

THE JOURNAL

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An Interesting Decision.

The federal supreme court yesterday, through Justice Peckham, delivered an important decision, one of deep interest to the practitioners of the "regular" schools of medicine and those of the various schools of magnetism and mind healers.

The specific case decided was that of the American School of Magnetic Healing against a postmaster for not delivering the mail of a magnetic healer on the ground that, under the statutes, the healer was perpetrating fraud upon the public through correspondence, making extraordinary claims as a healer of human ills.

In the judgment delivered, it was held that no fraud had been committed by the healer and that the postal authorities are not qualified to sit in judgment and destroy the business of one who claims to be able to cure diseases without drugs, since there is no exact standard of absolute truth by which to prove the healer's statement true or false.

Although the decision affects immediately the status of magnetic healers, Justice Peckham applied it to the practitioners in mental therapeutics also. The magnetic healer claims that, by his process of manipulating the human body, he conveys to the patient or to the affected part or organ of the patient's body, a healing magnetic force from his own constant supply.

The mind healer claims that disease may be fought successfully by the inner mind armed with a conviction that it possesses power to maintain healthful bodily conditions in the body in which it resides, or in the body of another person present to the healer or absent.

The healing vital force is within the individual himself. The mind healer acts upon the patient's vital forces by suggestion and direction of the subjective mind of the patient. As the court holds, there is a difference of opinion as to the efficacy of mental therapeutics—differences as to the validity of the "cure all" claims, for, if some of the claims of mental healers were true there would never be any more funerals, for death would be annihilated.

But, while difference of opinion exists, it is evident that there is a strong impulse to the acceptance and recognition of the fact of the power of mind over body. The fact was amicably known and recognized. It is coming, in this latter day, into more general and beneficent use and the schools of medicine known as "regular," as is well known, have considerably minimized the use of drugs in many diseases and in neuroses, for instance, many "regular" physicians rely upon the diversion of the patient's mind and the awakening of his vital forces by suggestion to his subjective mind. There are thousands of people who have an unquestioning faith in magnetic healing, Christian Science, so called, with its postulate of "no substance, no matter, spirit is God, God is all; he can have no opposite"; divine healers, and other claimants for universal recognition of their reputed monopoly of therapeutic power, and they present proof of benefit received, and there is no doubt that thousands have been benefited by the processes of the magnetism and the Christian Scientists, so that the supreme court may well ask, "How can any one lay down the limit and say beyond that there are fraud and false pretenses?" People of the highest intelligence accept the claims of the leading schools of mind healers and the supreme court decision affirming, practically, the legality of magnetic healing and the right of its practitioners to the use of the mails concurrently embodies a recognition of the legality of Christian Science and other schools of mind healing, although such decision does not carry with it any legal right of any school to insist upon its own remedial activities to the death of a patient from a form of disease with which mental therapeutics has clearly shown itself incapable of dealing successfully.

Svenska Amerikanska Posten, like Augustana church, is prepared to keep abreast of the gradual substitution of the American for the Swedish language among Swedish-Americans. Yesterday it printed an editorial in English and its junior publication is altogether in English. Svenska Folkets Tidnings published political editorials in English as long as two years ago. A common subject of discussion among editors of Swedish and Norwegian-American papers is, how long a lease of life have they? If they continue to be printed altogether in the old

IN A NUTSHELL....

The Long Lead of the United States in Wheat Production.

So much has been said of late about the wheat-producing possibilities of western Canada that the great lead the United States enjoys in the production of wheat has been overlooked. The current number of the Northwestern Miller presents some interesting figures in this regard, supplied by Mr. O. P. Austin, the able chief of the treasury bureau of statistics. He thinks that the increase in the production of wheat in Canada should not give our wheat producers serious alarm.

There are five countries which may be considered rivals of the United States in wheat production. They are Australia, Argentina, Canada, India and Russia. In 1901 the wheat crop of these countries was as follows: Australia, 57,000,000; Argentina, 72,000,000; Canada, 92,000,000; India, 246,000,000; Russia, 463,000,000 bushels.

France, the third wheat-producing country of the world, is evidently left out of this list, because it never raises more than enough for its own enormous consumption. The wheat crop of the United States in 1901 was 748,000,000 bushels. The five rivals together produced only 181,000,000 more.

The present situation being satisfactory, the only question that Mr. Austin considers a subject for anxiety is whether other countries are likely to increase their production faster than we. In the last ten years the Australian crop increased 20,000,000; Argentina's, 38,000,000; Canada's, 43,000,000; India's, 39,000,000; Russia's, 53,000,000; the United States, 321,000,000. Thus, while the United States was gaining 232,000,000 bushels her rivals were gaining 191,000,000. It must be remembered, too, that it was supposed that in 1892 the United States had reached her maximum wheat-producing power.

The introduction of macaroni wheat gives promise of bountiful wheat crops in the arid and semi-arid parts of the country, where wheat growing has not heretofore been profitable. The present rate of increase of the United States will in four years amount to 20,000,000 bushels the home demand, which calls for 20,000,000 pounds.

but every one in awhile signs of life may be seen there.

Buttering the Bread.

When Minnesota was first given the designation of the bread and butter state, the butter was a little thin on the slice of bread, which was of the dimensions one occasionally finds in a German-American farm house. The state's butter was of the best quality, but it was a little shy on quantity compared with the enormous flour and wheat output. But at the present rate of increase it will not be long before the bread can be generously smeared with Minnesota butter.

Between 1899 and 1901 the state's production of butter, as shown by Mr. B. D. White of the state dairy and food department, increased about 9,000,000 pounds. It now stands at 54,867,000 pounds.

As of yore, Freeborn county stands at the head of the list, with production of almost 4,000,000 pounds; Steele is next, with almost 3,000,000 pounds, and Stearns third, with about two and a quarter millions. The southern counties of the state continue to lead the northern counties, many of which even as yet to be progressing rapidly in butter-making.

Minnesota butter sells for enough more than the average farmer the same price for his product, less transportation charges, than the New York butter gets. At an average price of 21 1/2 cents a pound, Minnesota butter yielded about \$12,000,000 in 1901. It would take about 24,000,000 bushels of wheat to bring in that much.

If the rate of gain between 1899 and 1901 in the output of Minnesota creameries is long kept up, other states which have already yielded to Minnesota in quality will have to look out for the quantity laurels. Ten per cent a year will count up amazingly fast.

The Dukhobors seem to have had all the wandering they want in cold weather. There seems to be a tendency, now that they are back in their homes, to send the wandering inspiration into retirement until the weather is more favorable, at least.

The Chinese Bogey.

At the farewell dinner given to the Chinese minister a few days ago Mr. J. J. Hill sounded a loud alarm regarding the menace of China in the future. "Some of our friends in China," he said, "may wake up and be too wide awake for us. God help us if ever they get started and turn their attention to the production of articles that enter into the commerce of the world. ... If they enter into the manufacturing and commercial relations of the world, depend upon it you will hear from them. They will make their mark. Will you in turn be compelled to put up a Chinese wall?"

The United States has already put up a pretty effective wall against the Chinese. Our tariff barrier is just as high on the Pacific coast as on the Atlantic, and we have besides the Chinese exclusion law. We are therefore protected against the made-in-China goods as well as those made in America by Chinamen. But as yet there is nothing made in China that would compete in our markets to our serious detriment, even if there were no tariff wall. Chinese competition, if ever, is to be a peril of the future. The influx of Chinese laborers into this country was once a very positive peril, but thanks to the exclusion law we have avoided it.

But we are not so sure that Mr. Hill is right when he predicts great danger to the rest of the world from the development of China. He proceeds on the theory that without consuming any more of the goods of other nations than at present, without raising their own standard of living, or rate of wages, the Chinese will be able to become so efficient in manufacturing as to be a menace to the rest of the world. But by the time the Chinaman has come to be equal in efficiency to the American workman, he will not be the Chinaman of today. He will consume vastly more than he does today and will be a more liberal buyer as well as a larger seller.

The truth is that some very erroneous ideas are generally entertained concerning international commerce. We talk so much nowadays about commercial invasions that we are beginning to think that they are really to be compared to invasions by armed forces. A little while ago we thought that with our enormous favorable balance of trade we were draining Europe of its wealth, but now we are generally convinced that that balance is just as favorable to Europe as to us. We simply use it to pay our debts, while Europe enjoys the use of the \$600,000,000 worth of materials we send in large part to her over and above our imports. When one man discharges a debt he owes to another the transaction is thought to be mutually advantageous.

International trade is nothing but an exchange of products. If exchange ceases to be possible both directly and indirectly, trade ceases. If Europe did not have vast sums of money invested here, if Americans did not spend large sums in Europe, if European ships were not carrying our freight for us, if we bought nothing from Europe we would not long continue to sell to Europe. When international trade exists it is for international good. The Chinese will hardly be able to sell to us in that mythical time when they are to beat us in industry, unless we buy from them, and we can't buy from them long if their competition ruins us.

"Reddy" Coherf pleads guilty. Let us see, wasn't it the same "Reddy" that was so virtuously indignant because he was treated like other arrested persons?

Public Convenience.

The proposed federation of the various Minneapolis sectional improvement associations will not have to look long for something to do. One of the tasks it could take up would be the establishment of public convenience stations. The purpose might be realized through an organized campaign that would stir the city government up to undertaking the work, or the association might itself build such a station.

The Merchants' association of San Francisco, which appears to be about as lively and progressive a public-purpose organization as can be found in the United States, has in this matter of public convenience stations set an example that other bodies doing a public work elsewhere can profit by. Feeling the need of convenience stations the association, not being able to persuade the city authorities to take up the work, built one such station itself and presented it to the city on condition that the park board maintain it. It is an underground station, has a department for each sex, and cost \$5,000.

It is well known that American cities are far behind European cities in respect of providing stations for the physical convenience of the public. Such stations are almost unknown in this country, yet the need for them is even greater than in Europe, because an American city doubtless has many more visitors daily than a European city of corresponding size.

The absence of these conveniences doubtless causes much physical discomfort and misery to the thousands of visitors Minneapolis has in times of large conventions, state fairs, football games, etc. Other American cities are beginning to wake up on this subject and Minneapolis ought to be in the van.

That man Folk, county attorney and prosecutor for the state at St. Louis, is a wonder. He was elected to his present position by some of the very men whom he is now prosecuting. He appears to be a quiet, unassuming sort of fellow and probably he was counted upon to develop defective eyesight in case anything irregular should come within the range of vision. He has not hesitated, however, to do his duty. Last week he sent a millionaire to the penitentiary for bribery, and he has several more apparently ticketed for the same place. They tell a story about him which illustrates his imperturbability. He was in New York, and, having a desire to see things, was invited to a small dinner where he was seated beside the notorious Mary MacLane. Five minutes after the party sat down to dinner Mary broke out, loud enough for every one at the table to hear and intended for the entire company, with the exclamation, "Some one talk to me; I am bored to death; this man does not interest me a little bit." Such a blast would have knocked over an ordinary fellow, but it seemed not to have fazed Folk, who manifested no concern.

The university board of athletic control acted wisely and generously yesterday in voting to pay for the transportation of the university band to Ann Arbor for the Michigan-Minnesota game on Thanksgiving Day. The appropriation will meet with public approval. It is a pretty tough commentary on a morning paper as a news medium that it started a subscription list this morning to do what the board had already voted to do. However, the funds that may be realized from that subscription can be well applied in meeting the personal expenses of the members of the band, outside of transportation, which they will have to meet themselves, unless their friends assist them.

The confusion of the senators who tried to force a cheap dollar on the people of the Philippines ought to be so complete by this time that the gold standard should prevail at the next session of congress. The bottom has dropped out of silver and is still falling. In Manila it takes \$2.50 silver to get \$1 gold and the depreciation has already cost the insular government \$1,000,000. The Philippine dollar was an imitation of the English Straits settlement dollar, and now they are talking of withdrawing that.

The Albany Argus declares that Dave Hill is the Jonah of the New York democracy, and is in favor of throwing him overboard. The Tammany Times of New York says that it is unable to tell whether the Argus is "on the square," or merely trying to create sympathy for Mr. Hill. But whatever may be the condition of the Argus, it is plain that the Tammany organ has all it wants of "our great state leader."

St. Paul is to have the next irrigation convention. If Minneapolis does not soon take a hand in pushing irrigation, the east will get the impression that national irrigation is a child of St. Paul, and the west will be convinced that Paul is the patron saint of irrigators. It has been maintained at times that St. Paul was dead,

but every one in awhile signs of life may be seen there.

Kazakis, the new president of the University of Athens, urges his students to carry Greek patriotism to the limit of madness. "Hate your enemies," he preaches, "and pursue them even unto death." The only pursuit of this kind that has taken place in Greece of recent years was that of the Greeks by the Turks.

The suggestion advanced in The Journal's news columns yesterday that a market in linseed oil futures be established by the Minneapolis chamber of commerce is an excellent one. Any idea that tends to make Minneapolis a trade center is worthy of realization.

The Nonpareil Man

Casually Observed. After mature consideration Mr. Cohen finds, much to his surprise, that he was guilty after all.

"Anxious Birdie" writes Miss Fairfax to know if she may have a gentleman caller two or three times a week. Why, Birdie, yes; seven times a week in the ice cream season, and without moulting a feather!

Elder Basford has returned to South Dakota and butted into the Redfield Press. We look to see the press throw off sparks every time the elder's trolley touches the wire.

This column has no use for football. But if we should beat Michigan Thanksgiving Day—***** x x x !!! Whoop!

They wanted the president to shoot a tiger. They don't know our chief executive. His brand of sport is different from that.

Such patent truth is rarely found in love letters as was uncovered in the Chicago case where Billy Pike signed himself "Lovingly, your little Donkey." Donk fell down when he allowed these epistles to get into court.

Rev. Dr. Fox of Chicago says the dudes' only accomplishment is the art of throwing cigarette smoke into their hollow heads in a hopeless chase after brains. "The gods of the gods" should stand on his tailor. This is fine art.

A Chicago man who owned a flat tried to "faze" his janitor and found he couldn't do it, as the autocrat belonged to the janitor's union.

The carina has melancholia. How would you feel if you had married a czar?

A nasty play called "The Wild Rose" is causing excitement in Chicago. As it is killing money, it is doing what the Cleveland Plain Dealer calls "striking pay dirt."

MINNESOTA POLITICS

A visitor in St. Paul yesterday and today would think the legislature was about to meet, instead of being seven weeks in the future. The unusual activity among house members has been brought on by the "sooner" tactics of the Babcock people, who started in early with the intention of rushing the other candidates off their feet. They had secured a long lead before any other candidate in the field had even secured the endorsement of his own district. The speakership contest naturally involves all the others, and stirs up candidates for assistant places to it. On the speakership outcome depends committee assignments, and every member is naturally concerned. Each man wants an inside track and good recognition from the speaker.

Dr. Babcock says he has made absolutely no promises. That is literally true. He has not pledged himself to any course of action as far as committee assignments are concerned. It would manifestly be wrong to let one of his own people, however, from "indicating" what his intentions are in regard to this or that committee, and this is that appointment. He has certain ideas on these subjects, and has expressed them in an indefinite sort of way in the last few days.

Two Good Places to Fill.

Julius Schmahll will have to get two new assistant clerks. The old ones who served the last house both got themselves elected to county offices. George H. Spear, who was first assistant, is now county attorney of Itaska county. Jens Arnesen was elected county auditor of Grant county. Both will be missed at this session. E. J. Vardly, who succeeded Mr. Spear at the extra session, Dr. Babcock's right hand man, and will be attached to the house staff in some capacity, probably as speaker's clerk.

Babcock men, to force the seventh district in line, started talk yesterday about a candidate for chief clerk against Schmahll. Augustus Norman of St. Paul was suggested. The old man favors Schmahll, however, and Hennepin's action last evening practically settles it for him.

Schurman Wants a Recount.

C. S. Schurman, a republican member of the last house from the thirty-fifth district, Ramsey county, was defeated for re-election, on the face of the returns. He has filed a contest, however, and demands a recount. Among Young's demands a recount by sixty-seven votes. One precinct which had 277 voters only reports 197 cast on representative. Mr. Schurman concedes that this is an error, and that the eighty votes might go to him, electing him.

A St. Paul candidate for postmaster of the house has appeared in Mrs. George Van Smith, wife of the well known newspaper man. Mrs. Van Smith was one of the house stenographers at the extra session.

AMUSEMENTS

"The Penitent" at the Metropolitan. "The Penitent" is so bad that it is funny. Those who have been beguiled by the glitter of Hall Caine's reputation and the memory of "The Christian's" success into seeing "The Penitent" get their money's worth in the present performance as a huge joke. Each time the curtain goes down, the tittering through the audience becomes more audible and the smiles grow broader. Even the actors on the stage are conscious of the absurdity of the performance, sometimes joining in the merriment and before the final climax comes the house is fairly giddy with laughter.

The combination is really irresistible. The story is as hectic as Hall Caine could make it and whoever dramatized it—probably the redoubtable Mr. Caine himself—has emphasized the absurdity of the stage version. Played irreproachably by experienced and clever actors, it would still be the reductio ad absurdum of melodrama. But put in the hands of the incompetents who are the present production; it is funnier than most comedies.

As the funniest of the unconscious comedians is F. F. McBurney who "doubles" two old comedies and makes his greatest hit as the old paragonally funny as is Myles McCarthy who plays the villain in a silk hat, which he polishes with Industrial cynicism. The bill of the play is "The Penitent" and "The Penitent" is Myles McCarthy who plays the villain in a silk hat, which he polishes with Industrial cynicism. The bill of the play is "The Penitent" and "The Penitent" is Myles McCarthy who plays the villain in a silk hat, which he polishes with Industrial cynicism.

"On the Suwanee River" at the Bijou. "On the Suwanee River," a melodrama of the old southern type, has been presented last season, has returned to the playhouse this week, with Miss Stella Mayhew still in the cast as Aunt Lindy and with practically the same company as last season. "On the Suwanee River" is not a bad play of its kind. The piece is well staged and the company, on the whole, satisfactory. A colored quartet, which appears at intervals throughout the four acts, is more remarkable for its comedy than its musical ability.

"A Texas Steer" at the Lyceum. "Comedy succeeds melodrama at the Lyceum theater this week, where the Ferris company has revived Hoyt's most successful comedy, "A Texas Steer." This play is the best ever turned out from the Hoyt workshop, and its revival has been attended with conspicuous success. Hoyt's clever lines and his satirical comedy, on the whole, is better than they did last night, and, although the action of the piece dragged at times, the production on the whole was distinctly creditable.

The patronage accorded the Ferris company the past month has been most satisfactory, and Mr. Ferris has now given an organization of players worthy of approval. Sunday night Ben Johnson, an actor who has appeared with success in support of such stars as Richard Mansfield and the late Alexander Salvini, and who was, for a long time, associated with the Dearborn stock company of Chicago, joined the Ferris forces and made his local debut as Major Yell.

Mr. Johnson is a player of ability in a large range of parts. Minneapolis theater-goers will probably remember him best as the old man in Mansfield's production of "The Merchant of Venice." Heretofore the Ferris company has been without an experienced actor capable of assuming old man parts; and his coming therefore will strengthen the organization at a point where it was weakest.

With Miss Maude Gilbert, who arrived a week ago, Mr. Johnson should do much to add to the list of Ferris' successes. He is a St. Paul man and well known among the society folk of the down-river town.

Until its revival this week, "A Texas Steer" has never been presented by a stock organization, nor at popular prices. What is more, it has been absent from the local stage for several years, and if last night's audience is to be accepted as criterion, the play's return is most welcome.

In his characterization of Maverick Brander Mr. Ferris has wisely attempted no copy of Tim Murphy. "Especially Ned" in his own way, and play him effectively. It is a matter for regret that Miss Hayward should have been cast as Bossy. The part should have gone to Cecel Miss Hayward's popularity in Minneapolis is no longer in question and, although the leading woman of the company, she should not have played the leading feminine role in this particular piece. It would have been better if she had remained out of the cast entirely. Stock companies cannot be conducted successfully when favoritism is shown in the allotment of parts and Mr. Ferris is too experienced a manager to be in ignorance of that fact.

Ben Johnson as Major Yell, W. H. Murdoch as Brandy Gall and W. D. Corbett as the "Minister to Dahomey" all contributed good impersonations of their respective roles, although Mr. Corbett was occasionally unimpeachable in his obviously with his negro dialect. The Lieutenant Fairleigh Bright of Herbert Brennon was only dimly bright at his best. Miss Cecel was out of place as Dixie, and failed to realize the part, even in the minor detail of costume.

J. S. Lawrence.

Two Sources of Bryan's Wealth.

Aberdeen (S. D.) News. William J. Bryan is reported to have said that he has donated \$10,000 to the campaign funds in different parts of the country. Talk about your plutocrats; how is that for an example of a man trying to carry elections by the use of money? But after all, it is only right that Mr. Bryan should prove his gratitude by contributing liberally to the fusion cause. Fusion is one cause of his abundant wealth. Republican prosperity is the other. The fusion movement gave him the advertising necessary to attract large crowds, and republican prosperity enriched the people so they can spare the money to be entertained by the Nebraskan.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

Brooklyn Eagle. The negro is likely to do the heavy work of the south permanently. The better he can do it the more helpful he is to himself and to the whites, among whom he must live and by whom he must be governed. The gradual development comes before political independence in the evolution of every race. Our attempt to stand the pyramid on its head in the south has resulted in hopeless failure. While white statesmen, north and south, looked on at the ruin with helpless hands, it remained for this great black man to build the foundations broad and strong for a social order that will endure.

From Understudy to Star

By RICHARD KANN

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The understudy clause in her contract was its one redeeming feature. Without that she would never have survived the twelve weeks of "one night." The hope that some night she would be given an opportunity to sing the prima donna role buoyed her up.

But mere ambition was not alone responsible for her wish to make an entrance with the full chorus dressed "up stage" to do her honor, to sing the "Moon Song" that was always encoored and to get first mention in the newspaper for criticisms next day. There was something else quite as potent as ambition. It was a promise that if she remained a chorus girl for another season she would return to Bond Hill and the man with the large acreage whom her parents had selected.

And so, with a weak stand in Denver looming up two days ahead, the season half over and no nearer to the leading "If I sang it to please them indeed," she pouted. Then the tears welled up. "It isn't a question of singing well," Ned, she declared. "It's a question of singing it at all. I only want the chance—only the chance."

"If you sang it to-morrow night," he began, "you would have been the prima donna, if only for a night. Then you wouldn't need to go back to Bond Hill, and there wouldn't be any reason why you and I should not be together."

"Doesn't Miss Burton look healthy and strong?" she answered. "There was confusion on the train carrying me from Denver to Drexel, but before twenty-four hours had passed I was run over the mountains had been covered. No prima donna was on board, nor was there another train reaching Denver before 10:30 high water had been raised to hold a curtain for anyone. Miss Burton for the first time that season had missed a train. There seemed to be no other station."

"I told you to call for her with a carriage at 10:20," reiterated the advance man to everybody. "I couldn't do anything more."

"It better to look," said Ned, "as if you might be forced to sing the part to-night." The managers thought so, too. She was taken by them to the baggage car, where trunks were hurriedly overhauled. Miss Burton's costume, she knew would not fit her. So they were ruthlessly cut up and cut down again to fit. In fact, she was so busy with the gowns and the music, that she had no time to be being fitted, that she was at the theater almost before she had time to think of anything, even of Ned.

Denver didn't know that the very pretty girl who got three encores for the "Moon Song" was not Miss Burton. Denver didn't know Miss Burton anyway, so why tell it that it was hearing an understudy? thought the managers. But somehow when the curtain opened and she stepped into the offices they found that some one had telephoned during their absence that Miss Burton had missed the train at Drexel, and that they had heard her understudy, who was not Miss Burton, come to the next morning, "that Miss Bondhill, who appeared in Miss Burton's stead last night will continue in the part during the week. For sale, as hardy possible to improve upon her work."

Miss Burton, greatly excited, arrived at the theater in time to see the last act. "It seems to me," she said, "that that was the very best I have ever seen. It wouldn't surprise me to learn that some one had bribed him to leave me behind," she finished.

"Ned, you hear what she said?" the understudy whispered. "It occurred to me at Drexel," replied Ned blandly. "That it might be possible to do what she suggested was done."

"Ned, you hear what she said?" the understudy whispered. "It occurred to me at Drexel," replied Ned blandly. "That it might be possible to do what she suggested was done."

"I mean," he interrupted, "when you sign your next prima donna contract don't have inserted in it a carriage clause. Some one else who didn't wish to return to Miss Burton's costume, she knew would not fit her. So they were ruthlessly cut up and cut down again to fit. In fact, she was so busy with the gowns and the music, that she had no time to be being fitted, that she was at the theater almost before she had time to think of anything, even of Ned."

"I don't care for carriages anyway," she said.

LITERARY NOTES

Charles Scribner's Sons have issued a volume of twelve of their entertaining stories entitled "The White Wolf, and Other Fireside Tales." The title story is a legend of Greenland and of Peter Kuri's having been the first to see the white sea, "Sindbad on Burrator." "The Cellars of Rueda," "The Haunted Cellar," "The Burglary Club," are good examples of "Q's" versatility, from the eerie to the modern humorous. And there are others. For sale in Minneapolis by N. McCarthy, Price \$1.50.

Booth Tarkington and Charles Major, whose books have been successfully dramatized, are now writing directly for the stage.

Dr. Hastings and his assistants have completed the dictionary of the Bible upon which they have been engaged for six years. The apocryphal books are included in the Old Testament portion of the work, which is a wide in its scope and conservative in its tone.

The late Frank Norris, who died at the age of 32, was rising rapidly to literary distinction when he passed away. His studies of various phases of California life, as in "Shanghaied" and "McTeague," indicated his talent in literary construction and familiarity with his field. "The Octopus" was a strong novel in the nature of a series he intended to write on the trust problem.

The Atlanta Constitution makes this suggestion to Bishop Spaulding: "Why didn't Bishop Spaulding write that poem of his in the 'Yellow,' Henry Bayly's lecture, 'He has been so much more 'liberty'—so to say—for instance: 'There's something in this mazy, hazy, daisy weather line. That sets you to singin' till the angels want to flee.' There's the blue smoke that is curlin' from a good hard burr. The whistle of the partridge, an' a ralin' o' ripened nuts."

"And so on. But far be it from us to presume to dictate to a bishop." Professor Harry Thurston Pack charges Mr. Howells with unjust discrimination against many American writers in his "Literature and Life," by omitting their names and praising his own friends. Professor Pack ought to know the idiosyncrasies of Mr. Howells by this time.

"With Force and Arms" is a story of the irrational Salem witchcraft case, by Howard Crosby, Newark, N. J., newspaper man, this being his first book (New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing company, 57 Rose street. Illustrated). As the title indicates, it is an abundance of action, and the story moves rapidly along. The heroine Lucille seems to have been worth the struggle for her heart, which involves her lovers, and the hero, notably in fighting, persistent and perilous.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have issued a very bright story of an inventor entitled "Uncle Charley," by Zephine Humphrey (Minneapolis: N. McCarthy, Price \$1.25), whose niece is his good angel and adorer, and with whom he is in perfect sympathy. The workshop of the visionary uncle is a central point of attraction and the dog Grip is not the least interesting character in the book. "There is a deep and beautiful pathos in the closing chapters, when Uncle Charley's genius emigrates to the 'sweet and blessed country,' there to expand gloriously.