THE JOURNAL

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—OF THE—

Great Northwest

Daily Circulation of THE JOURNAL

Saturday, Oct. 3	60,786
Saturday, Oct. 10	62,292
Saturday, Oct. 17	63,349
Saturday, Oct. 24	62,504
Saturday, Oct. 31	66,600
Average For Week Ending Oct. 31	60,208

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The Journal ran 1,572 columns of advertising in October. This is 42 per cent more advertising than was carried by any other daily paper in Minneapolis and 3 per cent more than any daily and Sunday combined.

A Weak Spot.

There is one thing about organized labor to which Mr. John Mitchell in his interesting and valuable book does not give as much attention as we could wish. He claims for organization the credit of raising the standard of workmanship. He contends that by securing shorter hours and better wages and more sanitary conditions in factories and shops, and in improving the condition of the workingman generally, organization has raised the quality of workmanship.

No doubt that is true in a measure, particularly in shops and factories where men work together, each a part of a system, and where machinery is largely introduced. And, perhaps, the same is true also, to some extent, among workmen employed on the outside; that is, in building and various forms of common labor.

But there is one weak spot in labor organization to which Mr. Mitchell does not address himself seriously, but which it will be necessary for labor organization to meet if it is to persist when only the fit survive.

The weak spot we have in mind is the absence of conscience put into the service rendered by many union men. It is a not uncommon complaint of employers that some workmen seem to have no conscientious concern with respect to the quality of their work. There is bitter complaint that so little regard is exhibited by workmen as to whether their tasks are well or economically performed, while stickling for unimportant regulations often increases expense to such an extent as to discourage the employer altogether and lead to the abandonment of much work.

We do not state this is a general characteristic of union labor, because it is not. But we know that the complaint is by no means infrequent that the fact of membership in a union is often abused by incompetent or careless, or ill-disposed workmen in such a way as to work an injustice and a hardship upon the employer, bringing discredit upon labor organization and developing prejudice in the mind of the public against it.

Thus far labor organization has been concerned chiefly about hours, rates of pay, sanitary conditions and matters of this kind—all of them commendable objects; but labor organization has some responsibilities to society as well as to its members. And one of these duties is to see that its members give a fair equivalent for wages received. If, on the other hand, as seems often to be the case, membership in a labor union serves as a protection for the incompetent and careless workman, labor organization need not be surprised if public sentiment is slow to place the same estimate upon its value to society which its members have been inclined to adopt. Responsibility for good and honest workmanship rests upon labor organization. It should devise some means of putting a premium on good work by its members and a penalty on bad, sloppy, indifferent work.

In other words, it should have a high standard of efficiency as a condition of membership and maintain it.

No matter who is to blame for the wreck of the Purdue football train in Indianapolis, it seems to be the result of a misunderstanding of orders. As men frequently misunderstand the simplest statements, it is too much to hope that every engineer who gets an order will be able to harmonize it with standing orders. It is up to the railway managers to devise some method of eliminating the possibility of accident thru the misunderstanding of orders.

The Other Side.

Every time a strike stops industry there is a lour roar about the blind destructiveness of organized labor. Men with pencils sit down and figure out that so many thousand workmen have lost so many millions in wages and that capital has lost so many millions in dividends. Then the public is expected to say, "O, thou foolish workman." And it may be so. Doubtless, there are many occasions when the public is fully justified in becoming indignant over a strike that disastrously affects a whole community.

But let us not reserve all our indignation for the laborers who cause suspension of industry; let us save some for the capitalists who tie up great industries in their selfish quarrels. It is the business of the public to sit in judgment on both sides and condemn them when they err.

Consider the trouble in Montana.

Fifteen thousand men are out of work, and the business of the state is paralyzed. The railroads are suffering and all business interests outside the state that have Montana relations are injured. People are leaving the state on every train, and the world's busiest mining camp has become the haunt of idle men.

Did a strike cause all this disaster?

Not at all. The men were working steadily and happily and were desirous of continuing, when, all at once, the mines of the Amalgamated Copper company were ordered closed.

Who closed them?

The capitalists who are in possession, because they did not like an injunction issued by the courts. It makes no difference whether Heinze or the Amalgamated Copper company has the right of this legal battle over the mines. The fact remains that a deadlock in a quarrel between selfish capitalists has thrown 15,000 men out of work, imposed hardship and suffering upon thousands of men, women and children and wrecked the prosperity of a city and state.

If two rival labor unions had quarreled and closed the mines anathemas would be heaped upon their heads. Two rival groups of capitalists have quarreled and closed the mines; why should not the curses be forthcoming for them? They have shown no more consideration for public interest, or any interest but their own, than the most rabid strike leader.

This is pleasant news that comes from Michigan that the Michigan eleven no longer stands for charges of dirty football against the Minnesota eleven. The making of these charges was the only blot on the good impression the magnificent Michigan eleven made while here.

No Favoritism for Crime.

Some congressman from New York had the audacity to approach President Roosevelt in behalf of a prominent man whose name has been connected with some of the scandals the department of justice has been probing. This congressman got a scorching letter from the president for his pains.

"I care not a rap for the political or social influence of any human being when the question is one of his guilt or innocence on such matter as corruption in the government service," the president wrote, and continued:

"I note what you say 'that the circulation of this report about me may alienate the support of many of ——'s friends from my administration.' Frankly, I believe that anyone that would believe such a story must be either lacking in intelligence, or else possessed of malignant cruelty. If anyone is to be alienated from me by the fact that I direct the prosecution of a republican or a democrat, without regard to his political or social standing, when it appears he is guilty of gross wrongdoing, why all I can say is, let him be alienated."

The letter concludes with these ringing words:

I should hold myself unfit for this office if I considered for one moment either my own welfare or the interest of a party or anything else except the interest of justice.

That is the kind of talk the people like to hear. Moreover, they know that when it comes from Theodore Roosevelt it stands for facts.

The party politician is apt to get an erroneous idea of the privileges of pull. The one the president so promptly rebuked actually thought that the president of the United States should undertake to stop the prosecution of some scoundrel because that scoundrel had more or less political influence that might be turned against the president.

All grafters look alike to the president, and good republican records or stacks of pull do not give them the least distinction.

Senator Hanna's head has not been turned by the Ohio avalanche. He still refuses to become a candidate for president against Roosevelt.

A Portentous Revolution.

While the Panama revolution, if successful, will play into our hands, the United States must not be in any great hurry to recognize the revolutionists. Tho we have reason to be displeased with the course of the Colombian congress in regard to the canal treaty, it must be remembered that Colombia is an independent nation which has the right to do with its own territory as it pleases. The fact that it has not done what we would have it do does not remove it from the list of friendly nations. The United States must, therefore, look upon the Panama affair as a rebellion against the authority of a friendly nation, and must not take any steps to assist the rebels.

On the other hand, so long as the rebels respect Americans and American property they are no more our enemies than the Colombian government. This is a family row in which we are keenly interested, but in which we must not take part. We must so shape our course as to be able to live in harmony and amity with the republic of Panama, if it be established, and with the republic of Colombia, whether it succeed or not in stamping out the rebellion.

Taking a look into the future, it is not too much, perhaps, to say that great events are now having their birth. It is altogether probable that if a republic of Panama be created it will ere long become an American protectorate and may, indeed, be annexed to the United States. It has always appeared to be anomalous that the greatest public work ever built by this republic should be in a foreign land and under a foreign flag. It is geographically logical that we should hold the connecting link between the Pacific and the Atlantic.

So, that bloodless revolution in Panama yesterday may mean more expansion for our country. It may mean one less state for Colombia and one more for us.

Mark Hanna seems to have slightly more than got even for some of the things Tom Johnson has done to him in Cleveland.

Cannon and Economy.

Hon. Joseph Cannon, speaker to be of the house of the fifty-eighth congress, has reiterated his announcement that the extra and regular sessions of congress are to be distinguished as economical ones and that the house will firmly resist the tendency of the senate to extravagant increases of the appropriation bills.

Mr. Cannon is certainly justified in sounding this warning, aside from any political exigency of the dominant party requiring retrenchment in expenditures before the general election. The decrease of revenue receipts during the first four months of the present fiscal year, as compared with the corresponding period of the previous fiscal year, aggregates $7,485,862, and the current surplus fell to less than $600,000 a few days ago.

Of course, the surplus figures will grow larger, but common sense caution demands that congress may expect reckless appropriations to breed deficits instead of big surpluses, which are a strong temptation to extravagance such as is embodied in some of the present propositions for congressional action.

It is well to remember, in this connection, that, if the secession of the state of Panama from the United States of Colombia becomes an accomplished fact in the sense that a self-sustaining and intelligently-governed republic is founded on the isthmus, it is more than probable that our government, finding a responsible party to deal with, will negotiate with the republic of Panama for interoceanic canal construction rights, and the large expenditures for that work will begin with heavy disbursement for the canal rights—forty millions at once to the French company holding the franchise. Economy in other expenditures is necessary in view of the possibilities growing out of the Panama revolt. There are schemes projected and dignified as demanding urgency which are very far from being urgent.

Charlie Towne is slated to take McClellan's place in congress. From independent patriot to Tammanyite! Wall street must have done it.

The standing army of American school children now comprises more than 18,000,000 pupils. Here is an army that can never be too large.

Two "Border States."

The two old border states, Maryland and Kentucky, which, in recent years, have shown some inclination to get into the republican column, did not fulfill the moderate republican expectations Tuesday. Gorman, perhaps, will claim that his introduction of the race issue won votes for the democratic ticket, but, no doubt, had the republicans been free from factionalism and completely organized, they might have won control of the legislature.

As for Kentucky, the democrats claim for Beckham a plurality of 15,000. Beckham is the democrat who ran for lieutenant governor in 1899, when Goebel was the democratic candidate for governor. Taylor, the republican candidate for governor, was elected on the count of the state returning board, which was controlled by the democratic machine, and was a special product of the ingenuity of Goebel and his democratic friends, designed to seat a democratic candidate whatever might be the majority or plurality against him. Goebel was assassinated by parties unknown then and unknown to this day, and the democrats charging the republicans with the crime, raised a great outcry, fraudulently packed the legislature, and fraudulently reversed the will of the people, which had seated Taylor by 2,376 plurality, and Marshall, the republican candidate for lieutenant governor, by 2,511 plurality. They unseated Taylor and seated Beckham in his place, Beckham having been the democratic candidate for lieutenant governor, and had the crime sanctioned by a partisan state court.

In the election of 1900 Beckham was elected thru the use of the Goebel machine by only 3,518 majority. If it turns out that he had at Tuesday's election received 15,000 plurality, it will show that Kentucky democrats, even under the facilities for fraud furnished by the partisan election law, can never expect to poll again in Kentucky the former big majorities, ranging from 50,000 to over 125,000 votes.

Morris Belknap, the republican gubernatorial candidate, may live to make a more successful fight than he made this year. He is an able, practical man of affairs, and would make a most efficient governor. The republican vote in Kentucky at the 1900 presidential election showed up to the extent of 227,128 votes, 48.43 per cent of the whole vote cast. In the important election of 1876, the republicans polled 97,156 votes. The democrats that year polled 159,690 votes for Tilden. Here is republican voting strength increase and democratic decrease of the same. In 1879 the republicans polled 18,954 votes for governor, while the democrats cast 125,799. The democrats get no such majorities now. It is as much as they can do to count in their candidates by a few thousand plurality.

If stand-pat won in Ohio, reciprocity seems to have done something in Iowa.

Patti.

It is interesting to note that Mme. Adelina Maria Juana Patti has come back to us for a season, and that there will be another "farewell" Patti concert, after awhile, just as has been the case several times. Even the present tour may not be the last, altho the Baroness Cederstrom (that is her name since 1899, when she married Baron Olaf Rudolph Cederstrom, her third husband), is even now 60 years old.

It is really hard to realize that the diva is 60. She can hardly deny it, for she was actually born in Madrid in 1843. Figures in this case do not lie. Still, at 60, Patti's delicious soprano has not, it is said, lost much of its thrilling power. The predictions of the experts as to her voice when she was touring this country under Strakosch, a little, passionate girl in short dresses and pantelettes, and breaking out at intervals in wild rages, have been more than verified. Old Strakosch had an immense amount of Job-like patience with the youthful Patti.

When she was a small girl Strakosch brought her to Minnesota. She sang in the old brick territorial capitol, in the senate chamber, to a full house; but she sang only after the long-suffering Strakosch had bribed her in divers and sundry ways to calm down from one of her tantrums and attend to business. The small girl who was to walk imperiously with emperors and empresses, with kings and queens, and to have any number of titled gentlemen at her feet, was imperious enough as a young girl in short clothes to indicate an aggressive future for her.

Patti's marriages have all been interesting affairs. Her marriage with De Cahuzac, Marquis de Caux, was the result of a gusty storm of passion, flaring up like a burning match, and a passing emotion. Did Patti love Nicolini, her second husband? People who visited the diva at Craig-y-Nos Castle in Nicolini's closing days, say that Patti was very sad and distrait and contemplated the invalid with a beautiful look of pity on her face.

It may be that she really loved Nicolini; but who knows? Only a year after Nicolini's death Patti married Baron Olaf Rudolph Cederstrom, who was giving treatment under the Swedish physical culture system in London. Patti, having too much superfluous flesh, went to the baron for treatment, and in the course of treatment, she fell in love with him, and, it is told, that so great was her emotion that she herself made a proposition of marriage to the baron, who naturally accepted her.

Dawson has had a horticultural and industrial exhibitions. The industrial part is not so difficult to account for. The stores and warehouses can be drawn upon for machinery and manufactured goods of various kinds, but the horticultural and agricultural side is of more interest. It appears, however, to have been very creditable. The exposition closed Sept. 20. The exhibits were said to include very fine specimens of cabbage, cauliflower, cucumbers, tomatoes, strawberries, flowers, etc. Another interesting feature for that far northern town was the exhibit of horses and cows. There is a drove of Jerseys and Durhams near Dawson which supplies milk to the local consumer at 50 cents a quart for the summer season and somewhat higher in the winter. Those Dawson people, however, are determined not to let themselves feel that they really are out of the world, up close to the Arctic circle and a thousand miles from anywhere, so they put up a good front and live as nearly as possible as they would live if they were in reach of civilization all the year round instead of only four months in twelve.

The prosperity of Cuba is said to be unprecedented. That is too bad, because it will give some congressmen what they may think an excuse for opposing the reciprocity treaty.

There has been nothing so harmonious in Colombia for a long time as that Panama revolution.

WAS WELLINGTON'S AID-DE-CAMP

By the death of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon England loses a picturesque figure as well as her eldest duke. He was the "Grand Old Man" of the aristocracy and an interesting link with the past. For nearly ten years the duke was one of Wellington's aides-de-camp and was also the first secretary for Scotland when that office was created. Until Disraeli went "upstairs" as the Earl of Beaconsfield he led the Conservatives in the house of lords. The duke could boast of descent from two kings. He was connected with Charles II. by Louise Renee de Parrencourt de Kerouaille, who was created Duchess of Portsmouth, and with James I. by Jane Maxwell, the brilliant wife of the fourth Duke of Gordon. The duke was one of the last of the really great noblemen, commonly called "gentlemen of the old school." As master of Goodwood he represented the best traditions of the English turf in its stately days, altho he had not raced for many years. He held four dukedoms—Richmond in the peerage of Great Britain, Lennox in the peerage of Scotland, Gordon in the peerage of Great Britain and D'Aubigny in the peerage of France. The Richmonds are a long-lived race. The duke was, until a few days ago, hale and hearty at 84.

CASSATT IS A WORKER

President A. J. Cassatt of the Pennsylvania Railroad company has been a New Yorker for about four days in the week for the last few months. Prior to that time he was a Philadelphian four days and a New Yorker about two. About twenty-four hours of his time each week is spent in his private car en route between the two cities. This time is not lost, however, for some of his heaviest and best work is accomplished while the train is rushing along at the rate of sixty miles an hour. Lately the immense construction enterprises which the company has started in New York have compelled him to spend much of his time here. Mr. Cassatt at 63 is a model of vigorous manhood, robust and hearty. Altho president of seven companies and director in twenty-three, he devotes himself as assiduously to outdoor recreation as he does to the manifold duties of his position.

NEWS OF BOOK WORLD

Stirring Story of War for Traffic of the Lower Mississippi — The Girlhood of Empress Josephine—Alexander Graham Bell's Question about the Aurora Borealis and Borelli's Comet.

The war between the packet lines on the lower Mississippi and the railroads for traffic supremacy is the basis of G. W. Ogden's novel **Tennessee Todd.** The war, which was a very real war, is little understood by the younger generation—the generation of rapid railroad development, and for that reason Mr. Ogden's story may not attract many—"the more's the pity," for the story is a strong one and plainly the work of one who knew what he was writing about, and besides it tells of a struggle that is interesting, even thrilling, both as simple history and from an industrial standpoint.

Running thru the story is a thread of romance and passion which sustains and heightens the interest, tho there would have been little danger of a flagging of interest, had that thread been omitted altogether.

Partners in the packet line business, two former captains, Amos Blair and Robert Andrews, have become wealthy thru their enterprise. Andrews sees the end of river traffic in the growth of the railroads. He wishes to sell. He warns his partner that the river cannot long maintain its supremacy. Blair buys him out. A year or so later Andrews returns to offer his former partner a chance to go in with him in the building of a railroad from St. Louis to New Orleans. Blair is loyal to the river and brands Andrews as a "snake." These two men from that moment represent the opposing forces and their characters are strongly drawn and consistent. Blair has a daughter who is more than charming. Andrews has a son who has a big heart, if he does not seem quite the hero the situations demand always, who is not afraid to act and to act promptly and with vigor when there is need of it. Then there is Tennessee Todd, the daughter of a river pilot who herself can pilot a packet to victory in a river race at the risk of hundreds of lives, a mixture of good sense and folly the latter of which gives her and others a vast amount of misery. There is a cunning villain with other villains, a fight to keep the railroad from getting its right of way which brings on a county seat war, and obstacles for trains—such as "soft soap an' 'lasses"—once the road is opened. All these persons and things and other persons and things furnish material for working out a chain of incidents which do not let the interest flag until the last act of villany has been thwarted in the final paragraph

G. W. OGDEN.

The author of "Tennessee Todd."

G. W. Ogden, the young author of "Tennessee Todd," which has been published by A. S. Barnes & Co., gathered the material for his story at first hand. His family for years back were identified with the exciting river-boat life of the Mississippi, and from his boyhood Mr. Ogden has been brought up in an atmosphere which was reminiscent of the old days when boat and train fought for the commercial supremacy of the west. Mr. Ogden's apprenticeship was served on the daily press.

It is a very pretty romance which Eleanor Atkinson tells of the girlhood of the Empress Josephine of France in her **Mam'zelle Fifine.** It is pleasant to get a glimpse of Josephine in her unsophisticated maidenhood, when she lived on her father's big plantation on the island of Martinique, the scene of the late volcanic tragedy. Josephine's life after she married the Vicomte de Beauharnais was not all that it should have been, for the persistence of memoir-writing has revealed her deficiencies in virtue which take her down from the high eminence she once held. "Pity 'tis, 'tis true." In "Mam'zelle Fifine" we have Josephine in the beautiful innocence of childhood, a party to a boy-and-girl love, the boy being the son of Sir William Vernon, an English planter on the island.

There is something fresh and breezy! **Sally of Missouri** brings us into a new field, in the Ozark mountain region in southwestern Missouri, where the dialect is new and rich in possibilities of expression and full of expansive naivete. Sally Madeira, daughter of Crit Madeira, of Canaan, promoter of zinc properties, was known all over the region. Bruce Steering, Yale graduate and temporary sojourner in New York, nothing special to do, is sent out by a relative, Bruce Grierson, to look after some zinc properties. One can guess at the consequences, but not at the cleverness with which they are worked out in the story. The heroism of Sally and the good luck of Steering are well told. The author's portrayal of local human types is richly entertaining.

The story of Owen Kildare's regeneration, as told by himself, embodies a very affectionate tribute to **My Mamie Rose,** the girl whose good influence started him on the right road and who died a few days before the date fixed for their marriage. Kildare was a tenement house kid, a boy who grew up in a demoralizing environage in New York; became a newsboy, then a "beer-slinger" in a Bowery dive, where he developed his fighting talent. In 1894 he met the little school teacher, Mamie Rose, thru whose aid he became a writer for newspapers.

LITERARY NOTES

Something much better than the average story for young people is Mabel Earle's story of the life of Mollie and her brother Austin Morris at Boulder Gulch, where both revealed the heroism of their natures and showed themselves worthy pupils of the splendid energies of the west.

Chatterbox for 1903 is as attractive as ever to the children who always consider themselves especially happy if they possess a copy. The illustrations are extraordinarily humorous and taking this year, and the stories are instructive as well as immensely alluring.

THE MAGAZINES

Had Borelli's Comet Anything to Do with the Aurora?—Of interest just now when the recent aurora borealis is fresh in our minds is the comment of Alexander Graham Bell on the aurora of Aug. 21. Dr. Bell at the time was on Cape Breton island, Nova Scotia. He watched the auroral display closely, and among other things says: "The appearances noted were highly suggestive of luminous matter of some sort streaming past the earth on all sides with tremendous velocity in a direction away from the sun—the parallel streams being rendered apparently convergent by perspective." He adds: "In this connection it would be interesting to know where Borelli's comet was at the time. It was then rapidly nearing its closest approach to the sun." The November **Popular Science Monthly** contains also an article on "Life in Other Worlds," but not at all a conclusive article. Certain developments in wireless telegraphy are also discussed.

Story by Edwin Biorkman.—Minneapolitans who were familiar with the newspaper offices of the city a few years ago will be interested in knowing that Edwin Biorkman has a story in **The Atlantic Monthly** for November. It is called "The Boy Who Lived at the Bottom of a Well," and those who start to read it because they knew Mr. Biorkman will finish it because they are interested in the story itself. "The Battle of Gray's Pasture: A Reminiscence of Old-Fashioned Football" is written—at least it would seem so—by one who knew the game. He—George L. Teeple—knew what counted for glory, too, for he says: "It was a spot upon your honor not to have a spot upon your shin." In the same magazine Harriet Prescott Spofford begins a short novel, and there is much else to invite the general reader.

BOOKS RECEIVED

TENNESSEE TODD, A NOVEL OF THE GREAT RIVER. By G. W. Ogden. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. Price $1.50.

MAMZELLE FIFINE. A Romance of the Girlhood of the Empress Josephine on the Island of Martinique. By Eleanor Atkinson. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

SALLY OF MISSOURI. By R. E. Young. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. Minneapolis: Nathaniel McCarthy. Price $1.50.

MY MAMIE ROSE. THE STORY OF MY REGENERATION. By Owen Kildare. New York: The Baker & Taylor company, 33-37 East Seventeenth street. Minneapolis: N. McCarthy.

NEW FORTUNES. How Molly and Her Brother Came to Boulder Gulch. By Mabel Earle. Illustrated. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

GARETH AND LYNETTE, LANCELOT AND ELAINE, THE PASSING OF ARTHUR. By Alfred, Lord Tennyson. Riverside Literature Series. Price 15 cents. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Minneapolis: N. McCarthy.

LITTLE DICK'S CHRISTMAS. By Etheldred B. Barry. Illustrated by the author. Boston: Dana, Estes & Co. Price 40 cents.

THE CHRISTMAS CAT. By Anna Burnham Bryant. Illustrated by Edith Browning Brand. Boston: The Pilgrim Press.

CHATTERBOX. Edited by J. Erskine Clarke, M. A. Boston: Dana, Estes & Co., 212 Summer street.

AT THE THEATERS

Bijou—Eugenie Blair in "Magda."

Eugenie Blair appeared at the Bijou yesterday afternoon, acting the name part in Herman Sudermann's tragedy of "Magda," a role which has tried the ability of some of the most capable actresses of the day and in which a number of them, including the "divine Sarah," failed lamentably. The play has had a checkered career upon the American stage of nine years, and was first made known to Minneapolis theatergoers in 1898, when Nance O'Neill introduced it at the Metropolitan. Its morals are not for the nursery, but it is a powerful drama, powerfully written, and its leading character of Magda is drawn with a brutal frankness which compels attention.

Magda's story is developed from the tragedy of the commonplace. An imperious, strong-willed girl, with many unlovely traits, she escapes parental authority thru the simple expedient of running away from home, and the play opens with her return, as a famous singer, to a family whose horizon is circumscribed by the limits of the little village in which it lives. So completely estranged has she become that she seems to belong to a different race, almost to a different world. Why she comes back, despite considerable tedious dialogue, is not adequately explained, but with her return the dramatist takes the cover off his little box of tricks and invites the audience to step up and see the wheels go 'round.

Upon her departure from the parental roof Magda had met, loved and been deserted by the father of her illegitimate child. She returns to find him an honored visitor at her father's house. They meet, but without the usual recriminations. "I gave myself to you because I loved you," she says. "I might have loved any one who came in my way." The speech is typical of the character. But Magda's father compels her to tell him of her past, and, tho a paralytic, sets out to avenge her thru a duel with her betrayer. The man, however, Councillor von Keller, proposes marriage, and Magda, thru the solicitation of Pastor Heffterdingk, assents, tho she frankly tells her belated suitor that she despises him—not for what he has done, but for what he is. However, he refuses to recognize their child and she drives him from her, only to encounter again the inflexible will of her father, commanding her to the marriage. The supreme clash of their wills is the final scene of the play, the curtain falling upon the old man dead in his chair and with the problem as far from a solution as ever.

There are passages in this drama and even occasional scenes which Miss Blair handles with a truly remarkable display of power. There are other scenes which are spoiled by a false note. There is such an instance in the last scene, which is finely played up to the point where Magda insinuates that the councillor was not her only lover. This speech she delivers in a manner closely approaching levity, despite the fact that she has just worked herself up to a pitch of anger bordering closely upon frenzy.

The father, played by Harry C. Browne, is by all odds the best characterization outside of the star's. The Franziska of Katherine De Barry is very near the other end of the list.

"Magda" will be repeated to-night and to-morrow night. Altogether it is well worth seeing. —J. S. Lawrence.

Foyer Chat.

"The Eternal City" is crowding the Metropolitan this week at every performance, and the sale indicates a continuance of this phenomenal business.

Lew Dockstader and his famous minstrel organization will be the attraction at the Metropolitan the first part of next week, beginning Sunday evening.

The various groups in "The Prince of Pilsen," the offering of the Metropolitan the latter portion of next week, won the most emphatic commendation in Chicago, New York and Boston. The principal groups are the Vassar girls, the sea shell girls, the bathing girls, the golf girls and the "cities' girls."

In many ways James A. Herne's "Shore Acres," which opens at the Bijou next Sunday for a week, the actor-dramatist aimed to present real men and women. The story makes a strong appeal to humanity, and holds the attention from beginning to end.

One of the pronounced successes in the musical line this season is "The Beauty Doctor," which comes to the Bijou in the near future.

The Ferris company's excellent production of "Colleen Bawn" was witnessed by a large and appreciative audience at the Lyceum last evening. The play is one that appeals to all lovers of the drama. A matinee will be given Saturday afternoon.

"Brown's in Town," Mark E. Swan's roaring farce, will be presented at the Lyceum next week.

"The Cow Boy and the Lady," Clyde Fitch's high-class drama of social life in the west will be presented at the Lyceum for one week following "Brown's in Town." Dick Ferris will appear.

AFTER THE REVEL

Where the yellow crocus dies
Thrown upon the marble floor,
And the rosy ribbon lies
That my love so lately wore;
There I gather gifts to be,
God of gardens, brought to thee.

Fallen flowers faint and fair,
Pallid lilies plucked by her;
Wreaths of ivy from her hair,
Smelling still of balm and myrrh;
These are garlands fit for thee,
Lord of love and revelry.

—J. M. Sedgwick, "Love Songs from the Greek."

THE NONPAREIL MAN

Casually Observed.

The socialist vote in Massachusetts melted away like a small beer in the presence of the sporting editor.

Neither pig nor mule is allowed in Dr. Dowie's Zion. The pig is a kindly and inoffensive animal, but no one can have to do with the mule and retain or cultivate a high degree of spirituality. The mule is error.

More than ever since the election of Tuesday, do we stand by our tariff plank printed in these columns a year ago:

"The tariff should be revised, but durn the man who lays a hand on the sacred document."

J. P. Morgan is in Chicago, but it is not necessary to take your railroad in over night.

Sir Enry Irving is going to take one more slap at the American pocketbook, hum, haw, Matthias.

A number of newspaper men have gone into poultry raising, but a St. Paul man has retired and gone into bee raising. If the bee alights on the raiser and "blows first," the busy little insect is likely to do about all the "raising."

New York seems to have slain both Devery and Dowie.

The American Health association favors the canteen. When our old friend George F. Wells, editor of Backbone, comes out for the canteen, we may be led to believe that there is some good in it.

There is less nutriment in ten pints of beer than in one slice of bread and butter. Yet there are people who do not act that way.

A syndicate article is being printed in the newspapers of this country regarding the neglected grave of Bill Nye. The neglect of his burial place is due to the fact that his meager estate having been converted into money was placed in a North Carolina bank which promptly failed and swallowed up the whole sum. If every one who ever laughed with Bill Nye would contribute a quarter, the humorist would have one of the noblest tombs on this continent.

Dr. Wiley of the agricultural department is going to try the effects of alum on the nervous system. We have known nervous systems that just puckered right up under the effects of a round of hot baking powder biscuit and three or four rounds of whisky before lunch. We don't believe it was the alum, but it may have been.

One of the aldermen of Marshall, Minn., if Mr. Whitney's News-Messenger can be believed—and it can—is in trouble over a demand for lighter streets at night. He was taken to task severely for the city's darkness by a traveling man last Sunday morning, and bad blood was engendered. In the evening the alderman was coaxed out of his sullenness and to church, where he went to sleep during the reading lesson. He was half aroused by the words, "let there be light, and there was light," and, remembering only his morning controversy, he exclaimed: "Not by a —— sight; the city can't afford"—and then a vigorous shake from his wife brought him to his senses, to realize he was making a spectacle of himself. Marshall is still dark at night.

We spoke of the glee club in terms of sorrow the other day. With it are the four geniuses who cuff the guitar or mandolin and sing alleged comic songs. We always laugh, but just why we afterwards wonder. After picking away at the instruments awhile and listening intently to see if they are running neck and neck, the mandolin four finally sit back contentedly and all cuff together. The little instruments go off with a rattle and a bang. After a preliminary tackle, the four musicians suddenly burst into song, perhaps something like this:

Father's beard has whiskers in it,
Angel Mabel splits the wood;
Why should auntie punish Willie
If he only would be good.

Those may not be the exact words, but they convey the sense of the song. Then there is great laughter and applause, and the boys do it again. It's kind of fun, tho, isn't it, come to think of it? Oh, yes, the glee club gets our quarter when it strikes the enterprising suburb of Stony Lonely.

Mont Pelee is sending up a cone of rock, or probably of pumice stone, to an almost incredible height. Several expeditions of physical scientists are fooling around in the vicinity of the volcano, but no ambitious scientist with Van Dyke whiskers has yet ventured to wet his finger and touch this great cone of rock to see if it will sizzle. One reason is that the whole top of the mountain is as hot as the south side of the lot in lawn-mowing time, and unless a man had an asbestos suit on and could demonstrate over a fiery furnace, as Shadrack did, he wouldn't last much longer than a lemon ice in the presence of a young and beauteous school teacher. The volcano is also sending out poisonous gases and there is a probability that the cone will fall over some day.

Why any scientist persists in fooling around a volcano when he can be sitting comfortably on the front steps listening to his best girl tee-heeing is what gets us. —A. J. R.

DISCOURAGED BROKERS

The gentlemen who hold seats as brokers on the New York Produce exchange are not making the money they did once. They are discouraged. Not only have they been hit by the general depression, but they have an account to settle direct with the west. The balance is steadily increasing against them, and, what is worse, seems to be growing worse each year. Chicago is handling direct most of the business that was once done in New York. The purchasers of food stuffs buy of the Chicago brokers, and thus eliminate one man in the transaction. Chicago is making the most of the fact that she is the natural outlet of the grain growing areas of America, and she does not intend to let New York do any business that she can do herself.

A VANDERBILT A SHARPSHOOTER

Lieutenant Cornelius Vanderbilt, who was last week made a member of Governor Odell's staff, won honors as a sharpshooter at Creedmoor Saturday. When some of the best shots in the regiment failed to qualify young Vanderbilt qualified not only as a marksman but as a sharpshooter. He had not been shooting with a revolver for any length of time, and his brother officers were surprised when he scored 18 at the 25-yard range with a 38-calibre revolver. His record for the marksmanship, made with a revolver, was 38 out of a possible 50. At the first range, 50 yards, he astonished the officers by plugging the bull's eye twice.

DESTROYING A SHAKSPEREAN RELIC

In a letter to a London daily Sir Edwin Arnold bewails the impending destruction of the ancient Verona building which was the home of Shakspere's Juliet. It is now being used as an inn, with stables attached, but the owner has decided to demolish it, as it is not a profitable possession. Sir Edwin makes eloquent plea for the preservation of this interesting structure, but it is pointed out that, inasmuch as Englishmen are allowing London landmarks to be removed to make room for modern buildings, his appeal is likely to fall on heedless ears. "This is a practical age," says one writer, "and Juliet has been dead 600 years."

THE BIGGEST BLUEFISH.

Nelson P. Ewen, a member of the life saving crew at Nantucket, Mass., caught the largest bluefish ever hooked on the Atlantic coast the other day. It measured three feet nine and one-half inches long and weighed a trifle over twenty-seven pounds.

Defective Page