

THE JOURNAL

HUCIAN SWIFT, MANAGER. J. S. McLAINE, EDITOR.

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WASHINGTON BUREAU. W. W. Jernan, Chief of Washington Bureau, 501-503 Colorado Building, North-Western Building, Washington, D. C.

TRAVELERS ABROAD. Will find The Journal on file as usual. LONDON—L. S. Express Co., 50 Strand.

AN INVITATION is extended to all to visit the Press Room, which is the finest in the west. The history of news consists of three-fourths of lies.

THE JOURNAL is published every evening, except Sunday, at 47-49 Fourth Street South, Journal Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

The Great Daily

OF THE Great Northwest. Average Daily Circulation of THE JOURNAL For the month of November, 61,475.

Only 2-CENT Daily in Minneapolis. REMEMBER, all this circulation is the 5 o'clock edition, which is delivered directly to the home.

The Journal carried in November 1976 columns of advertising, 400 columns more than any other Minneapolis or St. Paul paper, daily or Sunday issues combined.

The Interior Department.

The reports of the secretary of the interior are probably more generally read and studied than the reports of any other departmental secretary. The great interest the people have evinced in recent years in irrigation, forestry and the land laws, have caused a large portion of the general public to read the interior reports with interest.

The Wealth of the South.

The New York Evening Post and the Manufacturers' Record are having a little controversy over the per capita wealth of the south. The Post takes up the Record's claim that in 1860, the per capita wealth of six southern states was 18.3 per cent of the wealth of the country.

WILL CARRY OUT INVALID WILL.

Heirs that pay respect and faithful observance to a rich man's will are rare enough when everything about it is right, but how much rarer in such cases as the codicil to the will of the Englishman, Mr. L. E. B. who was testator, and who died in 1882, which was legally void.

THE OLD OFFICE TOWEL.

When I think of the towel, The old-fashioned towel, That used to hang near the printing-house door;

THE DEVIL WHO USED IT.

The trouble who abused it, The comp' who got at it when those two were gone; The make-up and foreman, The editor (poor man),

THE DEVIL WHO USED IT.

It grew harder and rougher, And blacker and tougher, And daily it took on a more inky hue; Till one windy morning, Without any warning,

TACT.

I went to a party with Janet, And met with an awful mishap, For I awkwardly emptied a cupful Of chocolate into her lap.

MINNESOTA POLITICS.

E. T. Young Says He Is Not a Candidate for Attorney General Douglas' Place—Does Not Believe Any Candidate for the Nomination Should Be Appointed—J. F. Jacobson Thinks He Has Had Enough Politics.

Edward T. Young of Appleton writes The Journal that he is not a candidate for appointment to the office of attorney general. He states his position as follows:

"I am a candidate for the nomination for attorney general at the convention next spring, but I do not desire the nomination. In view of this condition, I did not feel that I could honorably ask the delegates to elect me as a candidate at this time.

"I am willing to take chances in a fair contest for the nomination, and will cheerfully support the nominee, and I do not believe the governor will do such an injustice to the other candidates as to appoint to the vacancy, if one arises, any one who is now engaged in a friendly contest with others for the nomination. Such a course is unnecessary and would be highly improper."

J. F. Jacobson is not giving much encouragement to those of his friends who are trying to get him into the office of railroad and warehouse commissioner. While in St. Paul Saturday he said that he would not be a candidate for the office of politics. However, he is a candidate, he would not make an announcement now, believing it too early.

The Sauk County Herald comes back at Candidate Dunn in this style: "R. C. Dunn says that he doesn't have to proclaim his friendship for Senators Nelson and Clark in order to get elected. Of course he doesn't, and no one would believe him if he did. Those who have followed the trend of political events in Wisconsin are not surprised to find that he is not making his gubernatorial bid."

The Adrian Guardian is not worrying because Judge Collins is accused of being a "Herald" man. "If Judge Collins is otherwise a suitable man for the place, the support of Samuel Van Sant will not hurt him. The governor will not supply the position at the expense of politicians who will discover it if they can show down."

Herbert Spencer. To the Editor of The Journal. Herbert Spencer, the intellectual Goliath of modern English thought, the master mind that held in the firmest grasp all the treasures of modern knowledge is no more.

He shouted as loud as he could. The proposition to base representation in the republican national convention on the republican vote cast, made its appearance in the committee again last week and as usual was sidetracked. The question of fair representation has been a live one in republican conventions ever since 1852, when the votes from the south, from which no republican electoral votes are received, dictated the nomination.

THE SAUK COUNTY HERALD COMES BACK AT CANDIDATE DUNN IN THIS STYLE: "R. C. DUNN SAYS THAT HE DOESN'T HAVE TO PROCLAIM HIS FRIENDSHIP FOR SENATORS NELSON AND CLARK IN ORDER TO GET ELECTED."

THE ADRIAN GUARDIAN IS NOT WORRYING BECAUSE JUDGE COLLINS IS ACCUSED OF BEING A "HERALD" MAN. "IF JUDGE COLLINS IS OTHERWISE A SUITABLE MAN FOR THE PLACE, THE SUPPORT OF SAMUEL VAN SANT WILL NOT HURT HIM."

HERBERT SPENCER. To the Editor of The Journal. Herbert Spencer, the intellectual Goliath of modern English thought, the master mind that held in the firmest grasp all the treasures of modern knowledge is no more.

HE SHOUTED AS LOUD AS HE COULD. There was much rudeness in Li Hung Chang's manner, but if he was answered back in his own coin he melted into graciousness. Once a junior member of a British consulate was sent to interview the viceroy on some matter of importance. The viceroy sat in his ornate chair, and the visitor sat on a stool in front of him. The viceroy started shouting at him in the difficult Anhui accent. To the utter dumfounding of every one present, the viceroy on the other side of the table, the young Englishman shouted back his answer in the same loud, rough voice, as far as he could imitate it, in which Li had spoken to him. Every one in the suite was stricken with horror. Even Li started and spoke lower. Gradually the conversation assumed a conventional tone and Li went back to his usual manner, and sat down beside him. They soon became excellent friends.

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NEWS OF THE BOOK WORLD.

A Mother's Struggle with a Hereditary Kink—New Edition of "The Leopard's Spots"—Birds Learn to Sing at Singing School—New Edition of Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

The struggle of a mother to straighten a hereditary moral kink in her son's make-up, inherited from the boy's father, is depicted in Edith Wharton's Sanctuary.

As a building young woman, Kate Orme loved to be betrothed to Denis Peyton. She was a girl who knew little of the world and had a delicate sense of honor. She discovered that Denis had concealed a piece of information in order to retain in his family the property of a step-brother. But she did not learn of this until she had learned of other events, the consequences of which would be disastrous to her. Her moral nature revolted at the course taken by one whom she had supposed to be the very soul of honor. Yielding to the pressure of her own and Denis' families, however, she married Denis.

Beautifully a City—In a paper on "Civic Beauty" in The Craftsman for December one finds a wide appeal to all classes for united and unselfish effort toward civic beauty in their own communities. The author, who is a member of the Civic League of New York, says: "Here is the whole strength of the artistic spirit, the whole might of his zeal. He is doing this (working for civic beauty) not for an individual, but for all the people. The application of the large work of craftsmanship as stated, to work to be exhibited in public places. But if all citizens worked in the same spirit, what a difference there would be in the appearance of American cities."

BOOKS RECEIVED. SANCTUARY—By Edith Wharton. Illustrations by Walter Appleton Clark. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, Minneapolis: N. McCarthy, Price \$1.50.

THE LEOPARD'S SPOTS. A Romance of the White Man's Burden—1885-1900. By Thomas Dixon. Illustrated by C. D. Williams. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Minneapolis: N. McCarthy, Price \$1.50.

POEMS BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, with illustrations from his own designs. Edited by Mrs. F. G. P. Putnam's Sons, Minneapolis: N. McCarthy, Price \$1.50.

A HERMIT'S WILD FRIENDS, or Eighteen Years in the Woods. By Mason S. Walton (the hermit of Gloucester). Boston: Dana, Estes & Co., Price \$1.50.

AT THE THEATERS.

Bijou—"A Desperate Chance." The reproduction in our lives and deeds of notorious criminals upon the stage under any circumstances can find no excuse save the lame one of financial profit. Such plays as "A Desperate Chance," which is being presented at the Bijou theater this week, can have no good effect, and are certain to work bad results upon the minds of those weak-minded youths who always form the grossest part of the audience at melodramas of the over-mellow class.

"A Desperate Chance" chronicles the sad case of a young man, who, after the death of his father, is left a penniless orphan. He is taken in by a woman who promises to help him, but who really is a criminal and who flees with him. They were overtaken and the two men fatally wounded in the fight which followed. The woman, who is the villainess, is killed. The man, who is the hero, is left for dead. The woman's daughter, who is a little girl, is the ward's daughter, must be cared for.

Considered simply as a dramatic production, "A Desperate Chance" is a masterpiece of the piece. The piece is well mounted, and the cast is adequate. The fight on the road in a snowstorm in the fifth act is a highlight of the performance. Great care has been exercised in the staging of the scenes in the prison. The death scene in the last act is too morbid.

John C. Collins, the author and lecturer; Sidney Lee, the author and editor, and others prominent in the English world of letters, are to be seen in the new edition of the manuscript of Milton's "Paradise Lost," for the nation and to keep it from going to the United States. Should the government not respond to the public appeal, public subscription is suggested. The manuscript will be sold at auction in March next unless previously disposed of at private sale.

Rev. Thomas Dixon's "The Leopard's Spots" has put from \$50,000 to \$100,000 in Mr. Dixon's pocket. The publishers have issued a new edition of the book, and the latest, a large octavo, handsomely bound and profusely illustrated, indicates that the demand is not waning very much.

The authorship bug 'll git you, too, if you don't watch out. Look at the sad fate of this family, as related in one of the magazines:

Mother's got the writing fever, Father's had it for a year, Sister's "voted" to get married, Brother says his plan's a bish sphere.

Uncle's always planning essays, Aunt is busy making rhymes, Grandma's writing "Recollections," Mr. but she's not learned to read.

The new illustrated edition of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's poems, edited by Elizabeth Cary, is a most attractive example of fine typography, of the art of illustration and of the binder's art. The illustrations are from designs by Rossetti himself. In the remarkably talented Rossetti family, which brought the atmosphere of Italy into the less inspiring atmosphere of England, Dante Gabriel was the best. He was a poet, a painter, and with deep enthusiasm for the art of painting. The illustrations in these volumes reveal the character of Rossetti and the quality of his thought. They fairly interpret the poems.

Lovers of Rossetti will thank the publishers for this fine edition. It comes very opportunely at the holiday season.

Mason Walton has detailed in his A Hermit's Wild Friends his discoveries in the history of his outlook for years of isolated devotion to that science, at Bond's Hill, Gloucester, Mass. He lives in a hut and takes observations, and is open to interviews by other naturalists. He says he has discovered among many other things that the chickadee can count; that the red squirrel owns a farm or fruit garden and locates his children on territory which he pre-empted for the purpose. He tells of the songs of the birds; and how the old birds teach the young ones and the young ones learn and tone up a regular singing school. Mr. Walton prefers the use of the word "heredity" to "instinct," and finds that, so far as the needs of their lives are concerned, birds are as intelligent as human beings.

THE MAGAZINES. "Inside Panama History."—Some inside Panama history is to be found among other things in the Outlook for Dec. 12. The name of the writer is concealed, but the authority with which he speaks is vouched for by the editors. He tells of an offer by Colombia or a request from Colombia that the United States join her in cheating the Panama company out of \$40,000,000.

It is a matter of considerable interest to ministers to know what to do about political preaching. Doubtless most ministers of independence prefer to settle the question for themselves, but suggestions may be worth weighing. Dr. Lyman Abbott offers this advice: "Deal with the public issues of your time, but deal with them exclusively in their relation to the kingdom of God. As a citizen you may be a publicist, or a democrat, or a prohibitionist, but in your pulp-

THE NONPAREIL MAN.

In Which the Books of Swami Dagonabana and Swami Elizabeth Anna, Telling You How to Breathe "So as to Awaken the Solar Plexus," Are Reviewed—Advice Given to "Eat Some Air," Recalling the End Also Aimed at by the Alleged Trusts.

Some alleged friend recently sent us a notice or catalog of what are called the "Standard Books of Mystery." One of these is the "Science of Breaths" and is written by Yogi Dagonabana, who must be connected with our old friend, Swami Pankajama, his ideas are so similar. The book shows, or ought to show, that any man who breathes on you with the cigarette breath will never attain the Yogi "unfathomable."

The second book of mystery was written by our old South Dakota friend, now known in the east as Elizabeth Towne, Elizabeth. "In a very unique and interesting booklet, 'The Science of Breaths,' she tells you 'How to Wake the Solar Plexus.' Ella Wheeler Wilcox, whose solar plexus is very wide awake indeed, says the book is worth a fortune. 'The Science of Breaths' is a very wide awake indeed, says the book is worth a fortune. 'The Science of Breaths' is a very wide awake indeed, says the book is worth a fortune."

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For our part, we prefer the more esoteric teaching of Yogi Dagonabana to that of Swami Elizabeth Anna. But we may be wrong.

Columbia couldn't lick a stick of candy. In Colorado they would not allow an un-fair workman to be buried in the union cemetery.

The United States spends \$700,000,000 for breadstuffs and \$1,200,000,000 for rum.

The x-ray is said to be turning some colored people white. If several friends came in here and handed out an X-ray, we should some time in the nineties, we should blanch a little.

The Adrian Democrat man seized his pen and was thus throwing "Man turns from the splendor of sunlight into a universe with radiance, and gets his greatest inspiration from the light in woman's eyes. The beauty of the flowers of the world are reflections from her cheeks. The songs of the birds, the sigh of the zephyrs, the sounds of the grandest organs do not move me like the music of a woman's voice." Just then said the man was heard striking the Adrian Democrat for \$10 for Christmas presents and he has retired to his cool hole to meditate.

The Adrian Democrat goes on to tell of an Iowa school teacher who had taught seventy-two consecutive terms, missing only one day, when she struck the snowbank. The Democrat says that "the gods of gum she has chewed placed side by side would reach from here to yonder, or perhaps a little farther, she has spanked several senators and judges, and several men have kept company with her who now have grandchildren."

T. D. Crothers, M. D., of Hartford after some investigation, estimates that there are in this country from 100,000 to 150,000 regular users of opium, including from 5 to 10 per cent of medical men. Let us hope that our respected family practitioner is not having a pipe dream when he diagnoses our case as compound opium poisoning. Hence the observation everything below the thorax. If so, we want to quit.

A FAMOUS BLIND MAN.

The name of John Metcalfe of Kearsborough, engineer and roadmaker, is in these feverish times in danger of lapsing into undeserved oblivion. John Metcalfe was a great man, and he died at the age of 65, but he was a very high-spirited man. He was a true sportsman, a fine swimmer, and a high-class club member. He was a solitary walk from London to Harrogate by a way unknown to him that first turned his attention to roadmaking. The roads in those days were very bad. He obtained authority from parliament to improve the state of things when he was 50 years old. In Yorkshire, Lancashire, Cheshire and Derbyshire most of the principal roads were in a state of ruin. He had a vision of a better way, and he set to work. He was a man of great energy and determination. He was a man of great energy and determination. He was a man of great energy and determination.

Nothing more laughable has been applauded on the local stage this season than the production of "The Stock Exchange" by the Ferris Stock company last night. But it was only a few years ago that the same play gave long engagements to metropolitan actors and actresses. The play is a masterpiece of the piece. The piece is well mounted, and the cast is adequate. The fight on the road in a snowstorm in the fifth act is a highlight of the performance. Great care has been exercised in the staging of the scenes in the prison. The death scene in the last act is too morbid.

And, indeed, "What Happened to Jones" may rank among American farces in the high class where London placed its "Charles's Aunt." Both have succeeded in extracting continuous and appropiate laughter from natural and probable happenings. Except the coincidence of the actors and actresses, there is no connection in last night's confusion that might not easily take place; and this incident would be more plausible if each of the red mist would not assume the form of a disguise. The humor, moreover, is spontaneous and original, and is admirably maintained to a culminating paroxysm of cross-purposes. Even the tall clearing up is charmingly simple and ingenious.

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"FOR THE ENEMIES HE HAS MADE" Val, it ban over now—to-night Ay stand And looking out of window, all alone; Ay reaching out, but not feeling that hand— All the day just see little marble stone; And den Ay's pose Ay breaking down; Ay lean Ay hear Ay crying for Christmas, inc. —Milwaukee Sentinel.

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A FAMOUS BLIND MAN.

The name of John Metcalfe of Kearsborough, engineer and roadmaker, is in these feverish times in danger of lapsing into undeserved oblivion. John Metcalfe was a great man, and he died at the age of 65, but he was a very high-spirited man. He was a true sportsman, a fine swimmer, and a high-class club member. He was a solitary walk from London to Harrogate by a way unknown to him that first turned his attention to roadmaking. The roads in those days were very bad. He obtained authority from parliament to improve the state of things when he was 50 years old. In Yorkshire, Lancashire, Cheshire and Derbyshire most of the principal roads were in a state of ruin. He had a vision of a better way, and he set to work. He was a man of great energy and determination. He was a man of great energy and determination. He was a man of great energy and determination.

Nothing more laughable has been applauded on the local stage this season than the production of "The Stock Exchange" by the Ferris Stock company last night. But it was only a few years ago that the same play gave long engagements to metropolitan actors and actresses. The play is a masterpiece of the piece. The piece is well mounted, and the cast is adequate. The fight on the road in a snowstorm in the fifth act is a highlight of the performance. Great care has been exercised in the staging of the scenes in the prison. The death scene in the last act is too morbid.

And, indeed, "What Happened to Jones" may rank among American farces in the high class where London placed its "Charles's Aunt." Both have succeeded in extracting continuous and appropiate laughter from natural and probable happenings. Except the coincidence of the actors and actresses, there is no connection in last night's confusion that might not easily take place; and this incident would be more plausible if each of the red mist would not assume the form of a disguise. The humor, moreover, is spontaneous and original, and is admirably maintained to a culminating paroxysm of cross-purposes. Even the tall clearing up is charmingly simple and ingenious.

The Ferris company has been well placed through Dick Ferris, breaking away from burlesque, and through the cunning Jones, his friends in front Ben Johnson, who resembles in makeup a well-known ecclesiastic, keeps meekly under the surface of his face