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Selling at One Profit

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If you have been paying \$5.00 for shoes, a trial of W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes will convince you that they are just as good in every way and cost \$1.50 less. We are the largest makers and retailers of men's \$3.50 shoes in the world. We make and sell more \$3.50 shoes than any other two manufacturers in the United States.

The reason more W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes are sold than any other make is because they are the best that can be made. They are made of the very best imported and American leathers. The workmanship is the best. They fit like custom made shoes. The style is the best and always up to date. We lead the fashions.

We have the largest \$3.50 shoe business in the world, which gives us a great advantage in buying leather and materials at the very lowest cash prices. We produce our \$3.50 shoes at less expense, because we make so many. We employ the best skilled Union labor that can be secured in the United States.

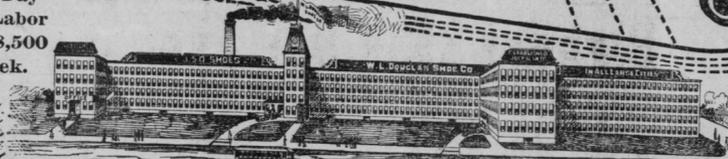
We sell direct from factory to wearer through our 63 stores in the large cities at one profit. The extra middleman's profit that others have to charge we add to the quality, and give to the wearers.

The reputation of W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes for style, comfort and wear is known everywhere throughout the world. They have to give better satisfaction than other makes, because the standard had always been placed so high that the wearers expect more for their money than they can get elsewhere. Over 1,000,000 satisfied wearers.

It is not alone the best leather that makes a first-class shoe—it is the brains that have planned the best style, lasts a perfect model of the foot, and the construction of the shoe. It is mechanical skill and knowledge that have made W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes the best in the world for men. Shoes sent anywhere for \$3.75. Catalog free. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.



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REMINISCENCES OF SOL SMITH RUSSELL

That Veteran Actor Spends His Temporary Retirement Writing His Recollections of the American Stage.

Washington Post.
Since his temporary retirement from the stage fifteen months ago, Sol Smith Russell, the veteran actor, who, next to Joseph Jefferson, is probably the most revered figure on the American stage, has spent much of his time in Washington recuperating at the home of his old-time partner and manager, Fred Berger. To while away the time, and in order to fulfill what the members of his family and his close friends consider a duty to himself and his career, Mr. Russell has been collecting and arranging a series of reminiscences covering the entire period of his life. These will soon be published in book form, and will constitute one of the most interesting volumes ever written by an actor. Not only will they treat of the career of this recognized genius, who, from entertaining soldiers during the civil war rose to become one of our foremost actors, but will constitute one of the finest memorials ever erected in honor of an actor.
Though still a comparatively young man—he is but 52 years old, though most people think he is older—Mr. Russell has not enjoyed the best of health in the past few years, but because of his long rest his physicians and his family confidently anticipate his return to the stage next fall, when he will make his greatest undertaking in a new play. Now, while he is in the possession of excellent health after his long rest, is the time for the preparation of his autobiography, the

writing of which is certainly a duty he owes the public, which reveres and loves him. So Mr. Russell's recollections will shortly be given to the world. Though, strangely enough, he is an actor, who never achieved a tremendous success in New York city, he numbers his admirers in every other large city, town and hamlet by the hundreds of thousands, and from Maine to California, from Canada to Cuba, there is scarcely a theater which has not at some time or other been packed to its full capacity to see Sol Smith Russell. His quaint but lovable style of humor and homely pathos was never widely appreciated in the hurly-burly life of New York, but in the sections of the country which it pleases New Yorkers to term "the provinces," Sol Smith Russell stands alongside Joseph Jefferson in popular esteem.
The most interesting part of his forthcoming volume is a chapter in his life which has never yet been published. It has been commonly supposed by theatrical chroniclers that Mr. Russell made his first appearance on any stage at the Defiance Theater, in Cairo, Ill., in 1862, when he was fifteen years old. From remarks dropped by Mr. Russell last week, outlining a part of his reminiscences, his real debut occurred a few months earlier, and it is probably unprecedented in theatrical annals.
"My first real debut," said the actor, "was in the capacity of canal boat mule

with a traveling dog show, and it happened at Chillicothe, Ohio. I had left my home in Indiana at the age of 14, determined to join the union army soon after to become a minister, as my family hoped. I was trying to get to Cincinnati to enlist, but on the way fell in with a bouncer named Carter, who had a small show outfit, which he was taking around from village to village. I could sing and dance a little, and Carter needed some one who could perform such feats without demanding a high salary. I was glad enough to get anything to do, and so we started out. Chillicothe was the first town we struck. This was some time early in 1862. Carter was the owner, manager, star, advance agent, bill-poster, treasurer, scene shifter, stage manager, scenic artist, her-ald, property man, and stage manager. He was a sleek clown, who would do anything on earth to make his audience laugh—that is, when he had an audience.
"Carter had a mouth that reached from ear to ear. He was a man absolutely devoid of character, and had a scent for a trail he could not shake. He was a bloodhound's upon a trail. He played all men as if they were worth, and believed that the way to get at their pocketbooks was to make them laugh, no matter how. No trick was too cheap for him, no joke too hackneyed, no exhibition too disagreeable, no work too hard. He would resort to any scheme to bring people to his show—our show, a combination of human and animal intelligence. I remember distinctly that when we reached Chillicothe, our first stand, Carter said to me:
"Russell, my boy, I was then 14—'this is Chillicothe. We show here to-night, and must do something to get an audience together. I want you to black up here at the dog show, and walk up town through the middle of the street, and get up a lively step or two, and I'll talk things up around the street."
"This struck me as not being just the proper thing, for I had my own ideas about the dignity of an actor. Carter was a clown, merely, with low ideas, while I aspired to be a real actor. I was a comic singer and dancer, but not a low buffoon. So I objected, and we had a row. He swore and insisted, but I wouldn't consent to appear in the streets and do a monkey act in blackface.
"We walked up to the hotel, Carter leading two dogs and I the third. We only had three dogs, unless I count myself, and, to tell the truth, my lot might have been easier had I belonged to the canine breed. We put in most of the afternoon rigging up the show, in a room on the second floor of a brick building, known as the Allison Block, at the head of Paint street. The building is still standing, and every time I play in Chillicothe I visit this room—No. 6.
"When the performance opened that night there were about forty persons in the audience. I think they were seated on benches, though a few of them perhaps had boxes—soap boxes. Our orchestra was an old violin player whom we called San Diego. I never knew his real name. When the drum and snare furnished the music for us, but he was usually drunk. Carter's greatest act was standing on a chair and eating fire—burning cotton that he skillfully manipulated in his mouth. He would also pull yards of ribbon from his mouth and swallow a sword and do a great many other cheap tricks, a climax to which was a grand dance, in which he and the other three dogs took part, dancing to San Diego's crazy music. The dogs were smart and did many clever tricks. I sang comic songs between the acts, while Carter and the dogs were resting. The price of admission was low, and we tried to give the audience its money's worth.
"From Chillicothe Carter decided to go to the town of Yellow Bud, down the river. He bought a small, ratty flatboat from some one for almost nothing, put aboard some provisions, the dogs, San Diego, and himself, and told me to get out and tow the boat from the towpath which ran along the river's bank.
"I got a strong, round stick, tied the rope around it, straddled the rope, and with the stick as a brace against my breast I began to tow the horse act. That gave me enough horse-play to last me the rest of my life. I have never indulged in horse-play since, on the stage or off. I wasn't very strong then, but it was a case of sink or swim, so I towed away as faithfully as a mule. San Diego fell into a drunken stupor on the boat, and Carter roared at me if I dared to slow up a bit for a rest. When the men were silent the dogs set up a howl that brought forth a volley of curses. The weather was spring-like and warm, and I was soon hot and tired. I haven't any idea how long we were reaching Yellow Bud,

but I do know that I towed that wretched boat almost every foot of the way.
"From Yellow Bud, where business was very bad, we went to Circleville, and then to Lancaster, where I could no longer stand Carter's treatment, and left him. I went to Captain Hooper's recruiting agency, and, being able to drum some he allowed me to go to Cincinnati with a company of soldiers, I being the drummer boy. I wanted to go to the front with the troops, but the authorities wouldn't take me. So I worked my way, disgusted, to Cairo, Ill., where, at the Defiance theater, I was lucky enough to join a little company, and make a real stage start.
"That company played anything it could get hold of—that was easy—and I sang and danced between the acts and played a drum in the orchestra. I got \$6 a week, and I could scarcely realize how the management figured out that I was worth such a princely sum. Later I was raised to \$8 and then to \$12, when I thought that I was of much importance. Afterward I joined the Berger family of bell ringers, and remained with them for years.
"What ever became of Carter?"
"I don't know what became of him—and really, I don't much care. Carter made a mule out of me, and I do not love him."
Mr. Russell was born in Brunswick, Mo., in 1848. His uncle, Sol Smith, the comedian actor whom he was named, took him to the theater in St. Louis frequently, and thus Sol developed his liking for the stage. He toured the United States, Canada, Mexico and the West Indies with the Berger family from 1866 until 1880, with the exception of one year, spent as a member of Augustin Daly's New York company. In 1889 Mr. Russell became a dramatic critic in "Edgewood Folks," under the management of his old-time partner, Fred Berger. This was followed by numerous other productions in the past twenty years. His greatest success has probably been "A Poor Relation," which he has played off and on for nearly fifteen years. In December, 1899, Mr. Russell became quite ill in Chicago, and has since rested by the advice of his physicians, but he will assuredly return to the boards next season.
Any man who can tell such an interesting story as Sol relates of his stage debut for himself, and who has produced a book of reminiscences, Mr. Russell's published recollections will be awaited with interest by all who have ever seen him upon the stage, and who has not?

new buildings by the government at this school.
Class at Staples Confirmed.
Special to The Journal.
Staples, Minn., April 18.—Bishop Morrison of Duluth preached in St. Alban's church last evening and confirmed five adults and four children, presented by Rev. David Richards, who has charge of the mission.—Car Regisler, J. B. Lucian, who was injured in the yard here Friday, died Wednesday evening from pneumonia.
A Death Near Red Wing.
Special to The Journal.
Red Wing, Minn., April 19.—Peter Dereks died at his home in Hay Creek of pneumonia. He was born in Germany and was 34 years old. He leaves a widow and three children.—Professor Axel Spilnaugh of this city has set to music the poem of Thomas Moore, "Light of Other Days." The composition is dedicated to J. L. Hjort, tenor, of Minneapolis, and is said to be of great merit.—F. H. Stevens will go to Minneapolis next week to open a law office and collection agency.
Fire Apparatus Tested.
Special to The Journal.
Little Falls, Minn., April 19.—Chief Ender of the fire department made a test of the apparatus and waterworks to-day. At different times two, four, six and eight streams of water were used, and with the largest number the water from the nozzles reached a height of about sixty feet. This is a great enough to give efficient protection for any building in the city.
Sensational Arrest at Iron River.
Special to The Journal.
Iron River, Wis., April 19.—Hobart Thiese was arrested yesterday upon a warrant issued to Joe St. Germain, charging him with adul-

tery with Mrs. St. Germain. An affidavit of prejudice was made out and Thiese was remanded to jail pending the arrival of the justice before whom the examination is to be held. The St. Germain and young Thiese are well known here.
Metzer Likely to Get It.
Special to The Journal.
Davenport, Iowa, April 19.—Unless some unforeseen movement prevents, Postmaster George Metzer, of this city, will be elected commander of the Iowa G. A. R., at the annual encampment, at Dubuque, in June next.
Robbed His Benefactor.
Special to The Journal.
Clarinda, Iowa, April 19.—Seth J. Clark, a farmer residing near this city, lost a valuable horse by theft. Several weeks ago, he took into his family a boy who gave the name of Ed Carpenter and said he came from Frontier county, Nebraska. The boy had left home on account of abuse. He was given work, but had been noticed to be light fingered. The horse and boy were tracked for some distance, and are thought to be headed for Nebraska.
Search for Miss Hicks.
Special to The Journal.
Creston, Iowa, April 19.—City Marshal George Hicks, of this place, is seeking his daughter, who is thought to be in Kansas City with her mother, who was divorced and has married again. The latter's present name is unknown. The marshal is well off financially and is desirous of providing for his daughter.
Old, but Bad.
Special to The Journal.
Bloomfield, Iowa, April 19.—William Moore, who traveled under several names, has been taken to Louisa county for trial on a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses.

He always said he had a fortune at home, but was in a strange land and without funds. He was advanced loans and then fled. He is a morphine fiend, old, broken in health, and bids fair to end his life in prison. He has just completed one term for a similar crime at Salisbury, Mo.
Homeless Child Sentenced.
Special to The Journal.
Indianola, Iowa, April 19.—A girl 12 years old was convicted of larceny and sentenced to the reform school. She says her name is Maggie Wood, and that she lives at Conger, Iowa. Later she told another story, claiming Colfax as her home. The sheriff of Warren county would be glad to receive information concerning her.
Joint Church Meeting.
Special to The Journal.
Cedar Falls, Iowa, April 19.—The tenth annual session of the Christian Endeavor societies and the Waterloo presbytery closed last evening with addresses by President H. H. Seelye, of the state normal school, and Rev. D. S. McFadden, of Greene. The session was one of the most successful ever held. Rev. Mr. McFadden will act as moderator for the next year. The Endeavor societies in the presbytery now number twenty-four, with a membership of 836. Last year, \$1,101 was contributed to missions.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the
Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.*

Omega Oil

THROAT AND CHEST—The doctors have all sorts of names for throat and chest troubles, but they are pretty much the same in character after all. Bronchitis, Tonsillitis, Pleurisy, Asthma and similar troubles are more or less related, and whatever is good for one is good for the others. Omega Oil accomplishes wonderful things in troubles of the breathing organs. The beauty of it is that you can rub it in from the outside, and run no risk of swallowing or inhaling drugs that may cause internal troubles or injure the digestion. It is a liniment that softens, loosens, heals, allays inflammation, and brings about relief as nothing else ever did before. The weather is so changeable and dangerous that Omega Oil has come to be looked upon as a remedy that no one can ignore.



If your dealer refuses to supply you with this wonderful sweet green liniment, the Omega Chemical Co., 357 Broadway, New York, will mail you a bottle, prepaid, for 50c. In cash, money order or stamps.

LAST CALL FOR FREE LANDS
Government Homes in Burnett County Are Going Fast.
Special to The Journal.
Grantsburg, Wis., April 19.—Never in the history of Burnett county have there been so many people looking for homes. They come in on every train and most of them are going back twenty to fifty miles for homesteads. Some are coming with money and buying farms in the older settled portions of the county, the seller in turn going farther back into the woods after cheaper lands. The homestead lands in this county have been reduced to about 60,000 acres, and the fear that at the next session of congress what is left will be withdrawn from settlement is causing the rush.
This county now has thirty postoffices and fifty schools, and yet its land is the cheapest to be found within several hundred miles of the twin cities. This is due to isolation from railroads, a drawback which it is supposed will be overcome this summer by the extension of the branches of the Soo and the Northern Pacific. It is thought this summer will see all but a few isolated tracks of government land taken up.

SMALLPOX INVADERS CHAMBERLAIN
Contagion Said to Have Been Brought in From Oacoma.
Special to The Journal.
Chamberlain, S. D., April 19.—Three cases of smallpox, known as "Cuban Itch," have developed in Chamberlain, the county treasurer being one of the afflicted. The council met and established a pesthouse and a rigid quarantine. For some weeks the loathsome disease has been raging at Oacoma, a town on the west side of the river, and contagion undoubtedly worked its way from there into this city, as citizens of Oacoma did not see fit to quarantine. Chamberlain has now quarantined itself against the place and the mail coming from there will be fumigated before reaching the city office.
The contract for the extension of the Chamberlain Indian school sewers to the mouth of American creek has been let to George E. Conrick for \$2,746. During the summer over \$20,000 will be expended for

Your Bank Account
may grow to fat proportions, but if you lose your health in the scramble for the money there will really be very little satisfaction in it. Good health is the first requisite to a happy and useful existence. Active business men and women should use Ripans Tablets even more than they do. Taken after meals, on going to bed or when occasion requires, they keep the stomach toned up, the appetite good, the nerves steady and the liver active. They are a great preventive of physical derangements. No matter if you never had a sick spell in your life, it is well to take a Tablette occasionally. There may be germs of disease lurking in your system of which you know nothing. Ripans will drive them out and keep you in good condition mentally and physically.