

THE JOURNAL

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AN INVITATION is extended to all readers of The Journal to visit its Press Room, which is the finest in the west. The battery of presses consists of three four-deck Goss presses with a total capacity of 144,000 eight-page journals an hour, printed, folded and counted.

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Not Conclusive.

W. E. Curtis, the Washington correspondent of the Chicago Record-Herald, sets forth eight reasons which are said to cause the president to lean towards according to the requests of Great Britain and Germany that they arbitrate the Venezuelan dispute.

The Hague tribunal can't "punch a hole in the Monroe doctrine" because the United States will permit no agency of any sort to punch holes in that doctrine. That doctrine is not international law, but American policy, an American decree, which we have for eighty years stood ready to make good.

It is true that The Hague might take a long time to come to a decision, but there is no more reason why the allies should continue the blockade while the court was at work than why it should be continued while the president was investigating.

Neither do we force Venezuela to submit its case to The Hague against its prejudices. We simply dodge trouble for ourselves.

There is weight in the fifth reason said to be actuating the president, viz., that if the president arbitrates the question the hold of the United States on all relations between European states and American nations is tightened.

The railroads have an enormous advantage over the private citizen in the matter of obtaining fuel. If they are short of coal, they have a charming way of "commandering" all the cars of fuel on their tracks, no matter to whom they may be consigned.

For instance, The Journal yesterday published a dispatch from Milwaukee which said that within the last few days six hundred tons of soft coal destined for use in that city had been appropriated by the railroads.

It is alleged that all the American republics are anxious to have the president arbitrate this matter. If that is true it constitutes a powerful reason why he should do so. At the same time it must be remembered, that they may be largely animated by the belief that Venezuela stands a better chance for a light award from the president than from any other possible arbitrator.

IN A NUTSHELL....

The Humbert Affair, in Which All France is Completely Absorbed.

Dispatches from Paris say that since the arrest of the notorious Humbert family in Madrid French newspapers have space for hardly anything except matters about the Humberts and their gigantic swindle. It is said that relatives of Captain Dreyfus are heavy creditors of the Humberts, and in that way an effort is being made to revive the Dreyfus affair.

In brief, "L'Affaire Humbert" may be summed up as follows: Twenty-five years ago in Toulouse there lived a family known as the d'Aurignacs, who kept an antiquity shop. One day an American millionaire named Crawford, so the story runs, passed this shop, just in time to be injured by the falling glass from a window in an adjacent store. He was carried into the d'Aurignac shop and his wounds were dressed by the comely daughter, Mile. Therese Crawford.

No more was it true that the fortune was left in the shape of a bundle of bonds and securities aggregating \$20,000,000. But to continue the romance: Mile. Therese was about to examine the bundle when two nephews of the deceased put in an appearance, and claimed the estate for themselves and a younger sister of Therese, Marie. Whereupon, in accordance with the forms of French law, the bundle

was wrapped up, sealed and deposited by the proper authorities in a safe pending the litigation which at once began, in the names of persons who had no existence.

But the lawsuit for \$20,000,000 made the d'Aurignacs. They were immediately in great demand and unlimited sums of money were advanced to them. Therese married Frederic Humbert, son of the then minister of justice of France, and they lived in a handsome palace on the Avenue de la Grand Armee, in which was placed the precious safe.

At last it dawned on some of the simple creditors that it would be a wise idea to open the famous safe and at least get a look at the securities. With permission of the court the safe was opened on May 9 last with great formality. The Humberts and d'Aurignacs were not present. The safe was found to contain a large paste diamond brooch worth \$2 and a few worthless gold mine shares. The creditors nearly died of the shock. When they recovered they began to look for the Humberts, who have just been found.

Hospitality, Not Charity.

There has been a deal of criticism of the Salvation Army for its time-honored custom of giving Christmas dinners to the poor. This year the Army gave 22,500 dinners in New York city, 10,000 in Chicago and 1,000 in Minneapolis, and in all other cities in which it is established, in proportion to their size, the number of the poor and the generosity of the contributing public.

For ourselves we are glad to see the Army deal out some Christmas good cheer in disregard of scientific charity. Not that we do not believe in that kind of charity, but rather that we prefer to look upon the Christmas dinner as an evidence of good fellowship, comradely and human brotherhood, instead of charity.

When we buy a friend a cigar or invite him to dine with us, we do not sit down and argue it with ourselves down to a fine point whether it is scientific to do so. We do it because it gives us pleasure and, we hope, him also. The Salvation Army is not giving its Christmas dinners as to beggars and professional paupers, but to men and women and children, who in this hurly-burly world have not, somehow or other, been able to get a good seat near the distributing trough of the economic organization. To them the Army says to-day, "This is a day of truce in industrial warfare. Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow the grind begins again."

This is the day when we stop thinking of ourselves in some degree, let up a little in doing for ourselves, and think and do for others. When you know that some poor neighbor of yours has a bare cupboard and a coalless coal box, you are not going to sit down and calculate whether the gift of a turkey will create an expensive turkey appetite for the disposition of a chuck-ber income, or whether the gift of a ton of coal will create a tendency to burn coal when the mercury is not below freezing.

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It is alleged that all the American republics are anxious to have the president arbitrate this matter. If that is true it constitutes a powerful reason why he should do so. At the same time it must be remembered, that they may be largely animated by the belief that Venezuela stands a better chance for a light award from the president than from any other possible arbitrator.

Finally there is no reason why the United States should be held responsible for the outcome by both American and European nations, no matter what may happen. Again we say this is not our dispute excepting in so far as it may affect a rule of eighty years' standing that no European state shall add a foot of American soil to its holdings.

The Nonpareil Man

Casually Observed. The Hague tribunal might be called on to decide the question "Is this cold enough for you?"

If Santa misses you this year you may attribute the fault to the reindeer. He is detained because one of the reindeer stepped on his mistle-toe.

To-night the fog walker heaves a sigh of content like a locomotive exhaust as he drops into his little bed.

At the Christmas celebration Aunt Fannie may play on the piano but Uncle Jack should be stationed in the hall with the hose to play on Santa Claus when his painter burst red flames from rubbing up against the Christmas tree candles.

A receiver for Venezuela will find four lively revolutions among the assa.

The Chicago Chronicle the other day printed a nice picture of Laura Biggar, who is trying to prove to an incredulous world that she was the wife of a dead man. Her husband's name was John Lane.

Your old friend Castro is likely to find a good swift kick in his stocking.

There is no excuse for a man having anything the matter with him, no matter how slight the ailment. It gets into the circular of the More Health Syndicate, now being sent out from New York.

Of course, this matter of food, the particular rules and habits of eating, in all particulars is not a matter for jest alone. A scientific study of the food requirements of the human system ought to be worth something, and yet "some" of the new theories proposed are so radical, and there is so much conflict among the theorists themselves that one hesitates to commit the regulation of his diet entirely to them.

Possibly the best result we can hope to get out of this prevalent agitation on the food question, will be a little more attention by the individual to the regulation of his own diet, which is a reasonable thing for him to do.

Unquestionably good may come out of the agitation of vegetarianism and non-vegetarianism, out of the theories respecting cooked food and non-cooked food, but undoubtedly the best results will be achieved by the individual himself, who, as the result of his own experiment and experience, chooses for his own use articles of food and methods of preparation best adapted to his own individual requirements.

Professor J. B. Clark of Columbia university said a while ago that the great danger of the present industrial tendencies is that the trusts and the labor unions will combine, like rival bands of brigands, and go gunning for the public in pairs.

The transport Thomas arrived in San Francisco the other day with 800 discharged soldiers, who fought like cats and dogs all the way from the Philippines. Now, if only all the ladrones in the Philippines had been on board!

Happy Hooligan, the current Bijou attraction, is a comedy full of action and says Cleopatra to a party of merry girls, coveting comedians, sweet singers, dainty dancers, gorgeous costumes and sumptuous scenic display.

"Bliss Izzy," a new musical farce, with George Sidney in the stellar role, is the offering at the Bijou New Year's week. The first act is a department store with Izzy as the proprietor, and the chorus as salesladies, cash boys, customers, etc.

Cleveland Leader. Congress will be asked to appropriate twenty millions of dollars to aid in the construction of highways.

A project for an electric line from Cornwall to Toronto is being rapidly pushed by American and Canadian investors, who have a capital of \$8,000,000.

Books and Authors

Robert Barr is another popular writer who has not been represented by a new novel during 1902. He has written one called "Over the Border." In his "Tenth man" it is to appear serially in a large American newspaper during the spring of 1903, and subsequently in book form.

Mr. Barr has apparently the distinction of having prepared and circulated the most original prospectus of a magazine that has ever been put to the notice of Englishmen. It is written in the first person and is wholly frank and candid, with a strong tinge of "American humor" in the writer's manner.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have issued in handsome form the address on Daniel Webster delivered by Samuel W. McCall in 1801 in Dartmouth college at Hanover, N. H. The volume is for sale by N. McCall in Minneapolis.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have issued another of Miss Hull's delightful art studies in the Riverside Art Series, this number being on Van Dyck, with fifteen plates of his best work and other subjects, including a photo of the portrait of Van Dyck in the Prado gallery in Madrid, and such pictures as "The Lamentation Over Christ," "The Crucifixion," and the portrait of Charles I. in the Dresden gallery. Price 75 cents net; 83 cents postpaid.

John Lane (New York), in his dainty little "The Lovers' Library," has issued "The Sonnets of Shakespeare." This is the eleventh volume of the series, which is edited by Julia Horatio Jewing, with introduction and notes by Henry W. Boynton, U. A. Dutton Co. Price 50 cents.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have issued in their "Riverside Literature Series," by Juliana Horatio Jewing, with introduction and notes by Henry W. Boynton, U. A. Dutton Co. Price 50 cents.

"The Confessions of a Match-Making Mother" is a rather cheery story of the intrigues and duplicity of a match-maker, who has many daughters to marry off and managed to market them successfully in almost every country.

"The Fulfishment of a Church at Work" is a story by Rev. A. C. Davenport, D. D., showing the fine effect upon a rather listless congregation of an injection of the spirit of mutual helpfulness and unselfishness in their religious life.

"The Ben Hur Sale." As expected, the advance sale for the "Ben Hur" engagement at the Lyceum theater New Year's week, which opened yesterday, was one of the most successful in the history of the Lyceum.

The costumes with which Henry W. Savage has embellished "Prince of Pilsen" are the most exquisite provided for any of the successful Savage shows. "The Prince" will be seen at the Metropolitan all the rest of this week.

AMUSEMENTS

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The Lheron Touch

A Romance of the Days When "The Great Lord Hawk" was King of the Sea. By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY. Copyright, 1901, by D. Appleton & Co.

BOOK V. What Happened in the Tower.

CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued. De Vitre Pays for His Life. "You came," he said at last to de Vitre, who stood pale and haggard with folded arms before him, "without invitation?"

"I have bought the Idler, and I hope every one else in England will do the same. It will cost you a simple sentence; and a great deal more, if you do not live up to the notice of Englishmen. It is written in the first person and is wholly frank and candid, with a strong tinge of 'American humor' in the writer's manner."

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Canada, sir, and there I found I loved her still; and what was more, I learned that she had not forgotten me. She left me behind wounded and ill, but I followed her here. Sir, I have come to claim her."

"My God!" faltered the marquis, as if dazed by this sudden development of the situation, "and I trusted her to your honor!" He looked years older at that instant, his face blanched and working. Grafton pitied him.

"Monsieur, I pledge you that honor that I left her as sweet and innocent a child as when I first knew her."

"And yet you came from her bedchamber in your nightgown, and you kissed her at midnight?"

"I was five years since, sir."

"Do you love this man, Anne?" "More than heaven itself!" she answered, stepping to his side.

"And you came to take her away, sir, like a thief in the night?" sneered the marquis, his color coming back as he mastered his surprise and regained a portion of his self-command.

"We had gone, sir, a moment since," broke in Grafton ruthlessly, irritated by the sneer, "and had not been interrupted."

"Mon Dieu, 'tis impossible you can love this Englishman, Anne!"

"I have loved him, sir, since I was a child."

"You love him more than family, than country, than rank, than station, than honor?"

"More than all the world, monsieur."

"And you were here alone with him at midnight in your nightgown, above suspicion, 'Yes, monsieur, but I was only a child,' 'You answer him in sickness in Canada?"

"Were you about to fly with him this evening, as he says?"

"Yes, he came from your bed-chamber! Oh, mon Dieu, mon Dieu!" screamed the old man, passion, despair, wounded pride, quenched ambition, frantic rage in his voice, "I have loved him, sir, since I was a child!"

"Grandfather!" interrupted Anne, "I swear to you that I am—as I was—when he first took me in your arms—except for love."