THE JOURNAL

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TWO CONVENTIONS

President Roosevelt was the recipient of two votes of confidence yesterday, one by the Ohio republican convention and the other by that of Kansas. These indorsements were robust and unqualified, and, as indorsements go two years before the nominating convention, may be regarded as good starters for the strenuous president in the contest for the republican presidential nomination in 1904.

The Ohio republicans on the subjects of tariff and reciprocity might have sounded a clearer note, might indeed have adopted the interpretation of the party principles as set forth in the admirable speech of General Grosvenor at the opening of the convention. They properly extol the prosperity of the country and pay a strong tribute to the value of the protective system and heartily commend the proposition for reciprocal trade with Cuba "so as to benefit the trade of both countries." They lay stress, too, upon the fact that our exportations of manufactures "now constantly exceed their importations." General Grosvenor, in his speech, affirmed the importance of maintaining the policy of protection as the great stimulus of home industrial effort, but he took McKinley's position that we cannot perpetually add to our productive capacity and concurrently fail to gain new and wider markets for the surplus; the necessity is laid upon us to increase our foreign markets "through the medium of just reciprocity." General Grosvenor very plainly admitted the need of tariff revision when duties in the schedules enable producers to extort extravagant prices for the necessaries of life or have, by the evolution of business, become the bulwark of unjust discrimination and extortionate prices. He stated the meaning of genuine protection with great perspicuity as the making good by tariff taxes and tariff schedules the difference in cost between the foreign article and the articles of home manufacture.

"The republican party," said he, "does not worship the tariff schedules like a fetich that is above consideration or criticism and which must not be interfered with under any conditions whatever. The conditions of trade and production necessarily change, and a tariff schedule which to-day is adequate for the purposes indicated, may be inadequate at a future time, and an item in a schedule that was proper at the time of its enactment may become oppressive or at least unnecessary, as evolution goes forward." This statement coincides with the prophetic language of the late President McKinley, whose vision penetrated the future to some purpose. It defines the practice as to protection and reciprocity by the United States in the future. The obscurer utterances of the Ohio republicans point the same way.

It is noticeable that in their platform they do not qualify their deliverance on reciprocity by limiting products of foreign countries, imported under reciprocity, to articles not produced in the United States.

The labor plank is sufficiently liberal to meet the most exacting platform critics and the trust question is most judiciously handled, as the republican party has the inside track through its initiative, as far back as 1890, in anti-trust legislation, and the current warfare against trust abuses, recognizing, as the party of progress, the necessity laid upon modern business, under the changed conditions, to combine like interests to meet competition and secure the largest measure of economy, but subject to the rigors of the law upon every deviation from a righteous conduct of business to the injury of the public.

The platform emphatically demands the continual recognition by the government and the nation of its obligations and responsibilities and the faithful performance of the same in the insular dependencies, notably the Philippines, where the work of uplifting some 10,000,000 of Malayan and half caste natives and Chinese and negritos to the higher civilization is naturally accompanied by peculiar difficulties.

Cuba is exhibiting symptoms that show it to be worthy of progressive statehood. There, for instance, is the enterprise shown by a Havana paper in getting and publishing President Palma's message before it was delivered.

INVASION OF THE FLAT

One thing to which the real estate board of Minneapolis might possibly give profitable attention is the invasion of the best residence districts by undesirable buildings—undesirable from the standpoint of the home builder.

A resident of Minneapolis, who has the money to build with, and who would be glad to erect a fine home in this city, costing anywhere from $25,000 to $35,000 or $40,000, has been for months studying the future of different localities in the hope of finding some quarter in which to build which would be not too far out and reasonably safe from invasion by the builder of flats. Thus far he has not yet invested.

Minneapolis is running to flats. Quarters of that kind are no doubt very attractive for a certain part of the year in this climate, and homes of this character, confined to a reasonable height in resident districts would not be as seriously objectionable as the high flat buildings which are being erected in various parts of the city. It is easy to understand, however, why any man who plans to build a house for himself would not wish to have a four or five-story flat building put up beside him or standing with its anything but ornamental rear elevation exposed to view across the landscape. There appears to be, however, no locality in the best resident quarters of the city that is safe from the invasion of just that kind of building. The matter is really a serious one. It has no doubt a tendency to depress the price of residence property and to deter builders and investors, as in the case cited, through fear that first-class residences may be damaged by the erection of such buildings in their immediate vicinity.

After what those congressmen who investigated the southern negro at home say about his ideal life, we begin to feel sorry for ourselves.

NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISE IN KINGSTOWN

Nothing will stir the average English colonial paper out of its routine and deliberate methods. A copy of the Times of Kingstown, St. Vincent island, date of May 9, has been received by The Journal; but to the casual glance there is nothing in the paper to indicate that it was published the day after the destructive eruptions of La Souffriere on its own island and Mount Pelee in nearby Martinique.

Nevertheless, the paper contains the most important news that has appeared in the island for ninety years—since the last eruption of La Souffriere in 1812. It did not know the full extent of the damage in St. Vincent, but it did know that at least 200 people had lost their lives, and it gives a good account of the eruption. With an uninforming single line head it begins its account with: "Our readers will remember that as far back as last February we called attention to the fact that," etc. Then follow three columns of description which concludes with the subhead, "Latest From Georgetown, 3 p. m." Under this insignificant line it is stated that over 200 deaths have been reported.

The report of the destruction of St. Pierre is not even given the distinction of any sort of a headline.

The paper might have fallen into the hands of a hasty though interested reader without giving him any idea of the volcanic disasters. Not a single headline indicates death or destruction, and it is only by carefully reading each separate article and item that one may find out whether there is in the paper any news of interest to him.

Our American papers often overdo their headline writing, making them offensive to their readers and depriving them of their value through abuse, but if our papers were to give up headlines of an informing and news-value reflecting nature, the present critics would be the first to complain. A person naturally wishes to read important news first. Good headlines, prepared with due regard to relative importance of matter, are the measure of importance for the mass of readers. If matter that appears to the minority to be unimportant is "played up," the "playing up" at least serves to warn them what not to read.

JUSTICE TO PATES DE FOIE GRAS

Albion W. Tourgee, author of "The Fools' Errand" is on no fool's errand this time. From his consulate in Bordeaux, France, he comes to the defense of slandered and maligned French pates de foie gras d'oie with the same vigor and grace of style we have learned to admire in his novels.

It appears that an alleged American food expert has been circulating in the American press the following statement:

It is something of a surprise to find that even in such a high-priced article as pates de fois gras, the traditional diseased goose livers have been replaced by beef and pork.

"The names of certain packers," says Judge Tourgee, "are then given who are charged with substituing beef suet and pork for 'diseased goose livers'." One of these packers ships his goods through Albion's consulate and is a heavy buyer of American products, and Albion doesn't propose to see him get the worst of it.

In the first place he says, in a recent consular report, it is not correct to refer to "foie gras" as "diseased." Foie gras is fat liver—goose liver, and fat, the judge argues is not necessarily disease. If it be so to what classification belongs the American porker?

"Abnormal," says the consul, is the word. If the goose were not tethered with a short cord and were not excessively fed his liver wouldn't be so fat. Since it must be conceded that a tethered goose is an abnormality, as is also a goose with an abundance of food, it must be admitted that the aforesaid abnormal goose's excessively portly liver must also be abnormal—but diseased, never!

With this sort of strategic introduction Albion takes up the charge that beef and pork have been substitued for the fat liver. He avers that the facts are these: In packing the pates de foie gras the packer cuts out a hunk that approximately fits the can. But there remain interstices that safe transit requires to be filled. These are filled with hashed liver or pork. Over the whole is then poured melted fat of the liver or of beef suet. Experience has developed the fact that the pates keep better when suet is used, and also that the American taste prefers liver thus prepared to those bathed in "the greenish fat of the goose," which is repulsive to persons with weak stomachs and Americans in general, who have a national dislike of "messy dishes."

Instead of being an adulteration or substitution this method of preparation and packing is a special adaptation to the American taste.

The sublime pates de foie gras d'oie of old France have been comipetely vindicated. As soon as our salary is raised we shall begin to eat them. Judge Tourgee has restored French confidence in American fair play and has rescued from undeserved obloquy French commercial honor.

In days to come France will raise a monument to Judge Tourgee, even as America has but recently honored the memory of Rochambeau.

We still have a few brilliant orators left—Senator Hoar, for instance—but the trouble is that oratory doesn't make votes in congress any more.

MEMORIAL DAY

Forty years ago this month over 600,000 men had been called out and were in active service in the patriotic duty of putting down the rebellion of the southern slaveholders.

In 1861 the proposition to call out 300,000 men at once to meet the emergency was treated as the product of a disordered mind. Before that great conflict ended more than 2,600,000 enlistments were found necessary. On May 1, 1861, there were 156,150 men mobilized to preserve the national union and to suppress insurrectionary combinations. In 1862 Americans knew what war really meant. It was the greatest war of the nineteenth century and it was the means of disposing of some of the most serious questions pertaining, not only to this country, but to the whole civilized world. It removed all doubts as to the unity of the American people into a cohesive national whole. It destroyed all the ardent hopes entertained by Europe that the great republic of the western hemisphere would be wrecked and with it the aspirations of the lovers of liberty would die. The triumph of American unity stimulated national development and led up to the great triumphs witnessed to-day in our industrial domination of the world, our recognized financial power and influence, our development as a naval and military power.

Memorial Day comes again and it is natural to turn from the imposing results of our indivisible unity to the voices of the dead who speak to the living on the morrow. One recalls the magnificent speech of Colonel Ingersoll at Cincinnati, in which he so eloquently portrayed the uprising patriotism of the men and women of 1861, who in the spirit of self-sacrifice took up the burdens of the civil war. These recognized the highest claim upon all the best they had of talent and energy and endurance to be that put forth by their country in her hour of peril. They served their country to the extent of death and wounds and maiming for life, many of them, and they tell us that the same claim is laid upon us by our country to-day as it was in the civil war and in the Spanish war, to freely lay the best service we can give to our country and flag, and to the utmost that is symbolized by that flag of peace, prosperity, safety, honor and blessing. This is the duty of good citizenship. It is no less a claim therefore upon the living to maintain our country's integrity and to do so the maintenance of the community's integrity and honor and well-being is just as necessary. Memorial Day has its peculiar inspiration to civic duty. Wreaths and rhythmic strains and eloquence characterize the outward homage to the soldier dead. All these should make an appeal to the individual to recognize the individual duty to make the best use, the noblest use of the liberties purchased for the living by the blood and wounds and valor of the dead and of the survivors of the bloody struggles of war.

The council can hardly spend $1,000 to better advantage than in giving that sum to help pay for free band music in the parks.

THE TROUBLES OF TRUSTS

The directors of the United States Rubber company, which is a "trust," got together recently at Brunswick, N. J., to hear the reading of the annual report. The president was able to show them that the company has a deficit of $1,110,344. Not a very cheerful report surely, yet not a very great surprise. For a long time the affairs of the rubber trust have not been such as to cause much joy among the stockholders, as may be judged from the fact that the preferred stock, at one time salable above par, has long been quoted in the 50s, while the common sells around 16.

Probably no trust ever started with better prospects. Ten years ago the company began as the result of consolidation of a number of smaller companies. The process of absorption continued. By 1898 the company controlled nearly the entire output of rubber boots and shoes. Of course, it was overcapitalized. And as more companies were bought in to stifle competition the capital stock grew. Preferred and common it carried the burden of $46,000,000 of capital stock, the total changing with every new purchase for control.

At the outset the question arose as to whether the stock was worth its face. Right here the promoters brought out the grand old argument, still doing duty in like cases, that earning capacity makes values. What if the company was paying fancy prices for plants acquired, and was carrying a capitalization largely in excess of what the duplication of the plants would cost? Was the good will worth nothing?

And what mattered the particular figure at which the capitalization was fixed? If the company earned enough to pay dividends to the stockholders, were not the stocks worth full value? And why should the company not earn and distribute large dividends, since it had a cinch on the rubber goods production?

And so business began. The company made money and as late as 1900 there was a surplus of $832,000. Meantime, however, more competitors were bought up, and the company had to bid for the plants, which were necessary to the maintenance of its position.

To earn dividends on the increasing capitalization prices had to be pretty stiff, and soon the business was on a basis where there was money in it for other people. Then the trust was up to it. It had to continue buying up competing plants as fast as built, or cut profits down to a point where new capital would not be attracted. A campaign along the latter line was planned, and the company did a business one year of $21,000,000, selling the product at cost. Smaller competitors were put into the hole, but the trust fell into the hole with them.

Now President Colt frankly says the problem is how to manufacture and market a large product at a fair margin of profit, and yet keep prices down to a level where outsiders will not find it profitable to invest capital in competition with the company. The whole shows the difficulty of running a trust successfully where the supply of raw material cannot be controlled, and the company is overcapitalized, as nearly all individual companies are. Yet even the control of the raw material does not insure security for ever.

The Standard Oil company is probably the most important illustration in the world of a successful trust, yet even this powerful trust must now fight the development in the new oil fields being opened up, or buy control. And so Mother Earth by laying bare new treasures from time to time helps to prevent total monopolization of any product. There are many things that favor the trusts, but nature is on the side of the people.

Mr. Kenaston's prediction that western Canada will soon have a population of 40,000,000 or 50,000,000 is too strong, but when a man of Mr. Kenaston's conservatism becomes so enthusiastic as to make such a statement it is reasonable to expect that that country will have a population of 5,000,000 to 10,000,000 within, say, thirty years.

After weeks of discussion the senate will vote Tuesday on the Philippines bill. Not a vote has been changed by all the talk. Just the same, the senate knows what kind of a bill it is about to pass. The house rarely knows anything about the bills it passes.

The Nonpareil Man

Casually Observed.

In the Iowa-South Dakota league the Le Mars leather mellowers tried to do something harsh to the Rock Rapids fire breathers but were tossed into the stone crusher by a score of 12 to 2. The yelling was heard in Omaha. It is assumed that the above description is vivid—the phrases are borrowed from the average baseball report and should be correct.

They have been washing some of the buildings in London in preparation for the coronation, and the reduction in size of some of them was quite startling.

The stage locomotive in Chicago ran into May Hosmer, but was "derailed" and slunk off baffled, as May held up one hand and exclaimed in tragic tones, "back, villain, me and heaven is here!"

At Monday's eruption the dispatches state that the people at Morne Rouge did not stop to look. Anybody who would live in Morne Rouge, after what has happened, would attempt to block one of Mr. Morgan's stock games in the open street.

Cable messages from the czar have been received at Fort-de-France hoping for the worst in the case of George Kennan.

When the nine wins a game it is prudent to "holler" right off quick and not wait for a repetition.

The language of the Ohio republican convention is a foretaste of 1904.

The congressional committee that went into Alabama to see how much prosperity the colored brother was absorbing decided that the negro was considerably in advance of the procession. Mr. Pullman's employe is certainly not taking anyone's dust—or, come to think about it, there is another possible meaning to that phrase.

Mr. Hanna and the former party opposition to him in Ohio wept on each others' necks yesterday and there was a general love feast. Not only suspicious republicans but democrats as well, seem to have found out that Uncle Mark is not the Raw-Head-and-Bloody-bones that he has been pictured in the past.

The coal strike seems to be one of the most peaceful deeds of violence that ever failed to devastate Pennsylvania.

When a horse ran away on Fourth street today about forty men cried "Whoa, Bill," thus showing the prevalence of Elks on the streets.

Amos Cummings' will was probated yesterday and it was found that the ex-newspaper man and congressman had accumulated the goodly sum of $1,500. No real estate of any kind was left. It seems likely that Mr. Cummings got his hands on this $1,500 since he has been in congress. Otherwise how can you account for it? There are a number of good stories about Cummings going the rounds. At the time when President Ben Harrison was much out of favor for what was then called his "obstinacy," Cummings called at the White House to see him. He was greatly disgusted when the interview was denied and expostulated vigorously with Lige Halford, the president's secretary.

"I am sorry, Mr. Cummings, but the president cannot be seen to-day," said Halford.

"Great heavens," sputtered the congressman, as he turned his back, "has he got as small as that?"

TWO JOURNAL FEATURES

St. Paul Review.

There are two features in The Minneapolis Journal that the Review particularly approves—one The Journal Junior, which appears to the little folks at home, the other the cartoons that distinguish its columns. The quality of the humor in the man who controls the brush differs from that of any other artist on the twin city dailies, and it is no disparagement to them to say that we like his work best. All are not of this opinion. Yet his cuts are great favorites with the country press. At any rate, they are more often found in the columns of the country press than are cartoons of other papers. This fact indicates that more newspaper readers appreciate and approve his work. And the editor of this paper has always been careful to preserve the Saturday Journal Junior. It is sought for as often as the time arrives for its appearance.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

HENNEPIN'S DELEGATION. The selection of Hennepin's 113 delegates to the state convention is a subject that is giving considerable worry to local politicians. No one questions that the delegation should be so named as to be in the hands of the local candidate, but there is opposition to having the whole contingent selected by one man. Many favor allowing each ward delegation to select its quota.

It is understood to be the desire of Mr. Jones that he be allowed to name twenty delegates at large from among the leading business men of the city, men whose names will lend dignity to the delegation, though they will not be men of much political experience. The rest of the delegation is to be apportioned to the wards and the country. This would divide the ninety-three delegates something like this: First ward, 4; second, 6; third, 9; fourth, 12; fifth, 12; sixth, 4; seventh, 4; eighth, 10; ninth, 5; tenth, 4; eleventh, 5; twelfth, 3; thirteenth, 3; country towns, 12.

TROUBLE IS BREWING IN RAMSEY. Ramsey county republicans who are dissatisfied with "gang" rule are anxious to make a fight on Dar Reese. Things have come to the point where a contest between the two elements is inevitable, and the only question is when to force it. If this element can bring out a strong candidate for clerk of the supreme court and secure encouraging pledges of support from other counties of the state, the fight will be made at the primaries in June. Ramsey feels entitled to that place on the ticket, and will not support an outside man; but if a fight is made on Reese, it will be with a St. Paul republican as a candidate.

IVERSON NOT IN A COMBINATION. Sam G. Iverson is on another tour in the northern part of the state. He denies absolutely the rumor of a combination between himself and Ray Jones. He says:

"There is no understanding or deal between Mr. Jones and myself, nor any one else; nor will there be one, for I shall under no circumstances enter a combination."

Governor Van Sant delivers the memorial address at Northfield to-morrow. He will leave for the east the last of the week, stopping first at Buffalo, then going to Washington for a day or two.

FIVE WOULD-BE SENATORS. Not at all afraid of overcrowding, two more aspirants are preparing to enter the senatorial contest in the fourth ward. A. H. Hall and Max Robb have expressed an intention to be candidates, in addition to W. P. Roberts, Sherman Smith and J. F. Calhoun. The house candidates are W. S. Dwinnell, Charles E Bond and C. B. Shove.

Fred L. Smith may be a candidate for one of the house nominations in the thirty-ninth. George Gillette has had the senate in view, but may conclude to run for the house instead, and leave the second ward support to John C. Sweet for senator.

—Charles B. Cheney.

NOT THE YOUNGEST GOVERNOR

A clipping from an exchange recently appeared on this page under a minor heading stating that "William McCroskey of Washington, aged 28," was "the youngest governor in the Union." This simple paragraph was so far from the fact that it caused much heartburning among Washington readers of The Journal. One of them writes that the governor of Washington is Henry G. McBride "a fearless official" and that he has a married daughter. Governor McBride is about 45 years old and he is "a most remarkable man" in that "he is a republican and will not travel on a pass." The writer of the letter of correction then goes on to tell some awful facts. It says:

This is a most peculiar state, immeasurably inferior to dear old Minnesota, both in climate and resources. The weather never varies. Four years spent in this state have convinced me of that fact. The weather is always bad, excepting when it is worse. You who are in Minnesota are fortunate, indeed.

This is right. If there is anything we are tolerably sure of in Minnesota it is weather that differs much from the canned weather put up for use in Washington—and Nebraska.

A TEAR ON THE IRON

Translated from the Yiddish by Katherine Lee Bates.

The shop is cold and comfortless;
I hold the iron, stand and press;
My heart is weak, I cough and groan;
My sick breast scarely heaves its moan.

I cough and groan, and press and brood;
There drops a tear, in vain withstood;
On the glowing iron seethes my tear;
It seethes and will not disappear.

My hand grows numb, my strength is gone;
The iron falls, but still upon
Its cruel surface, as before,
The silent tear seethes more and more.

While whirls my head and breaks my heart,
I ask with woe, with stinging smart:
"Why is it, friend, in grievous lot,
Thy seething still consumes thee not?

Art thou a herald, sent to say
More tears and more are on the way?
O, but I fain would hear thee—fain
Would learn the limit of my Pain."

I would have questioned close and clear
That strange Unrest, that maddened tear,
But, lo! a river gushed and spread
Of tears, tears, tears, unlimited.
I, who had wept where millions weep,
Saw that the Flood of Tears is deep.

—Morris Rosenfeld, "Songs from the Ghetto."

INSANITY EXPERTS INSANE

"Out in Seattle," said a Philadelphia physician who returned from there recently, "they are wrought up over the fact that an alienist, or student of insanity, has himself become insane. They regard that as a singular coincidence. But it is not, as a matter of fact, singular at all. It is an occurrence only too common. The father of Gustave Flaubert, the French novelist, was an alienist and died insane. There are a hundred other such cases, and I know in this city three or four alienists who are queer, and who will undoubtedly, some day, go quite out of their minds. These facts, you might think, prove that insanity, like diphtheria or the smallpox, is contagious. It is not quite so bad as that, however. The truth of the mater is that the physician who has a strong inclination toward the study of insanity must possess a peculiar mind—a certain sensitive, delicate, slightly morbid mind. His mind, receiving daily for years impressions that are strange and horrible, becomes, in the end, sometimes, itself diseased. I don't know what is the percentage of alienists who have gone mad, but I fancy that it must be large."

SAW THE JOB HE WANTED

The immigrant agent, with Clancy in tow, proceeded to Harlem in search of work for him. The prospective employer was a building contractor. They found him on an eminence overlooking a wide vacant lot, newly become a scene of bustling activity. The immigrant gazed at the unwonted spectacle with curious eyes.

"What can the man do?" demanded the contractor.

"Anything in the line of unskilled labor," replied the agent, "and he is quick to learn."

The contractor turned to the applicant and, half jokingly, inquired, "Which one of these jobs would you like to have?"

The immigrant swept the field with a contemplative eye. "What's that man doing?" he demanded, pointing with one hand. "I mean the wan sitting down—not the other wid the sledge."

"He is holding the drill."

"Is that all he does?"

"Yes."

"Is he on the payroll?"

"Yes."

Clancy drew a long breath of satisfaction. "Give me the job."

The Same Old Gang.

New York Press.

If it were Grant instead of Chaffee, and Sherman instead of Otis, and Sheridan instead of MacArthur, we should have the same sort of abuse for them from the "Aunties" as we always have had it, doubtless always shall have it—Heaven forgive them for it!

RAWSONVILLE'S SENSATION

BY WILLIAM RANDALL

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On a certain Tuesday night the village of Rawsonville, containing about 1,000 inhabitants, went to bed. Before 8 o'clock Wednesday morning there was a buzz of excitement up and down its length. Two events had happened while 998 of the inhabitants slept the sleep of the just.

One of the general stores was owned by George Carter. He was a bachelor of 40, who boarded with the Widow Brown, and the widow had reported his mysterious disappearance. As Deacon Spooner put the case to the crowd while standing on the horse-block in front of the store:

"George Carter has vanished off the face of the earth, and it devolves upon this community to unearth the mystery."

The community first declared its belief that the missing merchant was bankrupt, and had run away to avoid his creditors.

When the clerk had shown by the books that the belief could not hold water, the community looked for other reasons and found them. It was known to all that he accompanied the Widow Spicer to Sunday evening church, and the inference was that he had asked her to marry him and then disappeared to avoid a breach of promise suit. The widow was called upon to give convicting evidence. She either couldn't or wouldn't.

THAT DEVOTED BAND OF PILGRIMS LEFT THE SHORES OF OLD ENGLAND.

"Gentlemen," said the deacon as he mounted the horse-block again, "we are on the trail, but we haven't found the body yet."

A search was made of the abandoned red sawmill, of the creek north of the village and of the garret of the store, but no one was found drowned or hanging by the neck. Nevertheless the public proposed an inquest, and Deacon Spooner was brought to the front.

After duly mopping his heated brow with his well-known yellow silk handkerchief, he said:

"I don't know much about inquests, but I allus supposed that you had to have somethin' to inquest on. But if the freemen of this glorious community wish me to go ahead I'll do so with the greatest of pleasure."

It was not only apparent to the freemen that there was no dead body before them to call for a verdict, but that the squire was aching to deliver a Fourth of July oration, and the proposed inquest was therefore choked off. Something was needed to replace it, and that something was forthcoming before the sun had reached high noon.

Joseph Taylor, the village carpenter, had a wife named Polly. He had gone over to Snow Hill to work for a week, leaving Polly alone. It was now suddenly discovered that her house was shut up, and that she hadn't been seen since the afternoon before. Here was mystery No. 2. Deacon Spooner was still itching to deliver that Fourth of July address, so he remounted the horse-block, called for order in a loud voice and said:

"Feller freemen, this 'ere case is as plain as a knot on a log—that is, it's plain to me. George Carter and Polly Taylor have eloped together and scandalized the fair name of a town which never even had a dog fight before. When that deoted band of pilgrims left the shores of old England to—"

But he was choked off right there. Every man and woman in the village was sure that the key to the mystery had been found, and what the pilgrim fathers did was of no consequence. How blind they were not to have guessed the truth at the start! Polly Taylor was good looking, smart and inclined to be frivolous, while her husband was so serious-minded that he did not believe in husking bees. Before nightfall twenty different people had remembered her saying that George Carter was a good looking man and of George Carter saying that he wished he had met her years before.

Things had been talked over so many times before supper that it seemed as if there was nothing more to say. But it was hardly ever before the Methodist church bell rand out a fire alarm. There was no fire. Deacon Spooner had simply got a new idea and wanted to submit it to the freemen of Rawsonville. Once more he mounted the horse block to indulge in a fervid address. This time he meant to land the pilgrim fathers in good shape, but he planned to blind his audience by first stating his belief that the husband of the heartless wife ought to be communicated with at once.

His declaration was received with enthusiasm, and a boy was hired to ride over to Snow Hill and tell Joe Taylor that he was wifeless. Bonfires were lighted on the streets, women gossiped at their gates and men moved about with determined faces.

It had come 9 o'clock when a thunderclap shook the village—that is, Joe Taylor and his wife appeared. She had gone over to Snow Hill to see him about the contents of a letter that had arrived at the house, and he had returned with her. Men and women were still gasping for breath and wondering what next, when George Carter came driving into town. He had been over to Grafton to see his brother, who had been accidentally hurt. The news had come after the Widow Brown had gone to bed.

There was no failure, no suicide, no elopement. Honest George Carter hadn't thought of beating his creditors, and pretty Polly Taylor hadn't thought of stealing away from her husband. For the last time the deacon mounted the horse block and began:

"Citizens of this great and glorious republic, we have assembled here this evenin' for the purpose of—"

But they hadn't. The crowd dissolved like a fog, for Rawsonville's sensation was over.

OTHER PEOPLE'S NOTIONS

Minneapolis as a Manufacturing Center.

To the Editor of The Journal:

As a manufacturing location Minneapolis is as well provided as any city in the union in point of railroad trackage and locations for manufacturing industries.

Amongst the many lines of manufacture most needed at the present time is that of agricultural implements, now fields for which are the great American northwest, and on the other side of the line lies the great Canadian northwest. The one is already settled to such an extent as to absorb annually many millions of dollars' worth of this product, and the other settling up so rapidly as to create a demand equal to the days of the settling up of Minnesota and the Dakotas, when the breaking plow and other goods were in the greatest possible demand.

Now is the time for the citizens of Minneapolis to give this matter their earnest attention. We note a few days ago that T. B. Walker of this city addressed the members of the Commercial Club public affairs committee, urging upon them the necessity of giving this matter of manufacture their special attention.

The American northwest, as well as the Canadian northwest, belongs to Minneapolis from point of location, being so much nearer than any other manufacturing center on either side of the line, to supply these two great farming peoples.

Between supplying their wants by the jobbing houses or direct from the factory, there is no comparison. The one is represented by goods made in other states, passing through this city to their destination; the payments passing through this city to the manufacturer, less jobber's profits and wages for help in handling. On the other hand, the manufacturer located here makes his goods, ships to consumer, and the money returned for his goods stays here, less the amount for raw material, which forms about 33 to 40 per cent of the wholesale selling price. This finds its way to Pittsburg and other cities of supply. The remaining 60 to 67 per cent is distributed here and goes into the various channels of trade for the benefit of every citizen.

Industries of this nature, if started right and not too large to begin with, controlled by men of experience in their respective lines, are sure to prove to be money-making institutions for the capitalist and of inestimable benefit to the city. —John Clayton.

Minneapolis.

Cruelty in Minneapolis.

To the Editor of The Journal.

In the name of common decency can nothing be done to stop the terrible torturing of dogs *that is being carried on every day* by the dog catchers of this city. *Opposite my* window this afternoon I saw the most outrageous and revolting act of cruelty it was ever my misfortune to witness. If there is a way will not some one (or many) whose power is greater than mine, step forward and end it? —A Friend of All Dumb Creatures.

FOREIGN FLASHES

Havana—The house voted to fix the president's salary at $25,000 and members of congress at $3,600.

Rome—Bishop O'Gorman of Sioux Falls, S. D., received Governor Taft on his arrival. The commission will meet Cardinal Rampolla Saturday.

Queenstown—Charles Bellew and wife of Philadelphia, on their way to Dublin to take possession of an inheritance, died en route and were buried at sea.

London—J. P. Morgan will add some $15,000 to his former gift for lighting St. Paul's cathedral with electricity, although the present effect is pronounced very fine.

Vienna—Corpus Christi Day was celebrated to-day with the customary magnificent ecclesiastical ceremony. Emperor Francis Joseph, the archdukes, the principal officers of state and the municipal authorities were present at high mass in the cathedral. Subsequently, the whole body paraded the principal streets. The emperor walked bareheaded, carrying a lighted candle behind the host.

Perhaps She Is.

Richmond Dispatch.

From her manner of treating our special envoy, Dr. Curry, one might suppose Spain was actually grateful to us for taking those colonies off her hands, and who will undertake to say positively she is not?

IN A NUTSHELL

New Orleans—Rev. Dr. B. M. Palmer, Presbyterian, is dead.

Canandaigua, N. Y.—Snow covered the ground yesterday, and the mercury fell to 30 above.

Dayton, Ohio—Paul J. Sorg, former congressman and multimillionaire tobacco manufacturer, is dead, aged 62.

Heidelberg, Germany—Professor Adolf Hussmul, who introduced the stomach pump, is dead. He was born in 1822.

New York—Arrangements have been made for the introduction of vaudeville entertainments on some of the ocean liners.

Orange, N. J.—Thomas A. Edison announces that with his new storage battery, automobiles may be run 100 miles without recharging.

New York—The tobacco trust has acquired control of leading Cuban concerns. They will be handled as the Havana Tobacco company.

San Francisco—A trial trip demonstrated that the torpedo boat destroyer Preble is one of the best vessels of her class. She averaged 28 knots.

Little Rock, Ark.—Governor Davis has been expelled from the Second Baptist church by an almost unanimous vote, on charges of unbecoming conduct.

Washington—Walter Bolger, absent from home over six months, was found by his father aboard a United States training ship in Hampton Roads.

Meriden, Conn.—Adam Kaufmann, while intoxicated, placed a dynamite cartridge betwewen his teeth and lighted it. But little of the remains were found.

Detroit, Mich.—A member of the Florodora chorus, supposed to be Marie Stevens, daughter of a Chicago attorney, is dying in a hospital here of consumption.

Chattanooga, Tenn.—A distinct earthquake shock was felt in Chattanooga, accompanied by a low, rumbling sound. Houses were shaken and windows rattled.

Fort Wayne, Ind.—Joseph Bossell, a well-known business man, is in a critical condition as the result of being struck on the head by a golf ball driven by his daughter.

Baltimore—Beatrice Helling of this city was taken from a steamship at Vancouver, B. C., by friends, who claimed she was being inveigled abroad for immoral purposes.

Rochester, N. Y.—The refusal of a bootblack to polish the shoes of a negro has caused the latter and his friends to threaten to carry the matter to the supreme court.

Chicago—R. H. Gamble, a capitalist of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, was found dead last night in his room at the Brevoort House. His death is supposed to be due to heart failure.

New York—Margaret Perkins, daughter of the president of the Importers and Traders' bank, and James Pearce, a horse trainer, are said to be on their way to Europe on a wedding trip.

New York—Twenty-five thousand immigrants are on the way to the port of New York this week. The total number of arrivals for May will be 90,000, the highest in twenty years.

Chicago—Mrs. Alexander Belford was a prisoner under arrest in her magnificent home facing Lincoln park yesterday because her husband refused to pay for his neckties. Mrs. Belford is the daughter of Andrew McNally, the millionaire president of Rand, McNally & Co.

Mixed in His Genders.

At the commencement exercises of the Yale Divinity school in Battal chapel in New Haven, President Hadley told this story as his contribution:

"A Frenchman called on the mayor of Chicago, and as the visitor started to go he felt he must apologize for taking so much of the mayor's time.

"'I fear I have cockroached on your time, Mr. Mayor, and I extremely regret it,' he said.

"'Oh, not at all, my dear sir. That word, though, my dear fellow, is '(h)encroached.'

"'Pardon me, sir, rejoined the Frenchman, as he shook hands with his honor, 'I was mixed up in the genders.'"

A GUEST OF THE BOOTBLACK

Professor Zueblin of Chicago tells the following story to illustrate the "worshipful admiration" with which Boston people are looked on in the west. In San Francisco a gentleman gave a boy a nickel for a shine. "I beg your pardon, sir," said the bootblack, handing back the coin. "The price is ten cents." "What!" exclaimed the gentleman. "We pay only five cents in Boston." "O, be you from Boston?" came the quick reply. "Then consider yourself my guest."

Defective Page