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The English Elections.

THE voting for the British house of commons has proceeded so far that there are only about a dozen scattered constituencies which have not chosen their members.

The triumph of the liberal party, while calmly predicted by its leader, is so overwhelming as to astonish the successful candidates as much as it does the opposition.

No one who has followed the course of the Balfour ministry in recent years is surprised that the nation repudiated it.

Lastly, and not leastly, the Balfour ministry was rebuked for holding out office for months after it was apparent under the custom of English politics it ought to take the sense of the country.

Lastly there is the slump toward democracy to be taken into account. It is evident everywhere.

The Journal's special correspondence contains a hint that the senate is loafing while the house works overtime.

The Slocum's Captain Convicted.

A NEW YORK jury has found Captain William H. Van Schaik guilty of criminal negligence in failing to have fire drills on the steamer General Slocum.

The Slocum disaster was a peculiarly horrible one. The steamer was crowded to the guards with excursionists from a German Sunday school in lower New York.

There was some effort in the trials to shunt the responsibility from the captain to the owners of the vessel, but it must be clear that the guilt of the one does not imply the innocence of the other.

This verdict, arrived at after two trials, must be justified by the evidence, and it carries with it a salutary lesson.

In order to make the verdict in the Slocum case complete, the law should reach out and secure the owners of the steamer also.

The public examiner, who rushed in to check up the accounts of the Albany capitol, pretty nearly fell thru the marble stairway, which has been closed for repairs.

One cannot read the long list of \$10,000's, \$25,000's, \$50,000's and \$100,000's given to cousins, friends, employees, coachmen, daughters and others in the Marshall Field will, without being convinced that Mr. Field was a pretty good type of millionaire.

The Greeks of the thirteenth century are charged with the first football games. In a few days we may discover that the game was played 3000 B. C. by the Chinese ancestors.

Civic Evolution.

WESTERN people are familiar with the changes in morals and manners of a community as it passes from the frontier stage to one of stability and more or less refinement.

When the railroad first went thru, these towns were merely the temporary swarming places of transients. Such inhabitants were not as a rule "bad men," but they lacked home environment.

A great change has come over some such towns, still in their infancy. The Crookston Times calls attention to the fact that within a year nearly every village on the Great Northern between Crookston and Bagley has voted to prohibit the sale of liquors.

The civilized stage has come unusually soon to most of these communities, and there is reason to believe that the general awakening to law enforcement and higher moral standards has quickened the reformation of these new and impressionable towns.

Somebody, probably a legislator who has lost his pass, has discovered that \$10,000,000 can be saved in the carrying of the mails. Everybody else has known it right along.

Profanity and Good Manners.

SOMEONE writes to The Journal to inquire whether profanity is on the increase. He has met with a great deal of it lately, and deplores the prevalence of this inexcusable habit.

We do not know how this question is to be settled. There are no reports or statistics, no evidence except individual observation, and, as to that, we know of no general consensus of opinion.

And this is a vice not only of the coarse, the ignorant, the vulgar and the vicious, but of men who lay claim to culture, refinement and gentlemanly breeding. That profanity is a gross violation of good manners, of common politeness, of ordinary decency, to say nothing of its moral quality, must be apparent to anyone who is at all thoughtful on the subject.

The Journal attempts today to make itself useful in a new way to a large element of its readers in the city and out of it by instituting what, for lack of a better name, may be called a travelers' exchange.

The South Bend, Ind., Tribune says that massacres of the Armenians should stop and calls on President Roosevelt to act. If the Esquimaux have stomach trouble from a too exclusively blubber diet or the Australians suffer from wearing tight shoes, somebody is sure to call on the president to rectify these errors.

Senator Alger of Michigan has announced that he is a candidate for re-election. If he should win it would put him in the senate till 1913. This makes Michigan hesitate.

The Question of Waste.

MR. JAMES J. HILL'S recent pessimistic utterances about waste in this country will not strike a responsive thrill among a people who see their millionaires wasting more every day than the common people can afford to waste in a lifetime.

Where are we at? Do we know anything about it beyond the fact that we have a tariff and that we also have monopolies which sell boots and shoes, steel bridges, and breakfast food to the South Sea islands, to Egypt and to Madagascar, cheaper than they will sell them to Americans, and that after paying the freight? What would happen if there should be an intelligent investigation of this waste?

Then there is the question of the waste in railroad rates. How much waste is there in paying dividends on stock which was never paid for in cash? There is a suspicion that this comes out of the shipper first and finally out of the consumer, and that every cent it causes him to pay for an article more than it is really worth is waste of his income.

Then there is the waste of national resources involved in the 1,000 per cent tax on alcohol used in the arts, when it could just as well be free and be the cause not only of building up many industries, but of making a sure market for the farmers' surplus corn and potatoes.

Is the real waste in this country at the spigot or at the bung hole? Is congress the bung hole?

Lawson promises his remedy for next month if the patient has been "built up" sufficiently to stand it.

Lincoln, Democrat.

FREQUENTLY the claim is made that Lincoln was a democrat. Mr. Louis F. Post in a recent speech in this city said: "There is a house in Chicago on which there is this tablet, 'Dedicated to the public service and the memory of Abraham Lincoln, democrat.'" This seemed to the speaker conclusive.

There is no objection on the part of republicans to the democrats claiming Lincoln, for there is a sense in which the virtues of our greatest statesmen belong to all the people, and therefore to all parties of the people.

Lincoln died before he recanted any of these opinions, so that if he is now a democrat the change must have come over the democratic party and not over Lincoln's record.

It is true that the democratic party is not now in favor of slavery. It is not now against internal improvements. It is not against protection entirely. So the democratic party has become to that extent Lincolnized.

The millionaires gave to charity in 1905 the tidy sum of \$66,104,431. Of this immense amount there was donated for education, \$37,303,000; galleries, museums and societies, \$7,024,000; hospitals, homes and asylums, \$5,391,500; miscellaneous charities, \$5,700,175; church work, \$4,242,756; library buildings, \$1,993,000; gifts other than cash, \$2,435,000; donations sent abroad, \$2,015,000. Some of this simply must have tainted—but never mind now.

Nicholas Longworth, who marries into the dynasty, is receiving numerous letters from hair fakirs who wish to reproduce a growth on his now vacant dome of thought.

We trust the Lincoln Journal will make a note of the fact that the curling bonspiel was postponed on account of the January thaw which carried away all the brooms and two thirds of the language with which the game is played.

General Linevitch calls the czar's attention to the fact that he is still in Manchuria by announcing that things are in great disorder there.

Young Mr. Rockefeller says that falsehood is never justifiable. Father agrees with this view, but may add sotto voce that it is a very present help in case of legal trouble.

When St. Paul unbogs and divides the interurban territory, the movement for uniting the two cities will make more progress.

We have chicken shows and poultry shows, but why is it that we do not have hen shows? Possibly the hen is too busy in the egg trade.

We are now watching a neat little finish fight between the Square Deal Chicken and the Special Privilege game cock.

Can't adjust things in this world. Chicago is unsafe because it has not enough police. St. Louis because it has.

Secretary Taft has taken to horseback riding. That horse must feel rather bowlegged in his back.

Sepator La Follette continues to be so quiet that you might hear a king pin drop.

Mann proposes and the 400 come down hand-somely.

Uncongenial Tasks.

"I HAVE a boy and a girl in the public schools," said a Minneapolis man the other day. "The boy has taken all the honors of his class, but the girl has not done very well. She continually complains that she does not like this study and does not like that study and so she makes no progress in it. I tell her that when I went to school that I had to like the things the teachers wanted me to like and that the things they made me study when I did not want to had done me more good than anything else in my school life, but it does not change her attitude. What is the difference between them?"

The difference is very likely that the boy has the joy of work while the girl has not. He has the yearning to achieve, to conquer. The task itself is of minor importance, the conquest is the main thing.

Learning lessons in schools is like a stonemason building a wall. He would rather handle the small stones which do not strain his back with their weight, but he knows that the large and unwieldy stones must be put in place if he is to have a wall. There is no escape from the facts. The big stones must be laid so he might as well be cheerful about it.

Children in the public schools have early an opportunity of learning the philosophy of life. Hating to do things reduces not only the capacity to do the things hated, but also to do the things loved. The discontented, unwilling discharge of uncongenial tasks, says John Coleman, means the slave's attitude. The slave's unwillingness under the lash wears down to a sullen obedience to superior power, but with it goes the ability to turn off any task well. The slave loses his initiative. Command of one's self is command of one's work.

Ladies' hats appear in the windows at prices ranging from \$1.50 to \$30. If the price marks were shifted the \$30 woman might wear the \$1.50 hat with great comfort of soul. Any husband will tell you that.

A Rocky Road for the Square Deal.

AS THE result of a lawsuit, Mlle. Carlier, one of the leading actresses at the state theater in Paris, finds herself endowed with a \$2,500 sable cloak for which she did not pay a cent. It was brought out in the trial that the proprietor of a fashionable fur store had asked her to pose in the coat and she had assumed that the coat was to be her reward for advertising the furrier's goods. The jury agreed with her and she wore the coat home triumphantly, all Paris applauding the dignified impression she made and adding its opinion that the furrier was well repaid by having the goods exhibited in so neat a package.

The testimony also established the fact that Mlle. Carlier was not singular in her ambition to possess clothes for which she had paid no money. Another actress swore that whenever she posed in a costume she expected to have the dress presented to her. A third said she depended on this system for her entire trousseau. "How else," she said, "could I wear good clothes?"

This system may seem equitable to its beneficiaries, but it is of doubtful value to the rest of the community. When an actress obtains \$10,000 worth of clothes in a single year for merely posing someone pays for the goods and the making in the end. Who pays? Probably the wives of American millionaires who imagine they must have dresses made in Paris.

But even those who buy at home do not escape this species of graft. New York modistes do the same. Not only the dressmakers, but all who sell anything to the rich, from coal to ice cream, pay tribute to employees and charge the tips finally in the bill. This form of graft has become so insufferable that the legislature of New York has passed an anti-tip law under which if you catch your servant splitting up bribe money with your butcher or grocer you may discharge him and then send him to jail.

It takes more than four years to inoculate a whole people with the germ of the Square Deal.

The doorkeeper at the White House was alarmed at first when Crazy Snake called on the president the other day. It was, however, one of Snake's lucid intervals, and he had a pleasant talk with the Great Father.

It is stated that the biggest winner at the Monte Carlo tables this season is an American who plays under an assumed name. It is hardly patriotic to patronize Monte Carlo while Wall street is open.

Fifteen hundred laborers from Jamaica have arrived to dig the canal. Laborers immune to Jamaica ginger and Jamaica run ought to prove non-puncturable to the Panama mosquito.

If Phoebe Cousins is aware of the fact that there are now 1,000 women lawyers in this country she may feel that she did not run the gauntlet of the ribald press in vain.

Harvard is going to produce a Greek play. This is a game at which no legs are broken.

Depew denies that he has aphasia. Rogers got it when Depew was not looking.

BATHING AT BEMIDJI

Grand Forks Herald. An 8-year-old girl studying a lesson at home looked up from her book and said: "Mama, why do they put in the geography that pilgrims go and bathe in the Ganges river?" "Why," said the mother, "because they think that is an interesting thing to know, I suppose." "Well, people go to Bemidji to bathe, and they don't put that in the geographies." "Oh, I see. But you must understand that people bathe in the Ganges because they are religious, while they bathe at Bemidji—for other reasons."

PAYING TRIBUTE TO THE WIND

Governor John A. Johnson. The great curse of the country today is in the fictitious valuations placed upon property and the fact that the American people must by their energy and economy pay tribute to this class of genius by paying a rate of interest and profit on property which has no existence.

FUTURE SENATOR STARTED

Grafton, N. D., Record. Senator Clark gave his new grandson \$1,000,000 to begin life with. That is a good beginning and if the young gentleman is careful and saves readily he may be able to get into the senate when the time comes.

SAD ACCIDENT

Grafton, N. D., Record. A South Dakota Indian died last week by accident. He was trading horses all by his lonesome, when the owner appeared and the accident occurred.

With the Long Bow

"Eye nature's walks, shoot only as it flies."

Strong White Light Thrown on the Turkish Bath by a Victim from North Dakota—Excessive Use of the Emery Wheel and Iron File Not Recommended in the Case of Thin Men, Who Are Frequently Worn Away.

The Grafton Record man has just been against a dollar's worth of Turkish bath. After a short walk in the altogether, accompanied by a bed sheet and a slight sense of modesty, he was placed in the oven of the city bakery. He adds:

"I was laid out on a cane-seated cot and the director of ceremonies began basting me out of a tub of water. He left me and in ten minutes came back to see if I was done. I followed him out and we next entered a room where he turned on enough steam to run a Soo engine out of the state. The steam was so thick I could not sit down. I couldn't stay anyway, and left as soon as I located the door. We then moved under the rain machine; first hot and then cold. I never did like sudden changes and dodged out. We then went to the marble slab, where I rested easily for a minute, while my friend mixed up a preparation of soap and city water. Then he got busy. After rubbing me thoroly to satisfy himself I was there he began playing the 'Star Spangled Banner' up and down my back. He put force and other breakfast foods into his work. I could see the stars and feel the banner. This lasted until 12 o'clock, when he rubbed me thoroly with rock salt. I thought of the dollar I spent and stood it to get my money's worth. After I was salt enough to suit the taste he said we would rinse off. After the rinsing process, which was accomplished by a dive in the swimming pool, he told me I had had a Turkish bath, and I was glad of it."

The Record man was badly cheated if this was his bath. And in this way: Just before you go into the hot room, in all properly conducted Turkish baths, you should be put on the grindstone and the outer rim of cuticle neatly taken off. Then the man with the wood file goes over you and touches up what corresponds to the shell of the lobster. You are then dipped in acid and filed with an iron file. This puts you in fine trim for the bath. After the hot room, the steam bath, the rub-down and the plunge, you sit around in a winding-sheet and try to blow cigaret smoke out thru all the pores of the body. Failure to do this shows that the bath has not produced a complete cure. Sometimes a touch of the emery wheel will fix this all right.

We once knew a very thin man who, after he had taken a Turkish bath, complained of drafts blowing thru his pores that sounded like the wintry wind whistling down the kitchen chimney in the old farmhouse after the cows were fed and all the family had retired at 8:37 p.m.

The Turkish bath is the Fat Man's Glory, but under its ministrations the thin man shrinks up like a squeezed-out sponge at eventide.

"No," said Frank Rockefeller, decidedly, "I do not care to inform the courts how uncle frisked the public and showed father the gentle art of Long Distance Pocket-Picking. This is a family affair and really none of the public's business. Uncle John perfected the scheme and should not be interfered with in his rights. It is disgraceful."

The senate's reckless haste in this railroad rate matter seems almost incredible. Can you put your finger on that line of Shakespeare's where the immortal bard says, "Let all things be done decently and in order?"

Only three months more of winter and then we will all be being run over by the big red gasoline tanks again. Great!

A St. Louis man is suing for divorce because his wife "kicked him so hard that he never recovered from the effects." If Little Sunshine kicked the great big Brute, no doubt he thoroly deserved his punishment and all right-thinking people will rejoice that Sweetie took the law into her own fair, overworked hands—no rather feet—and dished one up for papa that all the doctors from Eastport to El Paso couldn't take the jar out of. May we express the trembling hope that the shrinking, down-trodden one did not wrench herself in administering correction to the partner of her joys and sorrows—in this case sorrow! Aren't men the wretches? —A. J. R.

TWO RAILROAD SYSTEMS

C. E. Russell in "Everybody's." The German railroad system is not complicated by any bare issues, nor by lobbies, pools, combinations, dark-lantern deals, secret compacts, crooked congressmen, purchased senators, bribed district attorney. No part of the railroad earnings in Germany need be set apart for the expenses of gentlemen engaged in manipulating political conventions or in electing certain candidates and defeating certain others. That makes a wonderful difference in the practical operations of the system and a wonderful advantage to the public pocketbook. In Germany railroad rates are based on the cost of transportation, the interest on the outstanding bonds, and a fair profit on the service performed. In America, they are based on the traffic manager's nerve.

SEEING THINGS AT NIGHT

Is you eber skeered an' lonesome
When de dark's a settlin' down,
An' de trees cas' long black shadows
Des las' snakes along de ground?
Don't you feel de little shivers
Kinder creepin' up yo' spine
When you hears de squeech-evil holler
An' de whip-cr-will a cryin'?
Makes you think 'bout ha'n'ts an' ghoses
Des to heyar dem crickets sing,
An' dem frogs down in de marshes
Dey soun' we'se den anything.
Wish dat dawg 'way ober yonder
Wouldn't howl no doleful la',
Wish a train would come a whizzin'
Down dere on de railroad track.
White folks neber does see ghoses,
Ha'n'ts don' bodder dem at all,
But a nigger's boum' to see 'em
Soon es twilight 'gins to fall.

T'aint so hard to be a nigger
When de sun's a shinin' bright,
But 'd rather be a white man
When hit's gettin' 'long to'ards night.
—Eloise Lee Sherman in New York Times.

NATURE; THE ARTIST

Such hints as untaught Nature yields!
The calm disorder of the sea,
The straggling splendor of the fields,
The wind's gay incivility.
O workman with your conscious plan,
Compass and square are little worth;
Copy (may, only poets can),
The artless masonry of Earth.
Go watch the windy spring's carouse,
And mark the winter wonders grow,—
The graceful gracelessness of boughs,
The careless carpentry of snow.
—Frederick Lawrence Knowles,
"On Life's Stairway."