

The Minneapolis Journal sees in Insurance Commissioner Thomas D. O'Brien another Taft. Commenting on the efficient servant of Gov. Johnson the Journal says:

"Thomas D. O'Brien had no sooner laid down the office of insurance commissioner than he was hurried to the Iron range as a personal representative of Governor Johnson at the seat of the strike difficulty.

"Mr. O'Brien was gone one working day. He found misconduct on both sides. He made it plain that the authorities had no right to break up peaceful gatherings of the strikers. He convinced the strikers that their public parades were not conducive to good order, and that they had no right to go upon the property of the companies to persuade or intimidate men at work. Having thus defined the rights of the men and the things they may not do, Mr. O'Brien and his associates returned to recommend that these things be embodied in a proclamation by the governor. The advice was quickly followed, and trouble on the range has again been averted, perhaps for good. The clear head of the insurance commissioner saw that violence must come if the men were further irritated by raids on their meetings, or if they were permitted to demonstrate their numbers by parades. He was able to convince both sides that they were going too far. His service was of no less value than that of the governor's own visit the week before.

"This is not the first time that T. D. O'Brien has been called upon for special duty. He has been Governor Johnson's most trusted adviser during his whole administration. As insurance commissioner he began by safely guiding a reorganization of the largest insurance company in the state, then drifting on the rocks through mismanagement. He was the directing spirit in the national movement for reform legislation on life insurance. At that time he went as Governor Johnson's representative and interviewed President Roosevelt, gaining his hearty support. It was largely because of the confidence the Minnesota legislature had in the fairness and good judgment of the insurance commissioner that it passed the reform program with hardly the dotting of an eye or the crossing of a t.

"Governor Johnson has done no wiser thing in his whole public service than the selection of T. D. O'Brien for his right hand man. The praise bestowed by the governor in his letter accepting Mr. O'Brien's resignation was fully merited, and his leaving public office is a matter of regret. Attorney General Young has filed a claim on Mr. O'Brien's services, securing him as special counsel in the railroad rate cases, and the state is fortunate in having him still concerned in the public welfare. Men like Thomas Dillon O'Brien are too seldom found in the state service."

In view of the above why not make Mr. O'Brien Gov. Johnson's successor in the responsible office of chief executive?

Gov. Cummins of Iowa has set his official calculator to work and has come to the conclusion that if Adam, claimed by some to have been the first of the human race, had been given \$450 a day and had lived and continued to receive this splendid salary until the present time, without spending a cent on his sweetheart Eve, he still would be some thousands shy of having accumulated a fortune the equal of Standard Oil Rockefeller's. Come to think of it, a billion dollars is a whole lot.

Here is a new recipe for home made beer: "Dig up all the roots in the backyard and boil. Add arnica, castor oil and sweetening to suit the taste. Strain through an old peek-a-boo waist and serve with doughnuts or mince pie." In towns where the lid prevails this concoction can be used with good effect. It is bound to produce restfulness.

Mr. Roosevelt continues to refuse a renomination. Col. Bryan doesn't. It's ten to one that Roosevelt's policy will get for him what he says he doesn't want and that Bryan's course will deprive him of his heart's greatest desire.

The little state of Connecticut has set aside \$750,000 as this year's allowance for good roads. And Connecticut doesn't need them half as bad as the rich state of Minnesota.

British battleships are being supplied with searchlights by the light of which a newspaper can be read at a distance of eighteen miles.

You could keep men away from the race track, says the New York Press, if you only called it a Sunday school.

WAR IS OVER.



There has been no order given by me sending the battleship fleet to the Pacific.—President Roosevelt. —Donnell in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Asked for an interview on the recent reports of an impending panic, William Jennings Bryan made the following statement:

"We hear suggestions of a panic whenever any reform legislation is mentioned. When tariff reform is discussed we are told that the country is very prosperous, but that it would be thrown into a panic at any time by tariff tinkering. Whenever the trusts are assailed, we are told that any interference with their plans will produce a panic, and the railroad managers are certain that a panic will surely follow any effective regulation. It is fortunate for the country that we are in a better position than we have been for many years to proceed with reform legislation. There has been a gradual rise in prices since 1898, due to the increased production of gold which has enlarged the volume of money throughout the world. A general panic is impossible when prices are rising. As long as a man can sell his property for more than he pays for it, he is not afraid of bankruptcy. While there may be readjustments from time to time when speculation raises the price of a particular product above the normal level, there need be no fear of a panic.

"Production is always encouraged by a rise of prices and production is going to grow in this country without cessation. The trouble is with the distribution. The trusts, the tariff barons and the railroad managers have been getting too large a share of the wealth produced and the public is ready for reform legislation and it can secure this legislation without any interference with the prosperity of the country for the general level of prices is rising, and will continue to rise for some years yet, as no falling off in the production of gold is yet apparent. If the trusts are dissolved, the separate factories will continue and their output will be larger, because, when the extortion is eliminated, the people can buy more goods. The same is true with the reduction of the tariff. With a readjustment in the prices of manufactured goods, there will be a larger output and a greater demand for labor. With the reduction in freight rates, the people will have more money with which to buy the productions of labor, and the increased demand for products will raise wages, rather than lower them, and will give the wage earner his share of the prosperity. There is no need to fear a panic and the people ought not to be scared away from the necessary reforms by the threats that are always made by those, who, having their hands in other people's pockets, object to being disturbed. The theory of these beneficiaries of the trusts, high tariff and high railroad rates, is that, when the country is prosperous, you must not legislate for fear of interrupting prosperity, and when the country is not prosperous, you must wait until prosperity comes before you regulate."

"It is substantially certain," declares Herbert Knox Smith in a report to President Roosevelt, "that the entire earnings of the Standard Oil system from 1882 to 1906 were at least \$790,000,000 and possibly much more. The total dividends were \$551,922,904 or over twenty-four per cent a year. These enormous profits have been based on an investment worth at the time of its original acquisition not more than \$75,000,000." As a conclusion drawn from his official investigations Mr. Smith contends that the system's domination "has not been acquired or maintained by its superior efficiency, but rather by unfair competition and by methods economically and morally unjustifiable."

Blanchard's Fares.

By LILLIAN WHITMARK.

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"What's up?" Blanchard smiled down into Kitty's tear filled eyes.

"The boat," she sobbed. "It left me." "Most discourteous boat," said Blanchard severely. "How did it happen?"

"I was late," she explained. "They had just thrown the ropes off, and the horrid captain would not tie them up again, and there's all the girls, and I can't go."

"That's the Sunday school excursion, isn't it?" he asked. Kitty nodded her head. "They're going to Beaver island, and I've got a brand new dress, and Ted had the lunch box, and the house is all shut up because everybody is on the boat, and I've got to sit on the steps until they come home, and—"

"Stop," implored Blanchard laughingly. "Three more 'ands' and you will have totaled the world's unhappiness. Not for millions would I have you sit on the front stoop all this pleasant day bereft of your family and friends. This is a serious matter, Kitty. I think that we shall have to go after that boat and make the captain apologize. Now, you wait here a little while and see what happens."

He perched the child on a dry goods box on the dock and went off toward the street. Kitty looked out over the lake at the departing steamboat, but her tears had dried. There was something so comforting about Guy Blanchard. He was so big and strong and so kind to little folks. He would do something; he said he would.

Presently she heard a soft coughing sound, and then came Blanchard's voice in cheery hail. She slipped from her perch and peered over the edge of the dock.

There, just below her, was Blanchard standing in front of a gayly striped awning that all but concealed the gnawings of a saucy little power launch. "Jump, kidlets," he called cheerily. "Don't be afraid. I'll catch you. This

"I'm going to have a picnic all by myself."

boat for Beaver island and the Sunday school picnic; fare one kiss; all aboard!"

Kitty summoned her courage and made a leap, landing in the strong arms and finding herself transferred to a wicker armchair softly cushioned and delightfully shaded by the awning. On a locker stood a box of candy invitingly open, and Guy was smiling at her from a funny little pen up front.



"I'm going to have a picnic all by myself."

Standard Oil Company to Carry Case to Highest Court.

New York, Aug. 3.—News of the unprecedented fine imposed upon the Standard Oil company by Judge Landis in the United States court at Chicago was received in New York with excited interest. The general expectation for some days has been that the decision would be unfavorable to the Standard Oil company, but apparently no one looked for the imposition of the maximum penalty on the 1,462 counts in the indictment, reaching the enormous total of \$29,240,000. An official of the Standard Oil company said the amount of the fines

"Now we're off," he announced briskly. "Shall we catch up with the steamer or beat them to the landing?" "You can't get there first in this little thing," she said, with a sigh. "Can you, Guy?" "Sure," he declared confidently. "We'll be fishing from the dock when they come up." He pushed some funny levers and things, and the coughing began again, to rapidly change to a sharp staccato bark. The high powered motor ran so smoothly and they slipped through the water so easily that Kitty did not realize how fast they were going until she turned to look back at the dock and found that it was rapidly dwindling.

"We're going awful fast," she called. "That's what we want," he answered over his shoulder. "We shall catch the Republic in no time at all."

"I wish Mabel was here," she said regretfully. Guy's lips set in a straight line. His heart echoed the wish even while he knew that, had Mabel been left behind, too, he could not have come to the rescue. It was only a lovers' quarrel, but for two weeks it had made him miserable to think of it. He was too proud to beg when he was in the right, and he could not tell from her laughing face that she was as miserable as he.

"Don't you wish Mabel was here?" demanded Kitty, receiving no reply to her first remark.

"Sure," he answered, "but she's on the Republic. What's the use of wishing for what you cannot have?"

The child lost the meaning of the wistful tones. "You haven't been around lately," she commented. "I don't like it when you don't come. Why don't you?"

Blanchard smiled grimly. How was this child to understand? "I have not had the time," he said evasively. "I've an idea," he went on to change the topic. "Suppose you hide when we go past the steamer. Then when they get there and find you waiting for them you can tell them that you flew like Peter Pan."

Kitty clapped her hands at the conceit. "That'll be fine," she declared. "How can we do it?"

"Unfasten the awnings on that side and let them drop," he explained. "It will be impossible to see you if you sit right in the middle."

Kitty flew to carry out instructions, and she was just in time, for the launch had gained rapidly on the steamer, and presently they were slipping past the slow moving excursion boat. It was still an hour's ride to the island, and the Republic would take an hour and a half. Kitty was so full of her new idea that she forgot the earlier conversation, and Blanchard give a sigh of relief when at last she was safely landed without having pursued her investigation further. He was backing away from the dock when she called to him. He ran alongside again.

"You forgot your fare," she reminded as her little arms went about his neck and the full red lips were laid against his own.

"I am afraid that I am a poor captain to forget to collect my fares," he laughed. "Take care of yourself, kidlets, and don't fall off the dock. It will be half an hour before the boat gets here."

"Why don't you stay?" she demanded. "Mabel will give you some of our lunch."

"I have some here," he laughed as he indicated a locker. "I'm going to have a picnic all by myself."

He was clear of the dock now, and the launch gained speed. At the south end of the island was a little cove where he could go ashore and have lunch. It was a short task to broil the ham over the coals and heat the coffee. Then he filled his pipe and lay back to enjoy a smoke before starting back to town.

The cove was difficult of access from the picnic grounds, and not even an echo of the merry-makers reached him. He drowsed off and finally fell asleep to dream of Mabel.

He roused to find her sitting on the sand beside him.

"You are not very courteous to your guests," she scolded in mock anger. "Here I've walked all the way from the picnic grounds to visit you and find you asleep."

"I wasn't expecting company," he said. "How did you know I was here?"

"Kitty said you had gone off to have a picnic by yourself, and I guessed where you had come. You brought me here twice last year. It was awfully good of you, Guy, to bring the poor child."

"She seemed so broken up," he explained awkwardly. Manlike, he hated to be thanked.

"And I want to tell you," she went on bravely, "that I am sorry that I was so horrid the other day."

"We were both to blame," he conceded, "but it's all right now, dear."

"And, please, will you come around to the picnic grounds?" she asked.

"For the same fare that Kitty paid," he offered as he took her in his arms. "But I took Kitty for half fare," he added, and their lips met again.

APPEAL WILL BE TAKEN.

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State Fair

Not long ago in a western town an Irishman was observed walking along one of the thoroughfares with a live turkey under his arm. The turkey was squawking and gobbling in a distressed way, a racket to which the Irishman did not at first pay any particular notice. Finally, however, the disturbance got on the Celt's nerves. Giving the bird a poke in the side, he exclaimed:

"Be quiet! What's the matter with ye, anyhow? Why should yez want to walk whin I'm willin' to carry ye?"

Finnish Honesty. Russians all over Russia are glad to employ Finnish servants, because "they never steal, and nothing has to be locked up." I remember how once, when I went to the captain of a steamer which was carrying me to Stockholm to find out when I could telegraph to Helsingfors for a valuable gold buckle I had left in the hotel, he replied: "There is no occasion to telegraph. Write to the hotel manager when you get to Stockholm, and he will send the buckle on to you. No one ever steals in Finland." I wrote as he directed, and the buckle followed me to England, where I received it soon after my arrival.—Mrs. Meakin's Russia.

Indian Bug Eaters. A reporter went over into the Indian Territory and ate locusts with the full bloods. He says: "The insects are caught at night just before they are strong enough to fly away. The Indians select a smooth spot of ground where they have ascertained that the grubs are plentiful and clean it off nicely. When it is dark they go to the place thus prepared with torches and beat the ground with a maul or jump up and down on it, with the result that the young locusts swarm out and are swept into bags and baskets, where they are salted, put in an oven and browned. Impelled by curiosity, the writer took a helping of the suspicious looking bugs and bit gingerly a plump one in the middle and then ate the whole bug and helped himself to more, for he found that the locust was not a bad tasting bug at all. It has a flavor somewhat like that of a dried herring or salted peanuts, and the crisp, brown bugs make very good eating."—Joplin (Mo.) News-Herald.

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