

THE JOURNAL

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A Lesson From France.

This discussion of the public school policy as affecting certain forms of manual training and art instruction is very beneficial. No harm ever resulted in the long run from an earnest discussion of public problems by every-day citizens.

Such a discussion ought to be encouraging to the teachers. So far as it has gone in the columns of The Journal it has revealed widespread sympathy with the teachers, and shows them that the public schools are first in the list of public affairs to which the people turn their attention.

The critics must, however, be warned against the danger of assuming that the only practical instruction the children can get in the public schools is limited to the three R's of the fathers.

It came right down to a question of practicality, we suppose that a boy who is taught the rudiments of carpentry or plumbing, or some branch of metal working, would stand a much better chance of doing well the moment he got out of school, even if he were a little weak in spelling, than the boy who is proficient in reading, 'rithm, and 'rithmetic, and knows little of anything else.

It is to be regretted that our public schools are not more successful in teaching spelling (though it must be remembered that some children can't learn to spell), but successful spelling is not the only test of the good of an education.

There are other desirable ends in education than instruction in the studies that were the only studies of the district school of a generation ago. It is very important that the artistic faculty of the children should be developed.

It is not only because such a development holds out promise of a richer life when the children become men and women, and, therefore, better citizens, but because of its practical, dollars-and-cents value to them and the community.

In this we can learn something from France. In the hurly-burly of modern commercial warfare France steadily holds her own. German goods drive out English, and American drive out German; but in her characteristic industries France serenely holds her own.

The French minister of commerce proudly referred the other day to the highly finished character of French exports. "I was reared," writes Walter Vrooman, in a recent number of the Outlook, "with a Puritanic, Tolstoyan inclination, to regard art as of the devil, as something effeminate and enervating."

In the course of my political investigations, however, I ran across the fact that, while American industries were competing successfully with the English and the German, they were making almost no headway at all in competition with the French.

This is because in all French industry the artistic element is such a vital part. We cannot make the rare and beautiful creations they produce. Until we do, we can never compete with them in the markets of the world.

When I thus learned that art is power I began to respect it. I need hardly add that this respect, especially for applied art, is growing.

Now, to what does France owe this wonderful development of the artistic faculties? Generally speaking, to the public schools. The child in France learns to draw in the kindergarten before he learns to write, and this training extends throughout the entire school life.

There are free, public evening art classes in every ward in Paris, about a hundred in all. There are higher schools for those who wish to go further. Every provincial town has its own art school, together with a department or separate school of applied art.

Is not the example of France enough to give us pause before we begin to advocate the exclusion of art from the public schools on the ground that it is "only a fad" and a waste of time?

A Criticism Illustrated.

Mr. E. H. Moulton, a member of the park commission, is justified in his rebuke of Minneapolitans for their lack of pride in the appearance of the city. Our streets are neglected, and so are our yards. There is little of that individual desire to contribute to the pleasing whole by each doing his best with his own property.

The defect can be traced back to a general lack of public spirit. We used to have it in Minneapolis. There was a time when every citizen felt that what the city was and would become depended in some degree upon himself. In those days men were willing and counted it a duty to devote much time to the public good.

In the hard times this spirit was starved out. So many of us were so desperately intent upon scraping up enough money to keep out of bankruptcy that we actually were forced to stop thinking about public matters. We couldn't possibly give them either time or money and keep afloat.

Now that the good times have been with us again for several years the self-centered habit of the hard times still survives. If we have surplus money and

time to spend now, we spend them selfishly on ourselves. "We may not say it, but in a negative way the feeling is there, but the public is damned." The fact is, Minneapolis is now simply some fifty-six square miles of territory in which 225,000 people live. In no sense are there a genuine political or social organism. There is no public spirit because there is no common life.

Mr. Moulton himself is a good illustration of the cause of the very condition he so justly criticizes. He is of the best type of business man. People consider him an ideal candidate for the park board. They elected him, and Mr. Moulton began to distinguish himself from the first by his absence from meetings and general neglect of the duties of the office. He has pleaded guilty to these charges, saying that he has no time to attend to his affairs. Until we have business men who will take time, and count it an honorable duty to do so, from private to give to public affairs it will be many a long day before criticisms such as Mr. Moulton made yesterday will not be pat.

The Wisconsin idea of calling a conference to discuss the negro question at Atlanta does not meet with much favor in the south. They seem to think down there that there has been too much talk about the negro already.

Deserved Recognition.

There is rejoicing to-day among all of the friends of library development in Minnesota over the passage in the house yesterday of the appropriation of \$10,000 annually for the state library commission. This is a generous recognition of the interest taken by women in the development of this important aid to education and is a reward for the self-sacrificing work of the library commission and the librarians, who have struggled to make a pitance leave the whole lump of ignorance of library possibilities in this big but undeveloped commonwealth.

Many have contributed their portion to the establishment and development of the state library commission and the traveling library, but most of the credit belongs to half a dozen women of the Minnesota Federation of Women's clubs; and of them, the lion's share should be accorded to Miss Gratia Countryman, assistant librarian of the Minneapolis public library, who proposed the plan to the state library association in 1895, and has been the chief force back of the movement ever since. She saw its possibilities in providing the state with library facilities, and realized the need of some system of encouraging the committees to undertake library founding and to guide them wisely in their efforts.

There have been many discouragements and backsets in the work and it took five years to convince the legislature that the plan was meritorious and feasible. Of its need there could be no question, for the state was practically without libraries and even the larger towns felt that they could not go to work in library organizing without competent help and advice. The fear was that nothing could be done on the small amount asked for by those interested in the plan. However, after long hesitation a start was made with a minimum appropriation, and that only for two years.

The commission was organized with its unwavering and persistent sponsor, Miss Countryman, as secretary and Miss Margaret J. Evans, then president of the state federation, as president. On Miss Countryman has fallen the planning and organizing of the work, which has accomplished so much with small means that now one branch of the legislature has shown so much confidence in the commission and its work that it has voted an annual appropriation of \$10,000. This will permit the broadening of the general work of the commission on a better basis and will provide for comparatively large annual additions to the valuable traveling library system that has proved in four years such a wonderful library missionary, inspiring many communities to seek the establishment of permanent libraries.

Some day the wits of Washington will add an "H" to the name of the new German from Utah. And he will deserve it; Smoot is that sort of a chap.

The Legislature and the Board of Control. We hope the legislature fully understands what it will be doing if it restricts the authority of the board of control, as provided in either the Morley or Peachey bills.

The board of control has made what is perhaps the most satisfactory demonstration of economical management known in the history of the state. It has performed the hitherto almost unknown feat of turning within appropriations and actually turning unused moneys back into the state treasury.

It would be reasonable for the board to expect some evidences of legislative appreciation of its work, the board being the creature of the legislature. But instead of so much as an expression of thanks, the legislature is now at work limiting the board's sphere of usefulness as much as possible. "This board of control," it might be represented as saying, "has saved the state \$150,000. We will arrange it so that it can't save so much hereafter."

There is just as much reason why the Owatonna school and the Fairbault institutions should be under the authority of the board, as that the state prison or reformatory or insane asylums should be. This talk about classifying them as charitable or penal institutions is the merest sentimentality. It is easy enough to amend the law so that they shall be put in a class by themselves in a social sense. But from a business point of view, from a managerial point of view, they are in the same class as the prisons and the asylums.

Educational institutions, where the state is not called upon to house and generally care for the students, are in an entirely different class. The educational aspect overshadows the other aspects. We think the people will understand the meaning of the legislature's probable action. They will hardly think such action compatible with their interests.

President James of Northwestern University has been giving the business men a severe jolt. Of late years the business man has got to be about the cockiest creature alive. Ministers, doctors, lawyers, teachers, journalists, engineers, etc.,

the government is about it. It might as well put in a plant to utilize, the entire 6,000 horsepower, and their disposal of the surplus power to manufacturers.

In the German parliament yesterday a relic of medievalism asserted that it was not desirable that dueling be abolished in the army; that it would be a tragic thing "if the view of honor that obtains in the army along with dueling were to disappear." For an example of the tragic duel, take the American army, wherein no duel has been fought for fifty years, and where genuine honor is far more prevalent, officer for officer, than in the German army.

John Bull Lectures Us.

The London Times, once known as "The Thunderer," but in latter years playing the role of Billy Bottom, who "roared you as gently as a sucking dove," is reported by a London cable as delivering a rather pessimistic view of financial conditions in this country and predicting a crash due to the bull movement of the closing months of 1902. Says the Times: "The mysteriously large reduction of net deposits (in New York), effected in the last quarter of 1902 have usually been the result, not of a real liquidation of excessive commitments, but of transfers of indebtedness to European capitalists who were ready, for a consideration, to take over for a time these attempts to put off the evil day, when the United States business world will have to own that it has bitten off more than it can chew."

The Times admits that "during the last three or four years, the United States has had more success than would have been possible in the case of any other country."

As a matter of fact, the money stringency last autumn was due to bull speculation in New York. Several big pools were formed to boom the price of certain stocks, but they were compelled to desist by the action of conservative bankers, who called a halt on accommodations for the bull movement, and the money turned into legitimate channels is used largely by the railroads in physical improvements and betterments of all kinds. There never was a time in the history of railroading when there was such activity in investments in rolling stock and locomotives, track extensions and road-bed betterment, repairing shops, etc., while industrial combinations are adding to their productive power. A large amount of money was borrowed in Europe last year and in 1901, but the greater portion of this banker's debt has been paid.

At the close of last year the financial market, after the disturbances of the autumn, was convalescent and in safe, conservative hands, and to-day, despite the bear movement of the last few days, worked by professional traders who attack the market wherever they think they can derive some speculative emolument, the conservative element is able to prevent the pushing of speculation to the point where general business will suffer demoralization. Legitimate business is in strong and healthful volume; the commercial markets are steady; real, not fictitious wealth is accumulating.

Undoubtedly there was in the last year, or two a great expansion of credit in the trust movement, which brought millions of new paper into the market, in American foreign investments, railway mergers, etc., while unusual activity in the regular industrial and commercial transactions bred a larger demand than usual for money. Last autumn the fog bell sounded and the engines were reversed. Sagacious and resourceful financiers took control and "slowed up" the market. The London Times, however, declares that the day of reckoning for "the economic debacle" is only delayed. But then, the fewest number of Englishmen ever understand an American situation.

President Francis of the Louisiana exposition had the audacity to notify Emperor William that he would like to meet the latter on a certain day. You see, dear Germans, we try to do a little business in this country every day, and to us, after all, an emperor is only a human being, with certain duties to perform.

More Senatorial Holdup. In the closing hours of the last session of congress Senator Tillman held up the national legislative body for an appropriation of \$47,000 for South Carolina. Under the senate rules he was able to put an effectual dam across the stream of legislation. Taking advantage of the rules Tillman swung the dam, dried up the river, and announced that not a drop of legislation should pass his dam until his conditions were met.

Senator Morgan of Alabama who is industriously destroying his great fame as the original advocate of an isthmian canal is now holding up the special session of the senate. He is determined to hold back the ratification of the Panama treaty for several days anyway, but has offered to open the sluice gates of his dam if the senate will agree to publish in the congressional record a long undelivered speech against the measure, a speech which is suspected may contain matter so offensive to the Colombian government as to make ratification of the treaty by the government incompatible with proper respect.

The senators are said to be well satisfied still with the senate rules. Of course, honest debate is desirable and it is hard to get too much of it, but even some of the senators must eventually become dissatisfied with their rules if they are debased to the mere facilitation of legislation by blackmail. By the time a few more senators have followed the example of Tillman, it will become quite the regular thing for senators to announce that there shall be no legislation of any sort unless their pet measure are agreed to, not only by the senate, but by the house also. We shall then have what may be called legislation with threat, which is hardly the sort of legislation we expect from "the most dignified deliberative body in the world."

This naval object lesson of sending a squadron to blockade Lisbon in sham naval maneuvers may demonstrate too much. If it demonstrates that the United States can strike a blow in Europe, why may it not also demonstrate that Europe can strike a blow in the United States?

That is a good idea of Congressman F. C. Stevens to utilize the power generated by the navigation dams in the river between Minneapolis and St. Paul to furnish electric light for Fort Snelling and the federal buildings in both cities. And while

school board continually complains they have no money to build additions, but that do not prevent them from paying extravagant salaries to supervisors of studies that are of little or no benefit to our children. There is in any time a surplus, it could be better employed by increasing the pay of our grade teachers, thereby insuring the best material with which to mold the character of the rising generation. —Parent.

Minneapolis. The one hundredth anniversary of Emerson's birthday will be commemorated on March 25th by the Minneapolis Press. The Booklovers' Magazine for February contains some very interesting illustrated articles touching Emerson's distinctive personality, by Julian Hawthorne and Emerson's work, by Edward W. Emerson of Concord. These writers tell many things of interest about the philosopher, who founded no system of philosophy, but talked in the transcendentalist way, and showed his close reading of Thomas Carlyle by certain expressions he used. Yet he was a man of real originality. His son says he "was less of a student than many believed, but he had a sure instinct for what was for him in a book—the rest he let go." His chief study was not from that study there is no doubt came the grace and beauty of his conversation, for he exceeded Alcott in that respect. Looking over Emerson's facts accomplished his influence was only dynamic when he went into the fight against negro slavery. This poetry lacks the emotional; there is no passion in it. It is rather cold and crystalline. Yet his talks were not without a certain glow, and he would have wished to be remembered." That was not to be.

AT THE THEATERS

Metropolitan—Field's Minstrels. Al. Field is a brave man. He has taken out his season a minstrel show in which the much-abused mother-in-law has no part. This, of course, is in violation of all traditions. However, not all mothers are as wicked as the mother-in-law of minstrelsy is no fair weather friend. He has jokes, and songs, too, in his repertory which have served him well for years and he would indeed be ungrateful should he desert them now in the old age. Many of the old familiar are still on hand and, having quaffed deep of the Fonce de Leon fountain, are hale and hearty. I don't yet see any of this veteran Field, himself, though his name appears upon the program, is not in the bill this week. Grip, or some similar malady, I fear, has seized him, and he might and he has deserted humor for melancholy. His show is a curious mixture of good and bad; an entertainment in which the specialties are its best part and in which it is rather good, but his humor is not so good as it once was. As for the first part, it is of fair quality, designed to please both sexes, and the songs are not so elaborate and the sartorial display not to be sneezed at. Together they are said to have cost \$10,000, and not in stage money either. —New York.

The chief vocalist is Reese Prosser whose ballad, "Where the Silvery Colorado Winds Its Way," though lacking in originality, is a pretty thing finely sung. Prosser, coming from the "old country," is "sometimes w-and-y," are worked over time and where they spell Lewelin with an eccentricity calculated to convert it into an orthographical stumbling block. A "w-and-y" is a "w-and-y" and a "y-and-w" is a "y-and-w." —New York.

Matt Keefe, another and a throaty-toned "Baby Sleg," and a "Baby Sleg," is a recalcitrant infant that disdained so persuasive a request. The song is announced as Hawaiian, but is given with an accompaniment of yodels and a "w-and-y" melody. Billy Murray sings a waltz, albeit somewhat familiar, madrigal of an estray, yclept Bailey, who is politely brought to come back home. A "w-and-y" melody. Harry Shuman warbles a ditty explanatory of his ability to confiscate poultry, even though the "Chickens in Roostin' High." The ditty is "Tommy Donnelly, he of the comedy legs, is a feathered creature, and he concludes with a bass solo and chorus, "Crowded with the Tempest," probably prophetic of the Metropolitan's bill for the last half of the season.

The Faust family of acrobats, ten in number, contribute a most excellent act. Two are scarcely bigger than a minute, and their work is a matter of fact fashion and acrobatic themselves creditably. Others of the ten appear again in the "D'Arville's" bell-ringers, and ring out the "Legend of the Castle" from "Chimes of Normandy." The "Chimes of Normandy" is a musical number of the "musical barbers of Saville," are much better than their sobriquet-shop harmony. —J. S. Lawrence.

Lycoum's "Monte Cristo." Edmond Dantes "rot even" again last night. So mathematically, so thoroughly, the once more adjust accounts with his enemy. In the "Monte Cristo" he comes with revenge and dignity revenge with justice, that weak humanity was gratified from the gallery to the parquet of the Lycoum. Edmond scored his "rot even" "two," "three," before a large and happy gathering. They liked the Ferris Stock company in "Monte Cristo." Not even if they were to be the "Monte Cristo" yet his smile forbidding, could have admired more sympathy than did W. D. Corbett in the gray wig of the Count. Due admiration was shown to the "Monte Cristo" by the presence of the medallion profile. He made himself, moreover, as masterful as one may be that says the his. Too high was the sign of the Mercedes, Miss Grace Hayward. Her absence indicated a fault of Dumas' play, that love therein is nothing but a motive, and that this love gains no reward, they are. The support, not altogether even, included an abbe whose voice was strained and dissonant, a young Albert—Herbert Brennan, who reflected with charm the sincerity of idea which he had purveyed a superior Cadereousse. The stage equipment, in the main, was good. —H. B. Curry.

WHAT OTHER PEOPLE THINK

Another "Knock" for Basketry. To the Editor of The Journal: In your issue of March 5, under the heading, "This Here to Stay," appears an article by C. M. Jordan, in which you say, "It is to the following except I wish to call attention: 'We should not allow any local opposition to the extension of this department of education to cripple it or seriously handicap it at this time.'"

If Dr. Jordan has been correctly quoted, I don't care to be the last to get together the funds with which to operate our schools had a voice in this matter. It is evident to any reader of the article referred to, that the "local opposition" to this hobby of the superintendent of schools does exist, else why should he make use of the expression above quoted. I don't care to be the last to get together personally with the parents of every school child in the city of Minneapolis, over 90 per cent would condemn rug-football, basket-making and painting in the schools entirely, and believe that a large number would favor drawing and music to a limited extent. The trouble with these modern fads is that the world is told by their teachers that they are as important as any of his other studies, and that unless he makes the required passing mark in these as well as the other studies he cannot pass to a higher class. For this I do not blame the teacher, for I know absolutely that a great many teachers (and I am convinced they are largely in the majority) do not approve of so much time being taken from the pupils' necessary studies, but they have been warned by their principal that if they do not approve of these modern fads they are to be troubled for them, so when questioned they are strangely silent; a good proof that they have nothing good to say for the system.

It does not take any extensive system of mathematics to satisfy any sane person that an hour or more taken every day from four and a half hours actual school work (allowing fifteen minutes for a noon and afternoon recess) is not calculated to make our boys proficient in the studies that help them in the office, the work of the farmer, the mechanic, the know of any business that requires the services of a boy who must be proficient in rug-weaving, basket-making, painting, etc. The boy who would be a great landscape painter or a professional musician will find that training gained in the graded schools will cut very little figure in his education. We might as well say: "Let's have a dental department in the schools; some of these children may want to become dentists." If this industry is to be taught in the schools, it is the intention of Dr. Jordan (please again refer to quotation for proof), our schools will soon be in a worse condition than Chicago, the schools of which are the

EMERSON. The one hundredth anniversary of Emerson's birthday will be commemorated on March 25th by the Minneapolis Press. The Booklovers' Magazine for February contains some very interesting illustrated articles touching Emerson's distinctive personality, by Julian Hawthorne and Emerson's work, by Edward W. Emerson of Concord. These writers tell many things of interest about the philosopher, who founded no system of philosophy, but talked in the transcendentalist way, and showed his close reading of Thomas Carlyle by certain expressions he used. Yet he was a man of real originality. His son says he "was less of a student than many believed, but he had a sure instinct for what was for him in a book—the rest he let go." His chief study was not from that study there is no doubt came the grace and beauty of his conversation, for he exceeded Alcott in that respect. Looking over Emerson's facts accomplished his influence was only dynamic when he went into the fight against negro slavery. This poetry lacks the emotional; there is no passion in it. It is rather cold and crystalline. Yet his talks were not without a certain glow, and he would have wished to be remembered." That was not to be.

NEW BOOKS. THE REPORT OF THE AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGISTS UNION OF THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS. Published by the American Ornithologists Union, 325 Manhattan avenue. The objects of the Union have never been brought so clearly and emphatically before the public as in this report. It shows that the destruction of birds has a seriously adverse effect upon agriculture as birds are effective destroyers of insects which prey upon the farmer's crops. The farmers are urged to aid and are coming to the support of the union. The union advocates the making of uniform laws in this country and in Canada to protect absolutely the nesting birds, which are wantonly killed for their plumage for milliners' purposes, sea birds being specially sought after. The union seeks to diffuse knowledge as to the economic value of birds among school children and agriculturists, and it desires voluntary contributions to carry on the good work. The report gives an encouraging account of the union's work and of the Audubon societies it has promoted. There are reports from the states which have taken an interest in the movement, but it is evident that much strong agitation of the subject is needed to awaken a sufficiently strong public sentiment to effect the purpose set forth.

HOME FLORICULTURE. A Practical Guide to the Treatment of Flowering and Other Ornamental Plants in the House and Garden. By E. H. Buxton, author of "The House and Garden." New York: Orange Judd Company, c/o 62-54 Lafayette place. The author intends this work to be an official aid to amateur horticulturists and at this period of the year when many persons, not professionals, take a fancy to have flower gardens, they will find Mr. Buxton's suggestions and valuable information of decided value, as he writes from the standpoint of his own experience, which is ample. As fundamental, he begins with the selection of house plants of all varieties, including the most desirable roses and shrubs. The book is well and effectively illustrated.

WAYS OF THE WORLD. By Maggie Olive Jordan. Introduction by J. T. Batta. New York: J. P. Tenneyson Neely, 114 Fifth Avenue. Price, \$1.00. The author has told in a very interesting way a story of a brother and sister, orphans, who struggled to make a living in adverse circumstances, until their good conduct led to the adoption of both children by the persons who were well off. Ultimately it is discovered that the mother of the children inherited great wealth which they received and also discovered their previously unknown relations. The heroine, Jewel Warren, is a luminous character, unselfish and helpful to others, and plays an important part in the tale and, incidentally, there is a somewhat thrilling courtroom scene.

THE MAGAZINES. The North American Review opens with a discussion of the Venezuelan affair in its relation to the Monroe doctrine, by "A Jeffersonian Democrat," who argues that if the American people acquiesce in the theory that European powers may collect by force ordinary debts from the Central and South American states, the deathknell of those states is sounded, as such forcible collection involves the "oppression" mentioned in the text of the Monroe doctrine. "Our Actual Naval Strength" is interestingly set forth by Engineer-in-Chief Melville of the navy, who takes a rather optimistic view of the subject and thinks our isolation and geographical position, the great difficulty of blockading our coast and our coal resources and food supply must be reckoned in estimating our naval strength, and it is necessary to have the largest navy in the world. Attorney General Longley of Nova Scotia contributes a paper on reciprocity between Canada and the United States, referring to the increased trade under the reciprocity treaty of 1854, which was abrogated in 1866. Since then the Canadians have failed so often to secure the treaty that they have arrived at the conclusion that reciprocity with the United States is a practical impossibility. They expect the United States now to make the first advance and treat them fairly. There is a very interesting paper on police methods in London, by Josiah Flynt, and a paper of value is "Rights and Methods of Labor Organization," by "Dramatic Innovations," "Indian Territory," "Briquettes, the New Substitute for Coal," "The Famine in Sweden and Finland." The number is profusely illustrated.

"SOMETHING TO BE RECKONED WITH." Watertown, S. D. Public Opinion. We should congratulate ourselves that we do not reside in Dawson, Alaska, where, according to recent information, the thermometer registers below zero. It is the intention of Dr. Jordan (please again refer to quotation for proof), our schools will soon be in a worse condition than Chicago, the schools of which are the

The Nonpareil Man.

Casually Observed. The paperhangers want a law requiring the repairing of houses in which there have been contagious diseases. In such cases the paperhangers would doubtless be willing to bear half of the expense incurred. The idea, so amended, is not a bad one.

A dispatch from Wyoming says that thousands of elk are dying of hunger. No true Elk would ever die of thirst.

The fighting in the Balkans is explained. A large number of Vienna correspondents are there and it is necessary to earn the Vienna roll.

Rear Admiral Crownshield pronounces his name "Chunsh'all." Any Yankee who will try to imitate this British linguistic outrage ought to retire—and very far back, too.

Friends of this column are urging it to get into the race for librarian of the public library. One recommendation which the writer can't boast is that he knows nothing whatever of library "business" and technicalities.

The students of Iowa University at Iowa City propose to try Hamlet for the murder of his uncle. The defense will plead insanity. The case of Hamlet does not appeal to us as does that of Iago. If some Iowa court would get after that infernal scoundrel and slap him on the wrist, all good citizens, without distinction of party, would rejoice.

It is remarkable how many interesting things happen to attract the attention while one is sifting the ashes on a bright morning. The other day I stopped work to see two large and pronounced tomcats meet each other by mistake at the corner of the house. Both stopped dead still, standing at right angles. Their plumage stood straight up, their ears disappeared, their eyes threw electric sparks and their tails waved viciously in the crisp morning air. There was no overt act, but the language they used was rank cat blasphemy. Their reflections on each other's ancestry were shocking. Probably they had never met before, neither had done the other an injury, each was about his own business, apparently; and the yard was wide. They might have passed without interfering with each other, or better yet, they might have passed with a smile and a bow.

"But no. It was all too plain from their appearance and language that their hearts were filled with malice and all bitterness, and that either one would have gladly clawed the other to fiddlings had he dared take the initiative, or had he been at all sure of his ability. Some one whose sleep was disturbed by the horrible language, opened a window and the cats fled in several directions. I went back to the ashes in meditation, and as I mused the fire burned. Here are great "civilized" nations armed to the teeth, building great navies and waiting for each other to jump. Wherein is the slight a more edifying one than the prospective cat fight? When every nation—and every cat—minds its own business, wars—and cat fights—will go out of date.

ARIZONA KICKLETS.

Copyright, 1903, by C. B. Lewis. Old Jim Hewson was out on Apache avenue last Sunday night hurrahing for the Fourth of July. As a town, we are always three or four months ahead of time.

The superintendent of the Giveadam Gulch stage line has not set us our annual pass for 1903 yet. Must we call with a gun and shoot it out of him?

At the performance of Uncle Tom's Cabin last Monday night, the cowboys shot fourteen kerosene lamps to pieces in honor of little Eva. If little Eva don't replace them the theater will be pretty dim the rest of the winter.

Among the natural products found on Bill Williams Mountain, which we own body and soul, are borax, soda, alum, potash, emery, rock salt, copperas, soap and sandstone, and yet we don't feel that we are quite happy.

We are not hoping for war, but we'd like Uncle Sam to know that if he ever gets into any trouble he can depend upon 250 men from this town at the drop of the hat. They are men who can stand up to anything from a bar to a cannon.

How the report got over to Lone Jack that we had shot Captain Henderson during a quarrel we can't understand. We did not see the captain the other day for money he owed us, and he told us to go to, but there was no quarrel. We simply went—as far as we could.

Our esteemed contemporary went down to Florence on business the other day and blew out the gas in the hotel when he went to bed. He was found swelled up as big as a barrel next morning, and he came home thinking he was the biggest man in Arizona.

It would relieve the mind of Mrs. George Hills of Denver to know what has become of her husband, who was last heard of in this neighborhood. She has no doubt that he would walk off with a horse if he got the chance, and we have no doubt that he is numbered with the half dozen who were hanged last fall. Still, any information will be thankfully received.

Lung Sing, the laundryman, got hold of the carbolic acid bottle in mistake for tea three or four days ago, and drank heartily, but he only laid up one day to wonder why he felt so queer below the belt. There are various ways of killing a heathen, but the carbolic acid is not numbered among them.

Mr. John Simmons, a shy lawyer, started to pull our editorial nose on the street the other day, and our bullet took his thumb off at the joint as neatly as a saw could have done the work. He will probably reach for something easy next time.

While the Kicker is willing to aid the citizens' committee in its work of inducing manufacturers to locate here, it must at the same time frankly declare its belief that any manufacturer outside of a coffin-maker would starve to death inside of thirty days.

A man who signs his letter "Grim Death" writes to us from Tucson that he will be here within a month and provide us with a winter gear. We haven't had anything in the way of a free gift for a long time, and G. D. will be welcomed when he arrives.

We have no figures to present as to the circulation of The Kicker this week. We had them all written out, but the Indian half-breed who turns the crank of our power press swallowed them with his noonday luncheon. The most we can remember is that we are on the gain.

A Chicago paper publishes what it calls a picture of the editor of The Kicker, and claims it is from his latest photograph. If we looked within twenty rods of that cut we'd go out and blow our head off within half an hour. We don't claim to be pretty, but we are no jack rabbit with a coyote's face on him.

An eastern man who spent three days in Giveadam Gulch last fall writes to a Boston paper that our people didn't seem to know what a bath tub was. He is greatly mistaken. There is one in the Eagle hotel, and they keep it full of Scotch highballs the year around. We could have steered him against it if he had only thrown out a hint.

Our local four hundred are informed that blue-bordered napkins are now the proper form for high teas, and that the red-bordered are used only at the breakfast table. Even if we do lug guns around and wear blue flannel shirts to "at homes," we must know what good society expects of us.

LET US KNOW THE WURST. Baltimore American. "Is this the best wurst you can send me?" asked the lady who walked into the meat store with a package of that edible in her hand. "Madam," answered the meat man, "it is the best wurst we have." "Well, it is the worst wurst I ever saw." "I am sorry to hear that. The best I can do is to try and send you some better wurst from to-day's lot, but, as I said, that was the best wurst we have at present. I am sure, however, that the wurst we are now making will not be any worse than this, and it ought to be better. I assure you that as soon as I get the wurst you shall have the best of it. We never give any one the worst of it so long as we have been in the wurst business, and you may be sure that when we give you your wurst it will be the best, for our worst wurst is better wurst than the best wurst of our competitors." But the lady, whose eyes had taken on a stare of glassiness, was seen to throw up her hands and flee from the place, for she was afraid the worst was yet to come.

WHO'S FOUND THIS WIFE? Kansas City Star. The following communication was recently received by the city marshal at Joplin, dated Weir City, Kan.: "High Sheriff—Look for my wife. She left here 3d of August. Her collar is a ginger cake collar high, 4 feet 5 in. high weight 103 wore a red waist trimmed in black, black lawn shirt with red flowers in it. Little ear with a strawberry mark in fuit of ear, a big reward for information and if you find her let me know at once."

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