THE JOURNAL

LUCIAN SWIFT, MANAGER. | J. S. McLAIN, EDITOR.

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AN INVITATION is extended to all to visit the 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. The best time to call is from 3:15 to 4:30 p. m. Inquire at the business office and be directed to the visitors' gallery of the Press Room.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

The Journal would be glad to receive by mail, or otherwise, the names of all persons who were readers and subscribers to this paper when it started, twenty-five years ago this fall, or who became subscribers during the first year of its existence, and their present addresses.

The Journal would also be pleased to have the names of men living who were newsboys in Minneapolis twenty-five years ago, and their present addresses.

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—OF THE—

Great Northwest

Carried more advertising from Jan. 1 to Sept. 1 than any other Minneapolis or St. Paul paper, daily or daily and Sunday issues combined.

RECORD FOR SEPTEMBER.

In 22-inch columns.

	Cols.
Journal (26 issues)	1,435
Tribune (daily, 26 issues)	1,028
Tribune (daily and Sunday)	1,404
Times (daily and Sunday)	939
St. Paul Dispatch (26 issues)	1,301
St. Paul Pioneer Press (D. & S.)	877
St. Paul Globe (D. & S.)	652

Daily Circulation of THE JOURNAL

59,430

Only 2-CENT Daily in Minneapolis.

REMEMBER, all this circulation is the 5 o'clock edition, which is delivered directly to the homes. All the members of the family have time to read it.

The sample canvass of the residence portion of Minneapolis (two blocks of which The Journal published daily for the past year) shows 7,078 residences canvassed—

Journal subscribers	5,642
Tribune (evening) subscribers	1,514
Tribune (morning) subscribers	832

The canvass of ninety-three apartment and flat buildings showed:

Journal subscribers	1,322
Tribune (evening) subscribers	206
Tribune (morning) subscribers	183

The canvass of nineteen leading office buildings showed regular subscribers to the daily papers receiving their paper either at the office or their home:

Journals	2,153
Tribunes (evening)	398
Tribunes (morning)	480

The canvass of the two afternoon trains to Lake Minnetonka on the Minneapolis & St. Louis and Great Northern railroads showed:

Journals	451
Tribunes (evening)	46

The Boundary Verdict.

There is no little indignation among our neighbors of Canada over the verdict of the Alaskan boundary commission. They seem not to have prepared for defeat, altho they declared when the commission was appointed, six in number and three on each side, that the three Americans were irrevocably pledged not to abandon any portion of the American claim.

Some of the journals declare that the decision of the commission is a "death blow to imperialism." However that may be, the learned and distinguished jurist, Lord Alverstone, who presided over the commission, sustained by his vote every point in the American claim, except in his answers to the first four questions in the instructions to the tribunal relating to the Portland canal, viz., what is the point of commencement of the boundary line; what channel is the Portland channel; what course the line should take from point of commencement to the entrance to Portland canal or channel, and to what point on the fifty-sixth parallel is the line to be drawn from the head of that channel, and its course between these two points? Lord Alverstone's vote, with those of the American commissioners, yielded to the Canadian contention as to the line at the canal entrance, leaving the American claim, based on the Anglo-Rusisan treaty of 1825 and the Russo-American treaty of 1867, that the coast territory extends inland thirty miles from every point, bay or inlet marking the coast line, unimpaired. The Canadian contention that the line ran from headland to head and excluding us from the heads of the bays and inlets, was preposterous on its face. The treaties and continuous American occupation unchallenged until 1897, after the Klondike gold discoveries, were insurmountable obstructions to the surrender of this American territory.

The attacks in Canada upon Lord Chief Justice Alverstone are libelous, but doubtless the good reputation of the lord chief justice of England will survive.

Canada's gain thru the commission is very small. Her strong contention was for the Lynn canal, the handiest water access to the Klondike gold fields, together with the important town Skagway, with the White Pass railway starting at Skagway and entering British territory via the White Pass. The whole question is now settled and settled justly. The Canadians have access thru our territory to the Klondike for their goods under the bonded system, and they will experience no hardship.

The expressions of disgust with what the Canadians call the "perfidy" of the mother country and hostility to their interests can hardly be favorable to the Chamberlain movement in the economic interest of the mother country. The conterminous contiguity of Canada and the United States makes close intercommercial relations the most natural thing in the world and it is very stupid economic policy on our part, or on the part of the statesmen of Canada, which would restrict such intercommercial relations. Ultimately, liberal commercial views will triumph and it will be found that, under the most liberal reciprocity treaty, and under even a North American zollverein, our industrial and agricultural interests will not only not suffer a particle, but be greatly developed in their profitable activities. The present reciprocity movement as to Canada in our northern tier of states shows the trend of American business sentiment.

The Colorado national guard is being investigated for boodling while it was preserving order during a strike. It would be hard to say whether the strikers who resorted to violence or the militiamen who boodled would stand higher as anarchists.

What Will Be the Effect?

Just now there is a deal of bitter feeling in Canada over the decision of the Alaska boundary commission. It will be interesting to see what will be the ultimate effect of this decision on the attitude of the Canadians towards reciprocity and other international questions. It may have the effect of reminding them that there is little to gain and much to lose in pursuing a policy which does not regard the interests of the English-speaking people of the North American continent as common and identical.

After the first feeling of disappointment has passed, it will probably occur to the Canadians that the American contention must have been about right to secure the approval of so eminent a jurist as Lord Alverstone. There is probably little ground for the assertion that Lord Alverstone has deliberately sacrificed Canada's interests to those of the empire. This much is probably true, however: The British government saw from the start that the position of the United States was impregnable, and knew that it had only to appoint an impartial Englishman to the tribunal to make it certain that its findings would favor the United States. The dispute, tho it seems to Americans largely groundless, having been started, had to be settled in some way—and the way chosen was a wise one.

Even conceding that it was diplomacy and not justice that guided Lord Alverstone, it would have to be considered the best stroke of diplomacy the present British government has made. Lord Alverstone's course will make a profound impression on the American people. It will do more to dispel ancient prejudice and promote good feeling between the two leading nations of the world than twenty years of sweet talk about the binding ties of the Anglo-Celtic world. Nothing else would go so far as to establish in America a belief that the friendship of the British people for this nation is genuine and cordial and not to be disturbed by trivial disputes concerning the fringes of the empire.

A former member of the South Dakota legislature has succeeded in raising single-handed up to harvest time a crop of 5,000 bushels of wheat. He is what might be called a practical politician. And there is more money in it than some of the other money-making ways of some practical politicians.

Proficiency in Oral English.

The Minnesota High School Debating League has been in existence only two years, but it is already beginning to show results which justify its organization.

In the preliminary contest in the freshman class at the state university, to determine who should represent that class in the annual debate with the sophomores, there was noted a marked improvement in the quality of the work done. Twelve were selected from the whole class and from these twelve will finally be chosen three as the freshman team. It is significant of the work of the high school debating league that every one of the twelve was engaged in the debates of the high school league last year.

Elsewhere to-day may be found a statement of the prospects of the league for the coming year from Professor McDermott, to whom credit is due for a great deal of effective and hard work in launching and carrying on this undertaking. The subject for debate this year is one of practical interest, the municipal ownership of public utilities, and the indications are excellent for a lively contest among the young men and women of the high schools of the state for The Journal's silver cup.

Professor McDermott in what he has to say calls attention to the great value of skill in strictly extemporary debate. Emphasis is laid by educational institutions in these days upon proficiency in the use of oral English. The fact is being recognized that an educated man may be so deficient in the power of oral expression, that is to say, extemporary oral expression, that with all his knowledge his opinions are of little value to him when they are suddenly called for. It is understood that our own university contemplates requiring a degree of proficiency in oral English and subjecting candidates for admission to examination along that line. Nothing, probably, could be devised that would contribute more to facility in the correct use of oral English than the work of the high school debating league.

It looks as if the football game of the west this year would be played in Minneapolis Oct. 31, when Michigan and Minnesota meet. It will be a great event, but its possible greatness can be realized to the full extent only by Michigan's defeat. For Michigan to win would only be to add victory to victory. For Minnesota to win would be to give the tragic interest that attaches to the disastrous termination of an illustrious career, to put a defeat against a background of victory; it would be to give the contest the superiority in interest which a Waterloo has to an Austerlitz.

Tax Ferreting in Hennepin.

The county commisisoners, in their resolution providing for the employment of a man by the name of Wooley to collect taxes from unlisted property, carefully avoided the use of the word "tax ferret," but that is what the resolution means, just the same.

Mr. Wooley is carefully excluded from participation in the collection of taxes of listed property, whether in arrears or not. He must get outside and find property that has not been listed, place a valuation upon it and report the transaction to the county commisisoners. Under the resolution he is to have 25 per cent of the amount of taxes collected when it is paid.

This system of tax ferreting is not new. It has been tried in other states, with more or less success. There is a good deal of opposition to the proposition here, chiefly because of the door it opens to dishonest practices. We are not saying that Mr. Wooley would blackmail anybody. We are simply calling attention to the fact that if he were so inclined he would have every opportunity, and it is not a good thing to place such opportunity in the hands of a special agent who is not a public officer chosen by the people.

It is doubtful, however, whether the scheme is operative. Something of this kind was attempted in Blue Earth county some years ago, and the supreme court decided that the ferret hired there could not collect the 25 per cent, that all the money paid in the shape of taxes belonged to the county, and that the county commissioners had no power to divert a portion of it to private individuals for any service rendered, at least not on the percentage basis. It is true that the county attorney may be allowed to employ an associate counsel to assist in the collection of taxes, and pay him a salary or a fee, but that is a different proposition.

There certainly is some question as to whether the proposed ferret system for Hennepin county is practicable under the ruling of the supreme court in the Blue Earth case. It is hardly practicable if the ferret cannot get his percentage. He is not likely to work very long at tax ferreting just for the fun of it.

A printer explains to the Globe that the oath of the typographical union was drawn to shut out secret organizations and cliques in the union itself. It ought to have been possible to do that without framing an obligation which is so fairly open to criticism as the one now in vogue.

Good News for Plutocrats.

This is good news for plutocracy that comes from Preston in this state. One more valiant fighter for the rights of man has been removed from the thinning ranks of soldiers in the war for humanity. Major W. A. Hotchkiss, editor of the National Republican, has retired from journalism, and we infer from his valedictory that with his retirement the National Republican expires, at the end of forty-two volumes. In his "Ave atque Vale" the major says, in part:

We came from the loins of a hero of the 1776 period who sacrificed and fought for liberty—for freedom of speech and for the right of all men to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," to equality before the law. Inheriting the unyielding patriotism of the founders of the republic, we came to manhood a Jeffersonian and to the territory of Minnesota in May, 1854, a free soil democrat, purchased the Northwestern Democrat that was started in St. Anthony in 1853, and removed it to Minneapolis. It was the first paper published on the west side of the Mississippi river in the territory of Minnesota. In 1856, after the nomination of Buchanan for president, we oflated the Fremont flag and led the advocacy of his election in Minnesota.

After declaring that the populist party is the only party in America today that represents Americanism "as it is grandly proclaimed in the declaration of independence," the major regrets that there is none to take up the burden he lays down and thus keep warm in the hearts of his "throngs of readers" Americanism undefiled.

Possibly the major takes himself a little too seriously. But that is not a common fault with country newspaper editors in these days. Indeed, it is not a fault common to any large portion of the public—meaning seriousness in considering the individual's relation to the public weal or woe.

The bullish bears of Iowa furnished the most striking instance on record of bears being bullish when they ought to have been bearish to the bone.

There is some talk of Canada rejecting the decision of the Alaska boundary commission. She has no more power to do so than Nevada has to reject a treaty ratified by the senate.

The Rev. G. L. Morrill says the golden rule will stop grafting. Still, grafters use it. "Let me in on your graft, and I will let you in one mine," is their wording of it.

It took 41,000 Southern Pacific freight cars to carry out of California last year the products of that state not required for home consumption. That is what irrigation does.

Minnesota is at last getting to be something of an apple state. Perhaps the time is coming when there will be an apple to go with the bread and butter.

CORN RIPENED WITHOUT SUN

Montevideo Leader.

What ripened the corn? Surely it wasn't the hot weather, for we haven't had enough of that this year to ripen much of anything. Nor yet the bright sunshine, for we have had more cloudy days than ever before in our recollection. It must be that the ground, being well soaked all the season, sent its richness into everything that was growing and fairly forced the corn and other crops to ripen in spite of the great lack of sunshine and heat. This year has demonstrated as no other has, that with plenty of moisture we can grow big crops of grain, grass and even corn, with but very little hot weather.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

Long List of Dark Horse Possibilities for Governor—Albert Lea Times Asks Some Leading Questions — How Hennepin County Treated Judge Canty.

There is plenty of dark horse material for governor, if one takes time to look over the field and recall the various names that have been suggested. Most of them are not available because they are unwilling to get into the fight, but one or more may become prominent candidates before the winter passes. Every congressional district is represented in the list, which does not include the three leading possibilities, Governor Van Sant, Bob Dunn and Frank Eddy. It looks about as follows:

First District—James M. Diment, Owatonna, postmaster; Captain L. G. Nelson, Owatonna, member state board of equalization.

Second District—James T. McCleary, Mankato, congressman; Edgar Weaver, Mankato, county auditor; H. J. Miller, Luverne, former state senator.

Third District—Joel P. Heatwole, Northfield, former congressman; C. F. Staples, West St. Paul, railroad commissioner; C. N. Crosgrove, Le Sueur, president state agricultural society.

Fourth District—F. C. Stevens, St. Paul, congressman; W. C. Masterman, Stillwater, former state senator.

Fifth District—William H. Eustis, Minneapolis, former mayor; J. T. Wyman, Minneapolis, former state senator; Ray W. Jones, Minneapolis, lieutenant governor; C. A. Smith, Minneapolis.

Sixth District—L. W. Collins, St. Cloud, justice supreme court; L. W. Babcock, Wadena, speaker of the house.

Seventh District—B. W. Randall, Morris, secretary state agricultural society; Lyndon A. Smith, Montevideo, former lieutenant governor.

Eighth District—T. W. Hugo, mayor of Duluth.

Ninth District—W. B. Douglas, Moorhead, attorney general.

Samuel Lord, G. B. Ward, E. B. Hawkins, and other state senators who have been mentioned, are not included because the constitution makes them ineligible.

If any names have been omitted from the list, drop me a postal card.

The Albert Lea Times comes out in a leading editorial addressed to two well-known colleagues of the editorial profession. It is headed, "Will Mr. Dunn and Mr. Heatwole Answer?" and puts some questions in a form that calls for a categorical answer. Says Editor Blackmer:

"Here is a question which many persons in Minnesota would like to have answered by Editor R. C. Dunn in the Princeton Union and Editor Joel P. Heatwole in the Northfield News: Do you favor the adoption by the next republican state convention of a platform indorsing the republican state administration and its policies for the past two years and emphatically opposing the Northern Securities railroad merger, and do you favor the nomination by that convention of a candidate for governor who will carry out the policies of the present republican administration, who will enforce the law against the consolidation of parallel railroad lines and who will continue the effort of the state of Minnesota to prevent the consolidation of the Great Northern, Northern Pacific and Burlington railroad systems and the attempt of the consolidators to create a monopoly in the transportation business of nearly half the state? Will Mr. Dunn and Mr. Heatwole answer?"

Captain Everett says in his Fairmont News: "One of Bob Dunn's best friends recently said to us that if Dunn was not the next governor it would be because his friends had beaten him by springing his boom too early. We differ from this diagnosis of the case. Our idea is this. If Bob Dunn is not the next governor it will be because the people believe him to be wrong on the merger issue. If we are right it stands Robert in hand to square himself on that question. No man can be governor whom the voters believe to be on the side of Jim. Hill unless it comes down to a choice between two evils."

The Wabasha Herald says: "The Minneapolis Journal wants to know if Minneapolis is to have no representation on the supreme bench. We hope not. When she had representation in the person of Judge Canty she wasn't satisfied; at least, she didn't vote as if she were when he was a candidate for re-election, altho he was one of the best judges that Minnesota has ever had. Had Minneapolis voted for him just a little stronger than she did she would not now be lamenting her lack of representation on our big bench."

Hennepin county's vote for supreme court judges in 1898 was: Lovely, 15,618; Brown, 14,515; Lewis, 12,819; Canty, 17,636; Mitchell, 16,061; Buck, 12,816. Judge Canty was only 1,804 votes behind Judge Lewis on the total vote, and he got nearly 5,000 plurality over Lewis in Hennepin county. While this is not a feather in the cap of Hennepin county as a republican stronghold, it meets the criticism of the Wabasha Herald.

—Charles B. Cheney.

WHAT OTHER PEOPLE THINK

People who have things to say to the public that ought to be said, are invited to use this column. But the space is limited, and all communications must be "boiled down" as much as possible. Three hundred words is a safe limit.

Can Ashes Be Used As Fuel?

To the Editor of The Journal.

In to-day's issue appears an article in which S. H. Franklin and R. B. Tomlinson claim they have burned ashes, and some chemist, whose name is not given, claim they cannot be burned. I am surprised that any chemist should make such a claim, as ashes certainly can be used as fuel in the manner mentioned in the articles, as any one will readily realize by simply doing a little thinking. True combustion is where two or more elements separate and leave a compound, passing into a gaseous state. Imperfect combustion is where a portion of the elements merely separate from a compound but do not pass into the form of a gas. Take off the lamp chimney and the combustion is imperfect, the carbon adhering to the sides of the chimney, when turned too high. Now, smut, soot, ashes and coke are products of imperfect combustion, due to lack of heat. Imperfect combustion can be made perfect by the simple addition of heat, which throws all into a gaseous state.

Excepting electricity, the combustion of oxygen and hydrogen, forming water, produces the most intense heat known to chemistry.

Now, mix ashes with water into a paste and spread over a fire and what is the result? Why, the water forms into steam forcing thru the layer air holes, thus creating a draft, the combustion of the oxygen and hydrogen forming, the water follows, and you have an intense heat that transforms the elements forming the ashes into gases, or in other words you have a perfect combustion.

In another sense you are actually burning water.

They are now burning water in lime kilns with great success. It has not been a success in burning brick on account of the difficulty of controlling it, the heat becoming so intense, it burns or rather actually melts the brick.

It has been experimented with for cook stoves, but, the same objection is found, often melting the top of the stove, because of inability to control it.

Mixed with ashes in the form of a paste for furnaces or large heating stoves it is easily made a success.

I once heard of a cook that did not know enough to boil water without burning it, and it seems that some chemists do not know even how to burn water.

—E. D. Titus, Ph. C.

Minneapolis, Oct. 16, 1903.

NEWS OF BOOK WORLD

Kate Douglas Wiggin's Study in Character Development is an Excellent Story—New Zealand Horrors in Fiction—Another Historical Romance by Weyman.

A girl in the making, or rather in the growing—of such does Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, by Kate Douglas Wiggin, tell. "Mirandy" Sawyer, the aunt of Rebecca, Rowena Randall, who was one of a family of seven, did not "cal'late to be the makin' of any child" when she wrote to Mrs. Randall to send a sister of Rebecca's to her home to live. But the mother sent Rebecca, "because it might be the makin' of her"; and then, Miranda's "cal'lations" made little difference to the mother who was too far away to feel their effects.

Rebecca as a piece of raw feminine material somewhere under the age of 10 was about as quaint a bit of humanity as fiction, or history for that matter, tells of, when she set out for her aunt's—her second journey. She knew her first little trip away from home had been a "journey," because she and her mother had "carried their night gowns." On the stage coach trip to her aunt's she rode with the driver because there was "no extra charge" and she could see things and talk to the driver. She did both. She was telling Mr. Cobb, the driver, of a snake charmer in a circus parade she had seen. "She was so beautiful beyond compare, Mr. Cobb," said Rebecca, "that you had to swallow lumps in your throat when you looked at her, and little cold feelings crept up and down your back."

Rebecca had a way of putting her thoughts into rhymes and one of the things that had been beaten into her childish mind was the need of economy in order to pay the mortgage on the farm. This thought one day took shape thus:

Rise, my soul, strain every nerve,
Thy mortgage to remove,
Gain thy mother's heartfelt thanks,
Thy family's grateful love.

This is the raw material which the author takes to mold into young womanhood in her narrative. The development of character is portrayed delicately, but with firm, true strokes, not by psychological analysis, but by a succession of important tho sometimes apparently trivial incidents in the girl's life. The art of the writer is nowhere obtrusive.

Rebecca and her "chum," for instance, out of the goodness of their unselfish little hearts, set out to sell soap, so that a poor family may obtain a banquet lamp (quite a necessary article of furniture among the very poor), as a premium. The two take turn about in calling at the houses as they come to them. At one of the houses which it falls to the lot of Rebecca to "try" is a not very young man, a visitor.

"Do you need any soap?" queries Rebecca.

"Do I look as if I did?" comes the counter question.

Rebecca blushes and tries to explain and the upshot of a pleasant little dialog is that the young man suddenly says: "Well, all right; I'll take 300 cakes." Rebecca Rowena Randall is so surprised that she takes a step backward, steps off the edge of the porch and falls over backward into a clump of lilac bushes. She calls the young man Mr. Aladdin when she has recovered herself and fully grasps the good fortune that has come thru her to her friends who so sorely need a banquet lamp, and Mr. Aladdin, he remains to her in more than name to the end of the book.

Then a returned missionary comes to town and there is a meeting and Rebecca is called upon without warning to pray. It is her first prayer in public, but it is worth the reading of the whole book just to be caught by the spirit of that prayer.

And all the time Rebecca is growing nearer and nearer to winsome womanhood. At last she reaches her graduation day, at boarding school, a girl you are glad to have known, even in a book, almost too good to be believed in, if you haven't known at least one such girl in real life.

AMEEN F. RIHANI.
Who has translated Quatrains of an Arab poet into English.

The quatrains of the Arab poet, Abu'l-Ala, the forerunner of Omar Khayyam, by which the tentmaker was evidently greatly influenced, have just been translated into English for the first time by Ameen F. Rihani, a native of Syria, and Doubleday, Page & Co. have published them. Mr. Rihani was a traveling actor for a time in this country and after that a law student. Then he went back home to the wild mountains of Syria and taught English to the monks and priests, learned Arabic from them, and so found out Abu'l-Ala, whose writings the devout Mohammedans had kept from the world for nearly a thousand years.

Mr. Hodder, in his The Daughter of the Dawn, has produced a very blood-curdling story based on the folklore and mythology of the Maoris of New Zealand. The formidable power of the old hereditary Maori priesthood, whose curses terrorized the people and the constant use of magic arts are portrayed in the supposed narrative of an Englishman who resided in Maoriland and knew the language and folk lore of the Maoris and was commissioned by a London firm to search for Miriam Grey who had gone to New Zealand and had not been heard from for years and was heiress to a large estate. The adventures of Wanaki, as the Englishman was called, during his quest are detailed in this narrative, which he sent to London by a Maori chief. The story is a story of love and a catena of blood-freezing horrors. Mr. Hodder has caught the Maori tone to perfection.

In her The Joyful Life, Margaret Sangster certainly writes like one who has personally learned that it is possible to have a section of Paradise even upon earth, by getting in telepathic communication with the Father's house. There is not a page in the book which does not contain a most helpful suggestion, point out a way out of every difficulty and lead the doubting out of bewildering mists to behold great breadths of quickening sunshine. The book is one to arrest pessimistic tendencies and make one hear other and better music than dirges.

Stanley Weyman stands persistently by his first love, the historical romance, and generally he does his work well. In his new story, The Long Night, he discloses that historic "free city," Geneva, which shielded so many reformers in the sixteenth century and cradled the Calvinistic theology, and made such a strenuous fight for intellectual freedom. The period of the story is the opening of the seventeenth century when the great Beza was the leading teacher of theology in Geneva and students flocked from abroad to be his pupils. The hero, Claude Mercier, arriving there from France, is disillusioned and finds his ideals somewhat shattered. Some syndics of the old town, supposed to guard its sanctity, were loose and hypocritical, and Mercier found he had battles to fight, especially as he fell in love with Anne Royaume shortly after he entered the city and took lodgings. The witchcraft superstition pervaded Geneva and Anne Royaume was a victim of the persecutors, from whom she was delivered by a happy turn of events in tragical form and ultimately became Mme. Mercier. Portions of the book are written with exceptional power.

A free and easy way Roger Pocock has of telling his traveling experiences and of his service in twenty-eight trades in his Following the Frontier. His youth or "puppyhood," as he calls it, was spent in a changeful life in England. Then he lived a life of adventure in Canada where he served in the mounted police and was wounded in the Riel rebellion, worked in a Canadian Pacific surveying party; helped run a missionary station in the Canadian northwest; fought the Yokohama pirates, and wound up his varied wanderings by riding on horseback from Canada to the City of Mexico, some 3,000 miles, doing the distance in about six months. There is much humor in the author's narrative.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM. By Kate Douglas Wiggin, author of "The Birds' Christmas Carol," "Timothy's Quest," "Polly Oliver's Problem," etc. 12mo, decorated cover. $1.25.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE DAWN. A Realistic Story of Maori Magic. By William Reginald Hodder. Illustrated by H. Pifford. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Price $1.50.

FOLLOWING THE FRONTIER. By Roger Pocock. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. Minneapolis: N. McCarthy. Price $1.50.

THE JOYFUL LIFE. By Margaret Sangster. New York: American Tract Society. Minneapolis: N. McCarthy.

THE LONG NIGHT. By Stanley J. Weyman, author of "A Gentleman from France," etc. Illustrated. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. Minneapolis: N. McCarthy. Price $1.50.

THE GIRL WHO KEPT UP. By Mary McCrae Culter. Illustrated by C. Louise Williams. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Minneapolis: N. McCarthy. Price $1 net.

AT THE THEATERS

Lyceum—"Peaceful Valley."

Dick Ferris is not Sol Smith Russell. If we could forget this fact, naturally overlooked at the Lyceum, some excuse might be made for disinterring the mouldy little sketch that was thrown together years ago in order to concentrate the public mind upon Mr. Russell as a shambling country booby "with a hear-r-r-rt of g-gold." Russell was awkward; Ferris is awkward undeniably. Russell was a mourner as to gloomy countenance, but Ferris is a funeral procession. Russell brightened up towards the last; but Ferris gave way completely, and appeared about to burst into convulsive sobs, when he secured a fortune and the girl he loved. A more melancholy performance, all in all, has never shrouded Hennepin avenue.

The play, wholly dependent as it is upon the presence of a competent character actor, was well described last night by a water boy who insisted that he "couldn't stand" for it, because "there's nothin' doin'." None of the actors act, they simply talk. The going of the betrayed girl from Peaceful Valley to New York, her marriage on the train, her sad experience in the city, the long search for her, her recovery, even her meeting with her brother, the clumsy hero Hosea, is merely described. His own success as a college student his journey to New York to find his sister, his adventures there, including his marvelous conversion, with one speech, of the inmates in "a dive," are only talked about, especially by himself. At the close of one act something threatens to happen, and the audience opens both its eyes. Hosea throws the villainous betrayer over a—but we must wait until the next act to be told that the wretch went over the brow of a hill and—horrible retribution—came near breaking his ankle.

But for its novel lessons, one might be less willing to overlook the absurdities of this production. It teaches, however—that Mr. Ferris is admired by the gallery, which called upon him vainly for a speech; that, in the east, moonlight may be enjoyed while the sun is setting; and that fashionable men from New York city wear patent leather shoes with bicycle "knickers" and don straw hats with full-dress suits.

—H. B. Curry.

Morning Critics on "The Toreador."

Jefferson de Angelis opened at the Metropolitan last night in another of the interminable series of musical comedies, this one being yclept "The Toreador." It will be reviewed in this column to-morrow. Meanwhile, here is what the Minneapolis Times thinks of it:

O musical comedy, musical comedy, how many crimes are committed in thy name! Sometimes we have the comedy without the music, and at intervals the music without the comedy—and anon we have a bastard affair that can lay claim to neither music nor comedy—at least, not to any alarming extent.

In "The Toreador," with Jefferson De Angelis in the foreground, we find nothing new and nothing to please our jaded palates. There are no new songs that appeal as either tuneful or beautiful. "The Toreador's Song" is the only one with a lingering quality, and it is done to death.

As to the comedy, that is supplied by the horse play of De Angelis, who indulges in a species of fun-making calculated to appeal to a minor portion of the audience. His old fault reasserted itself on two notable instances in speeches of double entendre so bald as to be inexcusably coarse. There are no witty lines in the libretto.

Even the complaisant Tribune, which praises everything indiscriminately, is a little shocked at de Angelis. It says:

The chief objections to "The Toreador" are that a sufficiently good part is not furnished Mr. De Angelis, who can be a mighty clever entertainer; and that several bits of vulgarity are introduced.

Bijou—"Queen of the Highway."

Real horses, real dogs and real wolves—these are the attractions at the Bijou, this week. If we are patient the management may yet give us a real play presented by real actors, but until that time comes we must content ourselves with such melodramas as "Queen of the Highway."

Now the "Queen of the Highway," is a little worse than usual. It is a bad dime novel, badly dramatized. Its story does not hang together and the author, early in the first act, abandons all hope of untangling his plot by natural means and so calls to his aid a detective whose omniscience is the funniest thing in the play. But even this expedient bids fair to fail and the detective is about to be foiled—just as tho he were a Bijou villain, instead of a sort of assistant hero—when an Indian girl appears upon the scene. What the secret service man doesn't know she tells him and together they are responsible for the "Queen's" undoing.

But they are too slow about it. They permit the matter to drag along thru four long acts and an interminable number of scenes when, if they had only acted promptly, before the first act curtain, for instance, the play would never have been written and that, as the street gamin says, would have "helped some."

It is quite useless to consider such a production seriously. The play is hopeless, the characters impossible, the boasted "big scenic production" trivial, and the acting indifferent at best.

—J. S. Lawrence.

ENGLISH FROM THE RANGE

"Bob" Carr in Whitewood (S. D.) Plaindealer.

It has been discovered that President Roosevelt packs a gun, not a little 22, but a regular 45 man bluffer. He also can yank out his hogleg and slam loose with an abrupt previousness that has a tendency to put a damper on the ambitions of any lowdown cuss desiring to beef our beloved president. Befor the would-be killer could draw, our president would have introduced about a pound of lead into his system, and almost before the assassin could realize what was up, St. Peter would be handing him a thru ticket to the basement. 'Rah for Teddy!

SOUTH DAKOTA'S "OFF YEAR"

Sioux Falls Argus Leader.

It is an "off year" in South Dakota, and while life is not very exciting it gives us more time to husk the corn and pick out our automobiles and diamonds.

THE NONPAREIL MAN

Casually Observed.

A South Dakota man has invented something that strains the milk as it comes from the cow. Some of this city milk is not only badly strained, but shows evidence of serious sprain.

Football is a rough, coarse sport, but we got 'em Saturday.

As Russia looked around over the assembled nations she remarked cheerfully: "Would any other gentleman or lady like to have a date set for the evacuation of Manchuria? We strive to be accommodating." But nobody spoke.

The fact that Gonzales was unarmed shows that the Tillman murder was a clear case of self-defense.

Tom Prowse, who has been doing "hot dog" work on the Waconia Patriot, has laid down the pen in Waconia forever and has gone to take editorial charge of the Chaska Review, where the brick come from, in association with Mr. Burns. Mr. Prowse is a distinct loss to Waconia, but all Chaska will stand on its head and wave its heels joyously in air when it discovers what is loose in its midst. Chaska brick will soon be known in a literary way on three continents. In his farewell to Waconia Mr. Prowse says:

Our residence of over three years in this pretty little village will leave a lasting impression upon our mind because of the pleasant associations we have been brought into contact with. Then, again, there are the little scraps in which we sometimes came out on top and sometimes at the bottom—reflections upon which always have a tendency to cheer the average newspaper man's heart.

We will now hunt over the pile for the Chaska Review.

The Litchville (N. D.) Bulletin has started out, in the language of the press, to mug its prominent citizens. In other words, their pictures are presented with a column write-up for nothing except good will. The Bulletin's first victim is "Cliff" Rich, who slid into North Dakota when a boy and assisted his papa in tickling the soil with a flea-bitten pair of Missouri mules and a strong appetite. As Cliff grew up, farming was found by him to be too strenuous, and he started a drug store where you buy court plaster and celluloid combs from 7 a. m. until 11:15 p. m. It doesn't cost you a cent to get your countenance in the Bulletin, but you've got to live the high part ever after.

Two very smooth crooks are doing a horse act in Minnesota that merits extended notice. Albert Smith of Victoria, Minn., had a nice $400 team which he tied in front of the postoffice. There he met the two gentlemen, who showed much liquid bon comaraderie, they buying. The next morning, upon going to feed his horses, Albert made the discovery that the strangers had worked the "presto change" racket on him the evening before and that instead of still being the proud possessor of a matched team valued in the neighborhood of $400, he now has a pair of skates worth about 30 cents apiece. Mr. Smith does not know what drug was used in his moisture. Albert Willman of Waconia was also persuaded in the same way to exchange a $150 horse for a pair of horse hides containing some meat and bones, but very little real horse. A number of people are looking for these horse artists and much irritation is expressed. If they are found it is feared that some excited member of the populace will strike them real hard right in the face.

We do things much better than they did two or three thousand B. C. Then Elijah had to be fed by the ravens; now a raven or something equally as black steals Mrs. Elijah's $1,500 diamond. In this and in other ways the prophet must notice a great difference in the world. Since he was here before we have made enormous strides. Where he took his oaken staff and trudged sturdily over the desert, now he rests comfortably in a luxurious Pullman car and the corporation pulls him over the most fertile country on earth. A real up-to-date prophet now wins a much greater following than he did in Palestine. On the other hand when he falls, the tunk with which he strikes the ground is much more serious than it was in Palestine.

There is J. Pierpont Morgan. He prophesied when Steal common was 40 that it was going up. Some of his followers took this tip and young Mr. Huntington, it is said, has $900,000 invested in the hole where Steal common once was. Mr. Huntington is said to smile and to say nothing when asked about this experience. But a shrewd guess may be formed of his opinion of Mr. Morgan as a prophet. In any case the prophets seem to be doing well. How would you like to be in a position where somebody could steal your wife's $1,500 diamond. Not so bad, I don't think!

Speaking of prophets, when I was traveling in the east this fall I heard all about the Rev. Mr. Sandford and his "Holy Ghost and Us" society at Shiloh, Maine. Mr. Sandford is a very autocratic gentleman and if you get under his power you have to give down or he knows why. The society has put up a lot of great buildings at Shiloh and is prosperous and growing. As an autocrat Mr. Sandford outdowies Dr. Dowie, if you can believe what you hear, and you usually can not. But the Shiloh prophet had one financial method that commended itself strongly to me for its simplicity. The Sandford people give tithes of all they possess like the Dowie people, but when this does not furnish a genteel sufficiency of the mammon of unrighteousness the Rev. Mr. Sandford proclaims what he succinctly and tersely calls "a Clearing Out Time." When a Clearing Out Time is proclaimed you step up and contribute everything you have—every last red. And great is your reward in heaven. At least this is what the prophet gives out.

But suppose you refuse to give down. Then you go to that place, that's what you do, which Dr. Shutter refuses to mention in terms of admiration and respect before his large and intelligent congregation. And the prophet has the very old boy of a time in getting you out, too. He just has to agonize and it takes times and money, that's what it does. Some people who couldn't be gotten out easily are said to have gone insane over the matter.

Now these statements may be all wrong, for it is never safe to judge a man or a movement by the testimony of those who don't know anything about him or it. These were the stories told me by outsiders and it was more than likely that they were largely fiction.

Nevertheless the Clearing Out Time as a religious service is almost too good not to be true.

—A. J. R.

IT IS NOT A HOLD-UP

Osakis Review.

The country papers—that is, some of them—are whining because the state fair management sends them advertising readers anent the big show and hasn't shown the boys the color of their money. The state fair, which has grown to be the grandest and greatest exposition of its kind in the United States, is not a money-making proposition, altho the association is now out of debt and has a balance on the right side of the ledger. The country papers donate the advertising to help push along a good thing, and to them a certain amount of credit is due, but the editor who begrudges the space should "cut it out." Fill up with copper plate or any old thing but don't print the fair news unless you can do it without feeling that you have been held up. There is nothing compulsory about it. So far as the Review is concerned we don't feel that the money the fair management could afford to spend with each paper in the state would make any one rich, and the man who donates a lot for a church site and then wishes he had kept it for a potato patch had better quit philanthropy and go to farming.

Out in Portland, Oregon, it is said that a well-known citizen recently accumulated a somewhat heavy case of intoxication by sitting too long in the sunshine.

Defective Page