THE JOURNAL

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Of Great Interest to Minneapolis.

A Canadian-American reciprocity convention is to be held in Detroit Wednesday and Thursday of next week. Minneapolis has been invited to send delegates, and should do so. The Commercial club, the Chamber of Commerce, the municipal government, the jobbers, the manufacturers, and other bodies or interests should be represented. It should not be left to chance that some one may go, but every effort should be made to see that Minneapolis is represented by a large delegation of men who throughly appreciate the value of reciprocity with Canada means to the states along the Canadian frontier. Our people are slow to realize it, but reciprocity with Canada means more for the future of Minneapolis than any one other national policy. Once a policy of reciprocity with Canada is entered upon its scope will be extended until the time will come when practical, if not actual, free trade will exist throughout English speaking North America. What that means to Minneapolis requires no diagram to determine whether it is of great or small importance. We could hardly get along without free trade to the east, the south, the west. To say that free trade is good in three of the cardinal directions of the compass and not good in the other is not a way to exhibit wisdom.

F. H. Clergue, the great captain of industry who is laying at the Soo the foundations of such vast enterprises, remarked the other day that Minneapolis and St. Paul would be the commercial centers of the continet with reciprocity between the United States and Canada. West of Ontario and Keewatin there is good agricultural country in Canada so far north as the fifty-fifth parallel and as far west as the Rocky mountains and, in places, somewhat farther north. Within twenty-five years this region ought to have a population of not less than 5,000,000, and would probably have if reciprocity were to be the international commercial policy of the United States and Canada.

Facing a hostile tariff at the forty-ninth parallel Minneapolis is shut out of a great region of trade connection that naturally belongs to it, and must suffer in development, compared with cities like Kansas City and St. Louis, which are far enough away from the international boundary not to be disturbed by its bearings upon trade.

Minneapolis ought to be foremost in the work of bringing about reciprocity. The city should be eager for it and willing to take a hand in every movement that tends to promote it. It should be conspicuous for its devotion to the idea. It is a work for men of the kind of spirit that has characterized Minneapolis in the past. If there are still among us any men of that sort this cause of reciprocity with Canada should bring them out.

If Seattle is made the port for forwarding troops to and from and supplies to, the Philippines, it will be one more step toward the coming day when the Washington city will be the New York of the Pacific coast.

What's in a Name?

No student at the state school of agriculture is particularly impressed with the propriety of Shakspere's famous query: "What's in a name?" The faculty register of the school is a good and sufficient reply to the poet's question. For be it known that Minnesota's school of agriculture has brought together a group of people whose names fit their specialties quite as well as was the case in the days when the Tanner family all ran tan yards, when the Millers were all sure enough makers of meal and when the Masons were all real builders. Thus at the St. Anthony Park institution there is an important department devoted to grasses and hays. What more appropriate then that Professor Hays should be in charge of this department, as he is? Then there is the department which has to do with cows and dairying. A fine dairy herd is maintained and the mild-eyed bossies which compose it chew the cud of contentment for they know they are under the official care of A. Boss and U. Boss, not to say So Boss. It is with equal appropriateness that Professor S. B. Green has been assigned to a department which places him in charge of the greenhouses. Better yet, the dignitary who presides over the cuisine and commissary of the school bears the suggestive cognomen Grubb, while the girls of the school, the lambs of the flock, as it were, report to Miss Shepherd.

The Panama canal negotiations and the litigation for possession of the Minneapolis Times continue to drag.

IN A NUTSHELL.....

The New Republic of Cuba Makes a Good Financial Beginning.

The Cuban budget for the ensuing year is said to be the smallest since the middle of the last century. Minister Squiers says that when certain expenses are transferred from the general administration to the provincial or municipal there may be a still further reduction of 25 per cent. In his annual message to congress President Palma called attention to the decrease of $7,157,855.21 in the disbursements for the past fiscal year, without making any reduction in services of sanitation. It is expected that 1903 will show a surplus of $2,614,032 in the insular revenues.

The revenue for the year is estimated at $17,514,000, made up as follows: Customs, $14,781,000; tax on beverages, $1,200,000; tariff fees, $250,000; internal revenues, $500,000; communications, $420,000; properties and rights of the state, $119,800; various sources, $243,200.

It is proposed to expend $413,319.68 for the legislative department, $85,700 for the executive, $310,396 for the department of state and justice, $4,529,998 for the department of government, $1,801,117,888 for finance, $3,721,790.84 for public instruction, $2,923,011.82 for public works, $165,319.50 for agriculture, industry and commerce, and $949,314 for the judiciary.

So far the Cuban republic seems to have performed the duties of government admirably, and the budget for 1903 indicates that there is no intention of wasting the public funds. With such wise and economical administration and with the prosperity reciprocity with the United States will give, the future of Cuba is bright.

Not Afraid of It.

The Dick militia bill was yesterday ordered to be favorably reported to the senate by the military affairs committee of that body, on the motion of Senator Cockrill of Missouri. Senator Cockrill has been among those democrats who have professed to be fearful of the total subjection of the state militia to the federal government. They have opposed the several bills heretofore introduced providing for a larger annual appropriation by congress for the promotion of efficiency in the militia, and declined to take a rational and progressive view that, if the original intent of our militia organization is to be carried out, there must be such connection between it and the general government that, when its services are required, the organized militia will take its place beside the regular army and present one homogeneous front.

It is singular that so many people take a narrow view of the design of our militia organization, regarding it as a state or local interest, or, at best, as only a second line for national defense. The question is whether we shall be content with the regular army of 60,000 men or supplement that force with the organization of a well-selected, clothed, instructed, armed and disciplined body of militia who can, at once, go afield and show itself ready for instant action.

It is to approximate to such a degree of preparation that the militia bill approved by the senate committee has been devised. It provides for an ample appropriation by congress for the proper arming, equipment and drill of the militia. Instead of the greater portion of our militia appearing armed with rifles of obsolete type and inferior otherwise in equipment, it is proposed to make militia and regular army a homogeneous whole in drill, equipment and discipline, the state being required to adopt such changes as are necessary to produce this result, and changes which by no means conflict with the legitimate rights of the state, and which ought to be accepted willingly and with a high degree of national pride, indicating a deep appreciation of the fact that the American citizen is proud that he has a national as well as a state duty to perform.

It should be remembered that congress is empowered by the constitution to "provide for organizing, arming and disciplining the militia." Congress has not yet adequately performed that duty, because the nation back of congress has not been sufficiently insistent that it shall be done. The militia was designed for something more than state duty. The largest patriotism was embodied in the original proposition.

A Michigan football team prays before every game that it may be permitted to "play fair." The temptations of the game to do otherwise are great, and the man who is fortified with prayer will not be quite so apt to rub the adversary's face in the sand when the officials are looking the other way.

We Need Them.

Secretary Shaw's immigration figures are amazing. Excluding the immigration from Canada and Mexico, of which no record is kept, there last year came to our shores 738,000 homeseekers. Canada and Mexico must have contributed at least 20,000 more, making a grand total of about 750,000.

This means that during the last fiscal year there was added to American population, by immigration alone, more than 2,000 persons a day. Think of what this means. Our neighbors the Canadians have been having conniption fits over the settlement of their northwest, and are delighted over a total immigration for the year of 67,000. Just thirty days of the immigration movement into the United States would have provided the whole movement into Canada. The total population of Canada west of the great lakes is less than the number of immigrants the United States receives in a single year.

There is much worrying over what shall be done with these 750,000 new inhabitants. Some of it is justified, but much is not. If it were not for this never-stopping horde of new accessions the American people would be in desperate straits for men and women to do the hard manual work of civilization. As it is it is impossible to get enough. So long as that continues to be the situation it is absurd for us to talk about stopping the river of immigration that sets to our shores in increasing numbers.

Twenty-five steamers are coming up the lakes to lie at Duluth over the winter. On this last trip of the season the ships will carry coal which should increase the supply in the northwest by about 100,000 tons in the next fortnight. The Minneapolis consumer will breathe a little easier now, and the report will serve to allay the extreme nervousness shown here since the beginning of the present wintry weather. There will probably be enough coal to go around, finally, but as the freight rate on these late shipments is $1 a ton against the rate of 80 cents that ruled through the summer, the consumer who gets this coal must expect to pay this 70 cents difference at the very least. There are many Minneapolis householders who dearly love a good old-fashioned Minnesota winter, and count it one of the joys of living, who would be willing nevertheless to forego the pleasure for this once and put up with an open winter and a green Christmas.

Bonds of the City of Minneapolis to the amount of $30,000 are now reposing in Uncle Sam's strong box in Washington. Secretary Shaw having announced during the recent money stringency that the treasury would receive certain high grade state and munipical bonds on deposit in substitution for the legal requirement of government bonds to secure national bank circulation, there was a free movement of such securities to Washington. The total value of these substitute bonds so far deposited is $20,505,500. It is gratifying to know that the bonds of our municipality rank high enough to go into this favored class.

Calculating Election Expenses.

Congressman-Elect Lind now discovers that his bill of election expenses can be considerably revised in the interests of accuracy, and, what is important, a lower total. It seems that money spent for hotel bills should not be counted in a candidate's list of expenses, but Mr. Lind inadvertently put down $30 spent in that way. This mistake, it appears, was made through careless account keeping. Mr. Lind started on a campaign trip with $65 in his pocket. When he came back it was all gone. It was quite natural that he should hastily conclude that he had spent the whole amount for the promotion of his candidacy. The light of an accusation of having violated the corrupt practices act, of course, clears up this matter. The same light makes it clear to Mr. Lind that another item is too large by $75.

There may be a disposition among the unreasoning rabble to ask why livery bills should be included in campaign expenses and hotel bills omitted. But there is a great elemental principle behind this distinction. It goes right down to the roots of human life. The law assumes that a man must live and that he must pay for the wherewithal to sustain life. Whether on a campaign trip or at home the candidate must live, and the mere expense of living, cannot, therefore, be counted as an expense incurred in getting office.

Of course, we realize the fact that Mr. Lind would not have spent $30 on his board at home had he not taken this trip, but the principle is what concerns us and him, and we cannot waste our time with annoying calculations as to how the theory works.

Mr. Lind should have followed the wise example of those candidates who make these nice distinctions before they file their expense bills. We understand that the method followed by some gentlemen with a habit of spending more in office-chasing than the law allows is something like this: First take the whole amount of actual expenses and eliminate all illegal classifications. Then take the remaining sum and swear off the total of its various items according to this proportion: The desired item is to the legal limit of expenditure as the actual item is to the sum actually spent. This process is very simple. We have heard of candidates, not well versed in the rule of three, who spent long days and nights reducing items and tediously adding them up, over and over again, to arrange a total with a legal aspect. The formula above given is especially commended to all candidates who spend several times as much as the law permits.

The Anthracite Supply.

If the representatives of the miners on the one side and the operators on the other continue for seventy-five years more to higgle over the terms of settlement, it will not make much difference what terms are agreed upon. The Popular Science Monthly tells us that the available supply of anthracite in America is so small that unless some other fuel be discovered, the use of bituminous coal must take the place of the anthracite within seventy-five years. This is the estimate, even if the annual production does not exceed that of 1901, which is, of course, improbable. There is a little anthracite in North Carolina, some in New Mexico and Colorado, but the combined yield of these three localities, if the deposits were all thrown upon the surface at one time, would scarcely amount to enough for one year's consumption. There is very little anthracite in Europe. Most of the Welsh coal is bituminous, the anthracite of the South Wales field being confined to the western end of it. About 2,000,000 tons per annum is the output of Prussia. Anthracite is also found in small quantities in southern Russia.

China is supposed to have the largest anthracite fields in the world, there being upward of 40,000 square miles underlaid by anthracite coal. This is a much larger pocket of anthracite than our Pennsylvania mining kings have control of.

The grand master of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen showed a keen appreciation of the power of a single word when he emphatically denied that the men in the Chicago territory are about to demand an increase in wages. The conductors and trainmen will submit a request for an advance but there will be nothing in the nature of a demand. There is reason to believe that a fair increase will be granted in the Chicago territory, and it is pleasing to note that the men so far from taking advantage of present conditions and making unreasonable demands that the road under pressure of the immense volume of traffic to handle would have to grant or face enormous losses, are disposed to be moderate and fair in their requests. What the men might gain through an arbitrary demand they would probably lose again later, but concessions granted with fairness and good feeling on both sides are more likely to be permanent.

Booker T. Washington, who has done more to elevate his race than any other man, in a recent address at Cleveland, said that the salvation of the colored race would be secured just in proportion as it learns to put brains, skill and dignity into the common occupations of life, in proportion as it learns to do a common thing in an uncommon manner. What Mr. Washington seeks to teach his own people is the lesson which white, as well as black, needs to learn, or, rather, needs to appreciate. Faithfulness and efficiency in common things may not bring a man distinction, or social position or fame, but the man who does well, whatever is required of him, no matter how humble his task, is bound to have the respect of all who are cognizant of the fact of his fidelity and diligence. This is a truism and commonplace, of course, but however trite, it cannot be too strongly insisted upon or too often repeated.

Game Warden Fullerton wants a new game and fish code. The recommendation is one that should be acted upon by the next legislature. It is reassuring to learn that deer and moose are in no danger of extinction, and that as the country is "lumbered" and lumber camps disappear, their number increases. In Michigan it is reported that the beaver are coming back to streams that are no longer used for logs.

A federal court has just held that the postoffice department has no authority to classify mail matter. This decision will remind some of the understrappers in that department that the United States congress is still doing business. It is time that the autocratic policy of the postoffice department were checked. A few more decisions of the right kind will do the work.

Ohio river interests are determined to have the government improve that stream. Millions of dollars have been wasted on useless works on creeks and rivers that lead nowhere, but it will serve the interests of millions of people to keep the Ohio at the maximum of efficiency.

Miss Reel says the Indian of the future will be self-supporting. If football were on a professional basis there would be no doubt about it. The Indian as a football player has certainly earned the respect of the white man.

We refuse to believe that Alderman Rand's aestheticism can be satisfied by so crude a process as painting the white glass windows of the council chamber "with something floral."

The Nonpareil Man

Casually Observed.

The Canadian is suffering a severe case of dollaritis and it doesn't seem to yield readily to treatment.

In the early days of Joseph Jefferson's career ice cream on the stage was represented by cotton, just as molasses and water stood for the fiery liquid refreshment so often required on the stage. Mr. Jefferson tells a story that one night a clumsy maid servant tipped over the candle and the ice cream caught fire, to the mighty joy of the audience.

Bill Sewall of Bangor, Me., the president's old guide, has been invited to go down to Washington "and tew bunk at the White House, b'gosh." Bill will go just as soon as he can get a man to take care of the critters. "Hired men is dredful skurse this year."

The Lincoln hotel fire trap had iron shutters, it seems. It is a wonder that somebody did not get excited and close them. Several people escaped through this negligence.

Three churches at Pymouth, Mass., where the Pilgrims landed so heavily on the aborigine, are quarreling as to which one represents the original church. A Unitarian and two Trinitarian churches are in the mix-up, and if the Pigrims could return they would doubtless start a fourth church at once and enter the contest. To the outer word, wrapped in worldliness and engaged in keeping fit enough to survive, it would seem to be more important to keep malice out of the mind than to attain to represent the succession from the first church, even if one corner of it rested plumb on Plymouth rock and Miles Standish was buried in the basement. But we may be wrong.

DAILY DIVERSION

Pour la Reine.—Ambassador Choate has a particular aversion for the tuft-hunting American who flourishes in Europe, and never misses an opportunity to make a courteous but effective dig at him. A short time ago Mr. Choate was a guest in a country house at which a particularly offensive specimen of the genus anglomaniac was also staying. Over the nuts and wine one evening this gentleman narrated, with much glee, the story of how he had once met Queen Alexandria driving in an open barouche while a storm was raging and no shelter in sight. The chivalrous American, according to his own story, immediately handed his umbrella to her majesty, receiving in return a grateful bow, and then trudging home in the rain. He ended up by remarking:

"In the old days a man would have been knighted for doing that."

On Mr. Choate's features one of those benignant smiles for which he is justly celebrated slowly perfected itself.

"Ah," he said. "And I suppose, if you had been knighted, you would have chosen an umbrella for your coat of arms with the motto 'Pour la Reine.'"

AMUSEMENTS

Adolph Phillipp in "New York in Word und Bild" at the Metropolitan.

Adolph Phillipp mit seinem Deutschen Volksstueck, "New York in Word und Bild," muss in jeder Hinsicht Anerkennung gezallt werden. Die Ausfuehrung der Handlung steht bedeutend hoeher in literarischer Beziehung als alles vorhergehende der beiden letzten Jahre. Die Sprache ist abergerundeter und edler im Ausdruck. Besonders angenehm beruhrt dass Herr Phillipp in diesem Stuecke vollkommen von uebertriebener Sentimentalitaet ist und in den realistischen Scenen zur Geltung kommen laetzt wie in seinen zur Geltung kommen latzt wie in seinen vorhorigen Auffuhrungen. Das Ensemble ist im allgemeinen ausgezeichnet und man sieht dass Herr Phillipp sich grosse Muehe gezehen "Kuenstler" zu engagiren.

Die erste Act verleben wir auf der Farm des Herrn Schwarzholz in Springfield, woselbst der Besitzer mit seiner Frau in Gluecklichem Wohlstand seine silberne Hochzeit feiert. Der einzige Sohn welcher seit Jahren in New York gelebt hat, kehrt zur Feier heim; wird aber daselbst von seinem Chef als Schwindler entlarvt. Vater und Mutter verstossen den Sohn aus dem Elternhause nachdem sie sich verpflichtet auf Kosten ihrer schwerungenen Existenz, die unterschlagene Summe zu ersetzen. Im zweiten Act, drei Jahre spaeter, finden wir den Sohn im Sumpf einer Spielhoehle in Tenderloin von New York die versoehnende Hand des Vaters von sich weisend. Der dritte Act zeigt uns das traurige Nachtleben im Bowery und der junge Schwarzholz als Bettler und Trunkenhold findet Huelfe in den Armen seines Vaters. Der naechste Act spielt im Polizeihof und beleuchtet den Lug and Trug der Polizeiverwaltung. Im letzten Act, wie gewoehnlich, finden sich Vater, Mutter und Sohn wieder in Gluecklicher Einigkeit im Elterhause zusammen, und alle Schwierigkeiten loesen sich auf in schoenster Harmonie.

Herr Phillipp, der Verfasser des Stueckes, hat vorzuegliche Gelegenheit seine schauspielerischen Talente und seine sympatische Stimme zu entfalten, man hat in den drei verschiedenen Characterdarstellungen das Bewustsein einem bedeutenden Kuenstler vor sich zu sehen. Mit naturlichen Humor vermischt mit bitterem Hahne giebt er im ersten Act den liederlichen Vagabunden und im zweiten Act geriebener Schlauheit den abgefeimten, geschmeidigen Spieler und ganz ausgezeichnet characteristisch loest er seine schauspielerische Aufgabe als verlogener Polizist im Bowery und Polizeihof. Eine alte Bekannte begruessen wir in Fraulein von Wegern die wie in frueheren Jahren auch voll Humor ihre Rolle als saufte Matilde durchfuehrt. Einem ausgezeichneten Humorist begegnen wir in Herrn Berla der besonders als Salvationarmee baby grosse Heiterkeit erregt. Herr Fritz Beese als Sohn Carl giebt seine Rolle mit kunstlerischer Vornehmheit und angenehmer Zurueckhaltung, aber uebertriebene Sentimentalitaet. Herr Heine als Farmer Schwarzholz ist wuerdevoll und volkommen am rechten Platz. Alle anderen Rollen sind in guten und bewaehrten Haenden und grosse Anerkennung gebuehrt dem Musikleiter, Herr von Wegern, fur die gute Einstudierung der kleinen Choere und die Composition der leichten ansprechenden Musik.

Mit Dankbarkeit und Genugthueng bemerkte ich die vorzuegliche Aussprache der deutschen Sprache eines jeden Mitglieds und ist es so wohlthuend von der Buhne herab die schoene, edle Muttersprache unwerfaelscht im Ohre wiederklingen zu hoeren, und nicht nur fuer den Deutsch-Amerikaner, sondern auch fuer die deutschlernenden und deutschsingenden Amerikaner koennen diese vorstellungen von Interesse sein.

Mit solch guten schauspielerischen Kraeften koennte Herr Phillipp uns auch gute und kraftigere literarische Kost, vorsetzen wie zum Biespiel Suedermann's "Die Ehre," oder einege unserer modernen Schauspiele und Lustspiele von Fulda, Kadelburg, Wildenbruch, etc.

—A. E. Sch. R.

Foyer Chat.

"Barbara Frietchie," Clyde Fitch's great dramatic triumph, will be given at the Metropolitan for one performance Sunday evening, with the beautiful young actress, Mary Elizabeth Forbes, in the title role, supported by a company of exceptional merit.

Otis Skinner will begin an engagement of three nights and Wednesday matinee at the Metropolitan next Monday, presenting "Lazarre," the new play which he and Aubrey Boucicault have made from Mary Catherwood's romance. The theme, that of the mystery of a lost Bourbon prince, is entirely worthy of Mr. Skinner's ability as a playwright and actor of romantic roles. The scenic environment is one of the most artistic ever presented by this careful producer.

The Dearborn theater management of Chicago offers the patrons of the Metropolitan for three nights and matinee beginning next Thursday, its latest musical success, "The Storks," with all the original scenic and costume embellishments and cast of seventy-five players, headed by droll Richard Carle. From all accounts "The Storks" is not only a more pretentious production in every possible way than were their former triumphs, "The Burgomaster" and "The Explorers," but it is considered the most pronounced financial and artistic western musical hit of recent years.

"Sergeant James" continues to draw well at the Bijou. This military play has made an excellent impression. Its story is interesting throughout. The presenting company is a capable one. Henry Kolker is seen to splendid advantage as Sergeant James. To-morrow afternoon the only remaining matinee will occur, and engagement will close with the performance to-morrow night.

Witty dialogue, amusing situations and popular musical numbers run throughout "Mr. Jolly of Joliet." The action is said to go with a dash characteristic of Charles Neuman's comedies and the fun is fast and furious. The company presenting his piece is headed by Edward Garvie, one of America's favorite comedians. Included in the support may be mentioned John and Maude Allison, Ada Deaves, the Premier quartet, George Spink, Molly Thompson, Madge Lawrence and a large chorus of handsome girls. "Mr. Jolly of Joliet" comes to the Bijou next week.

There remains but three more performances of the Ferris Stock company's production of Bronson Howard's great scenic spectacle of the civil war, "Shenandoah," at the Lyceum, to-night, to-morrow afternoon and to-morrow evening.

"Hazel Kirke," the strongest English drama ever written, will be produced by the Ferris company at the Lyceum for one week, starting Sunday evening.

OTHER PEOPLE'S NOTIONS

The Building Moving Nuisance.

To the Editor of The Journal:

The spectacle of a large, old tenement house being moved through Second avenue S and marking its way by the frequent maiming of valuable shade trees, has directed public attention to the necessity of more stringent regulations concerning the moving of buildings through the public streets. The Second avenue case has been unusually exasperating on account of the extremely leisurely way in which the work is being done. For example, the building in question has been left at the intersection of Second avenue, Thirteenth and Grant streets from Friday afternoon until the present writing (Monday evening) without any indication on the part of those who have been engaged on the job that it is not to be permanently located there.

I notice that a resolution has passed the city council to vest the granting of permits for moving buildings in that body instead of the building inspector. This would seem a more cumbersome method of regulating the matter; but in either case it is much less important who shall grant permits than that the conditions under which they are granted shall carefully guard the rights of property owners and the public. I have not access to the ordinance governing such cases, but there are certain conditions which ought to be insisted upon, whether they are now embodied in an ordinance or not.

First—The owner of the building to be moved should specify the greatest width and height of the building, the location to which it is to be moved and the route desired to be taken.

Second—The maximum height and width of buildings to be moved through streets of specified widths should be prescribed—such maximum being fixed to insure protection of shade trees, etc.—buildings exceding the maximum to be cut and moved in sections if at all.

Third—Owner or contractor to give bond to indemnify for any damages to property by such moving. Also, time limit to be fixed within which the removal must be completed, with forfeit for delay.

Fourth—Permit to be refused at discretion when public convenience demands.

Such provisions would work no hardship because in nearly all cases these removals are of buildings which are sold to make way for permanent improvements, and are bought on speculation. An intending purchaser could ascertain whether he could get a removal permit, the cost of removal, etc., and if permit should be refused or expense and liability prove too great, he need not embark in the speculation.

—Z. P. V.

A Socialist on Socialism.

To the Editor of The Journal.

An article on the socialist movement that appeared in The Journal of the 22d ultimo disclosed at least two interesting facts, namely, that the rising tide of socialism in America and Europe can not longer be ignored by its opponents, and that the writer of said article has a very crude idea of th actual principles on which socialism is based. The socialist republic is a theoretical form of industrial organization whose practicability remains to be demonstrated. Is that a cause for objection to the movement? If so, please name some form of government or organization that exists to-day or ever did exist, which was not once a theory in the minds of men! Every move forward in the world's history has been made, not by the assistance of the dominant class, but in spite of it; therefore, the opposition encountered from the beneficiaries of our present system is no argument against the final triumph of socialism. The socialist forms his opinions, not through ignorance of the peculiarities that exist in human nature, but as a result of carefully studying those peculiarities. He deals chiefly with the industrial question and puts forth the far from utopian demand, that those who do the world's work (of brawn and brain) must own and control the wealth they create. Under the present industrial system, three-fourths of what the useful worker produces is taken from him and "divided up" amongst the idle non-producers, who in a large majority pose as th patricians of modern society. The socialist refuses to be persuaded by any amount of palaver that our present industrial arrangement constitutes the acme of perfection. The conditions surrounding him he finds to be as follows: Given a nation of nearly 80,000,000 people, who have been endowed by nature with rarest gifts of forest, mine adn prairie, possessed of energy and ability to make the most of those gifts, equipped with machinery that has added a hundred fold to the productive power of the workers as compared to the toilers of a century ago, with a reputation for industry that threatens to deluge the markets of the old world with our "surplus products" and still the voice of labor is heard from the hills of Pennsylvania and the valleys of the south, from factory town and tenement sweatshop, asking for a wage sufficient to feed, clothe and educate the children, that the men and women of the future may be worthy of the land that gave them birth!

We have in addition to the industrial army who are engaged in making things, two varieties of tramps who are engaged in taking things that others have made. Everyone is familiar with the Weary Willie type, who slouch up to the back door for a cold handout, tour the country on a brakebeam and sleep in the fence corner. Unions and lockouts concern him not. He is an industrial rebel on perpetual strike, a product of the times drifting along the social stream. Then we have the gentleman tramp, whose excursions to the gambling tables of Europe sets all flunkeydom agog. There do we find the partakers of Seeley dinners and patrons of Bradley-Martin balls, ransacking the joints of the orient for some novelty on which to squander the wealth filched from American labor. Is it any wonder that an intelligent move by the workers to rid themselves of those social parasites should grow with surprising rapidity even in the face of a hostile press?

Able editors may flippantly assert that socialism is an impractical dream, wiseacres may shake their knowing heads, but the tide of time bears the human race on its broad bosom to the peaceful harbor of the co-operative commonwealth.

—N. J. Sullivan.

Crookston, Minn.

LOLITA

By IZOLA L. FORRESTER

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Half way between the fort and the Arizona border lies Lindell's Rest. It is a low wooden building, dull yellow like the sun baked plains around, and there isn't even a cactus sprout to cast a shadow near it.

Saturday night at Lindell's is a thing to dream of evermore once one has lived through it—the crazy, witching Mexican music; the dancers with their lithe, southern grace; the violet smoke rings curling over all; Lindell himself, tall and thin, with his happy eyes and everlasting cigarette—and Lolita.

She was 17 the summer Lindell came to San Luis; a slim Mexican girl, with long lashed, teasing eyes of velvety brown and dusky hair curling around her small, piquant face.

Lindell was merely a gentleman tramp in those days, one of the crowd of boys who drift here and there once the spirit of the gypsy is upon them, accomplishing nothing, caring for nothing, but happy and true hearted and quick to lend a helping hand when a call came. He and Ted Norris came down together, with plenty of grit, but neither cash nor credit, except at the low, yellow half way house where old Manuelo kept open inn with his daughter Lolita.

THE MAIL COACH DREW UP AT THE YELLOW HOUSE, AND A GIRL ALIGHTED.

Those things happen of themselves—moonlight on the little rough veranda, Lolita singing comical little snatches of American songs in her soft, broken English, under Lindell's tutelage, with her small brown fingers playing lightly on her mandolin:

I can't tell why I love you, but I do-o-o;
There lotta girl in town so sweet like you-o-o,
But there something I can't tell,
Seem to hole me in it spell,
I can't tell why I love you, but I do-o-o.

Lindell would smoke and smoke and look up at her as she sang, lazy and happy and full of joyous, don't care irresponsibility that comes to one, somehow, with the climate down there, and the music and the white, strange moonlight.

One Saturday Lindell and Norris rode away to town, seventeen miles away, with a promise to return in time for the dance. Lolita watched them out of sight, and Manuelo laughed when he heard her singing. She was the prettiest girl this side the border. The American boy was clear eyed and young and quick to laugh. If they loved, why not? There were the house and a good bunch of money when he was gone, and little Lolita would sing evermore. He smiled shrewdly. Maybe, perhaps, quien sabe?

At 7 the mail coach from San Luis drew up at the yellow house, and a girl alighted. Lolita was firing a hot shot of smiles and repartee at the driver, Billie Slogan, when she saw her and stopped short. The stranger was fair and blue-eyed, and, though the Indian summer day had been hot and dusty, she looked cool and charming.

Lolita was dressed for the dance. She wore yellow and had wound a long red silk scarf about her shoulders, crossed it and tied it below her waist on one hip. Billie had just told her she looked like one of the little dark red roses the ladies wear in their hair over at San Luis on the plaza when she caught sight of this other girl, and she hoped Lindell would not see her. There was a difference.

Mr. Lindell and Mr. Norris? Oh, yes, Lolita told her. They were living there. They had gone for a ride, just a short ride. She brought a chair out on the veranda and talked with the stranger after the coach had gone. She called Lindell Allan, this girl, and Norris Ted, and she hoped they would return soon.

"You have not seen him for a long time, yes?" said Lolita, her eyes full of a half frightened suspicion.

"Not for a year," said the other softly. "We had only been married a few months when he went away. It seemed better, you know. He was so young, and he thought he could make a fortune out here. I guess he hasn't, though."

Lolita laughed. It was comical to think of Lindell making a fortune or anything else. It was growing dark, and already a few couples had made their appearance and passed indoors, with a gay greeting to Manuelo's daughter. The strange girl looked at them curiously.

"It is the dance," said Lolita shortly, resenting the amused surprise in the other's eyes. She would show her she was not afraid to speak his name as she had. "Al-lain, he like to dance lots with me."

"Yes?" The stranger looked at her kindly. "I do not wonder at it. You are a dear, with those big brown eyes. And the other—does he dance, too?"

"Who—Ted? No, no. He is not one bit like Lindell. He is still and all way off somewhere. He never care to dance."

The music had begun, and the blue-eyed girl rose hesitatingly. "I wish I could go and meet them. I want to surprise him, you know. Could I?"

Lolita rose, too, in quick, hot anger. They would meet, and he would take her in his arms and kiss her. She thought of last night and the night before and the nights before for weeks. Was it for this Lindell had sung and laughed with her and told her her lips were the sweetest in all the world? Suddenly she looked at the fair, calm face beside her, and a flood of wild, unreasoning jealousy swept over her. She pointed southward.

"If you walk that way straight on to where the ground dips and the cacti grow tall, you will meet them," she told her. "It is only a short way. You cannot miss them. It is only two or three miles to the next house, and they may have stopped there."

After the girl had gone she went in to the dance, laughing, with the lie fresh on her lips. There was no house for thirty miles that way, and once she had passed the giant cacti she would go down into Death valley, that terrible wilderness where only the snakes and the Gila monsters and tarantulas could dwell in safety. One night spent there, and Lindell might call and cry for his wife in vain.

Never was there such a dance at Manuelo's as that Saturday night. Lolita danced and sang with feverish gaiety, her eyes ever on the door, watching for Lindell. Then suddenly, at the very height of the merriment, she was missed. Out into the clear, bright night she went silently to the shed where the horses stood, and, choosing her own rough little mustang, she mounted and rode away toward Death valley.

If Lindell loved this fair, blue eyed girl he would hate her for sending her to her death. The thought terrified her. Anything but his hate, she thought, anything but the look in his eyes when he knew. And was it not right? She was fair like him and gentle voiced. She was not a Mexican girl to smoke a cigarette with and sing to in the moonlight and laugh when her love was won.

She caught her breath in deep sobs, and the tears fell on the mustang's brown neck as she urged him on over the miles that lay between them and the valley, and at last there were the giant cacti ahead, guarding the entrance to the valley like grim sentinels. She turned toward them bravely, but before the mustang had gone a doen paces past them he reared and backed away from something that lay upon the ground.

Lolita knelt and caught her breath as her hand touched the hand of the strange girl. It was warm, and she raised her head upon her lap. The blue eyes opened wonderingly.

"It was such a long way, and I could not find them," she said faintly. "You did not know it was so far, did you?"

Lolita pressed a kiss on the hand she held. It was a white, dainty hand. No wonder Lindell loved it. She helped her up on the saddle, and with one arm around her for support she guided the mustang back over the long stretches of sand and sun baked alkali on through the night until the lights at Manuelo's showed like fireflies against the sapphire darkness of the skies.

Manuelo could tell you the rest—how the two Americans returned at midnight and just as they were to lead the search for Lolita there came the three figures through the moonlight, and Lolita fell at Lindell's feet.

"I bring her back to you," she said pleadingly. But it was Norris who sprang to the stranger's side with a glad cry, and Lindell held the Mexican girl in his arms there before them all and told her she was all in all to him.

So that is why it is Lindell's Rest now, and if you stop there on your way to the fort or to San Luis old Manuelo will tell you how it happened over a little glass of the deep red Mexican wine he loves and bid you shake hands with his handsome son-in-law. And if you are courteous and pleasant Lolita will flash a smile up at you from under her long, dark lashes.

And Lindell? He is perfectly happy and full of a gay, careless content that comes but seldom to a man in this world. It comes with the moonlight and the music down there—and Lolita.