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The Great Daily

—OF THE—

Great Northwest

Average Daily Circulation of THE JOURNAL For the month of November,

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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.

Herbert Spencer.

Herbert Spencer died at London this morning. The author of the most imposing attempt to construct a philosophy of the universe, the kosmos, he won the intellectual homage of the whole philosophical world, including many who do not agree with many of his conclusions.

He was born with mathematical genius struggling for expression within him. Curiously enough he read nothing until he was 7 years old and then the book he read was that old favorite of boys, "Sanford and Merton." When he went to school he was conspicuously inattentive and even trifling. Before he was 13, however, he had shown a preference for electrical and chemical experiments and soon developed a disposition to make experiments himself and became a civil engineer and incidentally took up the study of geology, and, at 19, he announced his belief that all organized beings had arisen by development. He soon arrived at the conclusion that a miracle was an impossibility and dropped the current theology and its explanation of the origin of things.

While contributing scientific papers on this basis to the English journals, Spencer patented many useful inventions and, in 1828, he began to write his "Social Statics." From that period his literary labors were incessant, and it was only last year that he finished the series of volumes embodying his philosophical system.

Thru intense application in writing "The Principles of Psychology" he lost his earlier robust health and has since been obliged at intervals to suspend work, in order to gain strength. His labors were unremunerative for a long time, for his doctrine of the kosmos was antagonized by many. He sunk $20,000 preparing and publishing his "Descriptive Sociology."

In giving his testimony as an author before the copyright commission a quarter of a century ago, he admitted that his income from his books was very meager. But in his later days the philosophy associated with his name, founded upon the doctrine of organic evolution, has won its way to large acceptance, and his works are in demand as no other works of secular philosophy are.

Yet the mighty intellectual monument which Spencer raised to his own genius, which many have made their guide out of the Serberian bog of incertitude and doubt, does not satisfy or convince still other vast numbers of people. One can admit that the law of nature embodies, as Spencer said, progress from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, from the general to the special, from simple to complex, from unity to differentiation of functions and physiological division of labor; but when he drew a line against going any further and inquiring into the nature of the "First Cause," of the Spencerian philosophy, the Absolute, the Infinite, the Unconditioned, the Unknowable, the inquisitive inquirer could follow him no further. Many very intelligent people believe that it is irrational to attempt to shut God out of his universe.

Spencer was not a materialist. No one acquainted with his system charges him with holding to the crude materialism which eliminates all supernatural elements, effacing soul and deity, for Spencer believed in the existence and immateriality of mind, and he holds that this is the one fact which transcends in absolute certainty every other fact. Spencer, however, after formulating his philosophy on the basis of the positivist conception, embodying all modern discoveries in biology, anthropology, ethnology, etc., with consummate skill, took the ground that we can go no further and acquire a knowledge of the "First Cause." His elaborate philosophy reveals the marvelous works of an original maker of the laws emphasized, but humanity cannot know the law-giver. Denying that the ultimate being can be known, he denied that it is spirit, altho he affirmed the existence and immateriality of the mind of man which can know the immaterial. It is the humiliation of the reason before a blank abstraction.

This is obviously the weak point in the Spencerian philosophy. Yet, certainly, it must be conceded that Herbert Spencer's place in the front rank of the intellect of the world, notably in his acuteness and wonderful power of analsis, cannot be successfully disputed.

The aldermanic indictments have been dismissed and there are those who are ready to say that no good has come of their having been found. We are not quite sure of that. We are rather inclined to think that some good has come of it, but we do not feel called upon just now to point out now and where.

The Rural Mail Carrier.

Fourth Assistant Postmaster General Bristow recommends that the salaries of rural mail carriers be increased from $500 to $750 a year and that they be restricted to the performance of their official duties. If the rural carrier is to give the government all his time, he certainly ought to have as much of a salary as the city carrier who does not have to provide horses and wagons. At present the carrier ekes out his salary by means of all sorts of little commissions performed for the people along his route. As his regular pay is already too small an increase of $150 in his salary is not enough.

It is a grave question whether Mr. Bristow is not making a mistake in recommending that carriers be forbidden to conduct a sort of private express and commission business on the side. Half the benefits of rural service will be lost for many of its patrons if they are deprived of the right to ask the carrier to make little purchases for them or attend to other matters in town.

One thing is sure: If the recommendation is favorably acted upon there will be such a demand for the introduction of a parcels post service that even the ultra conservatives in the postoffice department and in congress will know that something has happened. The rural mail delivery has developed as an incident a service that is a very good substitute for a parcels post in the country. Take away that service just when the people have begun to appreciate it, and the demand for a parcels post will rattle the dry bones in Washington.

A member of the board of control realizes that that body must endeavor to solve the tough problem of so managing university finances that there will be enough money on hand to meet current expenses as they are incurred. If the board can not find any means to solve the problem without farther legislation, it will devolve upon it to present to the next session of the legislature a plan for administering the university finances in such a way that an institution that is provided with enough money to pay its way, will be able to draw on its resources when it has regular obligations to meet.

Afterthoughts on the President's Message.

President Roosevelt waxed righteously indignant in his message when he came to the subject of bribery. His words ought to burn themselves into the consciousness of some callous-conscience citizens who think the only reproach associated with bribe-giving or bribe-taking is to be found out—and some do not allow that even that is a reproach.

"There can be no crime," the president says, "more serious than bribery. Other offenses violate one law, while corruption strikes at the foundation of all law."

Never were truer words spoken. The corruptionist, whether he be a needy "striker" or a lordly financial magnate, is the deadly enemy of his neighbors, his community and his country. There are such men in every city in this country—men who move among other men without special notice; who belong to the fashionable clubs, who move in the best society, who are sometimes conspicuous church members and loud professors of formal righteousness, who are well known by their thoughtful neighbors to be among the greatest sources of evil in the community. It is often remarked that it would almost amount to a regeneration of these cities if men of this stripe could be exiled. It is difficult to convict them, for they are slippery rogues, and have friends where they should be friendless. So they go thru life corrupting and contaminating and doing more evil in a day than lesser villains do in a life time.

The truth is that the American people do not consider bribe-taking and bribe-giving a grave crime. When they do, there will be fewer criminals of that sort in and out of prison.

Upon a re-reading of the message the portion devoted to the Panama affairs makes an even deeper impression than at first. It deserves to stand as a document by itself. It throws Colombia out of court and makes it certain that there will be no strong opposition in the senate to the ratification of the treaty with Panama. If a presidential communication ever made votes in the senate, the president's discussion of the Panama affair does. It will go a long way, if carefully read, to satisfy our European and South American critics that our course in Panama is justified before the nations. Think of it! Fifty-three rebellions, revolutions and riots in fifty-seven years, not to mention threatened disturbances and some that have escaped chronicling in the confusion. After a masterly review of the arguments justifying the course of the United States, the president drives the case home in this wise:

Under such circumstances the government of the United States would have been guilty of folly and weakness amounting in their sum to a crime against the nation, had it acted otherwise than it did when the revolution of Nov. 3 last took place in Panama.

To the people of the west the president's discussion of the land laws and the reclamation work will be both interesting and satisfying. The president does not forget his essential sympathy with the west. He speaks in warmest praise of the policy of reclamation and evinces a deep understanding of the gravity of the public land question. It would be hard to name a national problem of greater importance.

Our fecund population multiplies itself at the rate of 15,000,000 a decade, and the swarming children of the republic, no longer able to find free land at home, after the custom of a hundred years, are marching into foreign territory. Yet out there beyond the Missouri, in the great plains, in the valleys of the Rockies and beyond on the slope to the Pacific a hundred million acres await only that touch the government can give to make homes for 50,000,000. President Roosevelt has seen the opportunity and seized it. He will be remembered in history not only as the president who took for the republic what will be the focal point of the world's commerce, but as the president who wrested an empire from hostile nature, as the president who gained Panama and reclaimed the arid west.

Editor George B. Winship of the Grand Forks Herald has resigned the registership of the land office of his district in order that he may have more time to devote to his splendid daily paper and more opportunity to pursue the political policies for which he has stood so many years in North Dakota. A republican, he has been too progressive and too independent to be a cog in the political machine. His paper has always been a power in the campaigns for prohibition, ballot reform, antimerger and other causes. His resignation leaves him without obligation to the party men and in position to strike some lusty blows for principle's sake. The Journal congratulates him upon throwing off the incubus.

The Bright Side.

Bad as this age may be in some phases of morals, it is a grand success in some of its material phases. Yesterday 600 Scandinavian-Americans left Chicago on a special vestibuled train of eight coaches for New York, whence they will sail for the northland on the steamer Scandinavia with 600 others. The travelers carried from $500 to $1,000 each. In the spring time these home travelers will return to the United States—the promised land in very truth.

In what other age of the world was it possible for 1,200 men of less than moderate means to take four or five months off, travel 12,000 miles in comfort and luxury to see "the old folks at home" and hardly feel the expense?

Talk of fairy tale transitions from peasant to prince, here are 1,200 men who have been transformed from peasants to princes! A few years ago these merry, prosperous men, joyously speeding home to "the north countree" in Pullman coaches and 10,000-ton ships, were almost hopeless peasants except for the ray of hope and light that had come to them across the sea from the land of plenty, prosperity and opportunity. Had they stayed at home their lives would have been passed in about the same path of routine duties unrelieved by hope or change from the cradle to the grave. But somehow they managed to turn out of the rut, managed someway to cross the seas and plunged joyously into the melee of American life.

And now they travel back in grand style to spend the winter months in the old home and inflame all the peasant folk of Scandinavia with an ardent desire to join the throng of those who seek and find the promised land.

The report of the controller of the currency shows that the sum of individual deposits in the national banks reached its maximum on June 9, 1903, when it attained the prodigious total of $3,201,000,000. During the next three months it fell off nearly $45,000,000. This decline in deposits was coincident with an increase of loanable funds in the banks of more than $48,000,000 as compared with last year. If the decline in individual deposits were indicated only by a comparison between June and September, it would be possible to explain them by the usual trade movements, but the deposits are smaller by about $50,000,000 than they were a year ago. It hardly seems possible that the business activity of the summer months was such as to cause a withdrawal of so much money. Is our old friend, the hoarder, getting busy again? But, of course, bank deposits and cash are not identical.

No department of the Tribune is more appreciated than that of dramatic criticism. This department had a gem yesterday that we feel we must pass on to our readers, giving the Tribune full credit for it, however:

"Whatever charges of artistic shortcomings may be entered against Ezra Kendall by professional critics, and however convincing to themselves may be their learned and technical disquisitions on dramatic unity and other structural requirements, he has nevertheless won the favor of the only critic whose decisions, inartistic and unlearned tho they are, are of any tangible value to actors, managers or theater owners. This critic is that childish, inconsistent and illiterate composite—the audience."

The Metropolitan should start a night school for its audiences.

Editor Dowling of the iron range is very unprofessional. He jumped on a brother editor yesterday with both feet and both hands. One hand with a pencil in it is the only way provided for in the ethics of the profession for the settlement of personal grievances between "members of the press."

The prosecution seems to be winning at every step in the merger cases.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

Claims of Attorney General Douglas to the Supreme Bench Appointment Being Urged—Collins' Resignation and Appointment Likely to Come at the Same Time—Mix-up in Hennepin Is Charged to Machinations of Dunn Supporters—Succession to Judge Lochren a Possible Factor.

Governor Van Sant is still struggling with the problem of a successor to Judge Collins, tho the judge has not handed in his resignation. It is as definitely settled as anything can be that he will resign, but there is no great rush about it, and it is thought that the step will not be taken until the governor has decided whom to put in his place.

Strong pressure is coming from outside the cities for the appointment of Attorney General Douglas. The many friends of that official are moving everything to compass his appointment, and some of the governor's closest advisers have declared in favor of it. They say that the attorney general's association with Governor Van Sant on the merger issue makes him the logical selection for the place. They also urge it from the standpoint of good politics, saying that Douglas will bring strength to the administration. "An appointment given to the country is a source of strength; an appointment in Hennepin county is a weakness," is the aphorism coined by one of the Douglas supporters.

Mr. Douglas himself has signified his desire for the appointment if it does not require him to retire from the merger case before it is finished. If he can remain in his present place until after the case is heard in January he will be ready for preferment. Naturally, the decision handed down by the supreme court yesterday clears the way somewhat. By removing the danger that the case will be thrown out for lack of jurisdiction, the state is assured a fair hearing on the merits of the case Jan. 4. As the Collins resignation is not likely to take effect until after Feb. 1, there will be nothing to prevent Mr. Douglas from accepting.

Hennepin county wants a place on the supreme bench, and is proceeding in the usual headless fashion to press its claims on the governor. If he satisfied all who have written or seen him in regard to the matter, Governor Van Sant would appoint Judges Elliott, Simpson and Brooks to the Collins vacancy, and name for the district bench, Judge Andrew Holt, F. B. Snyder, Fred H. Boardman, Frank H. Healy, Fred B. Wright, C. G. Laybourn, C. L. Smith and John H. Steele. There is no symptom of getting together on any proposition. In fact, the discord is unusual, even for Hennepin, and it has been charged that the Dunn organization being formed in the city is responsible for it. Unless some order is produced from the chaos, Hennepin is likely to be passed over entirely.

One proposition looking to harmony includes the appointment of Judge Simpson to the supreme bench, and the naming of Judge Steele to succeed him. This, it is urged, would reconcile local factions, and make it possible to elect a republican congressman. It is said that Judge Jamison favors Simpson's appointment, but whether he is agreeable to the promotion of Steele is not known. Whether this would harmonize the Elliott contingent is not stated.

Some long-headed politicians find the succession to Judge Lochren mingled with the present problem. Judge Lochren has only two or three more years to serve until he is eligible to retire, and unless his health improves he will doubtless take advantage of the privilege at once. His successor will naturally come from Hennepin county, and if Judge Elliott were still on the district bench, he would be a strong candidate for the place. Those who aspire to the federal bench want to find another place for Judge Elliott.

Those who looked to the Northfield News for politics last week were regaled with leading editorials on "Raising Calves," "The Selection of a Sire," and "Green Feed for Hogs," but found no politics. However, the proprietor of the paper returned home yesterday from his little recuperative trip, and will hammer with renewed vigor all who are suspected of sympathy with the governor and his antimerger policy.

It is reported that Dr. Babcock has a newspaper venture at Detroit under consideration. Paul F. Dehnel, who recently retired from the Wanda Pioneer Press, visited Detroit lately to look over the ground, and there met the Wadena doctor and his fidus Achates, W. E. Verity.

Now the Dunn newspapers have discovered a victory for their man in the recent election in the Seventh Ward club. Members of the club say they did not know the governorship was an issue, but that they divided according to their preference for alderman. Will Dunn get the alderman from the seventh?

—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 hundreds words is a safe limit.

A Fugitive Poem.

To the Editor of The Journal.

Years ago the following poem was sent to me by a friend. It was a clipping from a newspaper. I do not know its title or its author, but it is good.

—Stanley Hall.

Sometimes I feel so passionate a yearning
For spiritual perfection here below,
This vigorous frame with healthful fervor burning
Seems my determined foe.

So actively it makes a stern resistance,
So cruelly sometimes it wages war
Against a wholly spiritual existence,
Which I am striving for.

It interrupts my soul's intense devotions,
Some hope it strangles of divinest birth,
With a swift rush of violent emotions
Which link me to the earth.

It is as if two mortal foes contended
Within my bosom in a deadly strife,
One for the loftier aims for souls intended,
One for the earthly life.

And yet I know this very war within me,
Which brings out all my will-power and control;
This very conflict at the last shall win me
The loved and longed-for goal.

The very fire which seems sometimes so cruel
Is the white light that shows me my own strength.
A furnace fed by the divinest fuel
It may become at length.

Ah! when in the immortal ranks enlisted,
I sometimes wonder if we shall not find
That not by deeds, but by what we've resisted,
Our places are assigned.

FRANKNESS

New York World.

"Frankness," said Speaker Cannon, "is an attribute greatly to be admired. The frankest man I ever knew was a chap out in Illinois who served several terms in the legislature. Then he came home and built himself a fine house. It was a beauty and cost a power of money.

"'Nice house you've got there,' said a visitor in the town where the ex-legislator lived.

"'Yes,' he replied, 'it is a nice house.'

"'Where did you get the money?'

"'Down at Springfield, of course,' the ex-legislator replied. 'I tell you, my friend there is a heap of yeas and nays in that house.'"

NEWS OF THE BOOK WORLD

Two Books of Good Sermons—Story of Laying of Atlantic Cable, an Epoch-Making Event—A Book for Coming Financial Leaders—Some "Cheerful Cats."

Two books of sermons, in each of which is emphasized the Christian duty of joy, have recently come to the desk of The Journal's book department. One of these is Dr. Henry Van Dyke's **Joy and Power**, and the other is **The Living Christ**, by Dr. George H. Ide. Dr. Van Dyke's book includes the sermon delivered by him before the general assembly of the Presbyterian church at Los Angeles. Dr. Ide's book contains, among other sermons delivered in the Grand Avenue Congregational church of Milwaukee, one on "A Neglected Christian Duty." The former was delivered to an audience made up of clergymen and church officials and the latter to laymen entirely. Both carry the same message to church people—that the church must teach strongly and clearly the truths that Jesus taught and that it must find happiness in living the simple life and doing good, if it would be heard gladly and honored sincerely. Dr. Van Dyke says, speaking of the Christian truths:

But, most of all, we must keep them in close and living touch with the problems of daily duty and experience. For no doctrine, however high, however true, can make men happy until translated into life.

Let a man live now in the light of the knowledge that he is to live forever. How it will deepen and strengthen the meaning of his existence, lift him above petty cares and ambitions, and make things that are worth while precious to his heart. Let him really set his affections on the spiritual side of life; let him endure afflictions patiently because he knows they are but for a moment; let him think more of the soul than of the body; let him do good to his fellow-men in order to make them sharers of his immortal hope; let him purify his love and friendship that they may be fit for the heavenly life. Surely the man who does these things will be happy.

Dr. Ide approaches this question of immortality from the other side. He urges those who have been parted from others, on whose presence happiness seemed to depend, to live their profession that that parting is not final but only temporary and short at the worst. He calls for a profession by conduct and not by words and formal services.

Both of the books are thoroly stimulating and helpful. One trouble with sermons generally is that their influence is too fleeting. A strong, vigorous sermon needs to be studied—read and reread. For that reason such sermons as these deserve to be preserved in print.

The Story of the First Atlantic Cable, and the failure of the enterprise, after briefly working and used to speed messages between President Buchanan and Queen Victoria, has often been told, but Charles Bright very entertainingly tells it again, in honor of the jubiless of submarine telegraphy, incident to the laying of the Pacific cable connecting the United States with the Philippines and the Asiatic mainland. Like other Englishmen, Mr. Bright tries to give his fellow countrymen credit for all discovery in this direction, but he has to give Cyrus Field credit for pushing the Atlantic cable enterprise to a successful issue. The cable was laid and the world rejoiced, but it failed, after working awhile. Too high charges of electricity had been forced into the cable and burst thru the gutta percha. Experience was gained and, after losing a cable in 1865, success crowned the effort in 1866, after which cable-laying became quite an ordinary piece of business.

Dr. Bolles' book on **Money, Banking and Finance**, is designed for students of the theory and practice of banking, for bankers and students of banking history. After a preliminary chapter in the nature and uses of money, the author proceeds to studies in the classification of banks, organization of banks, bank circulation and the national banking system, the law as to commercial paper, duties of bank officers, savings banks, their origin and utility; clearing-houses, loan and trust companies, bank finance and private banking.

Professor Rolfe is one of the most distinguished authorities on Shakspere texts and interpretations in this country. His edition of **The Merchant of Venice**, first published in 1870, has been revised and the book now contains all the necessary changes incident to the progress of the study of Shakspere and his text during the past thirty years.

J. G. FRANCIS.
Whose book of the "Cheerful Cats" will please little folk.

For children who are fond of cats—and few children are not—J. G. Francis' **A Book of Cheerful Cats**, will prove attractive. Mr. Francis has not only written rhymes that are rollicking, but he has drawn pictures to fit his rhymes, or, perhaps it would be better to say he has written rhymes to fit his pictures. Either way, the combination is good.

THE MAGAZINES

Chance to See Philippines in St. Louis.—That means the islands and not the people. The Philippine exhibit at the great fair will be thirty-five acres in extent. So says William P. Wilson in the excellent December number of the **American Monthly Review of Reviews**. Among the features of the great exhibit will be "a great map 125 feet long and 50 feet broad will represent the islands in elevation. It will be built upon a raised platform of cement, and so adjusted that the visitor can walk around the entire map on a handsome raised platform of bamboo. The map will show the relation of the islands to one another and the waterways between them, and the geographical relation of the whole to Japan on the north, China on the west, and Borneo and the Celebes on the south. * * * At the very entrance of the grounds will be a representation of the 'Walled City' of Manila. It will show the massive old Spanish walls surrounded by moats, pierced with embrasures for the guns, and great ports and gateways." H. L. Elmendorf, writing for the same magazine, says: "A boy of 17 should intimately know the English Bible. He should know it as literature quite aside from its religious teaching. He should know it from having had it read to him from his earliest years, and from reading and studying it for himself. A boy who grows up without this intimate acquaintance with the great masterpiece of all literature is without something for the loss of which nothing can compensate and which nothing can replace."

Ethics and The Hague Tribunal.—The Venezuelan arbitration before The Hague tribunal was one of ethics and not of money or territory, says Wayne MacVeagh, who represented the United States, in the unusually interesting December number of **The North American Review**. "The fact that such a question should have been submitted to the tribunal for decision is of infinitely more importance than any decision which may be rendered regarding it. The question was: Were the acts of the allied powers, Great Britain, Germany and Italy, in blockading ports, bombarding forts and seizing or sinking the gunboats of Venezuela, rendered just and necessary by the conduct of the latter power, or should they, under the conventions of The Hague conference, have submitted their claims to impartial adjudication before enforcing their payment from a defenseless nation at the cannon's mouth; and were the allied powers, since they forced Venezuela to produce the fund out of which claims against her were to be settled, entitled to have their claims met before those of other creditors?" In the same number is begun a review of Morley's Gladstone by Goldwin Smith, and there is given a Colombian's view of "The Treacherous Treaty" and the present status of affairs in the isthmus of Panama.

Churchman's Views of Irving's Dante.—Altogether the most interesting thing in **Donahue's** Christmas number is John Talbot Smith's "The Failure of Irving's Dante." The title of the article indicates that it is an unfavorable critique. It condemns Irving for attempting the play, but much more Sardou for making it. Mr. Smith's condemnation goes so far that in describing the play he says: "The fourth act finds him (Irving as Dante), very properly, in hell, and the audience looks eagerly for that particular place in which Sardou should be, and where his victims trust he will be some day." Rather an unchurchmanlike "trust" that. And then comes this: "Alas, poor Irving! He wanders about thru this drama like a lunatic in a bathrobe. * * * It is a sad, sad spectacle! However, Sardou must take all the blame, the poisonous bigot of Marly, who sacrificed whatever little art remains to him, sacrificed an actor who has helped to make him known, insulted the far-off audiences who have patronized his dramas many years, slandered the great poet of the middle ages, out of a mean desire to injure the Catholic church, in which it is likely his mother had him baptized."

Charming Drawings of Children.—The most charming feature of **Current Literature's** fine holiday number is a group of drawings of childhood, in delicate sepia tones, by Walter Russell, from "The Bending of the Twig." Seldom have we seen the equal of this work in a magazine. Timely as a Christmas article, also, is "Picturesque Life of the Holy Land," by John Kelman, and "How Christmas Comes to the Tenements" from Jacob Riis' "Children of the Tenements."

BOOKS RECEIVED

JOY AND THE POWER, THREE MESSAGES WITH A MEANING. By Henry Van Dyke. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. Price 75 cents.

THE LIVING CHRIST, THE VITAL FORCE IN PULPIT AND PEW. by Rev. George H. Ide, D. D. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Price $1 net.

THE STORY OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE. By Charles Bright, F. R. S. E., author of "Submarine Telegraphs," etc. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price $1 net.

MONEY, BANKING AND FINANCE. By Albert S. Bolles, Ph. D., LL. D., author of "Practical Banking," etc. Chicago: American Book company. Price $1.25.

A PRACTICAL COURSE IN SPANISH. By H. M. Monsanto, A. M., and L. A. Languellier, LL. D. Revised by F. M. Josselyn, Jr., assistant professor of Romance Languages in the Boston university. Chicago: The American Book company. Price $1.25.

A BOOK OF CHEERFUL CATS and Other Animated Animals. By J. G. Francis. New York: The Century company. Minneapolis: Nathaniel McCarthy. Price $1. Stories told by pictures.

SHAKSPERE'S COMEDY OF THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. Edited with notes by William J. Rolfe, Litt. D. Illustrated. Chicago: The American Book company. Price 56 cents.

GRIMM'S KINDER-UND HAUSMARCHEN. Selected and edited with an introduction, notes and vocabulary by B. J. Vos, associate professor of German in Johns Hopkins university. Chicago: The American Book company, Nos. 521-531 Wabash avenue.

AT THE THEATERS

Metropolitan—"The Vinegar Buyer."

The popularity of punning is emphasized whenever Ezra Kendall comes to town. Returning as "The Vinegar Buyer" this week, Mr. Kendall finds it easy to pun his audience into continual laughter. When a natural comedian so consents to confine his ability within the play on words he waits a benison of charity to the librettists of musical comedy; with all their jocular vice they do make drolleries, at times, that are not puns. But Mr. Kendall, who is much like Tim Murphy, and possesses the quizzzical, semi-sad face, the dry tones, the placid, insinuating manner, that could accomplish much, is satisfied with punning. He is personally responsible, no doubt, for many of his lines in Herbert Hall Winslow's little play. He must realize, as every punster does, that this variety of funmaking can be acquired thru a correspondence school, is even infectious, like physical squinting, and demands the merest shadow of the acumen that is the basis of real wit. Yet Mr. Kendall also knows that the audience, select or otherwise, that would titter uncertainly at the finest strokes of Sheridan, will laugh like Sancho or Falstaff on the very first reference to "mother" in the vinegar. Content with vaudeville popularity, Mr. Kendall does not strive, unfortunately, to follow in the pathway of Joe Jefferson.

There is effective pathos, undoubtedly, in Mr. Kendall's grasp. An awkward attempt to develop it appears in "The Vinegar Buyer." But whether the fault of dramatist or star, this pathos is so tactlessly mingled with the puns that listeners always laugh in the wrong place.

Something more, indeed, than entertaining characters—even those from Whitcomb Riley—are needed to make a play. "The Vinegar Buyer" as a play is forced and crude. The boy that sings when talking, the woman that always accents the wrong syllable, are merely farcical eccentrics. But C. H. Crosby, as the village drunkard; dainty Miss June Mathis, as his daughter, succeed well. Miss Lottie Alter, sweet-voiced and gentle, imparts the spirit of true maidenhood to the stilted role of Mildred. The stage investiture is eminently artistic. —H. B. Curry.

Foyer Chat.

The chief value of "Quincy Adams Sawyer," which is to be seen at the Metropolitan the latter part of this week, lies in its collection of quaint characters. The story involves the usual types found in all small New England communities, and they are excellently portrayed by a superior organization of players.

"McFadden's Row of Flats," with its clever specialties, pretty girls and catchy music, is proving an attractive offering for Bijou patrons this week. A popular-priced matinee will be given to-morrow at 2:30.

"A Desperate Chance," the latest sensational drama by Theodore Kremer, will be the attraction at the Bijou for one week, commencing next Sunday.

The company supporting William H. Crane in "The Spenders," in which he will appear at the Metropolitan for three nights and matinee, commencing next Monday evening, is an excellent one. There are fourteen characters in the development of the plot, all in capable hands. Among the women are Lucille Flaven, Marion Johnson, Lida McMillan, Anne Caverly, Marie Bingham and Mrs. J. Darling. Among the men are George S. Spencer, John Flood, Percy Brooke, Charles Crawford, George F. DeVere, William Wray and Gabriel Ravanelle. Seats for Crane's engagement will be placed on sale Thursday morning.

An unusually large Monday night audience witnessed the Ferris Stock company's clever production of the great scenic production of "Around the World in Eighty Days." The piece is one of the best productions the company has presented this season. A matinee will be given Thursday afternoon at 2:15.

THE NONPAREIL MAN

Granville S. Pease on the Decay of Genuine Americanism — The Disgusting Habit of Requiring Our Cards to Be Sent in Before the Merchant Prince or Railroad President Will Receive Us—Foreign Airs Assumed by the Second Vice President of the Anoka Junction, Whangdoodle & Nowhere Line.

Uncle Granville Pease of the Anoka Union voices a general complaint of the exclusiveness of the celebrated American of whom the world desires to borrow $5 till next Saturday night. Mr. Pease says:

When it becomes necessary for me to beard some big lion in his den—behind closed doors—and, mind you, I steer clear of such visits whenever I can—all my native American blood raises in revolt. I'm sorry to say it is getting worse from year to year. It actually takes from me any desire to meet such personages, and creates a desire to leave them alone in their glory. The custom of the big guns to hide themselves in some secluded spot, where no one can see them without sending in a card, is un-American and partakes of exclusiveness not consistent with my ideas of equality and freedom.

Mr. Pease is right. When Andrew Jackson and Colonel Jefferson were on earth a native American didn't have to send in a piece of printed pasteboard to get an audience. He walked right into the White House, expectorated on the floor, interrupted the foreign ambassadors' call and addressed the presidents by their first names. Now to get an audience with the second vice president of the Anoka Junction, Whangdoodle & Nowhere line a man has to salaam twice, knock his head on the floor of the anteroom and the colored servitor with a gold plate takes in his card. Then, more than half of the time, you cannot get your pass.

This condition of affairs is un-American and ought not so to be.

The Chaska Review accuses Brother Sjoblom of the Minneapolis Telegram of abolishing thjuggery, bjigmittism and wjine rjooms in Minneapolis. We are glad of it.

A Portland, Me., man had the misfortune to lose his mind, but while wandering about, a load of wood fell upon him, thereby restoring his reason. With wood at its present price, a load of it falling on our back yard would restore our reason pretty quick.

A local member of the Ahts and Crahfts had made a little thing in wood so hideously plain that even the higher criticism shied at it. A friend who had been called in to rave over it, remarked patronizingly, "Oh that isn't half bad, you know, if you don't get too strong a light upon it."

It was a severe strain on friendship.

Jinks Stans and Alf Nord, while out hunting, shot into what the Chaska Review calls an animate atomizer. Their clothes are now sub rosa.

A happy groom drifted into the office of the Gully, Minn., Sunbeam to tell the paper all about it, and found he had forgotten the name of the bride, at which the Gully editor wonders much.

The Chicago News tells of a bald-headed man in Missouri who is suing for a divorce because his wife compelled him to sit on the front stoop all summer to keep the flies out of the house. He furnished the cheerful little insects so much entertainment that they couldn't bear to go in.

A little preparatory work has already begun at the Panama canal. This seems to indicate that "Terrible Teddy" is not afraid of Colombia.

That poor family with seven small children, taxes to pay and shoes to buy, might not feel much insulted if your teamster, kind o' careless like, dumped a cord of good hard rock maple wood into their yard.

Mrs. Craigie, better known as John Oliver Hobbes, responding to a toast at a London banquet, declared that woman owes all she knows outside of domesticity to men, and boldly cited George Eliot, George Sand, Angelica Kaufman, Charlotte Bronte and others as examples. She said women would never go into the arts and intellectual pursuits except for the support of men; and, as to literary activity, she echoed with emphasis the anecdotive, non-creative theory of Saintsbury. "Great actresses," said Mrs. Craigie, warming to her theme, "great players on musical instruments, great singers and great writers were all, without exception, first trained and taught by men." We would not care to interview Miss Anthony on Mrs. Craigie's views, nor will many men care to give tongue to them in the bosom of their families. Speaking of non-creativeness, there is our gentle friend, Mrs. Nation, who has created several panics among the blind pigs, causing them to run violently down a steep place in Kansas.

The ash-burning craze has struck Rochester, Minn., and the Post and Record of that bright little city advises its subscribers to take in their ashpiles over night. A suspicious-looking individual was seen one evening last week hovering around a small pile of ashes in the rear of the mayor's residence, but nothing was thought of it until the morning light showed that part of the heap was missing. The property rights of the mayor had been trampled upon. Next thing we know somebody will be stealing the old tin cans we all dump over back of our neighbors' lots. —A. J. R.

SUPERIOR ADVANTAGES

No Chance in Canada for a Man of High Aspirations.

Washington Post.

Senator Hansbrough numbers among his North Dakota constituents an eloquent French Canadian, who speaks the patois fluently, and is an exceedingly useful member of society in campaign time for keeping voters of his own nationality within the republican fold. This anecdote was told yesterday in a senate committee room about one of the Frenchman's characteristic speeches:

"My friends," said this French Canadian orator, "this United States is a wonderful country. Every one of you may be elected to the common council. Then a few of you may be elected to be governor of the state, or one of you may be elected to congress. Perhaps, if you do your work at Washington well, you may be elected again. And if you still do well, you may in time be elected president of the United States.

"Isn't this, then, a more wonderful country than Canada?" asserted the orator, reaching the climax. "Over across the border not one of you could ever hope to be elected queen."

IT DIDN'T COME OFF

The Smile That Helped Hermann Win His Congressional Race in Oregon.

Washington Post.

Representative Hermann of Oregon can testify to the value of photography in campaigning. He went thru a heated campaign a few months ago, which resulted in his election for the unexpired term of the late Representative Tongue. Mr. Hermann's democratic opponents harped constantly about the president's attitude toward him. They said the president was not friendly.

One day Mr. Roosevelt came touring thru Oregon. Mr. Hermann was invited to accompany him on his special train. The two were standing on the rear platform, departing from one of the towns en route, when some one in the throng cracked a joke. The president and Hermann grinned broadly, just at the opportune moment when a camera was trained upon them.

Hermann purchased many thousand copies of that photograph. There was no disputing the evidence it conveyed. His opponents, who had insisted the president and Hermann were not friendly, were thereby silenced forever.