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 JOURNAL is published every evening, except Sunday, at 47-49 Fourth Street South, Journal Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

C. J. Bulson, Manager Foreign Advertising Department.

NEW YORK OFFICE—86, 87, 88 Tribune building.

CHICAGO OFFICE—530 Tribune building.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

Subscribers ordering addresses of their papers changed must always give their former as well as present address.

CONTINUED.

All papers are continued until an explicit order is received for discontinuance, and until all arrearages are paid.

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Subscribers will please notify the office in every case where their papers are not Delivered Promptly, or when the collections are not promptly made.

Sworn Average Daily Circulation OF THE JOURNAL FOR Month of October

56,278

Amount of Advertising carried by the Minneapolis Papers for October

	Cols.
Journal, 27 issues	1410
Tribune, Daily and Sunday 31 issues	1332
Times, Daily and Sunday 31 issues	1053

A Pressing Problem.

President Eliot of Harvard University, who was so mercilessly abused last week at the convention of the American Federation of Labor, delivered an address last evening at Cambridge on labor unions, in which he seems to have modified his former utterances upon such organizations.

He considers the work of labor unions beneficent so far as it seeks the betterment of labor conditions bringing wages based on efficiency and experience, steady employment, loyalty to employers and permanent homes for workingmen with disability pension system. He regards the unions as a wholesome check on the employing oligarchy and useful because of their command of labor needed by capital.

These are humane conditions of employment which are more and more commanding attention. The history of labor unions in England and in this country contains many pages which show the outcropping of tyranny on their part, opposed to the exorbitant demands of capital upon labor. The tyranny of the English unions played an important part in the decline of British manufactures, through their intense hostility to the introduction of labor-saving machinery and the consequent delay entailed upon the filling of orders. This phase of trades-unionism is passing away in England, however, but the unions remain and will doubtless have more intelligent guidance hereafter.

In our own country the unions have never reached the excesses of the English unions, as recorded in the government reports fifty and sixty years ago. They are organized chiefly to oppose the depression of wages, the exaction of untimely hours of work and other abuses impairing the welfare of labor, and their successes have bred the adoption of such encroachments on the rights of others as the denial of non-union labor rights and the limitation of apprentices and resorts to boycotts and occasional destruction of property, for which, not being legally incorporated they cannot, as unions be held responsible. It is this latter feature of irresponsibility which has chiefly caused opposition to the unions. Men like Baer, however, oppose unions because they do not want to be checked and called to account by their men in organized force for their greed and neglect to right wrongs and be exposed to public criticism as they have been during the anthracite coal strike. The interference of the unions in matters clearly detrimental to workingmen, such as insanitary conditions, unjustifiable reduction of wages, excessive hours of labor, child labor and the like, is clearly justifiable, and it is evident that organized labor is here to stay just as certainly as capitalistic organization is here to stay. The thing to do is to accept the situation and bring to an end the abuses of organized force, so that neither organized capital nor organized labor will attempt to do that which is intrinsically beyond their right to do. The most persistent demand of John Mitchell, in behalf of his labor organization and the demand which overshadows all others before the arbitration commission, or which will come before the proposed conference of the contending interests outside the arbitration tribunal,—the crucial demand is for the recognition of the miners' union by the operators. And doubtless, most of the operators would accord such recognition freely, if the miners' union were a legally incorporated body—a condition assuredly advantageous to the workmen.

The interdependence of employer and labor is a stubborn fact demonstrated anew during the coal strike when the anthracite coal supply was cut off and mining was practically suspended. The logic of this interdependence is that the prosperity of both parties depends upon their continuous friendly relations. Labor commits no servile act by admitting a condition of dependence made compulsory by nature. Neither does capital. Co-operation is one way to maintain friendly relations. It makes the workingman a capitalist with a stake in the business. Legal incorporation is another method, for if conference and conciliatory approaches fail organized capital and organized labor may go into court on an equality and settle any differences.

Twelve thousand American Indians who were being supported by the government two years ago are now earning their own livngs. It is a case of the Indian problem working itself out.

The President Keeps at It.

President Roosevelt loses no opportunity to remind the people of the United States that the trust is a very great problem, and also that he has a fixed intention to do all that he can to solve it. In his Union League speech at Philadelphia on Saturday the president spoke with approval of Attorney General Knox's plan of curbing the trusts, and added:

"We have the power and we shall find out the way; we hall not act hastily or recklessly but we have firmly made up our minds that a solution, and a right solution, shall be found, and found it will be."

A little later the president said that there are great problems ahead of America, both at home and abroad, that are incident to the nation's greatness, but Americans spurn the doctrines of distrust, failure, despair and craven weakness. He put America in the attitude of a strong man who takes a certain pleasure, no matter how hard or distasteful the task, in working out the right conclusion. In this same manner the president would have young, lusty, vigorous America look upon the trust problem as merely on opportunity for one more great work by democracy. We mustn't say that the trust, with all its evils, is inevitable; that the people must bow to it as something foreordained and immutable as fate itself. That is craven weakness. We must ever keep before ourselves the idea that America spells, and must continue to spell, equality of opportunity. Any industrial growth that deprives the nation of that grand characteristic must be checked and crushed. It is very fortunate that at this time, when so many professed leaders of public thought and opinion are lauding the trust and proclaiming its perpetual reign unrestrained, that we have a president who says the evils of trusts must and will be eliminated. That kind of a president is a good tonic for Americanism.

Peace has come in Colombia. The dove lighted on board the grim United States warship Wisconsin, and that grand old Anglo-Saxon, Admiral Casey, made her feel at home. Casey seems to have been a little to autocratic at one time in keeping the Colombians from getting at each other with facility, but his co-operation in bringing about peace will doubtless cause Colombians of all shades of political belief to think better of the United States than ever.

Rival Estimators.

The Washington correspondent of The Journal has been sending some interesting details of the controversy between the statistical head of the department of agricultural bureau and the agricultural statistician of the census office. The controversy is of double interest in the northwest, for the reason that it bears upon the accuracy of figures given out as to annual yields of spring wheat, and for the reason that one of the principals, L. G. Powers, chief statistician of the agricultural division of the census office, is a former Minneapolitan. Men whose interests lie in the grain and milling trade have watched the matter closely ever since the beginning of the discussion following the publication of data collected by the census department covering the wheat crop of 1899.

The census department placed the wheat yield for that year at approximately 100,000,000 bushels more than the estimate that had previously been made by the agricultural department. Mr. Powers had charge of the compilation by the census office figures, which met acceptance in grain trade circles the country over. It became the general opinion that the census report of the 1899 yield is approximately correct, and that the previous estimate of the agricultural department was too low, which necessarily implied some measure of doubt as to the accuracy of the estimates made by the agricultural department, in the preceding years not covered by census inquiry.

The matter has finally reached the stage where grain trade sentiment hostile to agricultural department methods has so crystallized into opposition to John Hyde, the chief statistician, as to amount almost to a movement in the east to bring about his removal.

In no grain market in the country is there a clearer understanding of the points involved in the dispute than in Minneapolis, and there are some other points aside from the question of accurate figures; and nowhere is there a greater unanimity of opinion that the government figures have been too low. Yet the local grain men are all in some degree familiar with the difficulties attendant upon the work of estimating a wheat crop, and while it is true that the government reports are no longer considered as important as they once were, and there is a local estimator whose reports actually have more weight here as a factor for price adjustment than the bulletins the government puts out, still it is doubtful if a move against Mr. Hyde would meet with the support of the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce.

If Mr. Hyde has not made a wonderful success in estimating wheat yields, there is no disposition here to question his honesty or his fitness for his office in general mental equipment. His has not been an easy task. Some years ago Mr. Hyde conferred informally with members of the Minneapolis chamber regarding conditions in the northwest, and so far from holding aloof from suggestion, invited friendly criticism of his work and methods. He was informed by officers of the chamber that in their opinion a source of error in the government reports might be found in the estimates of acreage in the northwest; that the department had hardly an adequate appreciation of the development in the northwest and of the extension of area resulting from the magnitude of the colonization movement. Mr. Hyde accepted this in kindly spirit and there is reason to believe that the closer investigation of shifting conditions in the northwest that followed, resulted in some modification of the next report, although probably not in so great a degree as would have been most desirable.

The impatience of the people for the actual construction of irrigation reservoirs and canals by the government to begin at once causes Secretary Hitchcock to say a few wise words about making slow but sure progress in the great enterprise. As the secretary says, it is far more important that water should be running over well-constructed works for an indefinite period than through the ruins of a single failure.

The Public Lands.

The annual report of the secretary of the interior shows that of the original public land area of 1,809,530,840 acres, 893,995,476 acres remained undisposed of, 151,161,638 remain as reserves and 764,422,726 have been disposed of. It will be seen from these figures that more than 1,000,000,000 acres of land still remain as reserves or unappropriated. Most of this land lies in mountainous or arid regions, but probably 120,000,000 acres of the arid lands can be irrigated, much of the mountainous land is valuable for its timber and irrigation will give value to much arid land that cannot itself be watered.

It should be the purpose of the government and of congress and the special duty of western members to see that what is left of the public lands shall be conserved in every possible way for the benefit of the masses of the people instead of a few individuals or corporations.

The secretary makes it very plain that the plan to withdraw large areas of the public land from settlement and lease them to cattle raisers is inimical to the best interests of the country. It is a difficult task to say just what land cannot be used by the small rancher and what is fit only for grazing. To withdraw the areas the cattlemen wish to lease is sure to put an end to the taking of government homesteads within the limits of the United States proper. In this very region there were filed last year 53,654 original homestead entries and 27,904 final homestead entries, aggregating an area of 12,000,000 acres. If 80,000 persons have recently found desirable homes in this grazing country there is no telling how many more will find them in the 525,000,000 acres that remain. Right under our eyes here in the northwest we are seeing thousands of settlers pushing into North Dakota and taking up land far west of the 101st meridian, with very fair prospects of "making good." In Montana it is well known that there are many millions of acres of bench lands, on which cereals can be raised without irrigation.

Then again the grazing lease scheme, by cutting off the disposal of public lands in the arid and semi-arid states, would put an end to the fund from which it is proposed to draw for the expenses of turning water on to those public lands which only require water to be as fruitful or more fruitful than any other lands in the republic.

The better way is to let the cattleman range his herds on the public domain, taking his chances that the land he occupies will not be coveted and homesteaded by the rancher and leave the latter free to take possession whenever he feels like it.

The secretary takes strong ground not only in favor of holding the land for the people, but also the timber. He wants to introduce a system of care and protection for all timber on unreserved public lands, and the land commissioner recommends the abolition of the stone-and-timber method of disposing of public lands.

Henceforth every care should be taken to see that government land passes only to actual settlers and users and that it shall afford no foothold for monopolies and great corporations.

Silver is still declining in the Philippines. It is now down to $2.60. In proportion as silver goes down the nerve of the republican senators who were afraid to give the Philippines the gold standard should go up.

With one exception the Hennepin house delegation is solid. We wish to make note of this for the credit of the delegation. It appears that there has been a sufficient return of political sense to our representatives in the house to enable them to get together so that Hennepin's voice in the election of speaker will count for something. When Hennepin learns to stand together her influence will be more potent in the legislative and political councils of the state.

For one reason why there are not more men at church, see the wagon wheel hat.

IN A NUTSHELL.....

Some Late Statistics Regarding the Foreign Trade of Cuba.

In the last session of congress the "insurgents" often maintained that there was nothing for the United States to gain commercially by reciprocity with Cuba, because in many lines it already controlled the Cuban trade. This argument assumed that the United States could gain nothing in other lines and that Cuban consumption was a fixed quantity. Minister Squiers at Habana (the official spelling) does not seem to agree with this view. Spain and Canada, he says, supply Cuba with large quantities of potatoes, onions, hams and butter, which should come from the United States. In live stock the trade of the United States ought to be largely increased. The iron and steel trade with the United States is not what it should be, and there seem to be great opportunities in lumber and soaps. It is reasonable to suppose that a prosperous Cuba would buy much more of those commodities than the United States now furnishes, almost entirely, viz., wheat, flour, corn, crude oil, coal and meats, except jerked beef.

For the first six months of 1902 the United States supplied 44 per cent of Cuba's imports and took 74 per cent of its exports. Practically all of Cuba's sugar and fruits found a market in the United States, and about 50 per cent of Cuban tobacco also. The total imports for the period were worth $31,977,100 and the total exports amounted to $30,687,000. Compared with the first six months of 1901, imports decreased 5 per cent and exports 28 per cent. Both decreases are to be attributed to the failure of the United States to grant Cuba the promised trade advantages. Exports were held back awaiting reductions in American tariff duties and imports were reduced in the hope that Cuban duties on American goods would be lower.

Another Canadian Trancontinental.

The authoritative announcement, by General Manager Charles M. Hays of the Grand Trunk, that Canada is to have another transcontinental railway line is full of interest to all who have kept an eye on the recent rapid development of Canada. It does not appear to be certain whether this is to be a second or a third transcontinental. Heretofore the Canadian Northern has been looked upon as a second transcontinental route, though at present it extends only from Port Arthur on Lake Superior to Erwood, Saskatchewan, a distance of 800 miles. The plans of this road for its extension to Port Simpson on the Pacific, though Yellow Head Pass are definite and are rapidly being worked out, but its Atlantic tidewater connection, except via the lakes during the season of navigation, has always been vague. One alternative has been the building of a line to Hudson's Bay, and the other has provided for the construction of an eastern connection north of Lake Superior.

Those who are in touch with the situation will not be surprised to find it announced later that the Canadian Northern has been absorbed by the Grand Trunk and that as much of its line as is already built will form a part of the Grand Trunk's transcontinental roads. There would remain to be built about 2,000 miles of line. It hardly seems likely that there is a field for another Canadian transcontinental to the north of the Canadian Northern, which is from 200 to 300 miles north of the Canadian Pacific, after they diverge from each other at Winnipeg.

It is dangerous to assert any particular northern limit to development in western Canada, but from our present knowledge there would be little, either now or in the future, to sustain a line much north of the Canadian Northern. There has been some talk of a Canadian government transcontinental beyond the Canadian Northern. At any rate, the agricultural development of western Canada is already far enough advanced to require for further development one more Canadian rail route to the Atlantic.

Canada seems, at last, to be pretty well awakened from its sleep of decades, and we may expect to see in the next few years a boom in railway building and in all the different forms of utilizing the country's natural resources that will closely resemble the great activity in the American west between 1880 and 1890.

Canada now seeks the supremacy in flour manufacture. It is probable that some of our statesmen who do not move with the world will do all they can to assist the realization of this Canadian ambition.

The Nonpareil Man

Casually Observed.

The turkey eleven in the football game with the farmer was blocked on the 25-yard line. The turkey's playing after that didn't show any head.

Dr. Ohage of St. Paul is having hard luck with his baths. Just as likely as not when Dr. Hall gets his garbage sanatorium running somebody will slap a pickle factory on the river bank and ruin the approach.

The newest winter hats are showing a decided tendency to the high crown. The crown is much higher than the art.

Senator Beveridge is busy trying to head off a vice presidential boom. Yet it might be a fine position, were the president eaten by big game.

Loud complaints are coming in because this column sized up George Madden Martin who wrote "Emmy Lou" as a man. Any lady with a name like that will get called "he" in this column no matter what her sex.

While the telegraph editor was trying to do a little work Saturday afternoon from 3 to 6, thousands of football cranks came in and breathed on him.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

Looking ahead to 1904, seventh district politicians are beginning to call for a place on the state ticket. The place they want is attorney general, and the man they are grooming for the place is Edward T. Young of Appleton. It is conceded that Attorney General Douglas will retire at the end of his third term, and that his place will be filled by a leading attorney from the country districts.

Senator Young has never signified any ambition for the attorney generalship, but he has some very warm friends among members of the bar who admire his ability and want to see him fill the position. One of them broached the matter recently, and says that it met with a more favorable reception than he had expected. Some leading men of the seventh who did not support Young for congress are anxious that he shall not drop out of public life, and are responsible for the boom.

The only other man who has been mentioned for attorney general is W. J. Donahower, at present first assistant in the office. He is from St. Peter, but has for some years practiced in St. Paul, and has made a splendid record in the office at the capitol.

F. A. Holcomb of St. Paul, who served efficiently as enrolling clerk of the last house, is a candidate for re-election to the post. —Charles B. Cheney.

AMUSEMENTS

Foyer Chat

Klaw & Erlanger's Troubadors and Harry Gilfoil opened at the Metropolitan last night, in the musical comedy "The Liberty Belles." At the Bijou West's Minstrels filled the house. The Lyceum Ferris bill was "Coon Hollow." The productions will be reviewed in this column to-morrow.

J. H. Stoddart, the rare old actor, seen at the Metropolitan last season as Lachlan Campbell in "The Bonnie Brier Bush," is to appear there again for three nights and two matinees beginning with a matinee Thursday (Thanksgiving Day). For the opening performance the management has arranged for a special report of the Minnesota-Michigan football game.

Miss Percy Haswell's presentation of "A Royal Family" at the Metropolitan the first half of next week is a most dignified production. That Miss Haswell herself is to appear in the role of Princess Angela calls for the attention of theatergoers. The company includes Boyd Putnam, Maud Granger, Harry Burkhardt, Nancy Padget, Frank Roberts, Frank C. Turner and others.

"Sergeant James" will be seen at the Bijou next week. It was written by Eugene Walter, who served in the Cuban campaign. Consequently, every military detail has been made accurate. The intense scenes are on a par with those of the now famous "Arizona."

Opening next Sunday evening at the Lyceum, the Ferris Stock company will present Bronson Howard's great play of the civil war, "Shenandoah."

Books and Authors

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

The statement by English publishers that international copyright has not been of very great advantage to them in this country on account of the treaty requirement that the mechanical feature of book production on their part, must be accomplished in this country, if the publisher wants to obtain American copyright, must be received with some qualification. Leading English publishers have established branches in this country to keep their publications before the American reading public and meet the strong competition of American authors on the latter's own ground. While the demand for American literature is unprecedented, notably in first-class fiction, the best English publishers still have a remunerative hold on our market.

WM. E. NORRIS.

Many American publishers fought against international copyright when the subject came before congress. They declared it would minimize the sale of books by raising prices of American and foreign books, repress the popular circulation of literary and scientific works, and arrest the progress of science and the useful arts, among our people, and obstruct the diffusion of knowledge and the cause of universal education. Not one of these dark predictions has been verified. The law has encouraged American authorship, and, under it, the country has made enormous strides in the diffusion of knowledge and good literature among the people and the publications of cheap, but valuable books has increased instead of diminishing. This fact shows how greatly even very sensible people can be mistaken as to their conception of the effects of proposed policies, which they have not studied sufficiently.

NEW BOOKS.

IN KING'S BYWAYS. By Stanley Weyman. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 91 and 93 Fifth avenue.

This volume of short stories of life in France under the kings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—Henry of Navarre, Louis XIV. and others—is more attractive reading than Weyman's long-drawn-out historical novels in which he deposits the work of his imagination to fill up the large gaps incident to the silence of history and tradition. Having a fertile imagination and gift of descriptive power, Mr. Weyman has done somewhat better than most writers of historical romance are doing, but that form of literature has not the vogue it had awhile ago. In this volume the reader will find in "Crillon's Stake," "For the Cause," "The Two Pages," "The Diary of a Statesman" and "A Daughter of the Gironde" interesting. In some of the stories are described the terrors of the blood-thirsty Ligue and the hideous days of Robespierre's regime.

STEPHEN HOLTON. A Story of Life as It Is in Town and Country. By Charles Felton Pidgin. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Minneapolis: N. McCarthy. Price $1.50.

This is an excellent story in the interest of temperance, the author's reform plan being to secure rightful ends by adopting rightful measures instead of lawlessly smashing saloon windows and destroying property after the manner of Carrie Nation. He proposes to abolish the bar by law and introduce an effective substitute more in keeping with twentieth century civilization. Stephen Holton, pastor of a little church of the slums, saw enough of the evil of the saloon to make him a stalwart champion of rational reform and the story is full of incidents in the progress of his work and the reader will not object to the fact that the hard-worked reformer, who had found a most efficient helper in a former housemaid of fine quality, married her.

THE HOLE IN THE WALL. By Arthur Morrison, author of "Tales of Mean Streets," etc. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. Minneapolis: N. McCarthy. Price, $1.50.

The title of this book is the name of a public house in Wapping, England, where Captain Nat Kemp, guardian of his little motherless grandson, who tells the story, sold liquor to sailors and acquired valuables in pawn for drink or cash lent and other stuff which was feloniously obtained, all of which were put in a receptacle in the wall of the building. The boy's father, captain of a ship, had with him far away at sea, money for his son, amassed during many years. This he quietly sent to the old grandfather, Nat, who put it in the hole-in-the-wall; but miscreants on the father's ship sunk her to get the treasure he was supposed to have and he was drowned. The money in the hole-in-the-wall became thereafter the object of the lawless endeavors of bad men who discovered it was there and the story details the fights the grandfather had to guard it until, under peculiar circumstances and the influence of his innocent grandson, he parted with the money, which in a tragical way went to the bottom of the Thames and then the old grandfather, who had committed many a crime, reformed after the burning of the crime-steeped Hole-in-the-Wall public house, and the boy was sent to school. The story is in various places quite thrilling.

THE SHADOW OF THE CZAR. By John R. Carling. Illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

This romance of Polish history of some four hundred pages, is certainly packed full of stirring adventure, dark intrigue and bloody tragedy sufficiently to gratify the most ardent devotee of such literature, but it is very admirably written and the author has presented in his heroine, the Princess Barbara, a most splendid and heroic type of true womanhood, while the hero, Paul Cressingham, or Woodville, as he became by inheriting a great English estate, is worthy of her. The story is based on the historic fact that, under the resettlement of Poland, under the treaty of Vienna in 1814, the city and district of Cracow were to be independent under the guaranty of Austria, Prussia and Russia. Historically speaking, Austria feloniously annexed this district in 1846. The author embodies in his romance the heroic efforts of the Princess Barbara to acquire control of her inheritance upon which the czar has set his eye in behalf of his favorite, the Duke of Bora.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A PRAIRIE GIRL. By Eleanor Gates. The Century Co., New York.

It is something quite beyond a series of pictures of frontier life which Eleanor Gates presents in "The Biography of a Prairie Girl," just being issued by the Century company. It is, rather, a direct reproduction, or, better still, a replica, of the life of the Dakotas a generation ago.

The author, whether consciously or not, has accomplished a twofold object. She has written a book of equal interest to two widely separated classes—those who are familiar by experience with the environment of her scenes, and those who have never known the hardships, the dangers, the troubles and the triumphs of frontier life.

It is called a biography, but it is more than that; the word is but a figure. It deals with facts, but only as they are essential to symmetry. It deals with sentiment without being mawkish. It touches the heart, yet there is no melodramatic appeal. It presents the most commonplace events with a certain minuteness, and yet there is always present the touch of the artist.

It is not a quotable book, in the sense that random excerpts may be made to show its general trend; and while it is in no sense a romance, it is yet of chapter-to-chapter interest, and he who takes it up will be loath to lay it down.

The coming of the stork, which first brings the little prairie girl to the light, is told with rare delicacy and charm, and the atmosphere, so to speak, surrounding the event is of exceptional sweetness and purity. The commonplace things of the farm, from the coming of the stork to the death of the father, are not catalogued; there is no mere report—it is all the delineation of the artist. The christening, the tumultuous school days, the events in the lives of the domestic and wild animals, the race for life across the burning prairie, the death of the mother, the longings for the higher life of education and the strivings for it, the note of love here and there sounded—it is all unusual in its treatment. It is, indeed, of unique interest because it is told in truth and yet not in prosaic truth; it is actual without being bald, it is that art which begins where photographic fidelity ends.

There are sad pages in the book as well as gay ones, but the pathos has no flavor of the melancholy in it. It is from first to last page helpful.

The character of the treatment of the many incidents of Dakota farm life which are such striking features of the book may be illustrated by the following, though, as noted, the book is not one that can be read in extracts:

"Shrieks of laughter from behind the barn, following strange rapid thumps upon the bare ground, led the three big brothers in that direction one May morning, and, on turning the corner, they found the little girl leaning convulsively against the old straw stack for support, while in front of her, blinded by a big red handkerchief, and with a long bolster full of hay across her dappled withers, was the blue mare, making stiff, wild plunges into the air, with arched back and head held low. For the little girl was breaking her to ride!

"It was the little girl who broke the horses on the farm to ride. She played with them as colts, and, with her light weight, mounted them long before they were old enough to carry any one heavier, and yet were too old to be swaybacked. She tried them first as they stood tied in their stalls, crawling carefully upon them from the manger. Later, she rode them at a walk up and down the reservation road.

"She had learned the First Reader of the saddle on the St. Bernard's wide, slippery back. The pinto had been the Second, and she had then passed rapidly to the graduation class of frisky calves and lean, darting shotes. Now, for two years, all the horses sold at the reservation by the big brothers had been of her training, and the troopers vowed that no gentler, better mounts had ever been in the service. Her mother viewed the colt-breaking tremblingly, and the big brothers declared that the little girl would be buried some day with a broken neck. But the little girl said nothing, and continued her riding fearlessly, knowing that love, even with horses, makes all things easy—except the breaking of the blue mare.

"Thirteen hands stood the blue mare, sound, clean-limbed and beautiful, and the markings of her sharp front teeth showed that she was but 4. From velvet muzzle to sweeping tail, from mottled croup to fetlocks, she shone in the sunlight like corn silk. Her mane was black and waved to her wide chest, and her heavy forelock hid an inwardly curving nose that proved an Arab strain. And when, after many sprited bouts with the big bolster, the little girl finally won her over to a soft blanket and a stirruped girth, she showed the endurance and strength of a mustang, the speed of a racer and the gait of a rocking chair.

"She was so tall that she could not be climbed upon, like a pony, from the upper side of sloping ground or from the stonepile on the Cornelian bluff, and too skittish to allow a bare foot to be thrust behind her sleek elbows as a step to her back, so the little girl invented a new method of mounting. Her nose was coaxed to the ground by the offer of a choice wisp of grass, and, as her neck was lowered, the little girl carefully put one leg over her glossy crest and gave her a sharp slap to start her—when the blue mare raised her head and the little girl hedged along to her back, facing rearward. Then she slowly turned about!

"Herding on the blue mare's back became a pleasure, not a despised duty, and long jaunts to the station, ten miles away, for mail or groceries, were welcomed."

"The Biography of a Prairie Girl," appearing as it does after that wretched piece of morbidity from Montana, will serve not only as an antidote for Mary MacLane but as a cheering, helpful, hope-making book, as delightful as a piece of fine craftsmanship, as it is valuable as a document of Dakota.

MARY ANN THE UNLUCKY

By ELLIOT WALKER

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Nature had developed Mary Ann on large physical lines, noteworthily in regard to her pedal extremities and hands. Perhaps her mouth also might be included in the general extension, but its broadening effect was somewhat mitigated by two enormous dimples which were constantly in evidence. Her hair—well, some people are sensitive respecting too much description. We will call it bright in color, with a tendency to curl.

All in all, which was considerable, Mary Ann was good to look upon, even as the gorgeous pumpkin in the glad harvest days.

So thought Jefferson Gill, who was as conspicuous for elongation as Mary Ann for rotundity. He drove a baker's cart along the outlying highways, invariably halting at the gate before the cleanly farmhouse of Mary Ann's father, with the loud cries of his vocation.

Not that he effected sales of any account, but a glass of cool milk was much to his taste and—other considerations.

Mary Ann was possessed of what is known as a "falling foot." To be more explicit, she stumbled easily and apparently with little provocation. This was a source of much mortification and some damage, the latter, however, being mainly confined to articles she fell with or people she fell on. Her early experiences had guided her to the art of letting herself go the moment her equilibrium became displaced, and now she could flop down almost gracefully and hardly break an egg in the basket. But it was a mortification to the flesh, and, considering her size, it must have been a great mortification.

"MARY ANN TROD UPON A BANANA PEEL. IT WAS ENOUGH."

She favored Jefferson. It was a full year since that fall in the road behind the baker's cart, when, with a cream cake in each hand, the stepping upon a round stone and the attraction of gravitation had launched her suddenly upon the angular form of Mr. Gill as he stooped over to pick up the nickel she had dropped.

A natural anxiety for the cream cakes caused a rather heavier settlement than usual, and Mr. Gill suffered accordingly. But as he was very polite he accepted apologies protestingly and after being brushed off with a broom took two more cream cakes from his stock, sat upon the piazza with Mary Ann and ate them sociably, though gaspingly, for his respiration was badly affected for several minutes.

This was a long past incident now and acquaintance had ripened to affection. Jefferson's life was lonely, he had a snug sum in the bank and lately his mind dwelt largely upon Mary Ann.

"Going to be a circus," he announced one warm afternoon, "Saturday. Want to go?"

The hand holding out the glass of milk she had brought him unclasped in excitement. "Do I?" cried the object of his attentions. "Oh, murder! What did I drop that for? Let me get the mop."

As she hurried in from the porch Jefferson gazed mournfully at his shoe and the white stream trickling over the floor. "I'm half afraid to take her," he muttered. "She's sure to have something happen. Never did I see her like for dropping things and falling down. It's her way, though," he added gallantly, "and she'll get over it. Growed too fast; that's all."

The appearance of Mary Ann with mop, towel, a fresh offering from the dairy and a joyful smile dispelled his annoyance. She gave a couple of vigorous wipes with the map, then fell upon her knees and scrubbed the anointed shoe with great energy.

"It's too bad! I'm awfully sorry, Jeff. Leaked in on your stocking, didn't it? Of course I'll go to the show. Ain't I the clumsiest thing? Pa says I'll be the death of somebody yet! I'll wear my new hat."

"Come, come," cried Jefferson, breaking in on her disjointed exclamations, "don't bother with that old shoe. Sit up here by me, and I'll tell you." His hand rested lightly on the curly head. "Don't," he said gently. "I hate to see you doing that."

The girl looked up quickly, then down, and rubbed harder than before.

That rapid glance in the blue eyes made Mr. Gill's heart flutter wildly. He saw a blush stealing down the bent white neck. His hand stole to her white wrist and clasped it firmly. "No, Mary Ann," he whispered, "I can't bear for you to be cleaning my shoes."

"I don't mind," whispered the girl. But she rose obediently and suddenly turned to him. "They call me 'Mary Ann the Unlucky,'" he heard her murmur. "Mebbe"— She pulled her hand away, brushed by him into the house, and he saw her eyes were full of tears.

Jefferson rose agitatedly. This was very unlike Mary Ann. "Be ready at 2 o'clock Saturday," he called after her.

"All right, Jeff," came back a smothered reply, and Mr. Gill departed in some bewilderment.

"I must have grabbed her hand too hard," he mused anxiously. "Lord knows I didn't mean to hurt her. Pshaw! I was just going to say something.

* * *

Jefferson felt pride in Mary Ann. He had steered her (or she him) successfully through the crowd. She had enjoyed herself hugely and been sparing in her demands for peanuts and red lemonade and had not broken down the seat as upon a former occasion.

Now the circus was over, and her warm arm hoisted him on towards the entrance of the grounds as they chuckled and laughed outright in pleased recollection of amusing scenes.

Going down the little hill, well away from the press of pushing strangers, Mary Ann trod upon a banana peel. It was enough. With the derision of distant onlookers ringing in his ears Jefferson, his face red and angry, pulled her up. "I knew you'd do something," he groaned.

His companion, after the common impulse, glared savagely at the spot of humiliation, then quickly stooped and thrust her hand in the short grass.

"Lost anything?" inquired Mr. Gill.

"No. Found something. Don't let anybody see you looking."

She cautiously ununfolded her palm. There lay a $20 gold piece.

"Come right along," said Jefferson hastily.

Half an hour later on the lonely country road they paused under a great elm and examined the coin.

"It's all right," proclaimed Mr. Gill. "Pretty dirty, but the real thing. Your luck has turned, Mary Ann. Will you spend it for what I want you to get" His light tone trembled, and his face was white.

"Tell me, Jeff." As on the porch three days before, her eyes searched his and dropped.

"A—a—wedding gown."

"Yes, Jeff, and—and—I'll try not to fall down in it."

DAILY DIVERSION

High Water Mark on Sandwiches—A game of poker at Delmonico's had lasted well into the night when one of the party, the late Colonel John R. Fellows, ordered a plate of sandwiches. The familiar triangle variety was served and disappeared instantly. A hungry shout went up for more.

"More sandwiches, waiter," said Fellows.

"Yes, sah. How many, sah?" returned the waiter.

"Well," said Fellows, with a calculating air, "judging by the size of your sandwiches and the size of this bill I should say about $2,000 worth."

Defective Page