The Bemidji Pioneer.

KAISER & GREELEY, Publishers

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Official County and City Paper.

THERE ARE OTHER TYRANTS.

THE Minneapolis Times is doing a lot of magnificent work in the interest of mischief and "the devil take the hindmost." Time was when the Times was capable of something more than love of revenge. But its mad assaults upon James J. Hill are now apparently too personal to reach the end sought. As between Mr. Harriman and Mr. Hill it is a small matter for the people of Minnesota to choose the man who has lived with them and is of them. And as between Mr. Hill and a Berlin syndicate, Minnesota would be crazy did she not choose that the dividends of the Northern Pacific should be paid to an American rather than to an European. And as to whether the freights from New York to the Pacific seaboard shall be carried via Arizona or via Montana, the people of Minnesota can have but one choice.

The Times carries its rate arguments to an extraordinary height. It openly compares rates from New York to Seattle with rates from Minneapolis to Seattle, well knowing that from New York there are half a dozen lines and the great lakes and the ocean highways in competition with the northwestern railways, and that the losses on that through business must be made up between the Twin Cities and the western coast. Why make up their losses? we hear the Times ask. Why make up the losses of the Minneapolis millers in the European market by charging high prices at Minneapolis and St. Paul and Chicago?

Mr. Washburn and his newspaper should read the Northwestern Miller. By that journal of Nov. 6, 1901 (as late an issue as the PIONEER can find at hand), Minneapolis spring patent flour is quoted in four markets as follows:

	Per 196 Pounds.
Minneapolis	$3 50 to $3 65
Chicago	3 50 to 3 70
Baltimore	3 65 to 3 80
Liverpool	.... 3 36

Railroad rates from Minneapolis to the American points named were quoted in the same issue of the same paper as follows:

	Per 100 Pounds.
Liverpool	27.79 cents
Baltimore	14 cents

This Baltimore rate is a Duluth-Superior lake and rail rate, the all-rail rate from Minneapolis not being given in the Miller. But it is safe to assume that the all-rail rate to Chicago from Minneapolis is not less than the lake and rail rate to Baltimore from Duluth-Superior, and we therefore place it at:

Chicago	14 cents

And there you have it. Why do the Minneapolis millers sell their flour cheaper in Liverpool than they do in Minneapolis, and pay the freight besides? And why do they not get 14 cents more per 100 pounds in Chicago than in Minneapolis? It is safe to assume that the all-rail rate from Minneapolis is greater than the lake and rail rate from Duluth-Superior to Baltimore. It is safe to say it is more than 10 cents per 100 pounds higher. If it is, why do the Minneapolis millers not get $3.75 in place of $3.65 in the Baltimore market, in order not to be dragging out of the pockets of Minneapolis people what they ought by rights to get out of the Marylanders? How long will the people of Minneapolis endure such flagrant acts of tyranny on the part of the Washburn-Pillsbury syndicate? Will the Times please explain these little acts of desecration of the rights of mankind on the part of its more than liberal patrons?

We have received a pamphlet entitled "The Octopus," written by Representative Washburn of the Forty-first district. It deals with the consolidation of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern in a tone to make the hair of the trusts to stand on end. It is the most thrilling story we have read since we shuddered through "Caesar's Column." The following paragraph shows the prevailing sentiment of the book: "Do the millions of plain people who have carved this great empire out from the primeval forest and the boundless plains propose that they shall be made the spoil of these who toil not, neither spin, but swell fat with the blood of common men?" This may be good republican doctrine, judging from similar hooting in the state press, but, nevertheless, it was stolen from the scrapbook of W. J. Bryan.

The Crookston Times is urging R. A. Wilkinson, the democratic lawyer of that city, to get into the fight for the nomination on the ticket for congressman in the new Ninth district. It is well written, that he is one of the ablest lawyers in the district, solid and enduring in his methods; and, aside from his temporary aberration on the silver question, from which he has now almost recovered, he has also evinced such depth of wisdom in agricultural affairs that he has become the foremost advocate in the Red River Valley of the extensive system of farming and of thoroughbred stock-raising. He is said to be able to keep more bulls to the acre on his farm near Crookston than any other stock-raiser in Minnesota. Of course he will wonder what his silver views have to do with agriculture, but that is to be expected. Time was when the free silver advocate looked for his disciples among the farmers of the land, and in his day "R. A." was not above school house oratory and church meetings. But what will become of our friend Nat Campbell, if Crookston really starts out to nominate and elect Mr. Wilkinson?

Twenty-five years from now the pine lands in the vicinity of Cass Lake will be the most beautiful spot in the State of Minnesota. The old pine will have been removed and the young pine will be flourishing under the care of the United States government. Game will be plentiful, fishing good, and every soul in this section of the state will wonder if there ever was a man so foolish as to agitate the cutting of all the timber and leaving the country a barren waste.—Grand Rapids Magnet.

If Hugh Thompson, being tired of running for village offices in East Grand Forks, really wants to go to the senate, he ought to be able to get there, but not if A. D. Stephens wants it. As much as Andy is "in for it" with the old populistic crowd of Polk county politicians, he is far and away the keenest man in Polk county politics, and would sweep the board if he went into the campaign for the nomination or election. And he would make an able senator.

Backwoods Sketches...

By A. M. GREELEY

AN ABSENT-MINDED MAN.

Mark Andrews' cabin is deserted. The hewn-log door is open and the drifting snow has made a carpet for the floor. The birds dart in and out through the broken window, and rabbits play tag within the room. The wind sings up the rusty stovepipe, and yellow icicles sink downward from the roof. The household goods are all there, the cooking utensils, provisions, the cracker box table, the three-legged stool and the dirty blankets on the bunk. But the owner is gone, and solicitude has filed its lien. Andrews will never return, says Cut-Foot Pete.

"You will find all the settlers giving Andrews a black eye. They just slop over when they git to knocking him. But I'm here to tell you that they never understood the man. His heart is all right, but his head is full of knots. He's what the world calls absent-minded—that's all. Queerest man that way I ever saw.

"Some say he's a drunkard, but he aint. He would get inside a booze joint and start to setting 'em up, then forget to go home. I've seen him wake up several days after, and feel awful hurt to find he'd been drinking. It was a big surprise to him.

"He struck Big Bill Swar with an axe once, cutting him open, bad. But Mark tole me afterwards that he never meant to—used to work in a barber shop, and thought he was brushing Bill's coat with a duster and not an axe.

"He was 'rested for cutting timber on government land. He tole the judge he was absent-minded and walked off his own land onto the government's without knowing it. Ther judge wouldn't b'lieve it, though.

"And now he's wandered off agin. It looks bad, too, for the settlers say he's run off with Jim Cummon's wife. But I don't think he meant it—just thought she was his own wife. And I'm dead sure Mark will feel real bad when he wakes up and finds he's got a wife that don't belong to him."

Not Worth Mentioning.

'Tis haying time for sellers of small trinkets
and of toys;
The wine of life is sparkling in the cup of
human joy;
Expectancy is peeping from each laughing
childish eye—
Full to the brim are human hearts, and full,
indeed, am I
When Christmas comes.

Kind memories will linger still to count their
treasures o'er,
Remembering the generous hand that found
the poor man's door.
To him who gives and him who gets come
blessings from on high—
A happy dawn has broken forth, and "broken"
sure am I
When Christmas goes.

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The anti-mergers of the state press should try some of that St. Louis anti-toxin. Lockjaw might do 'em good.

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The Bemidji Pioneer's "Backwoods Sketches" are missing from the current issue, and it is consequently less interesting than former editions. Not for long, Mr. Greeley?—Miss "News and Comment," in the Duluth News Tribune. Bless her dear heart!

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The Times says Bemidji is so jealous of Bagley that we claim their suicides. It probably refers to the greed of our undertakers.

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A Bemidji pupil when asked which was known as the "Bread and Butter" state, answered Kentucky. Pressed by the teacher for his authority, he replied: "Don't know, but I've heard a lot about 'Bred in Old Kentucky.'"

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Grand Rapids is rapidly outgrowing the backwoods—it sentences people for manslaughter occasionally.

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The Bagley miller puts gold and silver coin in his sacks of flour to coax trade. If your bread is heavy, don't blame the cook until you prospect for metal in the loaf.

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The Grand Rapids Magnet has caught on and publishes a column of editorial from the PIONEER endorsing Jim Hill.

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The Cass county papers are progressive, and have signed an agreement to publish no legals or land notices for less than legal rates. Here is a "verger" worth talking about.

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Bemidji citizens can show their patriotism by moving to McKinley avenue.

* * *

Judge Moen is mentioned as the democratic Ninth district congressional candidate. The name has the right sound—for demo candidates.

The woman's page is a comparatively recent feature in the newspaper field, but the comparison of a woman's page of today with that of a few years back makes one wonder how it ever lived to outgrow its swaddling clothes, for the back numbers look as if the horse editor had made it up in his spare time, and it was about as interesting as a patent medicine circular, and some papers still retain this antiquated form of effort and misname it. The woman's page of today, to take the Pioneer Press for example, is about as lively a piece of journalism as can be imagined. They maintain a special corps of women writers and editors who are in touch with the women of the northwest, and are amply qualified to pass on the events of interest to them. The special articles are prepared by experts who are an authority in their line. Club news, civic improvement societies, and all the various town topics of this character come in for their full share of attention. A careful perusal of a few numbers would surprise anybody as to the amount of really helpful matter contained therein. All this is in addition to the regular fashion articles and society news, which departments are maintained separately.

We are informed that an eastern syndicate has designs on Beltrami tamarack, needed in certain parts of shipbuilding.

The Exchange Reporter.

J. F. Locke, accompanied by Jesse McKillop of Round Prairie, left yesterday for Bemidji where they will make application for homesteads in the Battle River country in Beltrami county.—Long Prairie Argus.

Elmer Thompson went to Bemidji Monday for a short visit with old friends.—Eagle Bend News.

Sartell Bros. on Tuesday shipped a carload of horses to Bemidji. The firm recently purchased a tract of timber land within five miles of the city and will put a crew of men to work getting out logs.—Sauk Rapids Free Press.

Ed. Kaiser, of the firm of Kaiser & Greeley, publishers of the Bemidji Pioneer, the leading weekly newspaper of the northwest, tarried in town Wednesday night, transacting business matters.—Bagley Independent.

It is a long distance for mail to go from here to Bemidji, and papers sometimes get lost. The Pioneer has missed getting to this office for some time. It may be that one of Greeley's yarns got the paper off the track.—Blackduck Times.

Mrs. D. Davidson returned from Bemidji last Tuesday where she went to see her two children, who are in the hospital sick with typhoid fever.—Turtle River Pine Tree.

H. L. Lange went to Bemidji last week to assist his sister, Mrs. H. E. Kowalke, in settling up the affairs of her husband whose death occurred recently.—Jasper Journal.

Miss Lina Hall, who has been working as compositor in the Enterprise office for the past four months, leaves for her Beltrami county home tomorrow. She will not return.—Park Rapids Enterprise.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

To the reader the most interesting historical object in all Europe is a simple shaft of granite which rises from the roadside near the Town of Wilna, on the western boundary of Russia. It bears two inscriptions in the Russian language. On that side of the shaft which faces the west are these words:

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE PASSED
This Way In 1812 With 410,000 Men.

On the other side facing east:

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE PASSED
This Way In 1812 With 9,000 Men.

The history of the most disastrous military campaign ever undertaken is told in those two sentences.

The Bagley Times announces a card party, the proceeds to be used for noble purposes. There are card parties in a dozen places in Bemidji every night, but the gams are not famed for noble purposes.

Orders Payable.

Notice is hereby given that there is money on hand in the treasury of School District No. 17, Turtle River town, Beltrami county, for the payment of current orders, Numbers 44, 54, 58, 66, 75 and 79, and that no interest will be paid on same after this date.

Dated December 19.

PETER N. BRONDBY,
District Treasurer.

J. N. GUTHRIE,
District Clerk. 42-44