidate for governor nearly 7,000. This year the county was disfranchised and insulted, and the voters "handed it" to the republican candidate to the tune of 8,000 or so.

Dunn seems to have fallen between two stools in Rice county. Before the state convention Faribault was against him because of friendship to Clapp and opposition to Heatwole. When Heatwole was turned down Northfield became anti-Dunn, but Faribault did not seem a bit pleased, and tho the Dunn campaign was put in the hands of the former Collins leader, the Faribault vote was an awful rap at Dunn.

Faribault stood: Dunn, 425; Johnson, 952.

Northfield voted: Dunn, 224; Johnson, 465.

If Heatwole had not been there to vote for Dunn, it would have been still worse.

The Faribault Republican, which is anti-Heatwole, has dug up one of those pre-convention denials in the Northfield News, and calls attention to its disagreement with Mr. Heatwole's present position. In the issue of April 30 the News said:

> R. C. Dunn says that he has not entered into a plan to defeat Senator Clapp. From what we know we believe that Mr. Dunn speaks the truth.

The following appreciation in the Ada Index is from the pen of one of Chairman Hamlin's colleagues on the state committee:

> Conde Hamlin is undoubtedly a good business man, but his first hand in the game of politics proved a four flush.

Wheelock's Weekly, Fergus Falls, says:

> Dunn's faction counted on the rural districts, and the rural districts fooled them. The people read and think more than ever before, and you can't bet on the country being hidebound partizans any longer.

—Charles B. Cheney.

SHOOTING AT SHADOWS

Chicago News.

Admiral Rojestvensky probably takes a shot at his shadow every night before turning in.

NEWS OF THE BOOK WORLD

THE UNEASY CHAIR

Bagging Glaciers in Alaska, or a Naturalist in the Far North.—What John Burroughs saw as a member of the Harriman Alaskan expedition in 1899 was first told in the reports of the expedition. It has been given to the public in new form in Mr. Burroughs' **Far and Near**, "another collection of papers dealing with the old, inexhaustible open-air themes." The "far" part of the book relates to Alaska and is full of such information as only one trained by life-long observation would be able to give; the "near" relates to more things the genial naturalist has seen and studied about his cabin door.

We have been told much about the things that are to be seen in Alaska, but it remained for Mr. Burroughs to "bag a glacier" for us in a description of which the following is a part:

> We saw the world-shaping forces at work; we scrambled over the plains they had built but yesterday. We saw them transport enormous rocks and tons on tons of soil and debris from the distant mountains; we saw the remains of extensive forests they had engulfed probably within the century, and were now uncovering again; we saw their turbid, rushing streams loaded with newly ground rocks and soil-making material; we saw the beginnings of vegetation in the tracks of the retreating glacier; our dredgers brought up the first forms of sea life along the shore; we witnessed the formation of the low mounds and ridges and bowl-shaped depressions that so often diversify our landscapes—all the while with the muffled thunder of the falling icebergs in our ears.

That is the way a naturalist sees a glacier, and it is worth something to have it told so to those who never expect to go gunning for glaciers. The author writes with that simple directness that those who know him find so attractive, so like hearing him in a conversation beside his cabin fireside. This latest book of his will be prized as will be the half promise it contains that another may be forthcoming before long.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. N. McCarthy, Minneapolis. $1.10 net.

LESLIE W. QUIRK,
The Author of "Baby Elton, Quarterback."

A Paragon of a College Sportsman from Some "U" in the West.—A story altogether of college sport and of one who was a conspicuous figure therein is told in Leslie W. Quirk's **Baby Elton, Quarterback.** The story sounds a bit like that of life at the University of Wisconsin. The colors of Baby Elton's alma mater, at least, were cardinal.

Elton was an all-'round athlete. He could play football, baseball, and other games, and when pushed could smash an intercollegiate mile-run record. He was loyal to his school and was ready to sacrifice self for her honor. By his thoroly sportsmanlike attitude toward all college contests, his conspicuous loyalty and his rigid honesty he became the university idol, and, hence, because he was small, was called by the endearing term of "Baby."

The story is one that will interest amateur athletes especially. It sets a high but much needed ideal for these days of conspicuous professionalism in college sports. However, it has some flaws which show a lack of technical knowledge on the part of the author; for example, the statement, describing a certain play, that the quarterback "snapped the ball back." But these are not numerous nor very conspicuous.

The Century company, New York. N. McCarthy, Minneapolis.

JEAN-FRANCOIS MILLET.

Not far from Paris, in fair Fontainebleau,
A lovely memory-haunted hamlet lies,
Whose tender spell makes captive, and defies
Forgetfulness. The peasants come and go—
Their backs too used to stoop, and patient sow
The harvest which a narrow want supplies—
Even as when, Earth's pathos in his eyes,
Millet dwelt here, companion of their woe.

Ah, Barbizon! With thorns, not laurels, crowned,
He looked thy sorrows in the face, and found—
Vital as seed warm nestled in the sod—
The hidden sweetness at the heart of pain;
Trusting thy sun and dew, thy wind and rain—
At home with Nature, and at one with God!

—Florence Earle Coates in the November Atlantic.

Story of a Great Educational Institution.—Alumni and students of Columbia university will be especially interested in **A History of Columbia University**, published in commemoration of the 150th anniversary of the founding of King's college. The book is not only interesting for the story it tells of the growth of one of the leading institutions of the country, but for the picture it gives of that institution as it exists today.

The editors are Brander Matthews, John B. Pine, Harry Thurston Peck, Munroe Smith, and Frederick P. Keppel, and the main portion of the book, and the most interesting portion, the history of the college proper, is from the pen of John Howard Van Amringe, the dean. This account covers very completely and satisfactorily the history of the academic or undergraduate institution from the foundation to the present year, including, of course, the successive migrations of the buildings up town from the region of Park place (the original site presented by the vestry of Trinity church).

The section on the development of the university is written by Professor Munroe Smith, and the several professional schools and the affiliated colleges are treated in each case by some member of the faculty of the school in question. The section, descriptive and historical, on the library is by James H. Canfield, and an appendix includes various documents of King's college, and an account of the Greek letter fraternities. The illustrations are portraits of the successive presidents, many portraits of other officers and dignitaries, and pictures of the buildings.

The Macmillan company, New York. N. McCarthy, Minneapolis. $2.50 net.

Stories of Chinese Children.—Thru the Chinese consul at San Francisco, Ho Yow, Jessie Juliet Knox, a Pacific coast writer, came in contact with and met socially the better class of the Chinese in this country, and learned much that was interesting of the people, a portion of which she has incorporated in her first book, **Little Almond Blossoms**, a book of Chinese stories for children, attractively illustrated from photographs of Chinese children in California.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.

Boys in the Woods in Winter.—Captain Ralph Nonehill, author of several books for boys, has added another book to the list in **The Island Camp**, a story of young hunters of an eastern state in the depths of the forest in midwinter. The story is the first of a series to be devoted to sport.

A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. $1.25.

WHERE HE DIFFERED

Harper's Weekly.

Representative Richardson of Tennessee tells of a campaign conducted by Governor "Bob" Taylor in that state.

Meeting for the first time a delegate from one of the eastern counties to the state convention, Mr. Taylor said:

"I am glad to meet you, sir. I have known your father for a good many years, but this is the first time I have had the pleasure of seeing you. I see, sir, that the son is a better looking man than the father."

"Oh, come, governor," replied the delegate, banteringly, "you needn't try to jolly me that way, for I'm for Barksdale all right, even if the old man is for you."

Governor Taylor smiled in a reflective way. "My dear sir," he added. "I merely said I found you a better looking man than your father. I did not say you had half as much sense."

BUT WON'T DO FOR STEADY DIET.

New York Tribune.

How are children so often able without injury to swallow such sharp things as pins, needles, tacks and bits of glass? The secret, as disclosed by Dr. Albert Exner, of Vienna, lies in the fact that, when a pointed or sharp-edged body comes in contact with the lining of the stomach or intestine, the part touched contracts and puckers so as to thicken itself in that place. At the same time it withdraws itself in such a manner as to form a little pocket, and gradually twists the object around so as to turn the edge or point away, pushing the thing along.

CROWN PRINCE A MECHANIC

The crown prince of Sweden is not only a keen motorist, but he is a first-rate mechanical engineer, and it is even said in Stockholm that he has suggested several good improvements to existent French automobiles. King Oscar's eldest son and heir is, perhaps, the most serious-minded of future sovereigns; he led a studious youth and is highly cultivated. His royal highness is married to a first cousin of the German emperor.

THE BEST TOWN

Harper's Weekly.

Senator Kittredge of South Dakota is known as "the silent man of the senate." No one ever knew him to take up the time of that body when he had nothing to say, and he seldom enters a general debate.

This absence of loquacity on the part of the South Dakota senator makes it a very difficult matter to interview him. Washington newspaper men say there never was a statesman from whom it was harder to elicit information than Mr. Kittredge.

During one of the presidential trips thru the west, the senator was a member of the party. At Fargo one of the newspaper men approached Mr. Kittredge to get an interview. The senator nodded his permission.

"This town of Fargo is a pretty prosperous one," observed the journalist, as a starter.

The senator said nothing.

"Is it the largest town in North Dakota?" asked the newspaper man.

"It is," replied Mr. Kittredge.

"Is it the largest town in both of the Dakotas?" was the next query by the persistent newspaper man.

"No," said the senator.

"Now, tell me, senator," asked the newspaper man in desperation, "which is the best town in the Dakotas?"

"Sioux Falls," said Mr. Kittredge.

And that summed up the interview.

IT'S DIFFERENT

Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The whole atmosphere at republican national headquarters is as different as possible from the old-fashioned, free-and-easy way of running a campaign. It is being conducted on strictly business principles, and the whole thing is very much like the way in which offices are run in a business corporation. Relics of bygone days occasionally drift in and are hopelessly out of the picture. One of them came in recently and seized on Chief Clerk Hitchcock, dignified, well-groomed and businesslike, as that official walked down the hall.

"I demand to see Cortelyou at once," said the survival. "You belong here, don't you?"

Mr. Hitchcock, a little staggered, said he did.

"I've come all the way from Peoria to tell him important news about the situation there, and I demand to see him at once," said the relic.

Mr. Hitchcock fenced for a few moments, and gently drew forth the information that the visitor wanted to see Mr. Cortelyou in order to secure railroad transportation back to Illinois. Then he said it would be impossible to see the chairman, as he was very busy getting ready to go to Chicago. "Great Scott," yelled the survival, "he's going to Illinois on that pass I ought to have."

With the Long Bow

—"Eye Nature's Walks, Shoot Folly as it Flies."

One of the things that beat Swallow was his refusal to state that he would not accept a second term.

✉ ✉ ✉

A few democratic clubs in Massachusetts now propose to put the entire national party into a $3.50 shoe.

✉ ✉ ✉

The democratic party has been reorganized so much that there isn't much left of it but a few wisps of straw, half a hoof and a bray. Let's get an autobandwagon.

✉ ✉ ✉

There is a cat in London worth $5,000. Give us a good trap. It doesn't sing nights.

✉ ✉ ✉

The Dougherty, Iowa, World has a prize puzzle, the problem being to discover where Ira and Harry will be next year. The World says:

> We are informed that Ira Marsh, who recently traded his farm here for one in Minnesota owned by his brother Harry, will work his father's farm next year, when Harry takes possession of the farm where Ira lives, and Mr. Fisher will move to Minnesota and work Ira's farm there.

✉ ✉ ✉

When Doc Bixby was humping himself and sawing out a wiggly piece of classical music on his fiddle the other night he sawed right into un poco animato and had to send his bow around to the repair shop to be filed.

✉ ✉ ✉

A Bible study class yell was given in these columns the other day. Now the American Medical Journalist brings to hand the class yell of the '04 class at the Wichita, Kan., training school for nurses. At the close of the graduating program the class "reared up" and, in ear-piercing tones, emitted the following "class yell," one of the most remarkable, it is believed, of the many strange varieties of this unique form of amusement:

"Staphylococcus, Streptococcus,
Microbes all!
Sterilize and fumigate,
Watch them crawl!
Big germs, little germs,
Short and tall,
Fat germs, lean germs,
We kill them all!
Antisepsis, that's our call,
We're the largest class of all!"

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If there is anything that ought to be an unpleasant job it is that of rubbing it in. Some people seem to think that it is necessary in order to "show" the other party. A strong John A. Johnson sympathizer at Le Roy, Minn., writes a letter asking to have it rubbed into his Dunn friends. It seems that the Le Roy Dunn men were strong in the faith. They had several banners and streamers tossing to the breeze and just previous to election day they had a new banner with big letters printed on it, reading, "R. C. Dunn, Governor of Minnesota by 60,000." The claim is made also that they had a dummy figure of the opposing candidate made and were prepared to celebrate mightily. Feeling ran high in Le Roy. The day after election, a party looking in a certain back window, close to a newspaper office, saw the boys sadly burning their banner and image. Hence the Johnson partizan writes for us to rub it in good and plenty.

Not on your plurality. It won't be four years before we'll want every one of those Dunn votes to help save the country or the state or something. No, sir! Let's slap the other fellow on the back and say:

"You're licked good and plenty this time, confound you; but two or three years from now we'll all be voting together again."

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Harry Lehr has recently married Mrs. J. Vinton Dahlgren and retired from the Newport leadership to that elegant leisure that Mrs. Dahlgren's $6,000,000 bank account promises to afford. In his capacity of arbiter elegantiarum of the smart set, Mr. Lehr has made quite a settled reputation. While acting as "wine agent" he became known as "an original young man" by wading thru a public fountain at Newport with Mrs. Freddie Gebhard at 2 a.m. Some of his original stunts by which he attained swift social recognition were as follows:

> "Told Mrs. John Jacob Astor she looked 'punk' with a white rose. Recommended a red one. Became her society secretary at a salary of $12,000.
>
> "Increased the '400' to 600, thus securing undying loyalty of the new increment.
>
> "Played buffoon at entertainment; danced as ballet girl; acted as ringmaster at Mrs. Oelrichs' circus.
>
> "Gave a dinner to some monkeys and some friends and defied the guests to guess which was which.
>
> "Appeared in decollete at a ball.
>
> "First man to wear rolled-up trousers with evening dress.
>
> "Originated 'tennis in bathing suits fad.'
>
> "Went shopping with chatelaine bag attached to wrist; escorted Mrs. Fish and Mrs. Oelrichs and a rag doll around Newport."

It will be readily be seen that a man who can rise to the occasion in this way cannot be kept down. Several ladies becoming tired of their poodle dogs as pets, cast envious eyes on Harry, but he singled out Mrs. Dahlgren and her "pastor" said something funny over them about "what God had joined together," and the newspapers took it that they were married.

A record like this certainly deserved something in the way of a title at the hands of King Edward. Mrs. Lehr and husband should go abroad and be presented at court. We can almost hear the fateful words:

"Arise, Sir Harry Lehr."

—A. J. R.

Defective Page