THE JOURNAL

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

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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 homes. All the members of the family have time to read it.

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

Rescuing the Young.

A practical result of the mass meeting, held at the Lyceum theater on a recent Sunday afternoon, to consider ways of rescuing the young, and particularly young girls, from the traps set for the unwary in this city, is the formation of a local advisory committee to work in connection with the Anti-Saloon league. The committee is announced in another column of this paper. The personnel of the committee is sufficient guaranty of its serious purpose and of the employment of practical and effective measures. This committee is to make use of the machinery of the Anti-Saloon league, which is already at work along these lines elsewhere. It has means of obtaining information and prosecuting offenders which are all ready for work and possesses expert agents who will bring to the laudable undertaking experience and knowledge not easily acquired.

The committee will sustain an advisory relation to the work of the league and afford to the local public the necessary assurance that the movement, which right thinking people are expected to give such financial as well as moral support as may be needed, is properly and efficiently conducted. There isn't anything more important to this community than this noble work of shielding the young and susceptible from the evil influences that surround them and rescuing the weak and the erring from the moral degradation into which they may have been thrust by the artful and diligent emissaries of the devil. This is a work which appeals to every moral man and woman regardless of all distinctions of creed or no creed, religion or no religion, culture or no culture, rich or poor. The man or woman who is not heartily in sympathy with this work and ready to co-operate to the limit of his ability has no title to membership in the brotherhood of man, and the spirit of the good Samaritan is not in him.

The principal trouble with Chicago is that she has too many bad and vicious people. In his "Pony Tracks," Frederick Remington reformed Chicago with the aid of the regular army and a vigilance committee. The remains of the bad citizens were piled up like cordwood after it was all over and hauled out on flat cars to be burned.

War Ships on the Lakes.

The United States is planning to establish a naval station on the Great Lakes, and Canada is building a cruiser to be used on these waters. Under the Rush-Bagot agreement between Great Britain and the United States, each nation is permitted to keep one war vessel on the Great Lakes. This agreement may be abrogated at any time on one year's notice by either party. The United States has one war vessel, the antiquated Michigan, on the lakes now. The Canadians claim that the establishment of a naval station is a virtual violation of the agreement. And, according to a dispatch from Ottawa, which was published in The Journal yesterday, they don't seem to care much whether the agreement is broken or not. At the same time the have a perfect right to put one war vessel on the lakes.

The situation will be quickly turned to account by the lake shipbuilders. They have long desired the abrogation of the Rush-Bagot agreement, so that they could compete for contracts for building vessels for the navy. If Canada assumes an indifferent or cocky attitude at this time, the shipbuilders are likely to have their way.

For our part, we hope they will not. The abrogation of the treaty will be followed by the appearance of British and American war vessels on the lakes in considerable force, and both Canada and the United States will be burdened with a war charge which they have got along without in very comfortable fashion for about a hundred years. The presence of formidable fighting machines on the Great Lakes would stir up bellicose feelings on both the northern and southern shores and result in friction that might grow into dangerous disputes.

The fact that the British can bring war vessels to the lakes thru the St. Lawrence and the Welland canal is no reason why we should build them there. In the first place, there is no danger of war with the British unless we shall look for trouble. In the second place, it would be a very easy matter to put the St. Lawrence and Welland canals out of service in case there should be war.

The drift seems to be plainly toward war between Russia and Japan. Geography makes such a war inevitable. If it does not begin now, it will be because one or the other of the combatants thinks its interests will be better served by delay.

Discipline the Railways.

From two recent railway wrecks, in which about a hundred people lost their lives, the traveling public has learned that its life insurance policies will be matured if a wind happens to blow out a signal light or a pile of lumber happens to fall from a freight train on one track of a double-track railway onto the other track.

It is the business of a railway company to keep signal lights from going out and to keep the freight it is carrying on freight trains from spilling off in front of passenger trains. Yet the Pere Marquette people view the blowing out of the signal lights as an act of Providence, and General Superintendent Loree of the Baltimore & Ohio excuses the fearful disaster on his line on the ground that it is apt to happen on any double-track line.

There is one way in which the number of preventable railway accidents could be greatly reduced. The state should take a hint from the methods of railway management. When a bad railway accident occurs the company is apt to discharge everybody who might be blamed for the disaster, without inquiring very closely to find out who is at fault. That is the way the company disciplines its men. The state would be no more arbitrary if it arrested railway managers and superintendents on a charge of manslaughter every time a fatal accident occurred on their lines on account of any cause that might be traced to the management.

This would be drastic and it would often be unjust, but it would surely result in a diminution in the number of accidents. Fewer chances would be taken on other people's lives.

La Follette is out for a third term as governor of Wisconsin. To hear some of the "stalwarts" it would be thought that if the state gets two years more of La Follette they wil move out.

Not Enough, By Far.

In the days when Bismarck was strenuously seeking to bring about German unity by placing Prussia in the leadership of the German states, and binding their individual strength into imperial solidarity, Prussians used to say "Noch lange nicht genug, sagt Bismarck"—"Not enough by a long way, says Bismarck." And, today, with the third emperor of the empire founded by Bismarck, the man of "blood and iron," and the valor of German soldiers, on the throne, the same thing may be said of the program of the reigning Hohenzollern. The kaiser, in effect, in all his speeches to-day, embodies that sentiment and purpose—"Not enough by a long way."

Bismarck, when he had fought Austria out of the leadership of the German states, knew it was "not enough." He made Prussia the leader and it was still "not enough." He saw thata big war on patriotic grounds could alone unify the German people, and he brought France to her knees, and united Germany applauded the proclamation of the empire. Bismarck passed away after committing many blunders, leaving Germany a big military power in the middle of Europe, under the necessity, as he believed, of keeping the peace by a formidable show of power by land and sea.

The present emperor is continually saying "not enough," and insisting upon imperial defense, which takes the cream of the educated and industrial classes into the military service. In his last speech, the kaiser called upon the nation to pay more attention to its "over-sea interests," the meaning of which it is not difficult to conjecture.

"Not enough by a long way" is not a vicious sentiment. It depends on which way a nation is going. The American nation has really acted on the same principle and is so acting today. A nation which folds its arms and acts on the assumption that it has accomplished enough, is in a very poor state of national health. The sooner it dies the better. A nation which would have a flaming and devouring existence, looking, like Macedonia, for more worlds to conquer, for the very lust of conquest, is no better. A nation which has much to give the world in the way of national and progressive and beneficent human freedom, is never at a point where it may proclaim that enough has been accomplished.

The American nation and its achievements astonish the civilized world because it has moved forward under the legend, "Not enough by a long way." Even when we have constructed the Panama canal: when there is a clear, deep channel from Lake Superior to tidewater for steamers; when Canada has voluntarily exchanged the British for the American flag; when Mexico and Central America follow, and the Florida strait and the Windward passage lead to a veritable American lake with "Old Glory" reflected from all its insular shores, the generation of Americans who will witness this stage of our progress will still say: "Not enough by a long way!"

Some timid souls may shrink from the sentiment and the action it intends to stimulate, but it is written in the hopeful patriotic American soul. It cannot be blotted out.

The New York Post thinks it has found an "honorable" way out of the Panama affair. It suggests that after the treaty with Panama has been ratified, the United States shall use its good offices to secure the reunion of Panama with Colombia, it being provided that Colombia shall recognize the validity of the treaty and all other acts of the independent government of Panama. If the United States has robbed Colombia, as the Post insists, to pursue the course the Post suggests would be as if a footpad were to try to soothe the feelings of his victim without returning his purse.

Too Friyolous.

Lincoln Steffens has discovered a relation between the American tendency to take the light point of view and the prevalence of graft.

"It is all very well," he says, "to take the light point of view, but when your sense of humor becomes too broad you will tolerate almost anything."

Being jokers from the cradle to the grave, and being prone to have a laugh over everything that occurs, we naturally laugh at graft and are amused by grafting. We are not horrified by revelations of graft. We look on the grafter as an entertaining sort of fellow. We admit that he is very bad, but we lunch with him, smoke with him at the club and even go to church with him. Whatever we may think about him, our actions tend to show that we consider his offenses very trivial things, which should not be allowed to disturb the equanimity of the relations existing between acquaintances.

As the Chicago Journal suggests, we shall not deal rigorously with the grafter until we are fully conscious that it is not some other person, but ourselves, that he is robbing. It is possible to see something funny in the spectacle of another person being robbed. There is no fun in it when we are the victims. We are all the victims of grafters, but we don't realize it.

W. J. Bryan has been cutting quite a swath in Europe. The Berlin papers printed in full his speech before the American Chamber of Commerce. The speech was a powerful plea for international peace and good will, and warned the Europeans that if any nation of Europe made war on the United States it would be fighting against its own sons and daughters, all Europe being the fatherland of America. In England Mr. Bryan has been taken as the real type of thoughtful, serious, unassuming Americans. He has been contrasted with the "sassiety" Americans in England, who are rightly assumed by the English swells not to be the real thing.

Has the Grand Trunk Pacific Collapsed?

The conservative Canadian papers are declaring that the whole project for the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific railway has fallen thru. The contract between the government and the company called for the deposit within a certain time of $5,000,000 in cash or government bonds as a guaranty of good faith on the part of the railway. The time for making this deposit has passed and nothing has been seen of it except in the shape of some railway securities which were offered by the company in lieu of cash or government bonds.

It is said that the truth is that the company is finding difficulty in securing financial support for its enterprise. It was supposed that if the government built the line from Moncton, N. B., to Winnipeg—1,800 miles—and presented the company with the free use of it for ten years and a lease for forty years more at a low rental, there would be no trouble in interesting financiers in the whole undertaking. Two facts, however, tend to deter financiers from investing money in the enterprise. One is the fact that there will be no local traffic between Quebec and Winnipeg, and the other is that between Quebec and Moncton, the new road will have to divide what little local traffic there may be with the Intercolonial.

It is estimated that it will cost $8,100,000 a year to operate the road between Moncton and Winnipeg. After the first ten years are past, it will cost about $2,000,000 more. Nobody has been able to figure out where the proposed road will get the business to meet such expenditures. Some time in the future it may have a good local business, but it will take a long time to develop it. The thru traffic will not for many years, at least, amount to much.

If the Dominion government has formulated a railway scheme that practical men will not take up, the loss of prestige that will follow will not help Sir Wilfrid Laurier any in the general elections, which are supposed to be near.

SLEEPS ON PORCH IN WINTER

William Klanenski, living on West Water street, Waukegan, Ill., is trying the fresh air cure for lung trouble and is surprising his neighbors by sleeping outdoors in the cold weather. He inclosed a porch with canvas so as to hide his couch, but give the free access to fresh breezes, and there he sleeps. He is 25 years of age and is said to be benefited by his strange procedure and has no idea of going indoors to sleep this winter.

U. S. ISSUES MOST PATENTS

The United States patent office issues one-third of the whole number of patents issued in the world, or nearly as many as France, Germany and Great Britain combined, and four and a half times as many as Germany, the only one of our near competitors which makes novelty researches before granting patents.

MINNESOTA POLITICS.

Mr. Eustis Leaves Minnesota for the Winter, While His Boom for Governor Incubates—His Candidacy Is Likely to Retire Judge Elliott As an Aspirant for the Supreme Bench, and Threatens Ray Jones—Collins' Resignation Expected Soon After Jan. 1.

William H. Eustis expects to leave Thursday evening for Hot Springs, not to return to Minnesota until April. In the last month some warm Eustis sentiment has been stirred up, not only in Hennepin county, but outside, and a number of the counties which sent Eustis delegations to the convention in 1898 have been promised to him for next year, whenever he says the word. In Minneapolis considerable work has been done in Mr. Eustis' interests, and to all intents and purposes he is a candidate. He will not do anything for himself, however, until he returns from his winter vacation, but will leave the matter in the hands of his friends. A good many changes may occur in that time and Mr. Eustis thinks it best to "let things simmer." When he returns, he will know whether there is a demand for him to become a candidate. If he is wanted, he will then get into the game. As long as he remains in that attitude, all the strong Eustis men will refuse to attach themselves to any other candidate, of course, but they will not accumulate any of the "band wagon" votes for him.

There are elements in the party that are bitterly hostile to Mr. Eustis still. The civil war veterans have not restored him to their good graces, and the Swedish-Americans are still anti-Eustis, on the ground that he blamed them for his defeat in 1898. These influences may fight hard against his nomination.

The Eustis boom has already progressed far enough to overshadow the other Hennepin county candidates. It appears very likely that Judge Elliott will not become a candidate for the supreme bench. Many of his friends favor Eustis, and think that Hennepin ought to make a fight for first place on the ticket. If Hennepin presents a candidate for governor, all other local aspirations are shut out. The Eustis candidacy is "dead against" Ray Jones, and the Eustis supporters outside Hennepin are already assuming that Jones is out of it. If Jones remains a candidate, and it seems quite certain that he will, he will be forced in opposition to Eustis, and is likely to be driven into a combination with one of the other candidates.

Judge Collins seems to think he has "let things simmer" about long enough, and rumor is again busy with his resignation, which it is said will come out right after New Year's. There is no particular change in the situation, but the judge evidently concludes that waiting will not help it, while delay only alienates his friends. He sent a representative to Washington to sound the delegation, and found it noncommittal. As a general thing the senators and representatives protested that they would take no hand in the contest for governor.

The outlook with reference to appointments seems unchanged. It is a foregone conclusion that Governor Van Sant will name Attorney General Douglas for the Collins vacancy. W. J. Donahower seems to stand the best chance of succeeding Douglas.

Bob Dunn was in St. Paul yesterday and called at the capitol, but declined to discuss the rumor that he is about to announce his candidacy.

The Stillwater Messenger says:

"There is considerable talk among the rank and file of the republican party and not a little among the politicians that William Henry Eustis will be a candidate for governor at the next election. It is thought that if he is a candidate that he can carry Hennepin county for the nomination. William Henry is all right, an honorable gentleman and a man that would reflect credit upon the office."

J. A. Lawrence of Northfield, better known as "Jule," formerly state dairy and food commissioner, was in St. Paul yesterday. Mr. Lawrence has been traveling in Wisconsin as a special employe of the internal revenue department collecting delinquent revenue payments. He has been transferred to the Minnesota district, and will pursue the same line of work here for a while. Being an old right bower of Joel Heatwole, he may turn a trick or two in politics while chasing up delinquents.

—Charles B. Cheney.

WHAT OTHER PEOPLE THINK

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

How the Audience Failed.

To the Editor of The Journal.

Some one has said that it takes two parties to preach a good sermon—the preacher and his congregation. From the same point of view it takes two parties to give a good rendition of such a production as "The Messiah." Judged by this standard, "The Messiah," as rendered Christmas night at the Auditorium, was a sad failure. The chorus and the soloists did their part; the director, Professor Oberhoffer, did his part with credit to both himself and the city in which he lives; the orchestra did not fail in any particular. But the audience was a dismal failure; that is, the third of the audience that went out, out, tramp, tramp, tramp down the halls and stairs until the two-thirds that remained could not hear Mr. Martin when he sang his closing part, "The trumpet shall sound and the dead be raised," and kept it up until even the chorus could not much more than be heard above the din, compelling Professor Oberhoffer to stop his singers in the very midst of that inspiring chorus with which the oratorio closes.

I can understand how a savage might take his club and smash the angelic figure that some artist has just carved out from marble. He does not know any better. I can understand how a barbarian might take a handful of mud and daub the face of a god just as some painter was putting the finishing touches to it. He knows no better. But I cannot understand that portion of a Minneapolis audience that will sit thru the greater part of the rendition of such a masterpiece as Handel's "The Messiah," and then file out fifteen minutes before the climax toward which all preceding it has been pointing. Such a proceeding shows a lack of sense of obligation to the musicians contributing their time and talent, to the director whose heart is possessed with a burning desire to help others feel what he feels, and to that part of the audience that would like to enjoy with at least some measure of freedom the inspiring music and sentiment, and confesses to the world ignorance both of courtesies that ought to belong to even ordinary breeding and of the finest things in music and thought.

Let us hope that some day even obtuse people will know better, so when the ten thousand times ten thousand shall sing about the throne of God and the harmony for which the divine heart has been hungering all down the ages shall break upon the universe, they will not rise up and go out when it is half over. In the meantime cannot something be done to create a public sentiment and sense of obligation to those who serve us so unselfishly in every realm of life that shall make it unwise for any one who values the respect of our best citizens to have a part in a repetition of the disgraceful conduct of Friday night's audience?

—Henry Holmes,
Pastor Lowry Hill Congregational Church.

A rose garden six acres in area and containing 50,000 rose trees, will be one of the attractions at the St. Louis world's fair.

NEWS OF THE BOOK WORLD

A Right Attitude Toward Work Is Pointed Out in a New Book by Hugh Black—Some Hints that Are as Good as so Much Capital in Achieving Pecuniary Success and Better in Some Other Respects—A Hard Working Man's View. spects—A Hard Working Man's View—Report of Employers and Employes' Convention in Book Form.

"Well, I'm going home to read a book on 'Work,'" said a hardworking professional man, as he threw away the end of a cigar and rose from his seat in a club corner.

"'Work'? Great Scott! Don't you get enough of that without reading about it?" asked a friend who didn't work so hard.

"Yes, I get enough of it; but it's partly because I take the thing in the abstract now and then and try to see just what is the nature of this thing I am spending so much time at, that I'm able to go on with so much of it."

* * *

"Well, have you filled up on work 'in the abstract?'" queried the man "who didn't work so hard" a week later, as the two met again in the same club corner.

"Yep," came the reply, with a smile from the hard worker. "It was Hugh Black's Work, and let me recommend the book to you."

"No innuendoes, thank you. But I'm curious to know what a man can say about work in a book that will attract readers."

"That depends on what one reads for. This isn't a book for entertainment. It's a book with a serious purpose, for the individual; it doesn't discuss the industrial problems of the day, but it's a plea for a right attitude toward work. After all, it strikes me that that is the real essence of the labor problem, but Mr. Black doesn't discuss it as such.

Idleness a Chief End with Many.

"At the outset he says some pointed things about the idea which is widespread, that idleness is the chief end of man, that people work and slave that some day they may live lives of ease, or lives in which there shall be 'all the time there is' for excitement and the chase after new sensations.

"By the way, he cites a good treatise on work which is much neglected these days, a classic, in fact, on individual industry—the book of Proverbs.

Diligence Better than "Pull."

"To use a current phrase, he 'throws it into' another common fallacy, when he says something like this: 'Allowing for all possible exceptions, it is a fact that earnest, serious diligence does succeed.' It is a good thing to have that reiterated now and then to take the edge off much of this talk about 'pull.'

"Mr. Black says some mighty good things about the habit of work, too."

"Habit? The word has a bad sound," rejoined the other.

"Perhaps it would have a better if you should get the idea that 'habit is the process by which acts and thoughts and feelings are organized into life.' It is that that makes it true for one who has acquired good habits of work that 'silently, between all the details of his business, the power of judging will have built itself up within him as a possession that will never pass away.' This is better for most men than genius. Or, at least, where genius gives a man superiority once, habit, if of the right kind, will give it—well, times enough to give the honors nearly all to poor, every-day habit.

Habit and "Crossing the Bar."

"As an example of what this power of habit will do for one, Mr. Black finds Tennyson's 'Crossing the Bar' very useful. It's interesting if you don't know it already. The poem was written in Tennyson's eighty-first year on a day in October when the suggestion for it came to him. He showed the poem to his son, who said, 'That is the crown of your life's work.' He answered, 'It came in a moment.' The lesson he draws is that the poem was so easily shaped because of the infinite pains Tennyson had been to in his earlier writing. Saying what he wished to and saying it the way he wished to had become a habit with him.

"Don't you recognize this type: 'Some men are always preparing for work, which usually means postponing any serious effort and ends in a mere waste of time.'

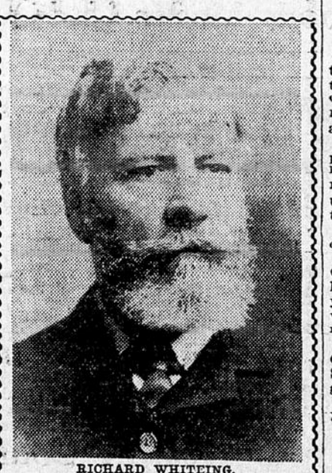
"'The writer of the book emphasizes the duty of work and the moral need of work. 'We must accept duty,' he says, 'not for the sake of what we can get or even give, but what we can also become.'

"Yes, he has a chapter on 'The Fruits of work'; we are always looking for the 'fruits.' Aside from the training of character to be found in work, he lists these as some of the fruits, not gold but golden: Independence of mind, balm for grief, happiness.

Where Many Fall Down.

"And there is one thing in his chapter on 'The Ideal of Work,' one temptation which wrecks as many men of ability as any other if not more. It is the temptation 'to despise our present opportunities in the vaulting ambition for larger ones and in the aggrieved belief that we are worthy of better things than are possible to us now.'

"But that's enough—too much, at second hand. If you want any more you'll have to go to Mr. Black for it. All I can add is that to me it would have been worth, as working capital, a thousand times the price of the book, if on setting out in my profession I could have learned from a book and learned well the lessons which this so plainly teaches, and could have got them firmly fixed in my mind. It would have been worth infinitely more in the contentment and pleasure I would have had in my earlier work."



RICHARD WHITELING.
The author of "The Yellow Van," one of the widely read books of The Century Co.

A very interesting volume is the collection of addresses delivered at the convention of employers and employes, held in Minneapolis in September, 1902. Professor Schaper, in his introduction, expresses the belief that the serious discussion of social and economic problems at that convention promoted a deal of sane thinking among leading employers, labor representatives, students and others who have a right to speak for the public.

In the fourteen addresses in this volume the vital points in the labor-capital question are pretty well covered, and there is no better reading on the subject than is found in them for those who would give their best work for the promotion of a plan to harmonize the industrial forces of the country, so that the work of the country may progress upon a basis of peace.

Interesting is the address of Mr. Kilbourne, of the Kilbourne & Jacobs Manufacturing company of Columbus, Ohio, who showed how his concern and its employes had not experienced a dispute for nearly thirty years, and the shop is an open one. Notable also is the address of Professor Clark of Columbia university, arguing for compulsory arbitration to the extent that the state, in cases of labor or capital monopoly, shall decide whether demands are reasonable or not. (Public Policy, Chicago.)

THE MAGAZINES

Is the World Disintegrating?—Ernest Rutherford, F. R. S., professor of physics at McGill university, raises the question in an article in **Harper's Magazine** for January. There is no cause for alarm in the thought that an affirmative answer may be correct; we will all have disintegrated long before old Mother Earth has fallen to pieces. Professor Rutherford's suggestion comes from an interesting study of the radioactive elements, and is the direct opposite of the commonly accepted theory of a continuous evolution. Instead of being among the furthest advanced of the planets of the solar system, we may be away behind. It won't do to boast too much of our ancient mater. She may be a very giddy young thing after all. It is a satisfaction to learn, and from the same magazine—which has a way of imparting a vast amount of useful instruction in the course of a year—that the English language is safe. Professor Lounsberry of Yale tells us: "The largeness of the number of words struggling for entrance is a sign of the health of a language, not of its decay." Again, he says the survey he has made of the subject teaches the folly of the belief that the ruin of the language is impending because any particular critic cannot have his way as to what should be accepted or rejected. Along with these more serious subjects, the January Harper's contains a wealth of good fiction and other interesting material.

Our Indignation Too Mild—Collier's Weekly household number, dated Dec. 26, editorially discusses the question raised by McClure's Magazine, "Are We Free?" Its conclusion differs from that of the magazine's writer, being in the affirmative. It then goes on to discuss the question of our frankness and downrightness. It says: "We are frank and downright, but we lack that indignation against theft and bribery which is needed for public and private purity. Yet we are progressing, and the strongest hold that Mr. Roosevelt has on the people is in the courage and honesty which is making him the leader in breaking up the nests from which corruption spreads." One of the features of the number of local interest is a picture of Dan Patch being escorted thru the streets of Minneapolis to his winter quarters. The "star" feature is Sherlock Holmes fourth adventure.

Repeal the Bad Land Laws—That is the advice of H. M. Martin in **National Magazine** for January. Mr. Martin asks these questions: "And now what of the future American home-makers? Is the end at hand? Is all the habitable part of the country occupied? Is the people-holding capacity of the land exhausted?" His answer is, "No." He believes the law will be repealed, "allowing the beneficent irrigation act, in connection with the homestead law, to work out for 'arid America' an internal development unparalleled in the history of nations." The number offers much "fact and fiction, song and story."

Architectural Subjects—The table of contents of **The Architectural Record** for January follows: "The Warehouse and the Factory in Architecture," Russell Sturgis; "Gordon Hall—The House of Dan R. Hanna, Cleveland, Ohio," Charles Bohassek; "The New Theaters of New York," A. C. David; "Individualism in Architecture—the Works of Herts & Tallant," Abbot Halstead Moore.

Fra Bartolommeo—Masters of Art for January contains ten fine reproductions from the works of Bartolommeo and sketches of his life and work.

BOOKS RECEIVED

WORK. By Hugh Black, M. A., author of "Friendship" and "Culture and Restraint." Chicago: Fleming H. Revell company. Minneapolis: N. McCarthy.

AT THE THEATERS

Foyer Chat.

"The Sleepy King" is attracting large audiences at the Metropolitan. The piece will continue thruout the week, with matinees on New Year's Day and Saturday.

The Metropolitan engagement of "Ben Hur" for the week opening next Monday evening, is attracting unusual interest, and the sale of seats, which begins to-morrow, will no doubt exceed that recorded last year.

Theater goers are enjoying this week the presentment at the Bijou of "The Chaperons," which overflows with tuneful music and wholesome mirth. A special matinee will be given New Year's Day at 3 o'clock.

"The Lighthouse by the Sea," the new sensational melodrama, comes to the Bijou next week. The piece is said to tell a story of strong human interest, with climaxes thrillingly sensational. The scenic equipment is elaborate.

The Ferris Stock company's production of "An Innocent Sinner," with Grace Hayward in the leading role, was witnessed by two large audiences at the Lyceum yesterday. Commencing to-morrow there will be a matinee every day the rest of the week.

Dick Ferris and Grace Hayward will appear in the leading roles of last season's great success, "Graustark," which is to be presented at the Lyceum all next week.

PRIOR TO PROSPERITY

New York Times.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy was not ever thus. This fact is brought out by a story that is going the rounds of Wall street offices, having its origin with a prominent railroad official who claims to have been a witness of the events detailed.

It was on a visit the Canadian Pacific president paid not long ago to Minneapolis. Walking down the street with the man who tell the story, Sir Thomas "met up with" an old friend. As they passed they recognized one another.

"Tom Shaughnessy, by thunder!" exclaimed the old man.

"Bill Smith, I declare!" said the Canadian Pacific magnate, "and I guess I haven't seen or heard of you for thirty years. Let me see—when was it we worked together on the old Manitoba road?"

"Guess it's about thirty years," said the other; "but my name is the Hon. William Smith. I represent my state in congress!"

"And I am Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, at your service!"

Then they both laughed.

A WOMAN ON MAN

"The Ideal Man" was toasted at a dinner of federated women in St. Paul the other day. "The Federated Woman" who responded to the toast said: "Man is the paragon of animals. On his own ground he surpasses the lion in magnanimity, the fox in acumen, the parrot in repartee, the monkey in versatility, the ant in thrift, the fish in self-control, the spider in all that goes to make up a valued member of society. I daresay that, if all the facts were known, man is more of an absolute success than the mule."

FINE BLIND SETTER

Danville, Ky., Advocate.

Jim Davis, of color, residing on Duncan's hill, is the owner of a most remarkable dog. She is a setter, and went blind last year after a severe case of distemper. Altho her eyesight is entirely destroyed she hunts as well as if she could see, and gets over the ground very fast. Occasionally she will run into a fence, but stops quick enough to keep from injuring herself. She has a perfect nose and will find a flock of birds as quick as any other dog in the field.

THE NONPAREIL MAN

In Which We Feel Called upon Sternly to Lecture and to Upbraid the Little Blossom Who Writes Delicately Scented Notes to the Matinee Idol Who Foils the Heavy Villain in Our Theaters—A Good, Stout, Worldly-Wise Mother Needed to Show the Girl That She Is Often Catering to a Very Cheap Skate.

A Philadelphia paper declares that those fine-looking actors usually known as "matinee idols," the heroes that rescue the beauteous maidens from the hands of the stage villain and then marry them, often write sweet-scented notes to themselves so as to get reputations with the management as lady killers. These actors are supposed to draw big pay for this reputation, and their friends talk seriously of the powerful—almost hypnotic—influences that they exert on romantic females. This power is the stock in trade of the actor, and he must have tangible proof of it. So if the young women do not come up with a bunch of authentic mash notes, he sees to it that he gets the notes in another way. The Philadelphia paper says:

"The manager every afternoon brings them to him—half a dozen pink and blue and cream envelopes, smelling of violet and orris. He takes them with a guffaw, reads them, passes them around. Every one pretends to be amused at their silly contents, but the minute the actor's back is turned the murmur passes back and forth: 'They're fakes! He wrote them himself. He spends two hours a day writing himself mash notes.' To tell the truth, an actor of this kind gets some authentic mash notes, but nobody believes it. It is thought that every note is a fake."

Yes, the matinee idol does get the real thing sometimes, as we happen to know.

This story is reproduced for the benefit of those silly women who now and then write these mash notes to good-looking actors or to other good-looking men whose antecedents they do not know anything about. It may deprive the girls of some of the pleasure of these literary escapades to think of these notes, signed with their names, passing around in the theater or in the saloon next door, so as to secure the laughter of the crowd of men, who will thereafter have a "good story" to tell on some particular girl. For, we regret to state, men sometimes descend to a little gossip on the side, just to show how wise they are and how much they know of the interior wickedness "of some of our first (and second) families."

No, girlie, if you are thinking of writing a mash note to that pretty matinee idol, it would be a roll of paper money in your reticule to hire some good, stout, motherly mother-in-law, who knows all of fathers' shortcomings, to give you a talking to and to show you what a weak, little, namby-pamby two by four girlikin you really are to give yourself dead away to a cheap skate who cares more for the crease in his nether garments and the set of his fur-lined overcoat than he does for your peace of mind.

Mamma may not be quite so romantic as we would like, but when it comes to worldly wisdom she has Little Blossom faded.

The antitipping movement has broken out in St. Paul. The only way to stop the tipping evil in sleeping cars is to stop giving tips. Of course, the porter will make it very unpleasant for you and you will feel mean and small for a time, but it's the right way. The Pullman company is rich enough to pay its own employes, and ought in all decency to do so.

Three revolutions are raging in San Domingo. If anybody is left after the tangle is straightened out the United States ships ought to land marines and shoot him down.

Japan's war god certainly looks fierce enough to eat up a pretty good sized piece of the map.

The ladies who are posing for a cheap New York gang in the Madison Square Garden have the courage of their convictions of their own charms. We couldn't do it without a large stipend.

The death at the age of 104 of Robert C. Harper, one of the grand old men of Minneapolis, shows what a man can do who comes of a long-lived ancestry. If you want your childrens' grandchildren to live long and be happy it's up to you to do the right thing as an ancestor.

A creamery man writes this column to announce that what we don't know about hen raising and egg producing is a vast sea. This column has made no pretense to being a hen sharp. All we did was to quote the conclusions of the hen sharps of Cornell university. The creamery man goes on to add that if the farmers would feeds their skim milk to hens instead of to pigs and poultry the hen would astonish him by the facility with which she would take on flesh and throw off eggs. It seems that the Indiana state experiment station made some tests of feeding skim milk to fowls and the air around the experiment station was so full of eggs tossed off by the hens that the man who fed them had to approach the chicken coop under the shelter of an umbrella.

We do not vouch for this story but it might profit the hen fancier to feed a little skim milk, secure an umbrella and watch results.

—A. J. R.

DANA'S TEN BOOKS

Charles A. Dana once made a list of ten "indispensable books." They were the Bible, Shakspere, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, Bancroft's History of the United States, Irving's Life of Washington, Franklin's Autobiography, Channing's Essay on Napoleon Bonaparte, Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire and Tarbell's Early Life of Lincoln.

ON PRESSING BUSINESS

Philadelphia Post.

The Hon. "Champ" Clark recently told of a case brought up in Missouri in which one of the lawyers engaged tried to serve his client by throwing suspicion on a certain witness during the course of his cross examination.

The first question put was:

"You admit that you were at the prisoner's home every evening during this period?"

"Yes, sir," replied the witness.

"State whether you and he were interested in any special transaction, such as, for instance, business or otherwise."

"Yes, sir, we were."

"Oh, ho!" exclaimed the wily attorney. "Then you will no doubt be good enough to inform us how and to what extent, also the nature of the business in which you were jointly interested."

"I haven't the least objection in the world," cheerily answered the obliging witness. "If you want to know—I was courting his daughter."

THE INFINITE

(Gladstone called this the greatest short poem he knew.)

Ever dear to me was this barren hill-side,
And the hedgerow, too, that so great a part of
The ultimate far sky-line shuts out from my view.
Yet while in contemplation, peaceful I sit
Here, my restless thoughts keep picturing to me
Spaces interminable and sovereign
Silences and profound quiet; which at times
My heart fears not. But whene'er I hear the wind
Thru this great plain go sweeping on, I compare
Its mighty voice with silence infinite and
Then recall eternity, and death, and life,
And all the sounds of living. And thus in this
Barren immensity my thoughts are swallowed up
And sweet indeed is shipwreck in such a sea.

—Giacomo Leopardi.

Defective Page