

THE JOURNAL

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The Great Daily of the Great Northwest

THE BEST barometer of business in any city is the amount of advertising carried by the Leading Daily Newspaper.

THE JOURNAL carried 393,756 inches of advertising in 1903, or 62,964 more inches than in 1902, an increase of about 20 per cent.

THE JOURNAL in 1903 carried 58 per cent more advertising than any other Minneapolis daily.

THE JOURNAL in 1903 carried 10 per cent more advertising than any St. Paul daily.

THE JOURNAL in 1903 carried over 20,000 more inches of advertising in its 313 issues than any other paper in Minneapolis in its 365 issues.

THE JOURNAL'S circulation for December averaged 61,005 daily, and is almost entirely its 5 o'clock edition, which goes directly to the homes, consequently it is the BEST advertising medium in the Northwest.

A Lesson of the Chicago Fire.

At this remove of time and place from the great Chicago calamity there is no occasion for panic. There is in that calamity, however, plenty of justification for serious thinking and judicious action here.

What we ought to get out of this sad experience is the adoption, at once, of every precaution practicable to prevent a repetition of a like calamity here. It is the imperative duty of the authorities to study our ordinances for the protection of life and property from fire, and not only to make such amendments as may be wise, but to see that they are enforced.

This consideration of means and the regulations for fire protection should be directed not alone to the theaters, which are, of course, thought of first in this connection, but to churches, hotels, factories and to all other buildings where large numbers of people are congregated under any conditions.

In the meantime, one fact seems to have been settled at Chicago. Mayor Harrison brought it out very strongly in his order yesterday closing nineteen of the theaters in that city. The essential condition under which they may be reopened is the hanging of a serviceable and effective asbestos or other fire proof curtain between the stage and the audience room.

The mayor is right when he says that if the asbestos curtain (assuming that there was such a thing in the Iroquois theater, of which, however, there seems to be some reasonable doubt) had been promptly lowered, there would probably have been little if any loss of life in that theater Wednesday afternoon. The testimony of those who escaped is almost unanimous to the effect that the audience was remarkably cool and self-controlled, the people remaining in their seats even after the fire and smoke began to show around the top of the stage arch. Indeed, it was not until after the flames swept out from under the half-lowered curtain, scorching the faces of those nearest the stage, that the audience became panic-stricken and the desperate struggle for life began.

The conclusion seems to be inevitable that if the Iroquois theater had had a serviceable asbestos curtain and had been able to lower it instantly upon the appearance of fire upon the stage, there would have been little if any loss of life in that theater. This is the conclusion which Mayor Harrison has reached after a careful investigation, officially made, and upon which he has ordered the closing of theaters in that city until asbestos curtains are hung and are in condition to work effectively.

It appears from the statement of the fire marshal that while Minneapolis theaters have provided a good many safeguards which prudence recommended, only two of them, the Dewey and the Bijou, have asbestos curtains. There is no reason why every other playhouse in the city should not be required to supply the same fixture for the safety of its patrons, and to do it without an hour's unnecessary delay. Theater fires originate almost invariably upon the stage among the highly inflammable material which is stored there, and if theater goers can be assured that a fireproof wall and an asbestos or iron screen stands between them and the fire, minimizing the immediate danger, panic is not likely to result. Certainly where so simple a precaution is calculated to render so great a service, no playhouse can afford to deny the public the assurance which such protection gives. The theater can make no better investment, viewing the matter wholly from the standpoint of a business proposition.

Doane Robinson still keeps South Dakota in the front rank in per capita wealth production. Doane is pretty good at other figures than poetic figures. But, then, with South Dakota back of him, the job is not such a very hard one.

WASHINGTON BUREAU.

W. W. Jermine, Chief of Washington Bureau, 901-903 Colorado Building, North-west corner to Washington, D. C., to make use of reception room, library, stationery, telephone and telegraph facilities, etc., at 215 to 430 p. m. on the date of their arrival.

TRAVELERS ABROAD.

Will find The Journal on the following: LONDON—L. S. Express Co., 20 Strand; American Express Co., 5 Waterloo Place; U. S. Legation.

PARIS—Eagle Bureau, 53 rue Cambon. Residents visiting Paris can have their mail or telegrams sent care of this Bureau and the same will be forwarded to them or held for their arrival.

AN INVITATION is extended to all to visit the Press Room, which is the finest in the west. The battery of presses consists of three four-deck Goss presses, with a total capacity of 144,000 sheets an hour, as ordered, folded and counted. The best time to call is from 3:15 to 4:30 p. m. on the date of the office and is directed to the visitors' gallery of the Press Room.

New York Office, Tribune Building, Chicago Office, Tribune Building.

figures have not been touched before in about thirty years.

Much less work is in sight for this year in the way of railroad construction and equipment, but it is believed that many plans, the announcement of which has been held back, will come to light later on. Whatever is undertaken in 1904 is likely to be carried thru more fully than was the case last year, for when 1903 opened, there were 8,500 miles of new railroad under way, of which 5,723 miles were actually constructed, labor troubles and the financial furries causing the abandonment of the remainder.

Complaint is still heard of lighter demand, smaller profits and depressing conditions, but it is the east that sends out the unfavorable reports. The set-back of 1903 hit the manufacturing east, leaving the west and the northwest comparatively free. The higher prices ruling here for wheat have been an offset in good part to the smaller crop. The railroads of the west have felt a recession and the volume of traffic looks light by comparison with periods of the recent past when there was congestion everywhere. Yet the great systems even now are without cars enough or sufficient motive power. The west needs more cars, and will have need of thousands more a year hence, when traffic develops thru the many miles of new territory opened.

Minneapolis winds up a splendid year. With an early closing down, attributable to discriminating freight rates, and a later paralysis resultant from labor troubles, the city's leading industry failed to make a new record of production; yet business here in the aggregate was far in excess of the previous year, the increase in building being very gratifying, while the gain in general business was \$21,000,000, the figures showing a total of \$741,049,348 in bank clearings, compared with \$720,752,331. The new year has opened with many favorable things in view for the northwest, and there is everything to indicate a prosperous year for 1904.

All the commentators have agreed that Russia and Japan ought to fight, of course, they'll have to.

The expert farmers and agricultural scientists of the country have been greatly interested in some recent investigations of the department of agriculture into the question of the chemistry of the soil as related to crop production. The results of these investigations have been revolutionary in the extreme. So much so, that there is a general tendency to refuse to accept the conclusions arrived at by the investigators, Milton Whitney, chief of the bureau of soils, and F. K. Cameron, an assistant in the bureau. Bulletin No. 22 contains an account of the experiments and the process by which the conclusions were arrived at. In his annual report, Secretary of Agriculture Wilson thus summarizes the conclusions:

That nearly all soils are amply supplied with the necessary mineral plant food, and that these plant foods are not in themselves a matter of paramount importance to the agriculturist, for their supply, as regards the plant, is determined by the supply of soil moisture which the plant can obtain from the soil; that the chemical analysis of a soil can not in itself, therefore, throw much light upon the problem of fertility, but when the farmer attempts to control the factors governing crop yield, his attention must be directed to the mechanical condition of the soils as affecting the supply of soil moisture, with its dissolved mineral nutrient, to the effects of climate, to rotation and to general soil management.

This, it will be seen, is in conflict with the prevailing ideas regarding the use of fertilizers, which are based on the theory that plants regularly extract certain elements from the soil and that, to keep up production or increase it, these elements must be replaced. The investigators even say in so many words that the supply of plant food in practically all soils will be indefinitely maintained.

According to this, the farmer need not concern himself with replacing what the plants take from the soil, but only with agencies that will make it easier for the plants to extract the food that is in all soils in practically inexhaustible conditions. Successful agriculture becomes, therefore, more a question of the physical condition of the soil than of its chemical composition.

No wonder the experts who have been preaching the doctrine of fertilization are dismayed. Still, it does not follow that the use of fertilizers is time and money thrown away. The fertilizing materials, if the new theory is right, must serve to put the soil in favorable physical condition, for it is indisputable that the use of fertilizers is rewarded with increased crops.

If an American warship sunk a Colombian gunboat yesterday, Uncle Sam has begun the new year with trouble on his hands.

Donations of 1903.

In bequests and donations to educational, charitable and other public or general benefit purposes, the year 1903 was practically as prolific as the preceding year, for it does not come up to the great record of \$124,000,000 in 1901. Last year \$77,000,000 in round numbers, was bequeathed or donated to what may be called public objects. The Chicago Tribune takes the pains to compile a list of these gifts by months, as they are announced in the newspapers, so there is no question of the substantial accuracy of the figures so far as concerns gifts or bequests that are made public.

Rich men, dying, left behind them for the general weal \$30,000,000; while rich men, living, gave \$47,000,000. Of this latter sum \$31,000,000 was given by five men—Carnegie, Rockefeller, Phelps, Morgan and Pearson.

The largest single item was a bequest of the late Arish Worthworth of Boston, of \$7,000,000 for an industrial school in that city. The next largest was John D. Rockefeller's gift of \$6,000,000 to Rush medical college,

Chicago. Following that gift comes Andrew Carnegie's donation of \$4,000,000 as a pension fund for steel workers and the bequest of Gurdon McKay of Newport, R. I., of \$4,000,000 to Harvard. Next in order comes the Wilder bequest of \$3,000,000 to the charities of St. Paul.

The great blessing to the south of the high price of cotton is that it will enable scores of thousands of farmers to get out from under the crop-lien slavery, which keeps them always just one year behind.

Our Human Imports.

That portion of the nation's imports that can be measured in money aggregated more than \$1,000,000,000 in 1903.

But what about the human imports? There came to our shores during 1903, 620,000 men and women. What is their value? Many of our states estimate a human life at \$5,000, when death in an accident makes it necessary to place a valuation on that which the state will go to any expense to protect and save.

At that valuation our immigrants for 1903 are worth \$3,100,000,000. That is a low valuation.

It is a poor farmer that does not add \$5,000 to the wealth of the world during his life, over and above his living and that of his family. The average American workman produces at least \$1,000 of wealth every year. If we say his wages average \$500, each year's work represents an addition of \$500 to the wealth of the nation.

Twenty years of work means \$10,000 added to the nation's riches. At that rate every able-bodied man who settles in America is worth at least \$10,000.

This doesn't look as if the material welfare of the country were affected injuriously by immigration. And without any such calculations, we know that it is not. We need an army of immigrants each year to do the hard and dirty work the natives will not do. The manual labor of construction of all sorts and the menial tasks are all done by the foreign-born. Their children will perform higher grades of work. Their places must be taken by fresh importations of human beings.

The great difficulty with our immigration is that it is not well distributed. It is affected by other considerations than the law of supply and demand. Too much goes to the congested cities, too little to the open country, the former do not need men and the latter does.

Nebraska university is going to accept that Rockefeller gift, after all. Like some of the rest of us, it needs money. Rockefeller's money will buy just as much as anybody's else.

Walking.

If there is anything in the generally accepted biological law that organs develop or degenerate according to their use or disuse, the time is coming when the city man's legs will be neither strong nor shapely, and of but little more use than a verminiform appendix.

How little the average city man walks! He considers it a positive hardship to live in a house more than two blocks from a car line. He waddles out to the car in the morning and will stand still and freeze rather than stir his languid blood up by pacing off a few blocks.

The suggestion that he ought to walk to his office, a mile or two away, is enough to give him nervous prostration.

He goes out for lunch at noon and generally chooses the nearest restaurant. He rarely gets out of his chair at the office, and when he goes home at night it is in his carriage or by a street car.

Not one city man or woman in a thousand ever thinks of walking for pleasure. On a fine Sunday one may skirt the suburbs of the whole city of Minneapolis and scarcely see a single person indulging in the delights of an honest walk along country roads. No one who does not walk can ever know the country. Swishing thru it in an automobile is not seeing it. Walking does not interfere with the use of the eyes. It gives time for meditation as well as perception.

Walking in the country is a simple, healthy diversion and exercise that is open to the poorest man without price. As Thoreau says the best part of the land for the walker, the landscape, belongs to anyone who will make use of it. 'But in this artificial age all our amusements must be artificial. We go on fatiguing excursions in crowded trains, instead of refreshing and inspiring walks. Instead of delighting ourselves with nature's great cyclorama and the drama enacted by its myriad lives, we must hurry in droves to stuffy theaters to look upon painted scenery and imitations of men and women. Or, instead of reading the book of nature for courses, we stay in doors and take it second-hand after the fashion of our age, which hopes to learn everything from textbooks.

Thoreau couldn't get along without four hours a day in the country. Four hours a day is more than anyone can spare who does not live, on beans alone, but many a man who is restless and nervous is so only because the old savage concealed in his being is clamoring for the open sky, the pure air and the exercise of long disused muscles.

A yellow dog applauded when the role was announced at the teachers' convention indicating the alleged spelling reform. Perhaps this will reconcile the Minnesota cranks who lend their support to that "reform" to the fact that nearly the whole literary world is against them.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

For applauded read "howled" and then you will agree that the janitor of the Pioneer Press building should keep that yellow dog chained up. He is liable to conduct bad manners, as well as crass ignorance.

WORLD'S FINEST BATTLESHIP.

A German service review recently took a sort of postcard census of the admirals and leading engineers of every naval power in the world, including Japan. By a largely preponderant vote it was agreed that for general excellence in the world's battleship Vittorio Emanuele is the finest in the world.

NEWS OF THE BOOK WORLD.

Richard Harding Davis Gullitined—Headed by Order of Literary Emergency Court for Lese Majeste to the Cause of Letters—Review of Sensational Trial of "One of the Worst Literary Criminals in History."

"Dick" Davis has paid the penalty of his crimes against literature in the "Gullitine." This morning, just as "the dawn in russet mantle clad was stalking o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill," the cold blade of the literary guillotine severed the literary head of one of the worst literary criminals of all times.

Davis walked to the guillotine like a hero, he rolled from one of his own books. When asked if he had anything to say why the sentence of the "Literary Emergency Court" should not then and there be executed, he at first seemed about to speak; then his square jaw set and his lips tightened, and with a look at his guard, which said, "I am ready," he took a step toward the instrument of death. The literary guillotine, however, which had been guided by the executioner, placed his neck in the fatal circle, and a moment later, amid awful suspense, swish! the guillotine had severed the head from the neck, which held it, and the head, which had devised improprieties in writing for the youth—particularly the maidens—of the century, fell into the arms of the executioner, who, with a look at the guillotine, which he had just used, quaked sickeningly in the ears of the shuddering spectators as it felt the sudden weight.

"Lese majeste to the cause of letters" had been avenged.

The criminal had exhausted every resource in his efforts to overthrow the verdict of the emergency court, but without success. As a last resort he had appealed to the governor for a reprieve, but the governor would not listen; the record of the supplicant was too dark; justice demanded the extreme penalty of the law.

The execution was the sequel of the trial of Richard Harding Davis, alias "Dick," as reported at length in "The Literary Gullitine." Davis had long been regarded as one of the most daring criminals in his line in the district of North America. Consequently, when a court with jurisdiction in such cases had been organized with Mark Twain as chief justice and Oliver Herford and "Myself" as associate justices, Davis was the first case to be tried by Charles Battell Loomis appearing for the prosecution.

Mr. Loomis for the prosecution put the substance of the offense charged against Mr. Davis before the court in these words: "At the appropriate moment I intend to show that he has made use of several words in his writings improper for the eyes of maidens, as, for example, 'propaganda' and 'propagandist.'"

"Finally the charge was 'lese majeste to the cause of letters,' tending to debase literature.

Davis daringly undertook to act as his own attorney, and the impending trial of the case in the court records, as reported in the Gullitine, the work is described thus:

But little time was wasted in securing twelve good men and true for the trial of the case, as of the forty-two men examined only one confessed, admitting to having read the book, and the extreme penalty of the law was described in the record of the trial thus: "I have nothing against you, Mr. Davis," said the president of the Board of Select Schools Association of America; "you seem to be a nice, gentlemanly young man—but the law is the law."

"Send them to me, madam, and I will pay them," was the mangrelous reply, and there it was, yet it was not the end of the case. Davis himself was put on the stand to secure his own admissions as to authorship of a part of the record and to disavow whether the crime charged in the indictment had been committed in that book, but the jury protested.

Over this protest the members of the bench held a consultation, in the course of which Mark Twain said in answer to a question by "Myself": "I read the first chapter, and the next morning my waffles had appetites."

The trial, full of sensational features like those here briefly recited, was a long one and drew immense crowds. But at last the members of the jury returned a verdict of guilty without leaving the box, and Mark Twain pronounced sentence, which was completed in the execution of the law. Before suffering literary decapitation, however, Davis was compelled to submit to two weeks' solitary confinement "with a set of Balzac's works accessible to hand," that he might be given "a chance to see how a man writes."

This is a somewhat liberal taste of the very readable humor and satire to be found in "The Literary Gullitine," a book whose author is to us unknown. The narration of the decapitation of Mr. Davis is our own (we are compelled to say, in justice to the author of the book). The story of the trial is condensed from the book itself.

Richard Harding Davis, one of the worst literary criminals of all times, the first to lose his literary head under sentence of the Literary Emergency Court.

As it is customary to print the pictures of noted criminals, we have reproduced one of Mr. Davis here, as the first man to lose his literary head under the guillotine. If we may judge from contemporary criticism, however, Mr. Davis should have been granted a new trial on the discovery of evidence not introduced during his trial. He is liable to yellow dog bad manners, as well as crass ignorance.

Other persons whose cases have come to trial before the same high court have been Henry James and Mrs. Eddy. John Kendrick Bangs and James Brander Matthews, Marie Correll and Hall Caine, Henry Van Dyke, Elia Wheeler Wilcox, and certain "historical novelists" whose sanity was questioned. One cannot fail to enjoy the book, which, however, like all such

humor, must not be taken in too large doses.

Some lover of outdoor sport has said that half, or perhaps three-fourths, of the fun of fishing was in getting out one's traps in the forbidden season and looking them over, handling them lovingly and seeing whether they were in readiness for the sport when the open season came. If this be true, G. P. Putnam's Sons' book on fish and fishing, "The Wild Fowl of the Great Lakes," a volume of natural history, will be welcomed by fishermen as an added opportunity of deriving pleasure from their favorite sport when one can't be throwing flies or sitting on a boat-lantern fishing with a worm.

Rev. Dr. Lewis O. Brastow of Yale university has with the Macmillan company a volume on Representative Modern Preachers. It will appear in a month or two. Mr. Brastow writes elaborately, gracefully and critical essays on various modern clergymen whose gifts for preaching have made them famous.

There seems to be a revival in the writings of Bayard Taylor. His Story of Kennett, which was originally published forty years ago, is reported by G. P. Putnam's new edition, issued last summer, is in its second impression. It contains eighteen original illustrations from photographs. The book deals with Pennsylvania life that is probably unfamiliar to readers of to-day.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE LITERARY GULLITINE. Anonymous. New York and London: John Lane. Price \$1 net.

MINNESOTA POLITICS.

Jim Martin Leaves the Board of Control to Manage the Collins Campaign—The Senators and the Governorship—Prophecy Disappointed by the Collins Resignation—Gus Widell Still Thinking About It.

"Jim" Martin has resigned to manage the Collins campaign, thereby showing his reputation in the state institution towns for fairness and good business ability, and was popular with the superintendents and employees of the institutions. He was a most practical conservative and influenced his action on the board. Since Judge Collins came out for governor, Martin has done considerable political work, and has been severely criticized by opposition for it. His resignation disarms the critics.

As James A. Martin, private citizen, he is at liberty to jump into the political game as hard as he wants to, and we know Martin know how hard that will be. Judge Collins remains on the bench for three months, and will not give much power to his opponent, but he will not give up. With Martin free to give it all his time, the Collins candidacy will not suffer. George Flinn has been making his case. Now we will see what Jim Martin can do.

The Pipestone Review comments as follows on the attitude of the senators toward the governorship: "We are not willing to believe that the United States senators from Minnesota are unpolitic enough to place themselves on a bench which would be a disgrace for the governorship. It is alleged that both Senators Nelson and Clapp are in favor of bringing out some man from Hennepin county to the nomination. This is inadvisable to place a candidate in the field to succeed either Senator Nelson or Clapp. Such a move might be a wise one for them if it originated from other sources, but it certainly would be ill-advised for Senators Nelson and Clapp if they should seek to direct the nomination of some governor by saying that he must come from Hennepin county. While Hennepin county has a large delegation in the legislature, it is not a majority of the votes which are necessary to elect United States senators come from the country districts. Minnesota senators consider it their duty to antagonize the bar of the state, which is practically unanimous in its support of Judge Collins for the governorship. A prompt resignation should be sent out from Washington should be forthcoming."

Of course the senators from this state will not take sides in a contest for governor, but it might be well to watch the attitude of the leading federal office holders on the proposition.

Some of the "day before" comments on Judge Collins' attitude sound funny since his resignation. The Little Falls Transcript said Wednesday that the board of conditions do not encourage Judge Collins' resignation from the bench, and those who are in close touch with the situation are positive that he will not resign. The strong support that has been steadfast to Dunn in all the sections where Collins hoped to obtain assistance has practically eliminated the judge from the fight.

The Mapleton Enterprise said: "Judge Collins has decided that he has had enough of the fight on the governorship and will remain on the bench, rightly considering a bird in the hand worth several in the bush. Now that Mr. Collins has made this move, the cheer on his side is interesting to note the attitude of a whole lot of fellows who have been lambasting Bob Dunn as Jim Hill's candidate, etc. Watch them climb onto the band wagon now."

Neither one of the quoted paragraphs is anything like as bad, however, as the St. Paul daily which had Judge Collins withdrawn from the race on Wednesday afternoon, and announced his resignation Thursday.

Gus Widell of Mankato was in St. Paul New Year's Day, and he admitted that he was still thinking seriously of making the run for secretary of state. He is not sure yet whether his business affairs will permit, and thinks there is plenty of time to consider the matter.

The Mankato Free Press, which was booming Collins a short time ago, seems to be returning to its first love, William Henry Eastus, and giving him quite a send-off in a recent editorial. In the course of the article the Free Press says: "It is more and more apparent each day that the candidates for the governorship have already proclaimed themselves as candidates for governor fall to reach the popular pulse. There is a widespread and growing feeling, also, that Mr. Eastus is the most deserving of the time of all of those whose names have been conjured with in connection with the governorship, and the sentiment very widely prevails, his nomination would harmonize the party as none other could."

The Anoka Free Press is a strong adherent of Bob Dunn, but probably would object to calling him "the Roosevelt of Minnesota," judging by the following: "The Minnesota Journal tries to link the name of Roosevelt with those of Jefferson, Jackson and Lincoln. This would seem to be enough to cause those venerables to turn in their graves."

The New Ulm Review says: "Brown county now has two men ambitious for political honors, George W. Somerville, who would like to represent this district in congress, and L. G. Vogel, who would appreciate a certificate of election to the office of state treasurer. The republican party will probably be called upon to choose between them."

WAR.

Private Smith, of the Royals; the velvet and a slate black sky. Hills of muck, brick red with blood, a prayer—half curse—to die. A lung, and a favor, pink frock and a half-choked cry.

Private Smith, of the Royals; a torrent of red on his pallid skin. A hall of frost on a life half lost; despair and a grinding pain. And the drip-drip-drip of the heavens' wash out the brand of Cain.

Private Smith, of the Royals, self-sounding his funeral knell. A burning thorn in his world. The stars raw like a broken shell. A thrust like a red-hot iron and a tongue like a patch of hell.

Private Smith, of the Royals; the blush of a dawn; day. The fading mist that the sun has kissed and over the hills away. The best of red on his pallid skin and a trail of men who slay.

But Private Smith, of the Royals, gazes up at the soft blue sky—The rose-tinted morn like a babe new born and the sweet-scented birds on high. With the best of red on his pallid skin and a film of white on his eye.—Herbert Cadrett in London Chronicle.

THE NONPARELL MAN.

Parable of the Foolish Man Who Stealeth a Rattlesnake and Carrieth Him Off in His Overcoat Pocket—It is Analogous to Drinking the City Water—Description of the Ancient City of Seoul, Poor in Appearance, But Rich in Fleas.

Nemes is wearing brass knuckles for the thief who steals a rattlesnake and carries the wiggler into his overcoat pocket as Andrew Hollison did at the Palace Museum the other day. However much we may admire Mr. Hollison's nerve we are not prepared to commend his good sense. The rattler seemed to admire neither the one nor the other for he worked off three good bites on his captor before the police and the doctors got busy with him. It's mean like Mr. Hollison who drink the city water with the same nonchalance with which they would drink "Tame Moose" at Crookston, or a wood alcohol split somewhere north of Duluth.

If the boys in the orient get to fighting around Seoul there will be some stern work done. A writer in the magazine Outlook says that Seoul is an ancient walled city, fortified in the strongest way by smells that would drive any but an Asiatic army forthwith into the ocean. It is poor in appearance, but rich in fleas. On autumn nights tigers frequently congregate the right of way with belated pedestrians, and this is the chief reason why one has the entire street to oneself in a moonlight stroll after 8 o'clock. Meta-phorically, one can scarcely see the town for the bald, bulbous and bullet-headed Buhish priests who sit on the super-stition of the populace and lead licentious lives in the adjacent monasteries. It is plain that the Japs, if they get to Seoul first, have their eye on the town. They think of it as a horrible, monstrous and puts on a ferocious face, that the enemy will flee.

There are harsh days ahead for Korea. In case of war it will, as a nation, be blotted off the map like a hunk of pie in the grimy list of a strong tramp. The time has come when Korea must be Russian or Japanese.

A Pullman porter writes this column to know if Wos'y Gil calls himself Woz e Hill or Wozy. It is necessary for him to know all facts from the population of Podunk to the political parties of Paradise in order to lay the proper foundation to "stinking down" the traveling public. The conundrum Wos'y Gil is as unapproachable to us as the English painter, Watts-Dunton. We do not know Wos'y Gil, but we do know Woz'e Dunton. Look in the annual encyclopaedia.

Cashier Andrews, who got a million dollars and fifteen years, was let off by the governor of Michigan after he had served about a year. The governor of Michigan is in the habit of giving out the money of Missouri. We cannot well be harsher than that.

If the Iroquois theater's fireless curtain really burned as charged, somebody ought to hold up one finger at the management.

Paris is rejoicing in a new trackless train. It is composed of a motor carriage similar to an ordinary automobile, and five cars. The discovery consists of the train being able to run on a trackless power from the carriage to move each car. It was found that all the cars tracked exactly with the motor. If the idea proves practical, it will be a great advance over stock is likely to have a corner knocked off of its own day.

An article in this column regarding Christmas and the glorious old sub-zero weather and its manifold splendors and charms evidently struck a responsive chord and threw into the streets a power received by mail yesterday this little sketch clipped out and pasted on a sheet of paper. Under it the same ideas were written and thrown into metre. The unknown poet says:

Talk about your Christmas trees  
In sunny southern climes  
Beneath the spreading palm leaves,  
Or 'mong oranges and limes;  
'Tis the north that has the best  
Inured to Boreas' kiss  
Give up his cheerful fireplace  
To such a scene as this!

They sing of luscious apricots,  
Of peaches and of pears;  
They rave about the salt sea breeze  
And other such things here  
But really, now, and honor bright,  
Wouldn't you much rather  
Have the best of the weather  
Than with this fish farefetter?

Would I enjoy to holl about  
And watch the lazy lizard,  
Knowing the good folk back at home  
Chirp and chirp and chirp and  
Well, I will tell the honest truth,  
And shame the devil so,  
I'd rather have the weather  
If I but had the dough.

Of course the north is all right, but if a man owns a railroad and has an unlimited Pullman pass and isn't afraid of the porter he might as well be in the south as the north. While Manitoba is exporting its weather corn.

Farmer Ben tells his Austin Transcript readers this week that the biggest mistake ever perpetrated in our public schools was the abolition of corporal punishment. He says:

There's a lack of respect for law and authority and order that is developin' with swiftness which is ominous of evil. I tell you when I grew up I had to take my medicine with a strap or a ruler. We kicked out of line and didn't mind father and mother and teacher, and a good application of strap or ruler was a tonic that set us up right and it would last a month or two before we needed any more.

When we were tempted to settle this difficult question off