THE JOURNAL

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Rockefeller a Puzzle.

John D. Rockefeller and his ilk have always been a puzzle to the American people. Rockefeller or his agents have for thirty years and more now been doing evil to the public—at least the public thinks so; and that is the important thing in this discussion. During all those years, too, Rockefeller has been a pious church member. He has given liberally of his substance to the churches, has always been a bountiful giver to charity, and though the hardest man in the world at driving a bargain, he has in his own opinion, at least, been a religious man.

The public finds difficulty in reconciling the conscientiously religious man with the predatory and merciless aggregation of capital with which he is identified. The trust has recently raised the price of kerosene 1 cent a gallon, and that means $16,000,000 wrung from the people in a time of fuel scarcity, without justification. His company has been a party to numberless evasions and violations of law, some of which at least were instrumental in crushing out competition. "Business is business"—and in the hardest and most brutal sense, too,—has been the rule of conduct of the company. There has been nothing in its management to remind one of the New Testament, nothing to suggest the precepts of the gentle Christ; yet at the head of it has been one of the most devoted Christians of the country, a man who is of correct personal life, an abstemious man, possessing in all the ordinary relations of his life all the ordinary virtues.

Rockefeller's reported gift of $1,000,000 to a Methodist church fund, together with his recent gift of another million to the University of Chicago, are being made the subject of much analysis of the man. The Kansas City Star says that Rockefeller has a "feeble, inverted sort of conscience," which prompts him to give to some church or university whenever he has put the people on the rack for a dozen millions, and adds:

The monstrous greed of the trusts, of which Rockefeller is at present the chief personal exponent, would be more tolerable if this insatiable "capitalist" were not continuously posing as a philanthropist and a truly good man; if he were not, by his contributions, demoralizing men and moral standards; if he were not degrading religion and education by his tainted offerings, and if he were not so generally accepted by the recipients of his guerdons at his own estimation of himself.

In her great history of the Standard Oil company, now running in McClure's Magazine, Ida Tarbell, after showing in detail how Rockefeller was willing to strain every nerve to obtain for himself from the railroads special and illegal privileges which were bound to ruin every man in the oil business not sharing them with him, says:

Religious emotions and sentiments of charity, propriety and self-denial seem to have taken the place in him of notions of justice and regard for the rights of others.

According to this view Mr. Rockefeller does not apply religion, in the sense of ethical conduct, to his business operations. He makes as much distinction between them as did some of the corrupt prelates of old, who thought that a man might be very religious and also very criminal. This distinction leaves him, as Miss Tarbell puts it, "unhampered by any ethical considerations." A vagrant unhampered by any ethical considerations is a dangerous man who is likely to land in prison. A Rockefeller unhampered by ethical considerations is an exemplary captain of industry, to whom, according to the exponents of the doctrine of the perfection of what is, we all should doff our caps.

French journalism may not be much in the way of news, but it seems to be very modern in its business methods. Competition has driven the penny and penny-and-a-half journals out of business, and now three powerful half-penny papers of Paris are waging a furious war against each other. The Journal on the one hand, which is the innovator, is being opposed by Petit Journal and Petit Parisien, which have joined forces. The Journal sets the pace by offering the people an eight-page, and on occasions, ten and twelve-page paper for half a cent. The Journal's competition has forced the allies to increase their papers from four to six pages, the result being that each of them is losing from $300,000 to $400,000 a year. The Journal's circulation has now reached 500,000 a day, and 2,500 Parisian vendors have been dispatched to all parts of France to push its circulation. The same paper has issued 5,000,000 circulars explaining its position.

IN A NUTSHELL.....

Austra-Hungary Now Enjoys a Steel Trust—Plan of the "Cartel."

In Germany and Austria industrial consolidation has taken the form of the "cartel," which is more like the American trust of ten years ago than the so-called trust of these days. The first great cartel in Germany was that of the sugar makers. In Austria there has recently been organized a steel cartel, comprising twenty-three separate establishments with an aggregate capital of $56,000,000. Under the cartel, which is to last for ten years, each establishment is worked separately under the supervision of the central board, which regulates the output and fixes the prices. The Austrian trust includes practically every important iron and steel mill in the dual monarchy, such as makers of raw iron bars, plates, nails, wire, rails. The trust really consists of two cartels, one Austrian and the other Hungarian, but they are in harmony.

It is hoped that the combination will result in a great industrial improvement, the situation just now being very bad. Out of 20,000 machinists in Vienna, 8,000 were recently discharged; while wagon and locomotive works in other parts of the country are employing only half the usual number of men. A result of this depression has been a large increase in emigration from the iron districts, whence hundreds of men have recently gone to Canada, the Transvaal and Mexico. But as the governments of the dual monarchies are about to begin public improvements at an estimated cost of $90,000,000, it is thought that times will soon be better.

Mr. Jones' Good Advice.

After reading Acting Mayor Jones' account of his ideas as to what the mayor of Minneapolis should be, people will feel more than ever that Mr. Jones is the right man for the place he is accidentally filling, and they will hope that Mr. Haynes will come as near as Mr. Jones has to being the right man in the right place.

Mr. Jones' idea of the office of mayor is that it should be the office of the general manager of the city, an expert in municipal management, a man who knows as much about city management as a railway manager is expected to know about railways. This man should be paid a good salary for his services and should be given large powers and judged by results. At present Minneapolis pays a mayor a small salary for doing little more ,as Mr. Jones says, than to superintend the superintendent of police. The salary is big enough, perhaps, for the work, but both ought to be larger. A big business, such as the city of Minneapolis is, ought to have a responsible manager at the head.

This view leads Mr. Jones to favor what may be called the federal plan of city government. He would have all the heads of administrative departments appointed by the mayor and responsible to him. And in order that he might have a hand in shaping the larger policies of the city, Mr. Jones would have the mayor preside over the council, so that the legislative and administrative branches of of the city, though independent, would be closely related.

Mr. Jones has had a splendid opportunity during the last few months to study the requirements of good city government. In the main his recommendations are wise, and should be carefully weighed and considered by all of our people who are desirous of improving our present slipshod, incompetent and inefficient system of municipal government.

Now the Standard Oil company has secured control of the Beaumont oil field in Texas and the Jennings field in Louisiana. It is almost superfluous to add that the price of fuel oil has been increased.

The Cuban Treaty.

It is reported from Washington that there is some strong opposition developing in the senate to the Cuban reciprocity treaty and that its ratification will be opposed by Burrows and other senators, as vehemently as they opposed it last winter and spring.

The reports as to the treaty's prospects have been and are conflictly. The National Association of Beet Growers will assemble in Washington on Jan. 8, the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans and Saint Jackson's Day, and the attitude of this element will, no doubt, be emphatically indicated then. No doubt we shall hear from the Michigan gentleman who, last winter, testified before the committee that the beet sugar men would surely "go to the wall" if a reduction of 10 per cent were made, although he very positively made the statement that the beet sugar interest was protected to the extent of 94 per cent! Doubtless Mr. Oxnard will exploit his former arguments against the 20 per cent reduction and ignore, as he did before, the fact that he assured capitalists that investment of money in the beet sugar industry would pay a fine profit, even if free trade absolute in sugars were enacted by congress. The sugar refining interests of New York profess to believe that the Cuban treaty will be accepted by both countries without any trouble. The treaty itself is a very favorable one for the United States as well as Cuba, as the specifications in schedules A, B and C, embodying reductions of the Cuban tariff on numerous articles of American production necessary to Cuba, to the extent of 25, 30 and 40 per cent show. Fatuous indeed, is the opposition to such an advantageous treaty.

It is urged by some opponents of the treaty that, if such a treaty is effected with Cuba, Germany and other countries will demand like concessions under the "most favored nation" clause. This whole subject was threshed over last winter and it was conclusively demonstrated that the "most favored nation" clause does not stand in the way of the mutual reduction of duties on trade with Cuba or any other country as shown by a number of precedents. The United States government has from the foundation construed the clause as permitting commercial concessions to a country which are not gratuitous, but in return for equivalent concessions to which no other country is entitled, unless it renders similar or equivalent concessions. In 1894 Germany demanded that her salt be placed on the free list because congress had free-listed that article, while Germany maintained a duty upon foreign salt. Our government denied the claim because Germany made no equivalent concession. Germany in the event of the ratification of the Cuban reciprocity treaty may demand like concessions, but it is only necessary to refer her to her withdrawal of her claim for free listed salt exported by her to this country in 1894, upon the refusal by our government, on justifiable grounds to admit her demand. Germany has only recently enacted a tariff law against our wheat and corn and other products and raised her minimum tariff to exorbitant figures and if she wants concessions she must make concessions to us.

It is announced from Havana that there will be no extra session of the Cuban senate to discuss the reciprocity treaty negotiated by General Bliss, but the treaty must wait until Jan 12. As the treaty, by its terms, has to be ratified before Jan. 31, 1903, very limited time will be left to discuss it. There is less uncertainty of favorable Cuban action on the treaty than there is with respect to our own senate, but, it is to be hoped that our national commercial interests and an honorable sense of our duty toward Cuba, will overcome the power of purely selfish interests and narrow prejudice. Surely a tariff arrangement which will, at the lowest calculation, increase our exports of manufactured goods to Cuba 100 per cent within a year, ought to appeal to the commercial enterprise of the country. And it does.

It was announced the other day that the attorney general of Illinois was going to investigate the connection of the railways with the scarcity of fuel in Chicago It is not far from Chicago to Springfield, but the coal began to arrive in the former city before the attorney general got there. This fact requires no comment.

Prosperity of British Flour Makers.

According to the London Miller an era of prosperity has dawned for the British flour millers. The chief reason assigned for this prosperity is the fact that American flour manufacturers have stopped dumping their goods on the English market at prices that eliminated profit for the English miller and for the Americans, too, if the London Miller is to be believed. The hope for the future is that American millers "have decided to fight upon better lines."

As for the duties imposed on flour and wheat by the last British war revenue law the Miller says: "The corn tax may have contributed its share in bringing about better prospects, but that is not the main point."

Yet it is not likely that the English miller will have much fault to find with a law that gives him what amounts to a protective duty of four cents a hundred—that being the difference in American money between the duty on flour and that on wheat. He has kept the difference for himself, and has made the baker or the consumer pay the tax. When the question of repealing the tax comes up he will oppose it with all that determination of self-interest with which we are so familiar in American tariff legislation. Other classes will be quite as strongly opposed, but the miller will have the advantage of being on the defensive. He will simply have to defend and ask for the continuation of a law already on the books, i. e., that nothing shall be done, while the consumer will have to work for an alteration of the law. It will not be surprising if the tax is maintained indefinitely.

Very little good news comes from Washington these days. Opposition to the Cuban reciprocity treaty is again raising its bruised and battered head, and the first round in the consideration of the Newfoundland reciprocity treaty is considered a victory for the opponents of reciprocity. Both treaties should be ratified with all possible speed. Both are highly beneficial to the United States and both will have a profound effect on the future of the nation.

Farmers' Dividends in Wisconsin.

From the report of John M. True, secretary of the state board of agriculture of Wisconsin, it appears that hay is the principal crop of that state. At the same time the report shows that Wisconsin is well diversified in its farming. While its 4,490,000 tons of hay are worth $36,000,000, its potato crop is worth $9,000,000, its barley $8,700,000, its tobacco $4,800,000, its oats $26,600,000, its rye $3,500,000, its peas $1,300,000, its buckwheat $410,000, etc. From these and some minor crops the farmers this year derive a revenue of $98,000,000. This figure does not include the value of the 45,000,000 bushels of corn, the enormous dairy and cheese product of Wisconsin, or the income from stock raising. There are probably no "better fixed" farmers anywhere in the country than those of Wisconsin. And Wisconsin, like Minnesota, has an abundance of cheap land still open to the settler.

While land in the beautiful farming regions of southern Wisconsin is worth from $75 to $150 an acre, land in the latitude of Minneapolis in central Wisconsin can be purchased in quantities for from $3 to $5 an acre. It may not grow all the crops that make southern Wisconsin so prosperous, but it can grow money-making crops. The farmers of southern Wisconsin, like those of southern Minnesota, have seen their lands treble in value in twenty years, and all the while they have made a good living off them. The plant of a farm, of which the land is the main part, does not depreciate in value with use, if it has proper care, but unlike manufacturing plants which have to be "scrapped" every few years, appreciates under use.

There is no doubt that any man who will pick a good location in northern Minnesota or northern Wisconsin, remembering always that there is good and bad land everywhere, will be as prosperous twenty years hence as the smiling farmers of the southern portions of these states now are.

Those American officials who have been using a lighthouse tender to cheat the customs in Porto Rico have made a nice mess of it. Their scandal will be Porto Rico's equivalent for the Rathbone-Neely frauds in Cuba. It will make it just so much harder for the United States to introduce into Porto Rico the idea that a public office is a public trust. For that reason the offenders should be dealt with without mercy. Their punishment should be imposed with a view to teaching Porto Ricans that if American officials are capable of using their places to defraud their own government, American laws are capable of punishing them without pity, fear or favor.

The Nonpareil Man

Casually Observed.

The smoke inspector is out with a muzzle for the Christmas cigar.

The treasury department has ruled that skeletons of starfish are to be admitted free of duty. When the people arise in their righteous wrath and declare that they will have their starfish skeletons or they will have bloodshed, it is noticed that the treasury department climbs down from its high horse pretty quick.

Mrs. Roosevelt has replied to the W. C. T. U. that she has decided to leave the six Bacchante figures at the White House. Mrs. Nation with her ax will have to take a larrup at the White House if things keep going from bad to worse.

The winter is beginning to slip away and a 20-karat chunk of coal looks bigger and bigger as it looms up in the obscurity of the bin.

There are one or two snow scorchers out on bicycles in the face of public opinion.

The holidays are all right, but they furnish no excuse for the man who fills himself with riot water contrary to the peace and dignity of the police force.

Zero Snow is in Chicago. One disadvantage of naming a boy Zero is that he will never amount to anything.

A New York paper has an interview with eight of the prominent surgeons of that city who agree that football is all right.

Say, but the laziness germ takes a bite out of the boy when the latter faces up a cord of hardwood and father hands over the bucksaw.

If arbitration goes through, we may expect a poem from Kipling "knocking" the universe. Everything's wrong.

Levi Z. Leiter's daughter had a fine time yesterday at Delhi. She rode into town on an elephant twelve feet high with the Nizam of Hyderabad, the Maharajah of Travancore, the Bulbul of Rubberneckkandi, and the Hoshtosh of Wog following some distance behind. In the rear of her elephant followed a small bunch of selected but disgusted British aristocracy and a large assortment of native princes with skates on. Levi Z. Leiter's daughter's husband, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, also rode on the big elephant and had a rather enjoyable day, barring the difficulty in telling which way the elephant would go when they once started, owing to the presence of a tail on each end of the beast. On the whole a very pleasant time was had.

A Sunday paper came out this week with a perfectly open and shameless illustrated article entitled, "How a Young Woman May Win a Good Husband," not taking into account the fact that the victim may keep his fingers crossed while she is practicing the article. Miss Von Ottinger's theory is simple, but a trifle hackneyed. The first picture is entitled, "The First Call." The writer says:

At your home you are the hostess; your manner is gracious, the welcome obvious without exaggeration. The call should be brief—twenty minutes. The girl receives the visitor by shaking hands.

Miss Von Ottinger neglects to add that in offering to shake hands the lady should not say cordially, "Give me your foot," or "shake." This is now considered slangy and is not practiced in the courts of Europe. The second picture is "An After Dinner Chat." The writer says:

He is invited to dine at your home. Avoid making yourself the topic in your after-dinner chat. Be tactful, but discover his real ideas. Talk of books or events; shun flippancy.

A good opening for conversation and one that will put him at once at his ease is to ask, "What do you think of Kant's Critique of Pure Reason?" or "Don't you think the higher criticism savors rather of intellectuality than of spirituality?"

No. 3 of the pictures is called "At the Tea Table." It says:

He calls some afternoon.

You pour the tea. Here a girl may appear at great advantage. Charming manners, dainty repartee, kindle a man's devotion.

It is well to have an Indian club or dusting brush handy in case when you pass him the tea he wrinkles up his nose and says, "Thanks, but I can't drink the poisonous stuff," and then goes on to explain the effect of tea-guzzling on the tissues. When they do this, it shows that they are "on," and all efforts are certain to be useles. He should be at once thrown down and shown that he is not wanted.

It is noticeable that all these numerous articles in the Sunday papers telling you how to get a husband are written by ladies who have theories but who have, apparently, never put them into successful practice. Out upon all theorists.

DAILY DIVERSION

Hopper's Church Story—"I attended church once upon a time," said De Wolf Hopper in an uptown cafe, "in a Rhode Island city and heard a worthy clergyman named Whicher get tangled up in his pulpit lines to a painful degree, while the heads of his audience were bowed in the effort to suppress laughter until they looked like rows of tasseled cornstalks bent by the breeze.

"The Rev. Mr. Whicher was booming the Sunday school, or, rather, he was chiding the congregation for its lack of interest in that church annex, and finding that they did not act as if moved by his admonition, became slightly incensed. "'I never,' he shouted, as he banged the pulpit with his fist, 'knew a church which had so many parents with no children.'"

A FAIR PROPOSITION.

Iroquois (S. D.) Chief.

The coal operators are now blaming the railroads for the shortage. The man whose pedal extremities are like a couple of icicles and whose back is burdened with cold chills is not in a proper frame of mind to weigh judiciously the evidence and place the responsibility. If some one will furnish the coal now we will agree to take up the subject next summer as to where the blame lies and give to the public the result of our investigation.

"GETTING THERE SOME."

Iroquois (S. D.) Chief.

The bank deposits in South Dakota increased nearly $11,000,000 in 1902 over the preceeding year. That is getting there some.

"Ben Hur" at the Lyceum

The stirring story of the Prince of Hur loses something of its powerful appeal to the imagination, when taken from the pages of General Lew Wallace and set forth upon the stage; but it gains immeasurably in realism.

This would perhaps not be true with any less splendid or complete production than that now offered at the Lyceum theater. No less reverent in its treatment of sacred things than the novel, the play presents to the eye the very pictures for the making of which the novelist is compelled to depend upon the imagination of his reader. But the imagination is a wonderful painter and it inevitably happens that some of the stage pictures do not equal in splendor or impressiveness the imaginings that throng through the mind of him who with understanding and intelligence reads the great story.

On the other hand, these wonderful stage pictures bear the impress of truth. The characteristic scenery of the Holy Land, the variant garb of Jew and Roman and Arab and Egyptian, the houses of Antioch and Jerusalem, the interior of a Roman galley where slaves toiled in tiers at the oars, the revels in the grove of Daphne, the songs of the palm-bearing followers of Jesus on Mount Olivet—these and the many other scenes in the long production are as close to historical truth as it is possible for the resourceful, painstaking and generous modern producer to make them. It is an education, nay, almost a revelation, to see "Ben Hur" upon the stage, to watch the very characters of the story move about in their own proper garb and environment, to hear them speak to see them act—to lose one's self, in short, in the illusion which the dramatic alone of all the arts is able to produce so perfectly.

There are times when the imagination must help. One of these is in the famous and much-discussed chariot race scene. Wonderful as is the mechanism by which two chariots, each with four horses attached, seem to careen wildly and with sickening speed about the course, the spectator must half close his eyes and yield himself up to the excitement with which the air is electric. If he does not, he will hear the roar of the sub-stage machinery instead of the roar of the race course; he will see the immobile proscenium arch which frames the picture instead of the crowded amphitheater at Antioch; he will note that the flying chariots do not for all their speed get outside the area of his vision, and at last when Messala falls back, yielding a sublime vengeance to his noble enemy, a vengeance won by nerve and prowess and skill, the looker-on will say to himself "very ingenious," when he should be lost in exultation over a great and just victory. The playwright has done well his part in furnishing the antecedent inspiration for the race—the coquetries of the Egyptian with the two rivals in the race, the ebullient enthusiasm of their partizans, the laying of great wagers wherein the crafty Jew with the guile of his nation gets the most advantageous terms out of the reckless and over-confident Romans. And so it usually happens that audiences, as that of last night did, go wild with the joy of Ben Hur's victory in the chariot race.

Considered as a play, apart from its scenic and mechanical marvels, "Ben Hur" show the touch of a dramatist who has been prudent enough to keep close to General Wallace's text and at the same time clever enough to select the salient and essentially dramatic features of the story and put them together sequentially and with cumulative interest. William Young's work has been well done. Using the chariot race for the great climax of the play, as it is of the book, he has handled the more difficult denouement of the miracle on Mount Olivet with delicate precision.

The reverent spirit in which the play is conceived and enacted has led to the adoption of an expedient in this denouement about which there will be honest difference of opinion—the representation of Jesus cleansing the lepers by a shaft of pure, white light. To General Wallace this was the solution of all difficulties in the dramatization of his book. He could not consent to the actual impersonation of the Nazarene on the state. It seemed to him, as it would doubtless seem to many others, irreverent and impossible. Yet at Oberammergau no such thought obtrudes upon the spectator, while in the miracle play of "Everyman" recently produced in New York, the deity was impersonated by a man under immensely greater difficulties and, it is said, with success. The objection to the shaft of light is that it was not thus that Jesus performed his miracles. To those upon whom he laid the benison of his hand or his word he appeared as a man, infinitely compassionate and tender, but without doubt a man. Yet it is impossible to deny that the scene is one of the most impressive in all stageland.

It sometimes happens that in a production where so much attention and money is expended on the scenic and mechanical details, the standard of acting in the company is low. Happily, this is not the case in "Ben Hur." The persons in the cast are with few exceptions equipped to give to the noble dialogue of the play and its tragic swing of action their full value. William Farnum in the title role fills the eye with his handsome person and satisfies the imagination with his conception of the young prince. There are passages where, sustained by the inspiration of a real situation, he lets down too much and permits his utterance to become indistinct, but in the really tense scenes—of which there are many—he rises to the emergency readily. In effective contrast with his noble impersonation is the Messala of Basil Gill, who realizes effectively the arrogance, the passionate unrestraint, the hardness of the young Roman. Far and away the finest piece of acting in the production is the Simonides of Dodson Mitchell. The lights and shades of his portrait of the faithful and wise old Jew, racked with bodily pain but with a keen, restless mind which overleaped all obstacles, are remarkably denoted. Never are the lines that constant pain draws on the human face relaxed, even though rapidly varying emotion appear there. His scenes with Judah and with his daughter are finely conceived and executed. Perhaps the master touch is where the servant tells of the wonderful cures the Nazarene is scattering along his pathway; the sudden hope that irradiates the old man's face at that instant is beautiful to see.

Another fine characterization is that of Hur's mother by Mabel Bert, whose expressively modulated voice gives the pathos of her plight an impressive value. Helen Prindiville as the sister of Hur lends additional color to the picture. Ellen Mortimer plays the daughter of Simonides, whose faithful and noble heart is finally rewarded with the love of the prince, rather inertly. She looks the part but her voice is inexpressive. Mabel Mortimer is alluring as the Egyptian and evinces a becoming suppleness both mentally and physically in that role. The Amrah of Stella Boniface Weaver is a clear, sympathetic impersonation. Among the other characters, one should not fail to speak of the picturesque Ilderim of Henry Weaver, Jr., the well-balanced Malluch of William Kelly or the effective Arrius and equally good Balthasar of Charles J. Wilson.

Even the roomy stage of the Lyceum was crowded last night with the singers and dancers and the numerous personages that throng many of the scenes. The music, composed especially for the piece by Edgar Stillman Kelley, proved for the most part appropriate and well interpreted. The experiment of putting on so large a production at the Lyceum—the cramped stage of the Metropolitan made it impossible there—was so successful that many in the great audience were struck with the desirability of transferring the first class attractions to that commodious and well arranged theater. It would need only new seats to make the Lyceum unimpeachable. The audience was as large as the capacity of the house permitted and as appreciative as the most exacting manager could desire.

—W. B. Chamberlain.

"Busy Izzy" at the Bijou.

"Do you think marriage is a failure?" asks one of the characters at the Bijou this week.

"It's not half so nice as a failure," replies "Busy Izzy," and the retort earns a laugh from the audience.

"Busy Izzy" is on the border line between farce comedy and burlesque. In itself it is not remarkably funny and it is wholly lacking in novelty; but, in productions of this character, it is the company and not the play that must be reckoned with, and the company is competent. George Sidney himself is not the whole show. In fact, he is only a small part of it, and that "helps some."

The first scene of "Busy Izzy" is in a department store, and recalls the opening act of "The Floorwalkers." The second is in a hotel, and is reminiscent of numerous other similar scenes. However, this is of small moment, for the piece attains success wholly through the merits of its specialties, the pulchritude and agility of its chorus, and the good character work of one or two of the commedians, notably Fred Wyckoff, whose "Rube" is genuinely funny.

Of the specialties George Sidney's parody on "Mr. Dooley" is a clever number. Maud Campbell and Edward Clark have a pleasing musical bit in "Sally Mine," Miss Helen Andrews sings a lullaby in good style and Miss Florence Ackley merits the applause she wins for her song, "Across the Sea." "It's a Lovely Day for a Walk," a burlesque of "Tell Me Pretty Maiden," sung by a sextet, is also well done. The Juggling Normans, who have been seen here before, are as clever as ever.

—J. S. Lawrence.

"Graustark" at the Metropolitan.

In "Graustark," first produced on any stage by the Ferris company at the Metropolitan Sunday night, Miss Grace Hayward has turned out a play of obvious value, curiously undramatic at times, but strong in its later acts, and interesting even where the action drags. The drama needs revision, particularly in its earlier passages. The first act is merely a succession of dialogues, and the second act is scarcely better until the climax. After that, however, the action moves with more celerity and goes finely on to its end.

Much of the talk appears necessary in order to convey a knowledge of the plot. Miss Hayward has, however, gone into things too fully. The incidents of Grenfal Lorry's meeting with the princess in America could well be disposed of in a few lines, whereas, in the Hayward dramatization, their relation occupies several minutes, and a minute, on the stage, is a much longer time than you might suppose.

The opening of the second act is verbose and disappointing, but just as you have made up your mind that the play is a dismal failure, matters mend, the action quickens and the story is developed rapidly and skilfully. The later acts are rich in dramatic situations and the scene in the throne room, where the young American wins the heart of the princess is charming.

There is a disrobing scene in the second act that will probably cause comment. The princess comes to her bedchamber and prepares to retire. She goes about it in a matter of fact way, without coquetry, but also without suggestiveness. There is little to praise, but absolutely nothing to condemn. The disrobing is merely incidental.

The third act is the finest; the fifth, possibly the most dramatic. Throughout Miss Hayward's ability as a stage manager is evidenced by effective groupings and picturesque staging. The costuming is brilliant and the scene of the first act, showing the exterior of the Regengetz hotel, is really fine.

The production accquires an additional interest from the appearance of Miss Hayward herself in the leading role. She plays Princess Yetive with a nice understanding of the requirements, and makes very much a woman, despite her regal states. The princess' concern for her lover's safety; her indignation at insults offered her in her own palace; and, above all, her love for the young American are well brought out.

As Grenfal Lorry Mr. Ferris is not so happily cast. Sentiment is not for him. He is, first of all, a comedian. With a single grimace at his discomfited and noble rival, Mr. Ferris utterly destroyed the effect of one of his best scenes, that in which he flees to the throne for protection, and in which the princess makes public avowal of her love.

Ben Johnson, in the dual roles of Prince Boloroz of Axphine and Prince Laurenz, his son, was eminently satisfactory; and W. D. Corbett gave a consistent and forceful interpretation of Baron Dangloss. Miss Maude Gilbert, as the Countess Dagmar, had few opportunities but made the most of them. She wore a number of stunning costumes.

—J. W. Lawrence.

Prince Charming

By MARY SINTON LEWIS

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Clare Worthington sat before the fire in the great oak-panelled library. She had tried to read, but her book had slipped, unheeded, to the floor, while her thoughts wandered to that evening a week ago when the man whom she was now awaiting had asked her to be his wife. She had begged for a few days in which to consider her answer, and after a week of severe mental struggle, she that morning had mailed to him the following letter:

"My Dear Mr. Staunton—It seems best to write what I have to say, as I have an explanation to make without which I should not feel justified in giving you an answer. I was always a complete failure as an actress, and so my only safety lies in entire frankness. I trust it will prove best in the end for both of us.

"I am not in love with you. And it has always been part of my creed that marriage without love is a terrible mistake. I have seen the girls with whom I have grown up make, one by one, what the world calls 'excellent matches.' I,

"SPRAGUE," SHE CRIED DESPERATELY, "SPRAGUE."

meanwhile, have clung desperately to my ideals and waited for the Prince Charming who should carry me off to his magic castle in Wonderland. But Prince Charming has never come. And now is it best to wait for him any longer? It is very doubtful whether he will ever come, and even if he did, would Wonderland be a Wonderland after all to a woman of 32 years—or more? I think not.

"But I believe in marriage—and I believe in it for myself. I lead a busy, happy life, but I long for wider scope, bigger usefulness, closer friendship. Above all, I need to be needed, as only a married woman can be needed. And so I come to tell you that I will be your wife. You are too generous to misunderstand my motives, or to think that I would consent to marry you if I could not give you complete honor, confidence, trust. I feel for you, too, a liking more cordial than I have ever felt for any one else—man or woman. Oh, we are good companions—are we not? Do you remember that first walk we took in the park, and what fun we had—what sheer, unadulterated fun? A man and woman ought never to marry, I think, unless they enjoy each other; unless they have good times together. But you and I always do. And, do you know, I am only just beginning to realize what earnestness lies underneath all your merry boyishness.

"Oh, you will give me richly—richly all that I need, and I shall make you happy. I will make you happy. If I did not feel that I would not marry you. You know that. So you will not be hurt about Prince Charming? and we will bury him deep—deep—you and I. Who knows what spirit of peace and happiness may rise out of his grave?

—"Clare."

When this letter had slipped out of the girl's fingers into the box and she had heard the lid snap upon it, she had felt as though an era of her life had closed. The old order had changed, yielded place to new. But, though she was sacrificing the ideals for which she had so stoutly fought, she knew that her motives were pure and her heart clean. It was her wisdom alone that she doubted. Even as she waited now to hear her lover's step upon the flags outside, she was conscious of a vague fear, a vague yearning for the "might have been."

A quick footstep in the hall startled her out of her revery. She glanced at the clock on the mantel. It was not yet eight, and Sprague Staunton rarely called before half after eight. Then it flashed across her mind that this would be different from other calls—that he would be eager to reach her as soon as possible, that he would not sit there in the straight-backed chair on the opposite side of the fireplace and talk with her with formal politeness, as he had always done before. He was coming with a lover's rights. He would take her to his arms—she felt herself trembling as the step in the hall came nearer. The maid entered with a note. Clare tore it open with fingers that shook.

"My Dear Clare—I cannot let you marry me. When I tell you this you will realize, perhaps, as you have never done, what my love for you means to me. I love you passionately, entirely, with all my strength, and that is the reason that I must give you up. Thank you—oh, thank you—for being honest with me."

"And wait, dear, for Prince Charming. If he never finds you, you will at least have been true to what is best in you. In being false to that, I am sure you would never find the wider scope and the bigger usefulness for which you long. Some would, in your place, perhaps, but not you. You see that instead of being a crusty old bachelor, as I ought to be, I am a young idealist still—but that is all your fault.

"I am going to drop in soon after my note reaches you, just for a quiet good-by. I find that I cannot go away without that. There is a piece of work in London that must be looked after, and I am glad to take the chance for a sea trip. Faithfully yours. —Sprague Staunton."

As the girl finished reading the letter, the fire, crackling noisily, threw a spark at her feet. She watched it slowly bore its way into the Persian rug, then flicker and go out. She realized with a start that she had not extinguished it. Rising, she swept the hearthstone clear of ashes and arranged the fender to protect the rug. Stepping to the glass, she pinned a stray lock of hair into its place. Then she sat down and tried to think. But her mind seemed strangely blank. Even the crackling of the fire annoyed her.

She could not have told whether she had sat there a minute or an hour when the maid brought her Sprague Staunton's card.

When he came in the room seemed to brighten. There was a sunshine about his personality which every one felt without quite understanding. This evening his face was unclouded. The girl looked at him and wondered. Was this the man whose letter lay in her lap?

"You got my note? Is it all right?" he asked her. She nodded silently.

Then with a quick change of tone: "Thank you," he said, "and now I am off on a sea trip—old seadog that I am. I can fairly smell the salt already."

"You ought to have been a sailor," she said, quickly responsive.

And so they talked of his trip, of his stay in London, of her plans for the coming winter—of everything save of the one subject that lay heavy on both their hearts.

When he rose to go, Clare rose too, and stood before him, her back to the fire. As the light struck suddenly upon his face, she saw that his eyes were full of tenderness. But his voice did not break and the grip of his hand was firm when he bade her good-by.

As she heard his quick step ring along the hall the room began suddenly to swim round her. Her throat grew dry; her heart seemed to stop beating. In a moment the heavy front door would open and close again and Sprague Staunton would be gone out of her life forever.

Mastered by an emotion such as she had never known, she stretched out her arms blindly and called his name. She heard the front door open. Oh, if he should not hear! She forgot that she could recall him by a note on the morrow, forgot everything save that he was going from her, and that she must not let him go.

"Sprague!" she cried desperately. "Sprague!"

In an instant he was beside her and had gathered her into his arms.

"I love you! Oh, how I love you—Prince Charming," she whispered.

TRADITION BACKED BY SCIENCE.

Brookings (S. D.) Press.

Science has come to the relief of tradition. A Washington man has discovered that the human breath is colored, the tints varying according to the emotions of the mind and the general condition of the subject. This theory will bear out the conviction that will be felt to-morrow morning that there is a dark brown taste in the mouth.

LIBRARY PROCESS SLOW BY COMPARISON.

Des Moines Capital.

Mr. Carnegie states that he would like to be an editor. That would certainly be a much more expeditious method of getting rid of his wealth than the library establishing process.

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