

THE JOURNAL

VOLUME XXVIII—NO. 141.

LUCIAN SWIFT, MANAGER. J. S. McLAIN, EDITOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY

Mount Vesuvius.

MOUNT VESUVIUS links the modern with the ancient world, for the mountain is doing today the very thing it did A.D. 79, when the younger Pliny wrote his account of the eruption.

Science knows nothing more about it than that internal heat which increases toward the center of the earth seeks its outlet along the lines of least resistance.

The foreign matter which is covering the farms and villages on the slopes of Vesuvius is silicate rock, called lava. Where the lava escapes from the vent intact it flows down the mountain side until it cools and solidifies.

Vesuvius has long been one of the show places of the world. Its slopes are covered with vineyards and pretty villages and lately tourists have been accommodated with an electric railway which took them to the summit and within 250 yards of the crater.

The rivalry between Seattle and Tacoma as to which will be Pompeii by Mount Rainier-Tacoma first is very keen.

Losing Sight of the Target.

IS OUR modern education hitting the mark? The question is being continually raised, with more or less valid criticisms against the purpose and method of public school and college work.

All education, however, does not aim at given callings. After the elementary knowledge of the primary and grammar schools comes broader study to awaken the taste of pupils, to teach them to appreciate the best things.

A strong arraignment of current courses and textbooks is made by Willard Giles Parsons in the Atlantic. He declares that educators have lost sight entirely of the aim of cultural courses, and do not teach them in a way to improve the taste of pupils.

The trouble, as analyzed by Mr. Parsons, lies in the fact that courses in all subjects have been made vocational. Latin and literature, when taught to teachers, should be taught by the vocational method.

Women as Voters.

MRS. HENROTIN of Chicago, outlining the reasons why women should vote at municipal elections, called attention to the paternal character city governments are assuming and asked whether women are not as much interested as men in the health problem, the pure water question, the juvenile courts, the cleaning of streets, tenement inspection, etc.

It should be admitted instantly that women are more interested in these questions than men, but why confine the argument for women's suffrage to these questions? Are not women as vitally interested in the tariff as men? Do they not buy the trust-made articles at the stores and are they not more acutely aware of the shelter afforded them by the tariff than the men are?

It is not a question of interest. It is a question of how the common interest shall be cared for; a question whether doubling the number of voters and making women active instead of advisory politicians will turn the trick.

Those Genteel British Games.

THEY play a milder kind of football over in England than we do. The Britisher is shocked at our mass plays, hurdles, flying tackles, and other evidences of crude western barbarity, and English sports have been held up as a model for our American institutions by some of the reformers.

On a little closer inspection, tho, one finds there are some things in English university sports that need reforming, according to the American point of view. The following extract from the Oxford Varsity of March 15, in its account of an inter-university competition with Cambridge, shows that the American reformer is sadly needed over there:

J. L. Walker, Trinity, and T. D. Richardson, Trinity Hall, Cambridge, then entered the ring and a short and sensational round took place. Walker was quite in another class to his opponent and landed some lefts in the first few seconds, being literally almost untouched himself. Before a minute had passed he got a terrific right on the jaw which sent Richardson down like a log and there was no question about the winner. It may be taken as an axiom that a knockout blow which makes the recipient fall forward is generally a settler, and this was demonstrated in the case of the featherweights last week.

This would seem to be a case for Governor Johnson. The Oxford boys, however, were just getting warmed up. Slaves cleared the arena and two more gladiators entered. They were full of ginger also, as the Varsity account shows:

Quite as exciting, and even more so, was the lightweight contest when C. C. Wilson, Queen's, knocked out Sir Philip Brocklehurst, Trinity Hall, Cambridge in the first round. * * * In about fifteen seconds had been counted. In less time than it takes hard righthand blow, but was up again before ten seconds had been counted. In less time than it takes to write it he was down again, but got up with the greatest pluck and continued to fight. Down he went again, and up again he came. It was worth a lot to see such determination. Excitement ran to fever heat when Wilson was sent down with a smashing blow from the Cambridge man which put him quite out for a few seconds; he was up again, however, before nine seconds had been counted and then sent Brocklehurst down for the fourth and last time with a terrific smash. Wilson has come on very rapidly and will be quite first-class by next year if he goes on at the same rate.

Wouldn't that shock our Johnnie Flynn or William Ittner? It's quite a decent decorous sort of employment, however, in the eyes of the British undergraduate. When the excitement "ran to fever heat" the collegians probably emitted that "low, growling sound" that George Ade says they call "cheering," and when the Oxford middleweight had properly polished the colored gentleman from Cambridge, they doubtless all went and had some tea.

Some of the ladies of the New York 400 had an exclusive prayer meeting at the St. Regis parlors last week. This would be funny were it not serious.

The City Man and His Garden.

THIS is the time of the man with the rake, not the muck rake which the exponents of the dime magazines make use of so handily, but the garden rake, with which he is industriously bent upon cleaning up his yard, removing the dead leaves of last autumn and encouraging the grass to come out and sing its song without words.

The yearning to delve in the soil is something which the farmer has no monopoly upon. While he may turn over acres to the city man's square feet, he does it with no more pride in the venture than the perspiring office hero who has hurried home from the city to burn, clear and plant.

Pity is due the man who has no desire to plant seeds and wait for them to sprout, who is not ready to sacrifice ease, leisure and even baseball games to the enthusiasm of gardening. What tho the return be small, what tho his wife may buy earlier and larger radishes in the market! They are not his radishes. He did not watch and tend them, and after all they have a market flavor which is insipid. The home-grown radish represents devotion. It is eaten in the excited glow of achievement. The market radish has no sentiment and frequently it is hollow otherwise.

Besides, the home garden counteracts the tendency to dyspepsia which makes its appearance periodically in mortals who devote themselves too assiduously to the intoxicating pleasures of the office chair. It brings into being muscles of which the owner wotted not, and the perspiration that it develops goes far to prove the physiological assertion that man is composed of three buckets of water, an assortment of wires and a capacity to comprehend his wife's directions.

Thomas Lowry once made the remark that no man ought to be permitted to own land who was not willing to do something with it. He meant not merely to buy and sell, but to improve it. This applies to city lots as well as to farms of vast extent. The forms of improvement of land are many. One of the most rudimentary is the act of clearing it up. This means too often merely the duty of removing from the face of the earth the distortions of nature which the criminal instincts of man have put there, namely, bottles, cans, ashes and discarded articles of clothing. Nature if given a chance will do the rest. Even weeds have their beauty as compared with the grosser litter scattered by man. They are green and have a certain shapeliness. The man who clears his lot does something. The man who does not clear his should have something done to him.

It is intolerable that America should be allowed to sit along side the European nations at the Moroccan and The Hague conferences while shutting out Europe from the meeting at Rio Janeiro.

Further than this, Die Post urgently insists that Germany should send a special diplomatic representative to the Pan-American conference "for the purpose of watching and, if possible, thwarting North American intrigues." This is referred to Secretary Root for consideration. There is an annoying consistency about the argument.

Kansas is taking a great interest in oiled roads, especially where the roads are sandy. Professor Dickens of the Agricultural college says that an experiment at Hutchinson, Kan., where a sandy road was oiled, is proving a great success. He has at the college a sample of a sand road, which was treated with oil in 1901. It looks a good deal like a piece of sandstone rock.

A Connecticut law forbids a person to catch more than thirty brook trout in one day. This compels fishermen to count their strings and is a real hardship.

Carnegie said that millionaires rarely smiled. Yet did you ever see a sweeter smile than the one you met the day you paid that coal bill?

Whose Business?

"IT IS none of your d---d business" is the reply attributed to Senator Daniel, when asked by a reporter what was said at his conference with the president.

Barring his profanity, it is possible the senator was correct. He knows best what was said at the said conference. If it was something of a private nature, something about the prospects for shooting in Virginia or something about good roads about Mrs. Roosevelt's place in the state of which Senator Daniel is a sovereign overseer, it could not possibly interest the reporter, but if it was something about the railroad rate bill it might affect the reporter's business as a representative of the public momentarily. We trust the senator did not fail to differentiate between what is a reporter's business and what might be his natural human curiosity about a conversation between two such eminent persons. Such a colloquy could never fail to be interesting; it could seldom fail to be enlightening; it might even be of vital importance.

It would seem as if the senator from Virginia was in some danger of infringing on the Vanderbilt copyright.

Nurses in the Jackson sanatorium at New Orleans went on a strike because a negro, employed on a railroad which had run over him, was admitted to one of the wards. Noble devotion to humanity!

Getting Results.

OUR Boston letter tells of a "farmers' special train" which carries experts in agriculture thru Massachusetts, instructing the farmers in the most modern methods, and says that the meetings held are very popular. It seems that this is a new thing in Massachusetts. We have been holding farmers' institutes in Minnesota for eighteen or nineteen years. It was a New England man who inaugurated the movement here. Governor Pillsbury supported Superintendent Gregg and his assistants in that work for a year or more before the state was asked to appropriate any money, but out of that grew the idea of a practical school of agriculture in connection with the university, which has now become, with its special and regular courses, the most successful institution of the kind in the country. Minnesota is doing more, and doing it better, to improve methods in agriculture than any state in the union and the results are beginning to be apparent in such ways as the repeated triumph of the Minnesota buttermakers, over all competitors in the national contests.

These are busy days for the smoke inspector of Naples.

The Illinois Primary.

THE Illinois primary law appears to have been wrecked by the injection of too much clever politics into its composition. The act provided that a party to be recognized under the act must poll 10 per cent of the vote, but an exception was made in Cook county (Chicago) where the percentage was made 20, and the socialists attacked the law on account of the discrimination which would have shut them out.

Other features of the law were attacked which were not essential to the main purpose of a primary law, which is to permit the voters under the protection of the state to conduct contests for nominations in the group of voters with which they affiliate. Some of the restrictive provisions were against the spirit of individual liberty in politics. Such a provision was the one which deprived the voter of his right to vote at a primary if he had changed his party fealty within two years. Many of the tendencies of the law were toward the corralling of the voters within the wide domains of the two old parties and keeping them there.

The framing of a primary law which will keep the voters of one from joining another group, for the sole purpose of inflicting weak candidates upon it, is a delicate one and the Illinois law appears to have erred on the side of too great interference with the liberty of the citizen. The supreme courts appear to have correctly applied the principle that the rights of the citizens are paramount to protection of the machinery of parties. If there must be suffering it should be the machinery and not the live citizen which shall suffer.

The Texas tornado that swooped down on the ball park was after the umpire, of course.

Grain and Flour Export.

AN INTERESTING and suggestive chapter in the history of the grain and flour export trade is furnished today by that careful and intelligent student of commercial conditions, Rollin E. Smith, in the fourth of his series of letters to The Journal from European market centers. In this letter he discusses the food supply of the United Kingdom, its source and the comparatively recent remarkable rise of the milling industry in Great Britain.

He calls attention also to the development of wheat fields in larger area and greater productivity outside of the United States and to the effect of this development upon American grain export and upon the market for our flour abroad. While it appears that Canada and the Argentine and India are supplying to the British miller a larger amount of wheat of better variety than heretofore, out of which the British miller has learned to produce a high grade of flour and is becoming a dangerous competitor to the American miller in the British market, it will be borne in mind that the American flour industry is enjoying a constantly increasing home demand and consumption which promises before very long to make the domestic manufacturer independent of foreign markets.

How easy it is to arrive at the condition where foreign markets is a matter of little concern may be appreciated by recalling the conditions of two years ago, when, thru partial failure of the wheat crop, the United States became an importer of wheat to some extent and the American flour demand pretty nearly equaled the home production. It will be years, no doubt, before America will cease to be a heavy exporter of wheat and flour, but the American demand is increasing at a very rapid pace and the export trade is becoming relatively less important every year.

Newspaper correspondents who have hastened to the scene will have some difficulty in surpassing Lord Macaulay's description of Vesuvius in his poem called "Pompeii":

Saw ye how wild, how red, how broad a light Burst on the darkness of that midday night, As fierce Vesuvius scatter'd o'er the vale His drifted flames and sheets of burning hail, Shook hell's wan lightnings from his blazing cone, And gilded heaven with meteors not his own?

With the Long Bow

"Eye nature walks, shoot tally as it flies"

Mrs. Ruge of Chicago, an authority on clothing, states that the first pair of trousers was made in Egypt about the year 3000 B. C., and were, or was, a development from the apron invented by Adam.

Mrs. Ruge explains that for some time men and women alike wore aprons, but finally a masculine dress reformer cut holes in his apron, and, sticking his legs thru, came out in insipid trousers. As time went on he caught the idea of sewing limbs to these holes and lo, trousers were born! It took centuries before the crease was ironed into them.

A little thought will show the development or evolution of the Easter hat. The ladies of 3000 B. C. wore a fillet, a string around the head to hold the hair back. An inspired woman one day stuck a rooster feather in this fillet and lo, the first bonnet! In time the fillet became ornamental and the glorious spring season naturally suggested a flower or two. You can work out the rest of the evolution for yourself, how the rooster head, the piece of old colored cloth or anything else that came to hand naturally went on the hat just as it does today, a little better taste, perhaps, being used today than in 2600 B. C., tho some doubt this.

Senator Clapp last week intimated inoffensively that Senator Tillman had stated the thing as it was not. There are various ways of calling a man a liar, but they are all "unparliamentary." The British legislative body has struggled with this inhibition for centuries. How can a statesman intimate that a fellow member has said the thing which is not and still be within the rules. Even "opposed to fact" and "subterfuge" have received the speaker's interdiction. But Henry Grattan, the Irish orator, once conveyed the idea in a careful way. He said, significantly, on a memorable occasion: "I will not call the gentleman a liar—for that would be unparliamentary." The gentleman was indignant, however, and Grattan had to fight a duel with him.

Ben Franklin had so diplomatic a way of calling a man a liar that the person so designated felt highly complimented. But Old Ben had made a deep and life-long study of the fine art of being one of those statesmen in the mouth of whom butter would melt. Ben tells in his autobiography how he went about it.

Up to the present time Ben Franklin holds the palm, but we suspend judgment until Senator Allison calls somebody a liar. The country is waiting anxiously to see how he will do it.

Dr. Dowie's papa who still lives somewhere in Iowa and states that his prophetic son is not quite right mentally, also adds that his grandson, Gladstone, "was educated at three universities, including Harvard, and will never be anything." Gladstone may well feel that it is a waste of energy to "be anything" as long as father can pull money right out of the air. Beside this, a young man who has exhausted three universities, including Harvard, naturally feels that he has earned a slight period of mental repose before engaging in the activities of Zion.

The logic on which Dr. Dowie's claim to be Elijah rests is so naive that it ought to be sorrowfully studied. Here is a sample of the reasoning:

First—John the Baptist was the messenger of the covenant and Elijah the prophet.

Second—Malachi and Jesus say that the messenger of the covenant and Elijah must come again.

Third—if we are the messengers of the covenant, we must also be Elijah the restorer.

The messenger of the covenant and Elijah the restorer, and that prophet of whom Moses spoke, are all one and the same person. The declaration that we are that person is either what those peculiar theologians, the Chicago press, declare it to be, a great blasphemy, or it is a tremendous fact of the utmost importance to the whole world.

We have not assumed it. It has been imposed upon us by God himself. Had we been deceived in this matter, then God would have deceived us. That is an impossibility.

The poet Heine who was something of a satirist once gave a philosophical definition of "an idea." "An idea," said Heine impressively, "is any damned nonsense that happens to come into a person's head." Yet that peculiar kind of nonsense that Heine mentions as condemned is sometimes good for a few million of dollars. It is easy to account for Dowie, but more difficult to account for the crowd that seems anxious to give up its wealth to him.

We might announce in this place that we were appointed the Past Grand Royal Vice Ompaloola of the universe and ask everybody to send us a tenth of his income, but who would do it? —A. J. R.

A movement to erect a monument to Wirz, the confederate officer who had charge of Andersonville prison, makes some veterans almost forget that we have all forgotten the bad in the past and are remembering the good only.

After "Senetah Jeff Davis of Arkansaw, be gad, sah," rubs up against the gentlemanly Allison a few times, he may begin to see the difference and possibly Arkansaw may take a tumble after a while, too.

The man who got among the curbstone brokers in Philadelphia shut his eyes and prayed for the mob was sent to the asylum. The probate court felt that a man who would shut his eyes in that crowd was, to say the least, mentally unbalanced.

Ten years ago this week Iowa was passing a law taxing bicycles which were so thick on the streets that they bothered the farmers. Now our sports object to working themselves to death.

The Memphis Commercial-Appeal has discovered the African in the Algerias conference fuel. It quotes Die Post, a mouthpiece of the German foreign office thus:

The open-all-night bank in New York has started. If we recall, the bank at Monte Carlo, run on this principle, has been a great financial success.

There is much in a phrase. You may call it "getting mad," but Dr. Dowie doubtless referred to it as "righteous wrath."

"Friday the 13th" passed and here we all are alive still yet!

A "rough house"—spring cleaning.

THE WAKING YEAR

Lady red upon the hill Her annual secret keeps; A lady white within the field In placid lily sleeps! The tidy breezes with their brooms Sweep wale, and hill, and tree! Prithee, my pretty housewife! Who may expected be? The neighbors do not yet suspect! The woods exchange a smile— Orchard, and buttercup, and bird— In such a little while! And yet how still the landscape stands, How nonechalant the wood, As if the resurrection Were nothing very odd! —Emily Dickinson

Hoot Mon

Oliver Goldsmith, an Irish poet who wore a collar which looked as tho it had been turned with a plow, began a history with the declaration that it was fortunate that the beginnings of history, which were so difficult to get at, were the very parts that people cared nothing about.

If Oliver had been right about this it would have been a happy thing for historians, but unfortunately he was wrong. The portions of their history which are obscure are just the parts that people delight in digging up and talking about. How else do you account for the fact that the first five paragraphs of Russell A. Alger's autobiography are taken up with recounting the low wages he received in 1794-5-6. He takes pains to recall that in those years he received only \$4 a month. In the first half of the seventeenth century Andrew Carnegie plucked in a foundry for 18 cents a day. John Wanamaker turned bricks for 7 cents a day in colonial times. Why do these men flaunt the fact that these men were such poor providers for their families in their early days? They do it because they know the world wants to know about the crooked things in their lives. They do not specify any crooked things, but the inference is plain that the man who lays up \$400,000,000 or \$500,000,000 out of \$4 a week must be crooked.

It is the same with the history of nations. The story of Romulus and Remus, the wolf brothers, is of more interest than the ascertained facts about Caesar and Cicero. We hang breathless on the story of King Alfred and the baking and Robert Bruce and the spider, tho we know that they are probably both made up stories. It will be so with the history of Minneapolis when it is written. The splendid achievements of the Commercial club and the herculean labors of the public affairs committee will pale before the recital of how Lars Rand carried the sixth ward the first time or how George R. Seaton sealed the Nicollet house and took down the flags.

There are a few men still living who know the history of Minneapolis and it would seem to be the duty of the historian of the city to make an assault upon these men and compel them to disgorge their reminiscences before it is too late. There are, for example, Ed A. Stevens, who carries more of the earlier and later political history in his head than any man living; C. M. Loring, who dates back to the time when First avenue S and Seventh street was considered the wilderness and when wild ducks made their annual visit to the pond in Bridge square; George A. Brackett, who was mayor of Minneapolis before a majority of the present voters were born.

Mr. Brackett owes to his fists the fact that he is alive and a citizen of Minneapolis. His experience was not different from that of Abraham Lincoln with the Clary's Grove boys. When he came to Minneapolis from Maine there was a collection of two-fisted Irish boys who hung about the blacksmith shop in Bridge square, and he had hardly time to change his accent fore they lit down upon him and gently unfolded the information that nobody was expected to remain in Minneapolis unless he made good.

"That so?" asked young Brackett. "What does he have to do?"

"He has to fight."

"But I never fought anybody in my life. Fighting is against the law where I came from."

"But you have come a long ways and the law is just the opposite here."

The argument was keen and tense and the upshot was that Mr. Brackett declared he would fight nobody, but that if attacked he felt that he had the right to defend himself.

This was agreeable to the managers of the town and the first time Brackett passed the blacksmith shop the village champion strode out and soaked him one in a purely impersonal way for the honor of the community.

Mr. Brackett then opened for the defense using Upton's tactics, what-d'ye-call-'em on torts, the statutes in-such-cases-made-and-provided and two horny fists, which had been trained in the lumber camps of Maine. When the defense was all in the village champion looked as tho he had met the entire Japanese army in a no-thorfare. Mr. Brackett received his citizen papers and his license to remain in Minneapolis to ask for whatever he did not see.

I was before the board of pardons one day, not in my own case, but in that of a fellow citizen in jail in St. Paul. No Minneapolis man ought to be compelled to languish in a St. Paul jail when we have jails of our own, and when St. Paul needs here so badly. I went before the board and the consequence is that the Minneapolis man is still in jail in St. Paul. The pardon board is not much moved by eloquence, but I believe it must be considerably bored by people who come before it merely to request as a personal favor that their friends be let out. This is the kind of a case I was on and the amount of attention I got showed that the board was onto me from the start. But when the broken-hearted wife and mother appeals what are you to do but go? I was interested to sit down and hear how others fared. It was hard lines with everybody. But I was glad I stayed because I heard an old minstrel joke exemplified in due earnest. You have all heard of the man who, when asked whether he had anything to say, pleaded the youth and inexperience of his attorney. Well, I heard an attorney, a fine, tall, clean-cut young fellow, stand up and tell the board that the victim for whom he plead was innocent and never would have been convicted if he, his attorney, had not been so green. Somehow after I got thru with a small internal laugh I thought better of that young man because he was so straight and tall and frank and thought the board ought to let the man out. But I know they will not.

People have a strange notion about the pardon board. They look upon it as a committee of sympathetic philanthropists who are hired to rectify the hiatus between the incarceration of the citizen and the longing of his family to see him once more. Some of the pleas made before the board are indictable offenses against the peace of the community and the dignity of the board. But with patience they are all heard and with propriety put away. In the anteroom I talked with an attorney who had a case before the board. He said, "I don't think the pardon board ought to hold stated meetings. It amounts to an invitation to relatives and friends to come over here and make a nuisance of themselves." This suggestion may be of the utmost value to the board. Then again it may not. —James Gray.

WHICH ROAD?

If you could go back to the forks of the road, Back the long miles you have carried the load, Back to the place where you had to decide By this way or that thru your life to abide; Back to the grieving and back of the care, Back to the place where the future was fair— If you were this day that decision to make, O, brother in sorrow! which road would you take? Then suppose that again to the forks you went back, After you'd trodden the other long track; After you'd found that its promises fair Were all a delusion that led to a snare— That the road you first traveled, with sighs and unrest, The dreary and rough, was most graciously blest, With balm for each bruise and a charm for each ache— O, brother in sorrow! which road would you take? —Nixon Waterman.