

Duluth News Tribune

DULUTH NEWS TRIBUNE CO.

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NEWS TRIBUNE CIRCULATION

Table with 2 columns: Day of the week, Circulation. Rows include Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Total, and Week Day Average.

Henry Johnson, superintendent of circulation of the Duluth News Tribune, being duly sworn, deposes and says that the above is a true statement of the actual circulation of the News Tribune for the week ending Jan. 27, 1906.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 27th day of January, 1906. W. A. KENNEDY, Notary Public.

The News Tribune circulation books, press room and mailing room are open at all times, day or night, to the inspection of advertisers or their representatives.

Not a woman nor a babe escaped death on the Valencia, and most of those who got ashore were sailors—not a pretty story.

General Castro has given out his side of the quarrel with the French charge d'affaires, and his story seems plausible enough.

It is announced from London that Sir Thomas Lipton's next boat will be built for business. There was nothing unbusinesslike in the advertising scheme of the last few of them brought about.

The old, old story of trouble between woodmen and employment agencies is being retold. While some men are dishonest and others gullible, stormy differences of opinion are sure to result.

A great deal of sympathy goes out to Stephen Decatur, dismissed in disgrace from the navy for hazing underclassmen. The young man is said to be brilliantly gifted and well calculated to reflect credit upon his chosen profession.

SEE AMERICA FIRST.

AN IMPORTANT movement is on foot, started from headquarters at Salt Lake City, to divert from Europe a share of its constantly increasing American travel.

European travel, pilgrimage to the fatherlands of the people, to the shrines wherefrom the culture and art of our own land have sprung, is to be commended. But first let the American know his homeland.

Since the American tourist is usually a native of the East, the movement has for its object the giving of a westward trend to travel.

Unexpected cascade roars down the rocks or a trout stream flashes through the dark of evergreen trees. The fairland of the Yellowstone park gives the gazer a sense of being in a supernatural region.

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through the folk lore of the Gael or the Northman, or hover like haloes around ancient Rome and the glory that was Greece.

Gods and Huns and Druids and Vikings, and back of them all a mystical fairy lore, allures in Europe. Ruined castles suggest a power passed, a deed of destruction done or the ravages of time.

The American who has journeyed to the westward over his own country knows how poor in experience are all who have not done so.

It is not all wild, glorious scenery. It is punctuated with great and populous cities, featured with architectural beauty as they are famous for industries.

GEN. JOSEPH WHEELER.

GRAND old fighter and a magnificent American passed out of life last Thursday, when General Joseph Wheeler died.

He was born in Georgia in 1836. He was trained at the cavalry school at Carlisle, Pa. He was fighting Indians in 1860, but resigned from the United States army in 1861 to embrace the cause of the south.

After the close of his splendid military career in the civil war, he practiced law and operated a cotton plantation. He went to congress in 1881 and served until 1889.

Gen. "Joe" Wheeler, because of his splendid achievements in the battle for the lost cause, and because he lived to serve under the flag of his country, the flag he first saluted as a cadet at Carlisle, was a figure of peculiar attraction to the American people.

He was a good fighter and a good loser, and proved that his Americanism was greater than his memories of departed glories, departed hopes and tears and blood shed in vain.

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PAUPERISM IN ENGLAND.

THAT reliable authority, the London Morning Post, states that there are 778,012 paupers in England and Wales.

The class of dependents apart from the 778,012 may, in reason, be supposed to be double that number, or about 1,500,000, so that it is fair to assume that there are about 2,225,000 persons receiving support from cold public charity in England and Wales.

These unfortunates are the victims of the British system of government and political economy. Neither Englishmen nor Welshmen are paupers by nature, and they sink to that depth only after desperate struggles to live free from the workhouse taint, as Dickens' Betty Higden struggled.

It might be well for the enemies of the American protective tariff system to reflect that this condition has arisen under tariff laws the opposite of our own.

It might be well for them to reflect that the basis of prosperous business, retail, wholesale, banking, and manufacturing, is well paid labor.

These enemies of the protective tariff would do well to study conditions in England and before they tear down the existing tariff, to devise a safe plan to keep money in the hands of the workers, with which they may continue to support the business of the country.

OPINIONS OF THE LAITY CAUGHT ON THE RUN. SABBATH DIVERSIONS

ADVANTAGES OF GOOD GOVERNMENT.

By Hon. W. L. Windom.

THE fear in which Chicago citizens now go about their work and pleasures is a sufficient argument in favor of good government. One cannot get a true idea of the condition in Chicago from frequent highway robberies without coming into actual contact with its residents, and the more one understands the situation the more he will be thankful that he lives in Duluth, where such things are comparatively unknown.

The report of the chief of police, confirmed by the report of the clerk of the courts, is that there was only one "hold up" in this city last year, with but two cases of felonious assault and eight grand larceny in the first degree, which covers burglary, murders, porch climbing, felonious assaults with mercurial motives, do not appear in the list of crimes committed in this city last year.

A resident's life and property are safe in this city. He is in no danger from the hold-up man. High crimes do not exist here.

Credit for this condition of affairs devolves on the chief of police, whose policy of arresting suspicious characters before they are able to commit a depredation, and who hurries them into court is to be commended.

WARM WEATHER AND EFFECT.

By Thomas O. Thorpe.

WE ARE at present having the warmest winter we have had in many years, and as a result all sorts of scientific persons are engaged in a discussion of the causes that have led up to the extraordinarily mild temperatures and their probable results.

It seems possible winter wheat may be injuriously affected in case hard frosts now follow. Nevertheless, I notice scientific men are not all agreed on this point.

Kansas, a winter wheat crop state, had its banner crop in 1903, following an unusually mild and open winter. And the total winter wheat production that year was 76,000,000 bushels—greater than the following year, which was preceded by an exceptionally severe and frigid winter.

The statement is made that it is necessary to get a certain amount of fertilizer in snow and that the best crops come after the deepest and longest falls. Then is the great northwest, the garden spot of the world, which pours its flood of golden grain into the markets of Duluth, thrice blessed, for there is a deep covering of "the beautiful" all over the fertile leagues of land that stretch themselves in every direction from this city.

As to the causes of the mild winter, they are much more difficult to understand, because of the technical language employed. We are told there have been an unusual number of cyclones and anti-cyclones in the gulf region and not enough in the north, and that certain currents have gone that direction and that when they should have gone that direction and this. We are told that this has caused a movement of heat from the tropics, but as to the whys and wherefores of all this we are left to our own speculations.

JEWISH IMMIGRATION.

By Benjamin Silverman.

IT IS well known that there are more Jews in the United States than in any other country. It is also well known that the Jewish population of this country is rapidly increasing through immigration from various parts of Europe, particularly from Russia.

This immigration is being promoted by Jews in the free countries of Europe who wish to help their unfortunate brethren in Russia to find a refuge in America. It is being promoted also by their kinsmen in the United States, and the Jews of Duluth are doing their share.

It is said that so much money has been taken from the banks of the East Side of New York for the purpose of helping Russian Jews to come to this country that the banks have been compelled to take precautions such as are taken only when a run is imminent. The Jews of America are giving a remarkable exhibition of generosity and unselfishness in helping their co-religionists in Russia to escape the terrors of Russian oppression.

With some people this great influx of foreigners might be a source of danger to the United States. Not so with the Jews. The Jewish leaders know well the dangers that arise from congestion in the cities and have organized agencies for distributing the newcomers to those parts of the country where they can care for themselves and become good American citizens. In this work the Jews are setting a splendid example.

It is not the large number of foreigners coming to America that is a source of danger. It is the failure to see that they are properly distributed to those sections of the country where they are needed.

The Jews are intelligent and progressive. They are a desirable element known around the world for their habits of thrift and peaceable nature. It is seldom that a Jew is found in prison. He is rarely an inmate of the poorhouse. These facts alone commend him to this country for citizenship. There are plenty of others which make the Jews a desirable element.

The persecuted of all nations have ever turned to the United States for deliverance, and it is here that Russian refugees will find protection and freedom. Their trials have been many.

Several traveling men were sitting in a circle in a corner of the lobby of a downtown hotel a few nights ago, recounting experiences. Without it was storming and blowing and the mercury was dropping down to an uncomfortably low degree.

"I pity the poor devils who have to be out on the road such a night as this," said one of the drummers.

"Yes," spoke up another, "and it was just such a night as this a few years ago when a train on the road struck a bad place a few miles west of here and the next instant ran off a bridge. I was the only passenger to escape with his life."

"What month was it?" asked a sceptical man, on the edge of the crowd who had not spoken before.

"Latter part of January," "I fall to recall that wreck," added the sceptical man.

"So do I," said another. "How many did you say were killed?" asked the shoe drummer.

"Didn't say any one was killed," replied the cigar man. "You didn't, eh? You said you were the only passenger who escaped with his life."

"Certainly. That's easily accounted for," explained the cigar man, looking innocent. "I was the only passenger on the train."

"Aha! That's your game, is it?" said the shoe drummer. "Hold on there!" said the only one in the party who had not spoken up to this time, as he bustled up in front of the cigar man.

"Does money rule the world?" asked a Duluthian who lives on Fourth street, of a friend while on the way home last night.

"Well, no; not with me," was the reply. "I'm innocent so far as having money is concerned and until I get it my vote is against the filthy stuff. But why do you ask?"

"Oh, only for an introduction," replied the Duluthian. "When I was riding home on a car the other night the driver of a Standard Oil wagon flaunted the prestige of wealth in our faces."

"Get off the track," shouted the motorman, "the street railway company cannot afford delay. Drive that team off the track."

"Don't be so fast with your orders," retorted the driver of the oil wagon. "I don't care whether your old car company can afford to wait or not. I can wait. The Standard Oil company has millions to the street car company's nickels. You're out of your class when you talk to me. I can't hear."

He had all the earmarks of one who had been around money, a soldier of fortune, in a way, or rather misfortune. He carried himself with a nonchalant air, wore his hat tilted at an angle, and his clothes announced him a type of the wanderlust class. The notion had come to him that he would like to become a soldier, perhaps because Uncle Sam gives every recruit a new outfit of habiliments upon his entrance into the ranks.

"Where did you work as a bell boy?" asked the examining officer. "Oh," he answered, rather carelessly like, in Chi, Frisco, York, St. Loery, N'Orleans, Seattle, Cincinnati."

"Hold, hold," cried the officer. "Enough for one continent. Did you ever work in Paris?" "No," he answered, with a twinkle in his eye. "But," say, he added in a whisper, "I've been in places just as bad."

He will not be the man behind the gun in Uncle Sam's ranks. "In West Duluth lives a sociable and fun-loving Scandinavian whose command of English is not extensive but whose love of jokes is widely known."

"Hans," said one of his acquaintances the other day, "When is a door not a door?" Hans was stuck and after several moments of severe thought gave it up for a bad job, but laughed vociferously when he was told that it was not a door when it is a jar. The latter term was carefully explained to him.

"I went to church on 53 Sundays last year," was the statement made by a Lester Park resident the other night to a group of friends, and when he stuck to it old calendars were hunted up, calculations were made and it was discovered that he year 1905 did have 53 Sundays, instead of 52. Now the fact is being repeated as something remarkable, usually accompanied by the announcement that it won't happen again for a number of years. This is true so far as Sunday is concerned, but there will always be one day of the week which will appear 53 times on the calendars, and in leap years there will be two such days. This is simply because in 52 weeks there are only 364 days, so the extra 365th day must be the 53rd appearance of one of the week days. In other words, a year of 365 days begins and ends on the same week day.

DESIRE

I'm hungry for the hills today And the sloping country far away In the sunset land, Where the cattle graze and the canyons are And never a building looms to mar The prospect grand.

I'm homesick for the trails I know, The wooded butte and the stream below In the kindly west, Where trees are neighbors and stars are friends, Where mountain forest with blue blends And the mind can rest.

I'm lonesome for the trackless place That hides away in the heart of space, Where never a road Intrudes itself; where the wood things live And the healing only the wild can give, Has its abode.

Contented people are never those who achieve greatness. And to think that Minnesota used to be in the blizzard belt!

The House has passed the statehood bill, but it has not arrived yet. Colonel Mann's plan of campaign has Cassa Chadwick's completely "faded."

It will be just as well, however, not to pawn the winter overcoat. The Duluth springs are cool. David Stocking saved the first of the honors for Duluth, and is accordingly more popular than ever since the bonspiel.

President, Castro has arisen to the dignity of being an international issue, and doesn't seem to care much about it either. The Kansas City Journal emphasizes its dislike for Folk by boosting Hadley, while everybody knows there is glory enough to go 'round.

Jacob Riis says that he never said any such thing, and those who have listened to him seriously on any occasion were sure of it all the time. The Binghampton youth of 18 who has two wives seems to be out of his latitude. He belongs in Salt Lake City or the Orient somewhere.

The Willmar Journal notes that Marshall Field left a 'big fortune, without the accompanying trail of scandal behind him when he died. The automobile blind pig is the latest horror. A North Dakotan was arrested recently for dispensing drinks for money from his big automobile.

Neither Castro nor the British elections had much news value in New York while Colonel Mann was on the witness stand, telling how easy it was for him to part wise men and their money. James J. Corbett ought to be a success in Cashel Byron's Profession, for a drama founded on that interesting story of the attraction of opposites should be vastly entertaining. The role of Cashel is one in which "Gentleman Jim" should feel at home.

Timothy L. Woodruff would lend color to the United States Senate if he hasn't changed his taste in waistcoats, but since he has decided not to be Republican chairman of the Republican state committee, it is assumed that he isn't likely to be senator. Meanwhile the nation is more or less interested in the details of the American wedding that is coming off next month. Little Alice is to buy her gown made in Baltimore, of American fabric and by an American dressmaker, not a modiste, mind you.

The Hammond, Ind., Daily News inquired: "Did you ever notice that when you have had the grip once or twice you lose all inclination to make any merry quips about it?" And adds: "Yes, oh yes, it is easy to smile at trouble when it visits somebody else besides yourself."

Hats off to Justice Callaghan, of Chicago. He has just given out a decision that reads like this: "Playing of small children makes them sturdy men and women, and should not be interrupted by janitors who see more work as the result of the play."

Herbert J. Hagerman, who was inaugurated Governor of New Mexico Monday, is a graduate of Cornell University. He was born in Milwaukee 35 years ago; has spent much time abroad as a student and subsequently as second secretary to the United States embassy in Russia when Mr. Hitchcock, now secretary of the Interior, was ambassador at St. Petersburg. He was appointed governor of New Mexico on Secretary Hitchcock's recommendation. If the pending statehood bill is passed, Governor Hagerman will probably become a United States Senator.

WINTER IN THE WOODS. A. M. Greeley, in the Big Fork Compass. When the winter, ghostly pallid, To the wooded slope has come, And the north wind sings its ballad To the forest, strangely dumb.

When the sleet and frost are scattered By the snowplow in the sky, And the landscape, blurred and battered, Greets the unaccustomed eye—

Then the winter loving tourist Thinks that God has sought to show All the grandeur of the forest— All the splendor of the snow.