

THE JOURNAL

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IN A NUTSHELL....

How the World's Most Powerful Navies Compare as They Stand Today.

Table comparing naval forces of England, France, Germany, and the United States. Columns include Number, Displacement, Average, and Speed. Includes a section on the number and character of guns carried.

It will be noticed that these figures show that the United States still maintains its policy of filling its ships up with guns. While our fighting tonnage is only 28 per cent of that of the British navy we have 35 per cent of the total British gun power. Germany, with a tonnage almost as large as ours, has 700 fewer guns.

bill as it stands and let an American banking house attend to the payment with the customs in its hands for reimbursement.

And now Alaska comes to the front with anthracite coal deposits. Keep your eye on Alaska if you are interested in the growth of new countries.

A Righteous Law. Only sixteen members of the house of representatives voted against the pure food law. It is strange that one should vote against it. It is merely a law in behalf of honesty in commerce.

To oppose such a law is to stand for dishonesty in trade.

To oppose such a law is to give free access to interstate commerce to poisonous candies, containing terra alba, barites, talc, chrome yellow, or other injurious substances or coloring matter, which are being sold as pure and non-injurious.

To oppose such a law is to admit to interstate commerce fraudulent adulterated goods.

To oppose such a law is to admit to interstate commerce fraudulent adulterated goods, deceptive adulterations, and all putrid, filthy and diseased substances intended for food, and offered as suitable for consumption.

It is all well enough to say that every man ought to have sense enough to procure only good foods for himself, without asking the government to protect him. But what does that mean? Why, it means that every man must be an analytical chemist and must chemically examine every article of food he buys. That is, of course, impossible. We must buy our food on faith, and the basis of that faith must be the illegality of adulteration, deception, or substitution.

No more effective way of bringing to an end the frightful frauds upon the food supply of the nation can be found than that of denying the privileges of interstate commerce to dishonest traders.

The world is getting blasé. Marconi has successfully telegraphed through the air from America to Europe, and not a single additional newspaper has been sold on that account.

A Medieval Emperor. "Freedom for thought, freedom for religion, freedom for scientific investigation," says the German emperor. "Is what I desire for the German people, but not freedom to govern themselves as badly as they please."

The emperor doesn't care how badly his people think, how badly religious they may be, how they may err scientifically, but he can't tolerate the idea of them governing themselves badly.

The emperor assumes that he is able to guard them against bad government, and he purposes to do it. But if people should be protected against bad self-government, why not protect them against bad self-thinking, dangerous religious doctrines and false methods of scientific investigation?

The emperor can't comprehend that free men would rather be governed badly by themselves than well by an autocrat. How long will the intelligent people of Germany tolerate this medieval nonsense, this assumption of unlimited wisdom by the son of his father?

The Kaiser looks upon himself as the all-wise lord to whom, if his subjects were they would look up with simple, unquestioning faith, confident that what is best for them will be brought about by their perfect emperor. He holds that it is the business of the emperor to command and the business of the people to obey.

Mayor Sam Jones of Toledo unreservedly commits himself to the doctrine of non-resistance. That doctrine is all right if you don't care very much about running yourself. If all Americans were to become non-resisters, for instance, how long would the nation last?

A Plea for Two Territories. That is certainly an eloquent appeal that Delegate Rodey of New Mexico makes for statehood for Arizona and New Mexico. It is also an instructive appeal. It contains statements about those territories of imperial extent that will surprise many.

Of New Mexico he says that it has a population of 330,000—more than that of all the Canadian territories—three-fifths of whom are descended from Americans of the states, and that the remaining two-fifths, Americans of Spanish descent, are the best kind of citizens, and that more than half of them speak the English language. A surprising assertion is that illiteracy does not exceed 15 per cent, and that New Mexico has the finest public school system in proportion to population of any jurisdiction under the flag. Mr. Rodey's statement calls for verification; the facts have not been so understood.

The statement that New Mexico has more coal and iron than any other state or territory is more surprising than the allegation that it is progressing more rapidly to-day than any other part of the republic and that it is the second greatest

The Nonpareil Man

Casually Observed. Is it possible to burn soft coal in a hard coal furnace? It is, but it requires stern language.

When some very influential men recently tried to persuade the secretary of state to take a certain action, he replied to them in great earnestness to show or less hot water while I am in this office; but you must excuse me from stepping into a bucket from which I can see the steam rising.

There is a cat show in Chicago and many citizens thoughtlessly carry around half bricks.

A heavy demand for coal has resulted in the discovery of a vein of alleged anthracite in the Washington territory. This coal can produce anything from pineapples up.

The Dukhobors believe that Winnipeg is a holy city. No city can get into this class where the mercury crawls down into the bulb for ten months out of the twelve.

Mr. Bowen is also using his good offices in the hope of Nevada, Rhode Island, Ramsey county and Mendocino, Maine.

Venezuela owes every telegraph editor in the country about \$10 for wear and tear on his mind in fabricating scare heads.

The rain Saturday, combined with the rise in temperature, brought out the very spots in their full-orbed glory and many a Christmas shopper pulling out of some quiet harbor found a heavy sea on his nose, skidded in a particularly mean spot and did not alight until his head struck the pavement. He will spend his Christmas in Asbury hospital nursing a fractured skull and wondering what threw him.

A lady on the corner of Sixth and Nicollet was carrying herself proudly over the curb in temperature, brought out the slip-on arose, tossed her into the air and deposited her on the pavement with a splash that suggested damaged skirts as well as injured dignity.

How many people there are who do not know, but several neat little school teachers claim that they were thrown about in a big way in the air, a popular opinion did an undignified, but a piano player was badly jolted and at the corner of Fifth and Hennepin a large man with a window sustained a concussion of the neck.

When you fall it is well to keep out of the public eye. No great public character makes a tumble. One cannot imagine the Washington waning his arms wildly in the air to recover his balance, falling to do so and dropping like a fractured skull and wondering what threw him.

There are some acts of life that require privacy, and taking a tumble is one of them.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

This speakeasy fight has started another of Judge Jamison's good stories in circulation. He and every one else opposing Babcock were bitterly attacked by the Wadena Tribune, whose editor is manager of the Wadena, who has a reference was made to these assaults, the other day, and Judge Jamison's eye twinkled.

"It reminds me," he said, "of a story they used to tell about Mike Hoy. When Mike was a large share of the Minneapolis police force, a quarter of a century ago, he happened to see a drunken man one night down Bridge street, who had rested the fellow, who was just drunk enough to fight, and pulled a revolver. He grabbed it from him and looked at it. It was one of these four inch, about four inches long. With a look of disgust Hoy handed it back.

"Now look a here," he said sternly. "If you ever see a fellow like that, you call you at it. I'll give you a good swift kick." The Wadena Tribune should be careful.

The Plaintiff of the Country. The Ortonville Herald Star says: Both St. Paul and Minneapolis have been permitted to shake the political plum tree in each a juicy piece of fruit. St. Paul gets the oil inspectorship and Minneapolis the surveyor of logs and lumber. The country, where the state cities respect the better part of its 60,000 majority, hasn't been given a chance at the plum tree yet.

That was because two vacancies occurred in places which had been given the cities. If a similar situation should arise, Commissioner McConnell or State Superintendent Olsen, or any of the other dignitaries appointed from the country, then the tree might be shaken in another direction. There is every indication, however, that both city and country are entirely satisfied with these officials.

Speaking of mediocres, what is the matter with the 6,728 from Hennepin. If the other districts had done as well, the governor would not have been put off with a beggary 55,000.

A Word for an Old Neighbor. The Elbow Lake Herald takes judicial notice of A. Smith's former residence in that section as a plea in his favor, saying: "The fact that Gov. Van Sant has been elected for a second term has given rise to some speculation even in this early day as to who will be his successor. A list of eligibles has been named by A. Smith appears prominently. Mr. Smith is a former school business man of Grant county and has many friends here who would be glad of an opportunity to further any political ambition he may have."

DISCONTENTS. A nibbler at the cosmic crust. A slipper at the foot. Great God! I am a thing of dust. Thine eyes will scarce account.

Once to bite deep the loaf of things! Oh, once my body give. Unto the bright and primal Springs! And rise, and breathe, and live!—Arthur Upson in the Boston Transcript.

Books and Authors

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED

From L. C. Page & Co., Boston. Minnepolis, New York: The Price of the Captivity, by Sydney C. Green, author of Peace With Honor, etc. Price \$1.50.

"The Starbuck," by O. L. Reed, a character study; price \$1.50.

"The Dead City," a translation of Gabriele d'Annunzio's "La Citta Morta," a tragedy classed as a novel; price \$1.50.

"The World's Best Proverbs and Short Quotations," and "The Study of Palms." The latter is by Saint-Germain, the highest authority on palmistry; price \$1.50.

From Fleming H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago. "Incentives for Life: Personal and Public," by James M. Ludlow; price \$1.50.

"Fool's Gold," a study in values, a novel by Annie Raymond Stillmond. For sale by McCarthy.

"The Heart of the Northland," by Egerton R. Young. Price \$1.25 net.

"The Evolution of a Girl's Ideal, a Little Record of the Ripening of the Affections to the Time of Love's coming," by Clara E. Laughlin.

"Glenary School Days, a Story of the Early Days in Glenary," by Ralph Conroy. Price \$1.50.

"The Heart of the Doctor, a Story of the Heart of the Doctor," by E. E. Bradley. Price \$1.50.

"Penelope's Irish Experiences," by E. E. Douglas Wiggin, illustrated by C. E. Bradley. Price \$1.50.

"The Book of Nature Myths," by Florence H. Brooks, principal of Forestville school, Chicago. New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Miscellaneous. The Life of Ulrich Zwingle, the Swiss Patriot and Reformer, by Samuel Simpson. New York: The Baker-Taylor Co.

"The Heart of the Doctor," by E. E. Bradley. Price \$1.50.

"The Poet and Penelope," by L. Parry Truscott. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. Minneapolis: N. McCarthy.

"The Winning of Sarene," by St. Clair Beall. New York: The Federal Book Co.

"The Boy and How to Help Him Succeed," by J. H. Ripley. Price \$1.50.

"The Weaving of Webs," by F. V. Van Praag. New York: R. F. Feno & Co., Minneapolis. Price \$1.

"The Romance of the Commoplace," by G. E. Burgess. Price \$1.50.

"The Art of Planning," by J. R. Tillingham, Jr. M. D. New York: The Contemporary Publishing company. Price \$1.

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The Lady Gwendolyn

By ANNE STORY ALLEN

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The Lady Gwendolyn stamped her foot and declared "I'm gone out!" Then she poked her white bonnet out of the door and listened. They were still talking. She could hear Mrs. Reagan's voice high and still.

"Shure, ye can't have it here," she was saying, "and if they's any more come while ye're out I'll take 'em for ye. My, but it's fine! And all of 'em from Miss Van Tassel, well, well!"

It could be borne no longer. Aunt Julia might stay and talk with Mrs. Reagan as long as she liked and about all the stupid things they said.

"Dwendolyn will!" she announced again, and Gwendolyn did.

Along the hall, past Mrs. Reagan's half open door, down the stairs, step by step, and so on to the sidewalk.

The Lady Gwendolyn was an impulsive person, and being of a mind to view the trees of the park, clothed, as she had been told in the snow blankets woven by the fairies the night before, she had determined to wait no longer, but to start out by herself, which was of course contrary to any precedent ever established.

Clad in her white coat—marked down and snatched up by Ellen at a bargain—her white bonnet—Aunt Julia had found it in a third avenue shop, and you couldn't have told it from a Sixth avenue—her white mittens and leggings—bought a trifle large last year with a view to shrinking—Lady Gwendolyn started on her way.

With the help of her ladies in waiting and the head groom of the chambers were ignorant of her desperate venture. Now, the first lady in waiting was nearly always in the kitchen, and the second was usually planned so that her duties as housekeeper fitted in nicely with the demands of her other position.

Running in the park, having been promoted from the menial rank of cash girl in Rush & Hurry's big Sixteenth Street store, she was running down at breakneck speed.

So Ellen, with her hand in a bandage and her feet in a pain of it, hurried home, thinking that if Aunt Julia had been too busy, there was yet time to take the little sister for a walk.

Running in the park, having been promoted from the menial rank of cash girl in Rush & Hurry's big Sixteenth Street store, she was running down at breakneck speed.

"They ain't found her yet," was her excited salutation as she picked up in response to the floorwalker's order, the doctor of Rush & Hurry's big store dressed the wound neatly and, patting her on the shoulder, said: "There, you'd better run home for the rest of the day. You'll be all right to-morrow."

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A MESSENGER BOY, TWO NEWSBOYS, A NURSEMAID WITH HER CHARGE, A MAN WITH A SUIT CASE, A PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN WITH HER HANDS IN HER MUFF, FOUND AN INTERESTING GROUP AROUND A SMALL SOLITARY FIGURE.

street shop to serve in that firm's lunch-room, found her hours a bit easier and her weekly envelop a trifle heavier, two things which she had not expected.

"We was goin' to the park—she'd been tellin' me that foolishness ye'd told her about the snow fairies and—"

"Aunt Julia was right to a sobbing wall as Ellen turned and left the room without explanation or comment.

She dashed down the stairs at a speed that rivaled Mamie Reagan's and started on a mad run west.

"She may have found her way there," she muttered to herself.

A messenger boy, two newsboys, a nursemaid with her charge, a man with a suit case and a pretty young woman with her hands in a big muff formed an unconsciously interesting group about a small solitary figure.

"He's a star, that kid!" Miss Van Tassel was wont to exclaim when, in company with other high ladies, she would leave the stage door after rehearsal, and Miss Van Tassel, herself a star of no mean magnitude, would enter her carriage amid a chorus of more or less envious assents.

At the moment when the messenger boy, the nursemaid, the man with the suit case and the young woman, stepped on the messenger's toes and knocked against the suit case.

"Gwendolyn!"

"Nellie, my Nellie," came from the depths of the small figure in clear and distinctly humble tones.

"Come, Miss Gwendolyn," she said, "ye must be worryin' about yer. The Lady Gwendolyn chieftly trotted off by her nurse's side.

Half a block away a smart brougham was dashing toward them. There was a glimpse of a sable collar, an ugly, kind face, and it had stopped.

The footman jumped over the wheel, the carriage door was opened and the big voice of Miss Van Tassel called: "Well, if her isn't the little sister and the big one too! The whole Ryan family in a bunch! Bundle 'em in, Thomas, and we'll drive 'em home."

Tom "bundled 'em in," closed the door and sprang to the box. Just at that moment the man with the suit case and the young woman with the big muff came into sight.

The Lady Gwendolyn, confidence restored, smiled at them through the open window, and Ellen, rigid and erect on the very edge of the cushions, reflected the smile respectfully.

"THEY'RE MOVIN'." Washington Correspondent to Pittsburg Dispatch. A fire engine rattled up Pennsylvania avenue today. That reminds me of the story of the two Irishmen who had just landed in this country and taken rooms in one of the downtown lodging houses in New York, said Representative Ruppert.

"In the middle of the night they were awakened by a great noise in the street. "One of the Irishmen got up and looked out of the window. Two fire engines tore along, belching smoke and fire and leaving a trail of sparks.

"Phwat is it?" asked the chap who remained in bed.

"They're movin'!" said the man at the window, and two heads have just gone by."

AN EAVESDROPPER. Philadelphia Record. Hook—Here's something about a fellow who was killed eavesdropping.

"Nye—Eavesdropping." Hook—Yes; he fell from a roof.

A PAIRING PAIR. Spair, Spair. Within the cannon all day. The Brown twins sit on chairs; And many men do stroll that way To watch that pair pair peers.