THE JOURNAL

LUCIAN SWIFT, MANAGER. | J. S. McLAIN, EDITOR.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS

Payable to The Journal Printing Co.
Delivered by Mail.

One copy, one month	$0.35
One copy, three months	1.00
One copy, six months	2.00
One copy, one year	4.00
Saturday Eve. edition, 20 to 26 pages.	1.50

Delivered by Carrier.

One copy, one week	8 cents
One copy, one month	35 cents
Single copy	2 cents

The Cruel War Almost Over.

At last light begins to dawn in the dark and gloomy coal war. The pressure of public opinion and the powerful influence of the President of the United States have made an impression.

The operators who, in the words of President Truesdale, had nothing to arbitrate, have now agreed to arbitrate, and disclaim ever having had any opposition to arbitration with their employes. They save their position, to a certain extent, by insisting that they will not arbitrate with the United Mine Workers' Union. In other words, they will not recognize the union as the mouthpiece and agent of the mine workers.

Arbitration without formal recognition of the United Mine Workers' Union should, and we believe, will be accepted by President Mitchell. It should be sufficient recognition for him and the union that this arbitration cannot go on unless they agree to it. The mine operators' proposition amounts to this: If the United Mine Workers' Union is agreeable, we bind ourselves to arbitrate certain differences between our employers and ourselves.

This is no time for Mr. Mitchell to stand on a quibble of recognition. It may seem very important to him and the union, but it does not seem important to the public, and Mr. Mitchell must accept the general terms of the offer of the operators if he wishes to hold for the men that public sympathy the men have undoubtedly had ever since Mr. Baer's bad break. The operators concede the great point of specific term agreements. It amounts to joint bargaining. They bind themselves to run their mines for three years in accordance with the decision arrived at by the arbitration commission they propose.

When the operators declare that while they do not discriminate against the United Mine Workers, they insist that the miners' union shall not discriminate against or refuse to work with non-union men; that there shall be no restriction or deterioration in the quantity or quality of work, they are taking high ground. Public opinion will be with them on this. It simply amounts to this: That employment in the mines shall be free to all qualified comers. The men may join the union or not, as they please. Having seen the power of the union, most of the men will continue to belong to the union or will join it. The operators also lay down a condition that will meet with public approval when they stipulate that immediately upon the arbitration commission's being constituted the men shall go to work. That is where public necessity is consulted. The public wants coal and wants it at once. While arbitration is in process the men must go back to work. That is no more than President Mitchell has already offered.

As to the composition of the commission to be appointed by the president, there may be some room for negotiations. There will be little objection, we take it, to an officer of the army or navy engineers, an expert mining engineer and an eminent sociologist; but there will likely be objection by the men to the inclusion of a coal operator unless there is also on the commission a mine worker; and there may, on account of suspicions of bias, be objections to a judge of a United States court of an eastern Pennsylvania district.

But now that the operators have expressed their willingness to arbitrate and have made a definite proposition, there ought to be no insuperable difficulty in determining the composition of the court. Both Mr. Mitchell and the operators owe it to the public to dispose of details and preliminaries with all possible speed and start the mines at once. It ought not to be necessary to take more than two or three days to make suitable arrangements. At the farthest the mines ought to be running with full forces by next Monday.

The coal operators have not surrendered. They have just given up.

Good Sense Will Preavil.

The Toronto Star observes that while Senator Lodge is teling the people of Massachusetts that reciprocity with Canada is impossible because the Canadians will not settle the trade question without also settling the Alaska frontier question, politicians on the other side of the line are telling the people that reciprocity is impossible because Americans do not want it. And the Star observes that anybody who wants to know whether the Canadians really desire reciprocity or not has only to consult the trade figures with their showing of enormous and growing balances in favor of the United States. Just now there is a vigorous attempt being made in Canada to identify a handful of manufacturers with the people of Canada. But free trade on the North American continent is destiny. At present the surface conditions seem to set against that destiny. Yet they may turn about suddenly, and turn they will some time—and the sooner the better for Canada and the better for Americans. Free trade over 3,500,000 square miles of the American continent has been good for all the people of all parts of that area. If it has been mutually good for Massachusetts and Texas, for Maine and California, why would it not be mutually good for Manitoba and Illinois, Ontario and Colorado?

In the Forum, Henry Litchfield West gives it as his opinion that neither in the short session of the fifty-seventh congress nor in the fifty-eighth congress will the tariff be revised. We hope that this prediction is not a good one. Anyone wno observes the rising tide of intelligent public opinion in favor of revision knows that such an outcome means that the fifty-ninth congress will have a democratic lower house and that the tariff will be amputated brutally and horizontally and with a meat cleaver instead of a surgeon's knife and with no nice manipulation of arteries and careful applications of aseptics and antiseptics.

IN A NUTSHELL.....

What the Anthracite Coal Miners Struck For

Now that there is a prospect that the dispute between the anthracite mine operators and the operatives is to be settled by arbitration, it is worth while to recall in concise terms what the strike is for.

As stated by President Mitchell of the United Mine Workers' union, and Carroll D. Wright, United States labor commissioner, the demands of the miners are:

First—An increase of the wages of the men employed in piece work—about 40 per cent of all the men in the mines. This increase was first put at 20 per cent; afterwards it was lowered to 10 per cent.

Second—A reduction of 20 per cent in the time of per diem employes, i. e., an eight-hour instead of a ten-hour day. This demand was later reduced to 10 per cent. It would result in about 220 working days per year, instead of 200 as at present, and consequently a 10 per cent increase of the yearly wage.

Third—Payment for a legal long ton of coal, 2,240 pounds, instead of at the rate of 2,750 pounds as at present. This demand was to apply in any district where weighing the coal is practicable and to those miners who are paid by the quantity and not by the day.

Fourth—Honest weighing of coal mined and correct recording of weights.

In addition to these demands there is another proposition "favored" by the men. As stated by Mr. Mitchell, it is: "We favor incorporating in the form of an agreement the wages that shall be paid and the conditions of employment that shall obtain for a specific period."

It will be observed that there is no specific demand for actual recognition of the union. The "favor" proposition may, perhaps, be construed as a request for such recognition, since it may be taken to mean that the agreement is to be signed for the men by the officials of the union.

At the time the 20 per cent demands were reduced to 10, Mr. Mitchell agreed to arbitrate all points. Again at the conference with the president he agreed to arbitrate all points. So that if the agreement proposition involves recognition of the union, even that is a matter for arbitration, so far as the union is concerned.

A Huge Precedent.

It looks like a settlement of the coal strike.

Who has brought this pleasing situation about?

John Mitchell? No.

The anthracite operators? No.

Who then? Theodore Roosevelt, president of the United States and J. Pierpont Morgan, railway and industrial autocrat of the United States.

In other words: The head of the political organization of the American people and the head of what may roughly be called the industrial organization of the people.

The political power caused it to be communicated to the industrial power that the two great organizations would forthwith lock horns in a desperate struggle unless the coal trouble was settled.

One man in New York had the power to bring peace. Back of that man were millions, the concentrated mobile wealth of the nation. One man in Washington had power the New York man feared. Back of him were millions of Americans, of men. The millions of men are still more powerful than the millions of money.

But reflect what all this means! It means that the proportions of organized industry in the United States have become so vast that the President of the United States does not feel that he is doing his duty as the head of the political organization of the country unless he takes a hand in settling disputes between organized industry and its organized employes. It means that industry and politics are becoming mixed with amazing rapidity.

Much of the mixing heretofore has been begun on the side of industry, through influence, good and bad, brought to bear on legislation.

This time politics—the political organization of the people, the government—moves upon industry. This is supremely significant. The move was made through a president who has been preaching national regulation of the trusts. It is the first move in such regulation. Observe that he is to appoint the arbitration commission.

Time was when industry was of no consequence and politics was everything. Now industry is fully as important as politics. It is becoming politics and politics is becoming industry. Observe the trend. Despite all our theories we can't get away from regulation of towering business organizations. If they are not regulated they will regulate the government. If through the government the people do not control them, they through the government will control the people. We may not take kindly to this new unfolding of the process of social evolution. It may be hateful to us to have government "meddling" with business.

But who can dispute the facts?

Persons desiring to "study up" on the proposed constitutional amendments are referred to yesterday's Journal, wherein Attorney General Douglas' synopsis of them was printed in full.

To Vote Right, Don't Vote.

Now here's a funny thing. Women are allowed to vote for members of the school board on the theory that they have a special title to a voice concerning the management of a public institution that has so much to do with their children. But if they exercise that privilege at the approaching election they may unintentionally do the Minneapolis schools great injury. While they can vote for members of the board they cannot vote on the proposition to issue bonds for the schools. But it requires two-thirds of all votes cast at the election to adopt the bonds. The women will be counted in the total, but they cannot get into the two-thirds. Therefore, a woman who votes for school directors votes to cripple the schools, since the issuance of the bonds is necessary to their symetrical growth.

And here's another funny thing. A woman is supposed to have a particular interest in the schools that entitles her to vote in school-board elections, but even though she be a property owner, she is not supposed to have a particular interest in voting on a bond proposition for those schools that means increased taxation. One of these days it will occur to us that women have about as many particular interests in public affairs as men. Then we will have true universal suffrage.

It is not exactly pleasant to discuss partizan politics in connection with the settlement of the coal strike. But there is no denying that practical politicians all over the country have agreed that unless the strike was brought to an end it would help the democrats and harm the republicans. Now that it appears about to be settled through President Roosevelt's mediation there can be no doubt that it will either be without effect on the political situation or will benefit the republicans, since they can claim that they should receive substantial recognition of their action in giving the people such a president.

Grover Cleveland is still for tariff reform. The democracy has won twice on that issue since the war and will probably win again unless the republican party can get over the idea that the Dingley law is legalized perfection.

Space Filling.

Mayor Jones and Superintendent of Police Waite now know how hard it is to please everybody, and how little moderation there is apt to be in adverse criticism of those who are doing their best. Neither this dwelling on the advantages of grafters in catching burglars, which the Tribune delights in, nor the patronizing scolding of the Times is doing any good. Both tend to weaken popular support of a hard-working administration that is far cleaner than anything we have had in the municipal government line in Minneapolis of recent years, and that is doing fully as well as the graft regime ever did under similar circumstances, in wrestling with the present epidemic of thievery and burglary. Moreover, we have not heard of any member of the present police force assisting burglars in their operations. Such a reassuring spectace we had under that delightful practice of government by graft.

This is no time for fault-finding, but the operators would look more like good coin to-day than fragmentary change if they had come to arbitration some weeks or months ago.

The Nonpareil Man

Casually Observed.

Miss Stone's bunch of assorted brigands with ribbons on their leggings are trying to make it hot for Turkey. We never expect to see that ransom money any more.

Those editorials in the Times set in capitals "fetched it" at last.

The American People's Union has been recognized by the mine operators.

Beatrice Fairfax answering the pleas of the heartsick Tribune subscribers says that a girl of 17 should not be out after dark unless accompanied by her parents or elder brother, and should not have any beaux at all. No girl of 17 will subscribe for the Tribune after this.

The Big Mitt men will find them very comfortable this weather.

De Bradsky's balloon got away from the rest of the airship and the earth flew up and hit it. When up in the air always keep close to your support.

M. E. Wallace caught two big bass at Minnetonka, but, my goodness, you ought to have seen the one that got away!

Not on the House.

A local saloon that dispenses poison to a high class of patronage has had to defend itself against a joke that from its chestnuticity has come to be a great annoyance to barkeepers. Every few days a man who has just heard it bobs up at the bar and demands "a tin roof." He wants the barkeeper to ask "what is that" so he can say "it's on the house." As this delicate bit of repartee started in 1898 and the bar gentleman has heard it not less than 25,000 times, it has become very tiresome. The saloon mentioned above has had a number of small tin helmets made and when the tin roof joker shows up he gets one of these and it's on him instead of on the house.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

John Goodnow, from his far away post on the Pacific, still keeps a watchful eye on Minnesota politics. He is especially mindful of the interests of Minneapolis. According to the Journal's correspondent at Manila, who talked with Mr. Goodnow recently, the consul general is strongly impressed with the idea that the city does not have sufficient representation in congress. He thinks the last legislature did an injustice when it refused to divide Hennepin, and retained it intact as a congressional district. The only immediate remedy for that, he says, is for Minneapolis to go after and get one of the United States senators. He believes that among the younger men now coming to the front there is good material for the senate. The trouble has been in the past, he says, that Hennepin has never been able to agree on a man.

The primary election law presents a way out of the difficulty, says the former director general of conventions. Let the question be submitted to the voters of Hennepin county at the primaries. Let the republicans of the county there declare their preference among the different aspirants. Then have the legislators from the county pledge themselves to stand by the people's choice, and present a united front. He believes that with Hennepin united the county can have a senator, and that the county might have had almost continuous representation in the senate in years past, but for factional divisions.

Van Will Have the Sixth.

"The sixth district is for Van Sant" was the rallying cry of the gathering at republican state headquarters yesterday. The conference began in the morning and lasted until late in the afternoon. It was attended by James A. Martin, sixth district committeeman and chairman of the executive committee; C. A. Pidgeon, C. C. Eastman of Wadena of the state committee; C. B. Buckman, candidate for congress; John J. Boobar, secretary of his committee; A. N. Dare, of Elk River; N. J. O'Neil, of Alexandria, and the following chairmen of county committees:

S. W. Madden, Foley; B. F. Hartshorn, Walker; John T. Frater, Brainerd; M. N. Koll, Alexandria; H. R. Cobb, Park Rapids; A. F. Koerner, Litchfield; M. M. Williams, Little Falls; Andrew Davis, Elk River; John De Leo, St. Cloud; Albert Rhoda, Long Prairie; W. R. Baumbach, Wadena; George C. Carpenter, Buffalo.

The general verdict was that the district was in fine shape and that Lind's majority of 1,700 in 1900 would be reversed. Every county in the district but Stearns is claimed for Van Sant, including the democratic counties of Benton and Morrison. He will gain heavily in Todd and Douglas, and the new vote in Cass and Hubbard will be republican. Wright county's committeemen complain because they have no fight on. There is not a democrat on the county ticket and Sheriff Nugent has pulled out after thirty years in the office. It will require a special effort there to get out the vote.

Boobar and Buckman Confident.

John J. Boobar says there is no doubt about Buckman's election, and Senator Buckman himself apepars confident. The democrats are claiming Stearns county for Du Bois by 3,000. "That is ridiculous," says Boobar. "Those 3,000 majorities are historical. They will never happen again."

Dr. Du Bois is counting on large republican disaffection in Meeker, Wright, Sherburne, Todd and Douglas, the Foster strongholds, but the republican managers are unable to locate it. Colonel Foster is out for the whole republican ticket and the Buckman people say his supporters will be in line.

Mr. Boobar complains that the time left for a campaign is too brief to cover a congressional district in the old way. "We have to put up a strenuous campaign," he said, "but I suppose we ought to do that to be up with the spirit of the times."

Dates for Volstead.

A. J. Volstead, republican candidate for congress in the seventh district, will start out in the district next week, speaking under the auspices of the republican state committee. He will be at Benson Oct. 20, Morris Oct. 21, Brown's Valley Oct. 22, Wheaton Oct. 23, Elbow Lake Oct. 24 and Starbuck and Villard Oct. 25.

Does Not Look Like Apathy.

Ramsey county republicans turned out to greet Governor Van Sant last evening in a way that gave the lie to stories of apathy in St. Paul. Two crowded houses, one in the first and one in the eighth ward, listenened to the governor's speech on the issues of the day. He got rounds of applause at both places, showing that the rank and file of the party in Ramsey are with him, regardless of the old leaders. Congressman Stevens spoke ably at both meetings. C. F. Staples, railroad commissioner, talked on the record of the party in Minnesota.

"Cap." Riley Calls It Names.

D. L. Riley of Lakefield, who failed to be nominated for the state senate, makes affidavit that he spent $210.50. Of this $70 was paid for newspaper advertising, and Mr. Riley appends to his affidavit:

"This monstrosity called a primary election law is a pretty good thing for newspaper men, if it is a little tough on candidates, especially defeated ones."

Volunteers Grow Mercenary.

The Westbrook Sentinel says:

"The Hon. J. T. McCleary jollies us up by saying that as editor of the Sentinel we are recognized as one of the leaders of the republican party, and compliments us with a republican campaign handbook and a lot of hints for a beautiful crop of free advertising. He forgot to enclose a check large enough to lift the mortgage on our office."

Since the primary election, which gave some of the "boys" an unwonted share of the political "graft," it is said to be the hardest kind of a task to get any voluntary work out of them. Men who in times past have put their shoulders to the wheel just for the fun and glory of the thing, now stand back and want to know "what there is in it?" This is a common complaint from county committeemen.

The republican state ticket occupies a top column position on the editorial page of the Northfield News, with no names missing, from which it may safely be inferred that the third district is for Van Sant.

Democrat Withdraws.

The Bird Island Union reports that E. L. Winje, the democratic candidate for senator in Renville county, has pulled off in favor of Luther Nichols of Fairfax, the independent candidate, who will get the democratic support. Mr. Nichols is said to be a republican, but do republicans of Renville county have a guarantee that he will vote for a republican for United States senator?

For the first time in his life Frank M. Eddy will deliver a political speech in his home town of Glenwood. He is billed for next Saturday evening. His neighbors are going to give him a rousing reception, and the congressman is going to give them the best in his locker.

It is an odd circumstance that Herman Hillmond, who introduced the first primary election bill in the legislature in 1901, and warmly supported the Dunn bill, which was substituted for it, goes on the ballot by petition. He is an independent candidate for the senate and took no part in the primaries.

—Charles B. Cheney.

DAILY DIVERSION

Intricacies of Business—J. M. Roseberry Long, a young member of the New York bar, was visited the other day by a would-be client, who laid before him a complex problem which he desired to have incorporated in a suit for $100,000 damages. The visitor was an elderly man, past 60, of rubicund countenance and enormous girth. He drew from his pocket a small leather-covered notebook, refreshed his memory, and said:

"Five years ago I bought a small farm of 1,000 acres down in Texas and started to raise chickens. I bought the farm on a mortgage from a man who owned the adjoining farm. He also raised chickens. I bought a setting of prize Brahmas—12 eggs, at $1 apiece. Out of the setting were hatched two hens and one rooster, very valuable birds. When half grown they strayed to the farm of my neighbor. When I went to call for them he claimed that they were his, and refused to give them up. I have evidence that in the course of one year those two prize Brahma hens laid 350 eggs, the market price of which had risen to $2, making a profit on those two hens of $750. The rooster was exhibited at a county fair and took a $250 prize, making a profit of $1,000 on the three birds. The mortgage on my farm came due. I was $1,000 short and could borrow no money. The mortgage was foreclosed, and I had to get out. In the following year oil was struck on that farm, and before the oil gave out $99,000 worth was taken out. My contention is that through the conversion of the three prize Brahma fowls I was defrauded of $100,000. That's as clear as daylight, isn't it?"

Mr. Long told his would-be client that before going any further in the matter he desired to consult the authorities. He is still consulting.

Everything considered, there is as much justification for "Dr." Mark Twain as "Dr." Chauncey Depew.—Chicago Tribune.

AMUSEMENTS

"A Modern Magdalen" at the Metropolitan

A delicious Micawber-like character in the hands of a rare comedian; much epigrammatic wit; not a little pathos; and a proper glimpse of impropriety—all are purveyed at the Metropolitan just now by "Amelia Bingham's special company" in Haddon Chamber's play, "A Modern Magdalen." Not, of course, that Miss Bingham herself is to be seen, because she "presents her own company." Miss Bingham's name and her full-length portrait upon the billboards were presumed to herald Miss Roselle Knott, who is admirably supported.

"A Modern Magdalen," as local posters have asserted, is "the most wildly (!) discussed play of the age." In so Kilkenny an argument, perhaps, another voice is not to be desired. But it is tamely submitted that Mr. Chambers has only adapted a superior melodrama. Accepted as such, "A Modern Magdalen" will please throughout. For it has more than the usual merit of the turgid school. Its dialogue is bright, sometimes brilliant; its humor is not overstrained; its emotional opportunities are frequent; several of its characters are unfamiliar; its sprightly movement reveals the adroit craftsman.

But when set forth pretentiously the play does not meet anticipation. Most obvious then are the many stilted lines. The heroine, for example, displays the sentiments, the conduct of a good-hearted, passionate shop-girl, and her diction is that of a cultured lady. Her deceiver-in-chief—there is another—utters his first sentence, and you know him for an "East Lynee" villian. The true lover says that he would not be untrue "for $200,000,000."

In the plot there is no surprise, no ingenuity. Almost the entire play—and it is not a fateful tragedy—can be predicted when the opening act shows Katinka Jenkins, pretty working girl without work, but with a stepmother, a drunken father, an invalid sister, a hard-toiling true friend, and a "gentleman admirer." Katinka, impatient of poverty, dearly loves rich rainment—and her sister. To get money Katinka, manifestly, will sell herself, and the true friend will rescue her at next to the last moment. She is sold, she is rescued—and that is the play.

The object of it all is to impress the trite lesson of "Camille," that a vicious life does not invariably destroy a noble soul. But the proof, in this example, is based on the improbable.

Katinka is a healthy, handsome, educated girl living in Brooklyn five years ago. She despises her father, a former insurance agent ruined by drink. She hates her vulgar, mercenary stepmother. But Katinka would like to secure due medical aid for her ailing half-sister, Olivia. Katinka would also like better clothes. As she is indifferent to her parents, and as moderate wages would permit her to help her sister, the pretty maid is without just excuse for seeking a life she pretends to abhor. Yet she runs away to join the gentleman friend. Luxury for herself, not love for another, is the motive. Nevertheless, the play thereafter turns on her self-sacrifice!

Katinka's remittances to her father enable him and his wife to live in comfort and the invalid to recover her health. The father pretends to earn the money himself. Olivia never hears from her sister, and is naturally willing to be taught that Katinka is both selfish and dissolute. When, after a year, the wanderer, clad in full scarlet livery, returns for a visit, the little home girl properly hesitates to welcome so evil an example. But from that moment little sister is pilloried for her vile ingratitude. The incongruities are endless.

The old expedient of a supper-room "up stage"; doors opened from time to time, arms, uplifted bottles, containing So-and-arms uplifted bottles, containing So-and-So's champagne, as the program gossips; notes of the clinking class and the mirthful ditty—the presumed picture, in fine, of Vice as good people love to look at it within a theater—introduces Katinka spending her admirer's money. One of her guests is John Strong, agent of a Society for the Suppression of Vice. He is scathingly exposed as a hypocrite who rants about non-existent virtues and who indulges a morbid fondness for peeping at the half-world. Both of these are notable qualities of Mr. Chambers' play.

The outcome is correspondingly unnatural. The lazy, pleasure-loving girl, saved from suicide, marries her true lover and goes off to Cuba as an army nurse.

Miss Katinka, Miss Roselle Knott, great praise. If she might better express anguish with more constraint, less vehemence, still she perfectly suggests in manner and utterance the passionate, headstrong, kindly heroine.

The hard-drinking father, superficial, selfish, stupidly optimistic, and vacuously merry, is played by the sterling character actor, W. J. Ferguson, with uncommon flexibility and finish. But the language of the Brooklyn business man is wholly British; he is merely a Dickens revival.

An unexpected role, that of "Uncle" Brinker, an uneducated "sporty" grandfather of the most gentlemanly instincts, is excellently portrayed by Daniel Jarrett. Genuine as the character is, it suffers from self-labeling, like the legendary picture of the horse.

In the farce-comedy part of John Strong, the psuedo-Anthony Comstock, appeared to advantage Victor de Silke, formerly in Minneapolis as a member of the Criterion stock company.

—H. B. Curry.

"All on Account of Eliza" at the Bijou.

Some time, somebody, somewhere will dramatize the multiplication table or the alphabet, and, if he be clever, he will construct a good play from the material thus provided. To-day one of the New York theaters is housing a play announced as a dramatization of a Moody and Sankey hymn; Dooley is to be put upon the stage and even Omar cannot escape. Therefore, it is not surprising that Leo Ditrichstein should have selected a song from "Billee Taylor,' an ancient comic opera, as the source of his inspiration and should have named his play, now holding forth at the Bijou, "All on Account of Eliza." On the program the piece is billed as a comedy. It is not. It is farce, and a rattling good farce, too.

Originally jroduced in New York two years ago, "All on Acocunt of Eliza" has never till now been seen in Minneapolis; but it comes to us this season under the management of Jacob Litt and with a capable company. It was worth waiting for.

Telling a simple story of the trials and tribulations besetting a city-bred schoolma'am who has secured employment in a country community, and whose graces win for her the devotion of the male population just as they incur the enmity of her country sisters, the piece pleases through its quaint character drawings, and its droll situations. Nothing more diverting that the schoolroom scene has been seen at the Bijou in many a day nor have we had more delicious love making than that provided by the teacher and her boy lover. The spectacle of a country school board listening to charges preferred against a teacher, acquitting her on all counts, and then winding up the meeting with a free-for-all fight is screamingly funny as Mr. Ditrichstein has contrived it, and this is only one of a number of highly amusing situations.

As for the people of the play there is the dainty schcolma'am, winsome, coquettish, charming; the president of the school board, German, impressionable and eccentric; the town sport; a hen-pecked husband and his strong-minded wife; the president's housekeeper, self-assertive and ponderous; the village druggist and his better half, the meddling postmistress; a schoolboy lover of the pretty teacher; and the president's son, who falls in love with her in earnest and who ultimately wins her for his wife. Humorous in themselves, the predicaments into which Mr. Ditrichstein has plunged his characters make "All on Account of Eliza" an exuberantly funny farce; one that is too good to be missed.

The cast is excellent throughout. Edward See, a member of the original company, plays Hochstuhl senior, "de bresident." He has not attempted to create a new character but has been content to follow in the footsteps of Louis Mann and the result is eminently satisfactory. Miss Stella M. Kenny brings a most pleasing personality to the role of the school teached and plays the part excellently. Her coquetry is never hoydenish and she makes it easy to understand why the men of the village become her champions. Excellent work is done by Miss Dollie Bardell as the postmistress, and by Master Thomas Mansfield in the part of a school boy. J. Charles Hayden is effective as Eliza's lover.

—J. S. Lawrence.

"The Slaves of Russia" at the Lyceum.

When in doubt—try melodrama. This is a good, old managerial axiom, the wisdom of which has been recognized by the foremost theatrical entrepreneurs of the country, and which has the authority of no less distinguished a personage than the late Augustin Daly. Problem plays come and go; the romantic drama gives way to the historical; comic opera is superseded by musical comedy, but melodrama, like the poor, is always with us. Daly's theater, long the most polite playhouse in New York, fell upon evil days with the departure of John Drew, but melodrama put its manager upon his feet again and "The Great Ruby" would have made him rich, had he not died before the play had fairly reached its popularity. Consider a list of the most successful plays of the past twenty-five years—"Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Hazel Kirke," "The White Slave," "In Old Kentucky," melodramas all, and all of them very mellow into the bargain. In the theatrical world but one thing succeeds like success, and that one thing is—melodrama.

Hence it need occasion no surprise that Dick Ferris has seen fit to revive "The Slaves of Russia," a good old melodrama, under an unfamiliar title, to be sure, but a play that won favor a score of years ago notwithstanding. As its new title indicates "Slaves of Russia" tells a story of the Muscovite serf system which still survives—upon the stage. Here men are yoked to sleds and flogged like beasts of burden; young girls are outraged with impunity; the gentleman is his servants' master; duels are of frequent occurrence; men are thrown into furnaces; are shot; killed in duels and otherwise maltreated, all to the delectation of the audience and to the pecuniary advantage of the manager. In brief, "Slaves of Russia" is an old-fashioned thriller, and it drew to the Lyceum theater, Sunday night, the largest audience that has crowded that playhouse since the season opened.

Like all the Ferris productions the piece has been well staged. Mr. Ferris himself is in the cast and plays an American artist. Miss Hayward is a countess, Mr. McCann a prince; Mr. Murdoch a count, and Miss Horne a princess. As for the others, they are either serfs or common people, except Miss Marie Pavey, who is an uncommonly chic French maid with an uncommonly bad accent.

—J. S. Lawrence.

BUT ONLY FOR A TIME

Chicago Chronicle.

If there is anybody in or out of congress who made a better record than Beet Sugar Oxnard, we would like to make his acquaintance. This gentleman bowled out the president, the cabinet, the redoubtable General Wood, the Havemeyers, the majority of republicans in both houses and practically the entire republican newspaper press of the country. He defeated the administration, the people, the army and navy, the party machine, the new Cuban republic and several republican state conventions.

BERLIN TO LICENSE CATS.

The town council of Berlin is to issue licenses for cats, just as it does for dogs. Cats are only to perambulate the city when wearing their authorized little badges, hanging, locket-like, from their throats.

AS HEAD OF THE FAMILY

By EPES W. SARGENT

(Copyright, 1902, by T. C. McClure.)

The sun shining down upon the bare stubble gilded the rustling heaps of corn leaves and burnished the ripening pumpkins.

Tommy lay in the shadow of a shock. He was tired of playing Indian by himself. As he gazed at the blue of the distant hills the conviction grew upon him that he was too old for such childish pastimes. It was time for him to take his place as the man of the house. The whole farm was going to rack and ruin under the allied mismanagement of hired help and womanfolk.

Tommy had not much opinion of the latter. There was his sister Martha—why did she not straighten out matters by marrying Abner Jones? Had they not kept steady company for two years before the quarrel of the spring? Had not Abner the next farm, a tidy one with an orchard full of apples? Tommy smacked his lips as he remembered the apples.

"A CRY, THE FIRST RED EAR."

Had he not the smartest horse and buggy in the township? He had given Tommy many a ride in the days before the quarrel. And should all these good things be wasted for the sake of a girl's contrariness? Tommy gave a disgusted grunt. What ailed girls anyway that made them so full of whims? Catch him ever falling in love with one of the pesky creatures! Abner, however, had a bad case. He had tried to make up—Tommy had seen him. It was Martha who refused. Tommy must certainly interfere as head of the family. But how?

Here he shifted his position against the shock. Something was knuckling into his back. He drew it from behind him. It was an ear of corn, and as the leaves fell away from one end Tommy saw that it was red. He stared at it a moment resentfully, but suddenly his face cleared. With one of his favorite Indian war-whoops he began dancing around the shock. An idea had come to him. Just what he did for the next hour only the sun and some inquisitive crows know, and they have never told.

* * * * * * *

Abner Jones was mending harness in the shade of the great barn door. A shadow crossed the patch of sunlight just beyond him. He looked up and saw Tommy.

"Morning Tommy," he said cordially. "Glad to see you."

Tommy sat down on a nearby bench, but after a few polite inquiries the conversation languished. Abner looked at him curiously. Such silence was not like Tommy. He evidently had something on his mind.

Tommy had, but it took some minutes of screwing around on his seat before he opened up the subject.

"I s'pose you know that we're goin' to have a corn husking up at our place t'morrow night?" he asked at length.

Abner nodded. Of course he knew it. He had been thinking about it all morning, thinking of last year when Martha—

Tommy's voice broke in upon his musing. "I s'pose you're goin' to be there?"

A flush burned through all the tan of Abner's cheek. "No, I'm not coming. I haven't been invited," he said bitterly.

Tommy stood up and laid a persuasive hand upon his knee. "That's jest what I come over about," he said earnestly. "I come to invite you as head of the family."

Abner stared at him in astonishment. But Tommy was now started and he launched forth into glowing eulogy of his plan. Abner lent at first an incredulous and then a willing ear. In the end Tommy conquered his doubts.

* * * * * * *

They say that the bravest deeds go unheralded. Certain it is that it took the truest heroism for a boy like Tommy to say to Martha the next evening, "Oh, I saw Abner Jones yesterday an' invited him to come to-night, an' he's comin'!"

Martha neither cried nor fainted, though her cheeks, to Tommy's excited gaze, grew undoubtedly paler. Her voice may have trembed a little as she said quietly, "Very well, Tommy."

* * *

In the dingy light of the barn that evening Martha's cheeks were the pinkest. Her eyes shone like stars. Her "Good evening, Mr. Jones," had been as cool as politeness admitted, but her whilom suitor seemed nowise abashed. He teased the girls and joked with the men and helped Tommy to bring in the great heaps of corn.

Tommy had an air of grave importance as he distributed the armfuls. He kept an anxious glance on Martha and when she finally seated himself in one corner hastened to put an armful down by her side. "That's Abner's place," he said to Tom Perkins when he tried to seize the pile. His tone was so decided that Tom looked elsewhere for a partner.

Martha was silent when Abner took his place beside her. Suddenly the young man gave a cry—"The first red ear!" He turned and kissed Martha. She allowed it, passively, it is true, but she allowed it. Abner's heart was singing for joy.

Another moment and he uncovered another red ear. Again he kissed Martha. Agani she suffered it. Abner grew bold. Others were finding the coveted ears and distributing their favors, but it was he who seemed to be the lucky one. Again and again he was entitled to claim the forfeit of a kiss. He always turned to Martha. The girl's cheeks flamed. Tears were shining in her blue eyes. "Don't, Abner," she whispered beseechingly as he bent toward her.

"Why not, Martha?"

The girl dropped her eyes. "You are making everybody talk," she said deprecatingly.

"Who cares?" he said recklessly. "I don't, if you don't. And, Martha, you know how you can stop their talking." He seized her hand. "We've made up, dear; haven't we?" he asked.

Martha raised her eyes to his, and in their violet depths he read her answer.

* * *

They were saying "Good night!" on the porch after all the rest had gone. "But, Abner," she asked wonderingly, "all of your ears were red. How did you manage it?"

Abner laughed. He could afford to laugh now, with Martha's hand held fast as surety that they had made up forevermore. "Oh, you must ask Tommy," he said easily. "He managed it in his capacity as head of the family."

"But I won't be head of the family any more," said a small voice. "You're head now, Abe, an' I'm awful glad. It was hard work." And Tommy rolled out of the hammock and slid off to the bed and the rest he had earned so faithfully.

Books and Authors

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. American Men of Letters Series. By George E. Woodberry, Columbia College. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Riverside Press, Cambridge. $1.10 net.

If, as Hamilton Wright Mable says, "greatness of all kinds involves lonelinness," and "our souls are greater than our vocabularies,"—and our deeds, he might have added—it is not difficult to see how difficult the task of the biographer is. Though daily associated with a great man, or with one who is not great, one seldom knows the character of the one with whom he associates. He sees actions, hears words, and then draws his own inferences of the "hidden springs" in which deed and word originated; but these inferences may be far from the truth. The biographer's duty, therefore, is to take those acts, those pieces of finished work, those expressions of thought, feeling or purpose, which seem best to portray the character, and those experiences which let the light in upon the soul, and piece them together in such a way as to give some idea of the man of whom they were the imperfect expression or a partial disclosure. This, of course, is not all, but it is a large part of the biographer's work. And this is what one familiar with the works of Nathaniel Hawthorne would say had been done by George E. Woodberry in the latest addition to the American Men of Letters series. He has pictured such a man as one feels would fit the authorship of those works, and that is all that one a stranger to Hawthorne personally and one of a different time can well say.

In charm of literary style as well as in sympathetic handling of his subject Woodberry has done a work exceptional and noteworthy. He has produced here a biography which it may be predicted, will take a permanent place both as biography and as literature. Like the other books in the American Men of Letters series to which it belongs, the Life of Hawthorne deals primarily with Hawthorne as a writer, and it is marked by the critical skill and acumen which have made Professor Woodberry's Life of Poe, in the same series, an invaluable book.

THE THINGS THAT ARE CAESAR'S. By Reginald Wright Kauffman. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

If you owe a debt, pay it; if it is a debt to the state—Caecar—incurred by a violaton of the law, pay it by accepting the penalty of the law, and begin life over again. Such a course of reasoning as that, seconded by a man supposed to be wise, got John Haig into a life of trouble. The author tells his readers that Haig was a young man of high ideals, far form being a criminal in disposition, and that he might easily have evaded the harsh penalty of ten years at hard labor for a trivial embezzlement committed in the thoughtlessness of youth in a perfectly proper way. That being the case Haig might have become a useful and successful member of society and might have given ten of the best years of his life to society, thereby expiating his crime far more worthily than by going to prison for ten years to come out at the end to begin the unequal batle with the stigma of crime as an obstacle.

The flimsiness of the ground on which the story is built is characteristic of the entire story, plot and incidents and characters. Yet there is a saving salt of interest in the troubles that pursue Haig. This may be faint praise with its consequent damning. But if the reading public, failing to read "The Things That Are Caesar's," gets nothing worse in its place, it will have little trouble in finding much that is better.

In Bolivia twelve peaks of the Cordilleras de la Pas rise to over 20,000 feet.