THE MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY MAIL.

One month	$0.35
Three months	1.00
Saturday Eve. edition, 28 to 36 pages	1.50

Delivered by Carrier.

One week	8 cents
One month	35 cents

All papers are continued until an explicit order is received for discontinuance, and until all arrearages are paid.

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

M. LEE STARKE, Mgr. General Advg. { New York Office, Tribune Building. Chicago Office, Tribune Building.

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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.

Will It Be Harmony?

The conspicuous political event of this week will be the meeting of the national democratic committee at Washington to decide upon the place of meeting of the next democratic national convention.

Obviously, the first important business before the committee will be to ascertain whether "harmony" exists within the democratic party. The meeting of the committee is therefore of special importance to the democracy and engages also the attention of the republican party, for, if the democracy is harmonious and operating in consolidated form, sinking differences and in subjection to shrewd leadership, the republican campaign managers will have need to proceed with more wariness than usual. In the two past campaigns the republican party, indeed, had to make a very hard fight against extraordinarily fallacious money fads, but the logic of the educative campaigns demonstrated the existence of the covert assault upon the public credit and the national prosperity, underlying the democratic pleading for fiat money, and the radical revolution of our monetary system.

The utterances at recent democratic harmony meetings reveal a rather strong tendency of the party leaders, even those who were among the loudest champions of irrational money policies, to abandon the policies which brought them to blistering defeats and humiliations and to modify even the old democratic shibboleth of free trade, and substitute moderate tariff reduction so as not to appear as antagonistic to manufacturers and the industrial labor element.

Notwithstanding the indications of this kind, the rhetorical flourishes of Jackson Day banquets, the residuum of militant Bryanism still exists, altho the colonel himself has declared that he is going to fight only as a private in the ranks, with reservation that his influence would be thrown in the national democratic convention where it will do the most good. Yet even with eastern, western and southern democracy in harmony, a program of "turn the rascals out" and brimming with charges of concealment of rottenness in administration, will hardly "go" when the thoughtful people of the country consider, not only the source of such charges, but that such distinguished democratic statesmen as Richard Olney, with whose views many democrats are in accord, plead with their fellow countrymen to return to "normal conditions," as against the advanced position to which the country has been brought by the republican party, which has shown itself ready and able to accept the great responsibilities of national greatness imposed by "manifold destiny," if you please.

The nation is certainly favorable to the acceptance of the new responsibilities as they come, and, having recognized the fact that the republican party has shown itself the only party able to meet these new conditions, these accumulating questions national and international, is not likely to turn the party out and put at the helm a party whose leaders call upon the voters to return to "normal conditions," with all that the term implies.

Three in a bed—or no, not exactly that, but three in a room describes the crowded condition of the dormitories at the school of agriculture at St. Anthony Park. That school on its present plan is about 13 or 14 years old and it now has an enrollment of 516. It seems to be meeting a long felt want.

Congress should comply with the postmaster general's recommendation that a small appropriation be made to enable the department to experiment with the plan of telephoning special delivery letters addressed to persons residing on rural delivery routes. The special delivery stamp on such a letter would be notice to the postmaster to telephone the person to whom the letter is addressed, notifying him of its receipt. Then, upon the order of the recipient, the postmaster would open the letter and telephone its contents. At present the special delivery service is of no value to the person who gets his mail by rural delivery. As the rural telephone now reaches or soon will reach about every person who is reached by rural mail delivery, the system of special delivery telephoning would make special delivery letters as beneficial to the country as the city patron of the postoffice.

President Palma of Cuba has vetoed the lottery bill passed by congress. President Palma did not live twenty years in the United States for nothing.

The Old City Hall.

One reason why the people of the city do not favor the application of the Salvation Army to be granted the use of the old city hall is that they so generally wish to see the old building down, and the triangle of land used for park purposes. But why not give the material of the old building to the Salvation Army on condition that they tear it down and use it in building for themselves a home in some other place? The Salvationists are doing a good work, and probably no better use can be found for the old material than to give it to them for use in erecting a building elsewhere. Doubtless the city can afford to do this.

Travel is a great educator. It is more than likely that before Mr. Bryan went to Europe he would have opposed any measure providing that permanent residences be provided for our ambassadors and ministers in the chief European capitals. He now returns from Europe strongly in favor of such a measure.

Rural Delivery and Parcels Post.

In his annual report, Postmaster General Payne supports the recommendation of Fourth Assistant Postmaster General Bristow that the salaries of rural mail carriers be increased and that they be forbidden to transact any private business on their routes. Heretofore, in view of the small compensation received directly from the government, and as an accommodation to the patrons of routes, carriers have been permitted to carry on a general express and commission business. There has thus grown up a sort of unofficial parcels post in the country. On some routes this parcels or express business has become so important as to overshadow in the estimation of the carrier the regular mail business. Much of this business is of a kind that would go thru the mails in the regular way, if it were not cheaper to handle it by express to the rural delivery town and then turn it over to the rural carrier to distribute in his private capacity. In this way, argues the postmaster general, the postoffice department loses a considerable revenue.

The government can get this revenue and much more, if it wishes, by establishing a parcels post system, but the postoffice department prefers to get it by denying to the rural carrier the privilege of carrying anything but regular mail. The local express side of the rural delivery has become such a feature of country life that there will certainly be a loud protest from country people if they are deprived of its benefits. The deprivation will lead to a strong agitation for the establishment of the parcels post.

There is a certain significance in this connection of the fact that it is on account of the great increase of money remittances thru the mails since the introduction of the rural delivery service that the postmaster general is especially moved to recommend the adoption of some form of postal check for the remittance of small sums. Rural free delivery has encouraged the farmers to order goods thru the mails. The inevitable corollary to this encouragement to order is the facilitation of the means of responding to the order. If the rural carrier is not to be permitted to make such deliveries in his unofficial capacity, it is certain that there will be a loud demand that it shall be made possible for him to do so officially.

The campaign against the parcels post which is being supported by wholesale houses and country merchants has not begun a moment too soon. The question will soon be a very live one.

The death of General John B. Gordon removes one of those grand old soldiers of the Confederacy who have always worked to upbuild the common nation since the day their efforts at destruction failed at Appomattox. The general was almost as well known and liked in the north as in the south. His numerous lecturing tours brought him face to face with hundreds of thousands of the best people of the north. In that way they got such a sympathetic understanding of the southern point of view as it would have been almost impossible for them to secure in any other way.

Some democrats claim that it is only in the west that President Roosevelt is popular. If other sections of the country manage to defeat him in some way or other, it is, at least, certain that they will be very unpopular in the west.

The Buffalo Hunt.

The following dispatch appeared in The Journal Saturday:

Pierre, S. D., Jan. 9.—Governor Herreid and party returned last night, after a hunt of five days in which they secured a fine buffalo bull in the Fox Ridge country, about 100 miles northwest of here. The animal was one of a band of four and was secured after a chase which lasted from 8 o'clock in the morning until 2 in the afternoon, before a shot was fired. The party brought the head and hide with them and the carcass will be in the first of the week.

We have little doubt that every reader of this dispatch deplored the fact that the governor of South Dakota should participate in hunting down the only buffalo at liberty in South Dakota. Whether these four are animals that have managed to elude the hunters ever since the culminating massacre of the buffalo in 1883, or whether they are animals that have escaped from some private preserve we do not know. In any case it seems a shame to destroy one of the few remaining buffalo.

If these four were able to shift for themselves would it not have been better for the governor to assist in protecting instead of hunting them? A considerable herd of buffalo might result from their multiplication. South Dakota could well afford to spend a large sum of money in maintaining a herd of real wild buffalo west of the Missouri river. If it took Governor Herried and his party six hours to get one of the four they must be fairly able to take care of themselves.

The steady "knocking" of the president goes on all over the country. On the theory that constant dripping wears away stone, his enemies hope gradually to overcome his popularity by insisting continually that he is not a "safe man." A certain class of business men think that a very easy way to win a reputation for great profundity of thought is to declare that "Roosevelt is not safe." Fortunately the president is blessed in his friends, friends that are not of the kind to be cooled off by the most cunning attacks of his enemies.

Last Year's Fire Record.

According to the record of fire destruction in the United States and Canada, kept by the New York Journal of Commerce, the money value which went up in smoke and flame in 1903 was $156,195,700, as compared with $149,260,850 in 1902; $164,347,450 in 1901, and $163,362,250 in 1900. Between 1893 and 1900 the fire loss was considerably below the record of 1893, which was $156,445,875, the highest figures being those of 1899, when the loss reached $136,773,200.

It would appear that, with all the efforts of human inventive genius to prevent the ravages of fire, there is always a concurrent increase of human carelessness and neglect where, indeed, a destructive fire is not started by some devil of an incendiary.

Of fire extinguishing apparatus it can hardly be said that there is a deficiency. Steamers and chemicals and standpipes and other apparatus for reaching the blaze quickly abound, and can be had for the buying by every little or big town wanting such protection.

The insurance patrol, the fire alarm telegraph, trained and fearless firemen, horses trained to fire duty and acting with almost human intelligence—all these things ought to decrease the possibilities of fire loss.

But they do not. The small boy fooling with matches in a barn; the full-grown man lighting his cigar and throwing the blazing match into a lot of combustibles; the careless handling of a house furnace; the falling of a burning coal from an open grate; the subjection of an electric wire to a current it is too small to carry, resulting in the burning of the sheathing and the ignition of the nearest wood—all these things and many more so-called "accidents" wrought the fire loss of $156,195,700 in the year 1903. The smallest percentage of this loss was due to what some people are pleased to call "the act of God"—lightning.

The penalty the public have to pay for human carelessness, such as distinguished the Iroquois theater tragedy, is the wholesale roasting and asphyxiating of thousands of human beings and the advance of insurance rates and greater discrimination as to risks. The insurance company which takes risks on theaters or any other buildings where the canons of security for human life are continually defied and violated, is unworthy of public confidence and the municipal government which neglects the enforcement of the statutory prescriptions for the safety of the public in halls of assembly or theaters, ought to be condemned officially and by public sentiment until it does its duty to the public. It is to be hoped that the public interests now taken in the movement to abolish the so-called "holocaust tragedy" as an insufferable barbarism will not pass away as a fleeting outcry of justifiable virtuous indignation.

LETTER TOO PERFECT

Philadelphia Ledger.

General "Phil" Cook, when secretary of state of Georgia, observed that a young clerk, fresh from one of the small towns, daily received a letter over which he hung long and tenderly. The general knew that this daily missive was from the young fellow's sweetheart, and one day when the letter seemed especially distracting, he said:

"Well, John, I suppose she writes a very nice letter?"

John colored, but was too gallant to let the challenge pass.

"A nice letter! Why, general, she dots her i's and crosses her t's with a fastidious levity that disdains all pursuit."

MINNESOTA POLITICS

Encouragement of Eustis' Candidacy in This County by Dunn Followers Gives Rise to Suspicion—Story of Frank Eddy's Call at the Dunn Headquarters—Martin Didn't Send the Postal Cards—Goodhue County Man Proposed for Lieutenant Governor.

The Browns Valley Tribune thinks—

"It is really true that Eustis' little boomlet for governor is being fanned by the Dunn following, who have become convinced that Collins will receive the support of the Hennepin delegation unless a home candidate is brought into the field."

This is a rumor that has often been heard on the streets of Minneapolis. Of course, no one believes that Mr. Eustis or his friends would be a party to such a scheme, but there is evidence that the Eustis candidacy has been encouraged by Dunn's friends. It is even said that they contemplate making no fight here for Dunn, but giving Eustis the delegation. Some of the strong Eustis men view this with distrust. One of them said: "I am for Eustis if he is a candidate, but, like Mr. Eustis himself, I prefer Collins to Dunn if Eustis cannot win. This proposition of the Dunn men to help Eustis get the Hennepin delegation looks like 'Greeks bearing gifts,' and I am afraid that inside the wooden horse of a Eustis delegation they would conceal an army of votes for Dunn. Certainly I should never consent to sending a Eustis delegation which the Dunn men had a hand in selecting."

The Fairmont News gives currency to a narrative told by Frank Eddy, which has been going the rounds at the capitol. Editor Everett tells it as follows:

"A story made public by ex-Congressman Eddy, who is a prominent candidate for governor, illustrates forcibly the influences that are gathering around and encouraging Bob Dunn. As they are rival candidates for the same position and have been friends for a long time, Eddy went to Dunn's headquarters to call on him, and who do you suppose he found in apparently deep consultation with Dunn? 'Leading republicans,' you will say. Not on your life! It was five democratic and populist editors, and among the number was our own F. A. Day, chairman of the state democratic executive committee. Queer, wasn't it?"

The personnel of the party Frank says he found in the Dunn headquarters conferring with the candidate was: George Flinn, Alex McKenzie of the Crookston Times, Roger J. Bell of the Roseau Times, C. A. French of the Wright County Times, Monticello, and Frank A. Day of the Fairmont Sentinel. It is not likely that they were there to plan for the nomination of a republican candidate for governor, or to discuss John A. Johnson's chances at the polls against Dunn or Collins. Being old friends of Bob, they just dropped in for a friendly call.

The Fairmont Sentinel, run by one of the editors referred to, sizes up the prospect as follows:

"It will be a battle royal between Bob Dunn and Judge Collins, with indications that so much bitterness will be engendered that the democrats will be able to elect John A. Johnson to succeed Van Sant."

The question occurs—if Dunn is in the lead now, and the democrats want such a "battle royal," why don't they turn in and give Collins a lift?

Jim Martin pleads not gilty to a grievous charge brought against him in the Princeton Union by his friend Bob Dunn. It comes under the head of an editorial labeled "False Pretenses," which says:

"Almost every editor in the state has received a postal card this week containing the following:

"St. Paul, Minn., Jan. 1, 1904.—Dear Editor: Please send us by return mail a copy of your last week's paper, and greatly oblige. Yours truly,

—"Northwestern Land Information Co."

"The 'Northwestern Land Improvement Co.' is James A. Martin, the manager of the Collins campaign."

"I never heard of such a concern," said Manager Martin when his attention was called to it. He says he never thought of using such a subterfuge, and that he already gets copies of all the republican papers of the state.

Every one will breathe easier, now that this heinous accusation has been proved untrue. It would seem, tho, that the company which sent out the postal card has a kick coming.

The Eden Valley Journal, one of the Meeker county papers that has come out for Dunn, gives a novel reason for opposing Judge Collins. It says:

"The sixth district owes it to C. A. Pidgeon and Peter E. Hansen that it should not support the St. Cloud man and save the district what it has. Two birds in the cage are worth three in the woods. If the sixth district presents three candidates for state office all three should be turned down. It doesn't pay to be hoggish. The sixth district must be diplomatic or it will come out of the fight in a bad condition."

Mr. Pidgeon is in no danger this year, and is not understood to be worrying about 1906 just yet. Dunn was a declared supporter of Dar Reese in 1902, so the clerk of the supreme court does not feel under any particular obligations. Secretary Hanson is out for Dunn, but he was in that camp long before Judge Collins was in the race for governor. His chances are not affected by the Collins candidacy.

The Rochester Democrat says:

"It is a matter of general regret at the Rochester state hospital that James A. Martin resigned his position on the board of control Saturday. Whatever may be said of Mr. Martin as a politician, he certainly made an efficient member of the board. His policy was not niggardly and he spent more time in the Rochester hospital and took more interest in the welfare of inmates and employes than any of his colleagues or his predecessors."

The Mankato Free Press, which has a leaning toward Eustis, takes this view of the local man's possible candidacy:

"Mr. Eustis is an unselfish gentleman. He loves his party with a fervor so deep that his candidacy will never be assented to unless the demand be very general and very reassuring. He will stand for party harmony and party success and if, on his return from the south, these two desirable conditions are apparent thru the nomination of any one of the present avowed candidates, Mr. Eustis will not disturb the situation by the use of his name. In the meantime his friends are free to take sides in the present contest if they so elect, and Mr. Eustis will think none the less of them.

"Some say William Henry Eustis will be governor of Minnesota. But this may not be the year. If not, he will await the pleasure of the republican party with the quiescent patience so strongly characteristic of the man."

Louis G. Vogel of New Ulm, county auditor of Brown county and prospective candidate for state treasurer, was in St. Paul Saturday to attend the national guard meeting. He is a Spanish war veteran and an officer in the Second regiment. He says he is not doing anything at present, as people are in no hurry to talk politics down in the second. If conditions look right a little later, he will get into the field as an active candidate.

The Faribault Journal is quite sure that Dunn enjoys the "confidence of the plain people," and says:

"If they are not prevented by the wiles of politicians from giving full expression to their wish, there can not be the slightest doubt that Mr. Dunn will secure the nomination he seeks."

The Zumbrota News and the Cannon Falls Beacon have started a boom for John W. Peterson of Vasa as a candidate for lieutenant governor. He was formerly a state senator, and is well known over the state. There is no evidence that Mr. Peterson himself has any designs on the office. —Charles B. Cheney.

NEWS OF THE BOOK WORLD

Bliss Carman's Protest Against the Trash Which Publishers Issue—Some Strange Adventures in Chicago—A New Book of Poems.

The time seems ripe for some literary reformer to organize a crusade, one could almost say a brick-throwing strike, against the "indiscriminate issuance of worthless books." Despite the fact that encouraging notes are heard now and then, as in the Bookman for January, there is a vast deal of rubbish pouring from the presses to-day. The tide ought to be stemmed by a crusade of prayer to the publishers, and, if that should fail, then by a holy war. Bliss Carman in the Literary World for January voices a growing sentiment against unfeeling publishers who encourage the production of worthless stuff. He says in part:

"Perhaps one book in a hundred is worth reading. Perhaps one in a thousand is worth preserving. But, to the critical mind, with its cultivated taste for the best, there is something discouraging in the complete worthlessness of the vast majority of current books.

"I do not believe that the ambitious, but wholly unqualified, author is to blame for this enormous waste of energy. I very much blame the publishers. The publisher—the average publisher of to-day—is so greedy, so afraid of missing a successful novel, that he takes every chance, and puts his imprint on anything that offers itself which has the remotest possibility of success. He is no longer a discriminator for the public. His imprint is no longer any assurance of excellence, and the bewildered reader must make his own way among the confused mass of volumes presented to him.

"And again, I do not blame the writer more than I do the publisher. If publishers were more scrupulous, more careful of the quality and worth of their publication, we should have fewer writers and better books."

According to Mr. Middleton, whose experiences in Chicago are chronicled entertainingly by Wardon A. Curtis in **The Strange Adventures of Mr. Middleton**, Chicago is as good a place as Arabia or central Africa or any other place for adventures. At least, Mr. Middleton, one night on his way to return a rented "dress suit" to a pawnbroker, found a veritable hatchery for adventures.

Mr. Middleton dodged thru a doorway to escape from a downpour of rain which threatened to destroy the set of his borrowed trousers, and found himself in the presence of Achmed Ben Daoud, emir of the tribe of Al-Yam of Arabia, a man of wealth and of inventive genius in his own peculiar way. The emir took a liking to the young man who had stumbled into his place. Learning that he was studying law, he thought he could help his newly found young friend by giving him a copy of the Koran. The gift was a rare old copy kept in a costly sandalwood box. Mr. Middleton could discover no use for either Koran or box, so he sold the book for $500 and sent the box to a young lady in Englewood for a kerchief case. Of course, he said nothing of this to the emir when he called again on the emir's invitation.

WARDON A. CURTIS.
The author of "The Strange Adventures of Mr. Middleton."

For Mr. Middleton it was gift after gift from the emir, and each one connected with some adventure, and some of them, as the above, with pecuniary profit, to which Mr. Middleton was not averse.

But the last gift almost stumped Mr. Middleton. The emir in giving him a large package announced that it contained an odalisque which had been sent from Arabia. It was to be Mr. Middleton's. Now Mr. Middleton did not know whether an odalisque was a piece of statuary or a dromedary. Whatever it was, he could not refuse it; consequently he took the package to his rooms in a carriage and there opened it. Imagine the awful shock to his nerves when he discovered that his odalisque was a Moslem woman—of course, a veritable flower of the morning.

Having seen to the odalisque's comforts—almost too tenderly—Mr. Middleton retreated for the night to ponder over the strange situation. Solve the problem he did, but that is the rest of the story.

Mr. Field's **The Quest and Other Poems** is a collection of very uneven verses. The title poem is a pessimistic performance. A twentieth century poet who writes: "In dreams alone have I found happiness," is not of the stuff that leaders of men are made of. The other poems are chiefly lyrics of love, of which this is a fair example:

Sometimes the water lilies lay
Their cheeks to cool
Upon the bosom of the pool
Of a summer's day;
And then the ripples kiss them when they dare.

I need not say
That there are many graceful ripples there.

Perhaps that's why the lilies sometimes lay
Their cheeks to cool
Upon the bosom of the pool
Of a summer's day.

THE MAGAZINES

Lynching, as Seen by Thomas Nelson Page—"Lynching of Negroes: Its Cause and Prevention," is the title of a startling article, from the pen of Thomas Nelson Page, which appears in the January number of **The North American Review**. The article is positively grim in the frankness with which it deals with the subject. Mr. Page recalls the fact that for a time the ordinary course of the law was relied on, in the main, to meet the outraging of white women by negroes, but several evils resulted therefrom:

The chief one was that the ravishing of women, instead of diminishing, steadily increased. The criminal, under the ministrations of his preachers, usually professed to have "gotten religion," and from the shadow of the gallows called on his friends to follow him to glory. So that the punishment lost to these emotional people much of its deterrent force, especially where the real sympathy of the race was mainly with the criminal rather than with his victim. Another evil was the dreadful necessity of calling on the innocent victim, who, if she survived, as she rarely did, was already bowed to earth by shame, to relate in public the story of the assault—an ordeal which was worse than death. Yet another was the delay in the execution of the law. With these, however, was one other which, perhaps, did more than all the rest together to wrest the trial and punishment from the courts and carry them out by mob violence. This was the unnamable brutality with which the causing crime was, in nearly every case, attended.

Lawrence Gilman, the musical critic, in a short article says the essential fact in "Parsifal" is Parsifal's redemption, Parsifal's regeneration, the vital lesson being that none may look upon the grail, and know it in the moment of its illumination, until he has first become aware of the vivid reality of other lives and of the common life. That is to say, the stage of the drama is in the heart of Parsifal himself.

The review provides for its readers this month a series of articles of extraordinary interest, including the first chapters of a novel by W. D. Howells, "The Son of Royal Langbrith."

Significance of Two Musical Events—John Talbot Smith, in **Donahoe's** for January, writes of "Parsifal" and "The Dream of Gerontius," Cardinal Newman's poem, as presented in New York, thus:

How can we help seeing the significance of these events, "Parsifal" and "The Dream of Gerontius"? What other meaning in that tremendous impression which they make upon the passing multitude than that the reaction against the Voltaires and Tyndalls and Spencers and Cliffords has come? Scott's novels, the Oxford movement, Newman's poetry, Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," Wagner's music-drama, and Elgar's masterpiece, are events that lie far apart and seem to have little connection; yet who will be rash enough to deny that New York at the beginning of the century has been emphatically and impressively brought face to face with the reaction expressed in them by wonderful "Parsifal" and "The Dream of Gerontius"?

Other features of the number are "The Salesian Boy-Savers," "A Famous Old Turnpike" and "Soldiers of the Vatican."

Queer Craft for a Dangerous Cruise—Men who have explored the west have used all sorts of queer craft in navigating streams, but we doubt whether any have used quite such a queer one as that used by A. L. Fellows, one of the engineers of the reclamation service of the government. The exploration to be accomplished was that of a particularly dangerous portion of the Gunneson river in Colorado. The use of boats had failed those who had tried before, so Mr. Fellows and an assistant used a pneumatic rubber bed as a raft for a ten days' trip. They got thru without a puncture.

The story is part of an article on the "Reclamation of the West" in **The National Geographic Magazine** for January, published by the National Geographic society. The magazine in addition contains a large map showing the Alaskan boundary under the recent decision; "The Alaskan Boundary Tribunal," written of by John W. Foster, formerly secretary of state; "The United States Weather Bureau," by James S. Wilson, secretary of agriculture, and other interesting articles.

The Open Court for January contains the following: Frontispiece, Herbert Spencer; "Herbert Spencer," editor; "Christmas on the Nativity of Mithras," Rev. Robert Sinker; "The Japanese Floral Calendar" (illustrated), Ernest W. Clement, M. A.; "Did William Shakspere Write Shakspere?" J. Warren Keifer; "The Gospels of Jesus and Paul," Rev. J. C. Allen; "Stone-Worship" (illustrated), editor, and several other articles in the magazine's special field.

BOOKS RECEIVED

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF MR. MIDDLETON. B. Wardon A. Curtis. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co. Price $1.50.

THE QUEST AND OTHER POEMS. By Edward Salisbury Field. Boston: Richard G. Badger. The Graham Press.

AT THE THEATERS

Bijou—"Rudolph and Adolph."

"Rudolph and Adolph," a dramatic contraption announced on the program as a "farcical melange," is at the Bijou this week. Rudolph is a horse doctor with a termagant for a wife; Adolph a ladies' tailor with a better half who is young, charming and devoted to her minor fraction. Rudolph and Adolph look as much alike as the two Dromios. Even their wives get them mixed, which is fortunate for Rudolph, but rather tough on Adolph. That is the plot. Not much of a plot, to be sure, but sufficient, like Mercutio's wound, to serve.

Mason and Mason, who presented the piece at this playhouse last season, still have the leading roles. They are German dialectieians with a liking for mangled English, a preference which seems to be warranted by the approval of their audiences. Bessie Phillips, the soubrette, sings very much like a water-whistle such as may be bought on the street corners—which is an accomplishment not to be despised. However, she dances well and she is good to look at. Magda Henry Foy does a creditable bit of acting as the shrew.

Musically, the best thing on the program is an operatic duet sung by Mr. Bates and Miss McKenzie, in which snatches are interloped from "Pinafore," "Mikado," "Bohemian Girl," "Martha" and a number of other operas, not to mention "Die Meistersinger" and "Princess Bonnie." Then there is the inevitable "Bedella" and the customary travesty on "Hiawatha."

The "Brighteye Sisters," Jessie and Tessie, whose names do not appear upon the program, contribute a good acrobatic dance and contortion act. There is no attempt at scenic display and the costumes look rather tawdry from much use.
—J. S. Lawrence.

Lyceum—"Fabio Romani."

That strong, fateful melodrama of revenge, "Fabio Romani," dramatized from Marie Corelli's popular romance, "The Vendetta," is again to be seen in Minneapolis for the first time in nearly twenty years. Coming thus before the local play goer as a new production, the play shows itself to be a better dramatization than are many current efforts at putting books upon the stage. All the vigorous strokes are retained that have made Queen Victoria's favorite novelist more noted for audacity than taste. There's abundance of that cynicism that has rendered the daintily pretty authoress so interesting to her numerous readers. The play, no less than the romance, proves easily its power to rivet popular attention.

This story of a betrayed husband—who is buried alive by his wife's lover and who returns from the dead so changed that he is able to betray the betrayer and himself deceive the twice false wife, driving her to madness and to death—attacks, with startling emphasis, the frailty of womankind. Feminine auditors gasped last night at Marie Corelli's accusations. Yet the ladies forgive in "Sweet Marie" such sentiments as no male dramatist would dare to breathe across the footlights. Not one woman is left above suspicion in "Fabio Romani"—none, at least, save the little maid servant Lilla, and even she's on trial. If Lilla wasn't Miss Masie Cecil, in whom Minneapolis has every confidence, worshippers of the good and gentle sex would leave the Lyceum with tears of apprehension.

Miss Grace Hayward, the heroine that dares to prove how woman may surpass man's feeble efforts in the art of treachery, was never a more appropriate picture, her brunette charms appearing to best advantage. A. Byron Beasley attracted sympathy as the deceived and deceiving husband. Ben Johnson achieved a personal triumph in his striking, sinister portrayal of the old ragpicker, Raspetti, half maddened by his own remorse and the infidelity of his murdered wife. W. H. Murdoch, the false friend Guido, maintained his atmosphere of baseness. Most of the frequent laughter was stimulated by George Elmore as the Scottish innkeeper and assistant villain. The scenery—in particular the view of the Bay of Naples and of an ancient Neapolitan street—were above the Lyceum average.
—H. B. Curry.

Foyer Chat.

The Cracker Jacks opened to an enthusiastic audience at the Dewey theater yesterday, headed by that inimitable comedian, Bob Van Osten and a coterie of show girls and a good olio.

The Kilties, who come to the Metropolitan for a concert next Sunday evening, is composed of fifty crack musicians from the leading regiments of Canada, appearing in the picturesque dress of the Scotch Highlanders. In addition there is a fine vocal choir and a number of Scotch dancers and singers.

America's most famous comic opera organization, The Bostonians, is booked to play a brief engagement of three nights and Wednesday matinee at the Metropolitan, commencing Monday evening next. They will present two of their greatest successes, "Robin Hood" and "The Serenade."

THE NONPAREIL MAN

A Universal Cry Goes Up Over the State for J. F. McGovern of Wabasha to Run for Governor on the Democratic Ticket—Collins, Dunn, Eddy and Eustis in a Panic Over the Possibility—Mr. McGovern Clearly Distinguishes Between Himself and Senator Peter McGovern of Waseca.

J. F. McGovern of the Wabasha Herald has no end of trouble because people confuse him with Senator Peter McGovern of Waseca, who is "quite another fellow." People as a rule seem unable to untangle the McGovern family. J. F., the "we" of the Wabasha Herald emits this note of woe over the matter:

The McGovern who is connected with the Wabasha Herald lives in Wabasha and is WE, while Senator Peter McGovern lives in Waseca and is another fellow. We are not a senator, a defeat for the house, being the nearest we ever came to an election to the senate. Long ago, before we had even a wife with which to start housekeeping, we received a letter of warm congratulation thru the mails because we had just become the father of a daughter. Of course, the senator was the culprit, but some one had mixed us. When we were both county attorneys, he of Waseca and we of Wabasha county, he always got the credit for any brilliant work we did, and if he made a mistake it was attributed by the press to the attorney of Wabasha county. If he happens to buy a law book, the bill is sent to us; and if we happen to pay for one, the receipt is sent to him. If we take a drink in Wabasha, some one hands him a clove in Waseca. We hope and pray that we shall leave this sphere first, because, if we are here when he quits, we will stand a good chance of being buried alive. And when we do reach the pearly gates heaven only knows what charges we will encounter, on Peter's books, that belong to Peter McGovern and not to us.

But we agree with the Ortonville Herald-Star that Senator McGovern would make a strong candidate for governor. We can safely go further and say he would make a good governor. And, further yet—anything that wears the name is always good.

After reading the above, this column came out strongly for J. F. McGovern for governor on the democratic ticket, or, perhaps more accurately, for McGovernor. Eustis is in Porter Rickey, Eddy has taken the veil, Collins is resigned and Bob Dunn uses bad language when he drops the great seal of the state on his toe. Hence it looks to us like a sinch for a McGovern of some kind or other and we make a little holler for J. F.

Mr. Olney arises from the gloom to state that Cleveland is the man that can do it. If the party thinks so it will leave a large section of it, to use Mr. Watterson's vigorous phrase, "between hell and the iron works." This is not a pleasant predicament.

St. Louis theaters found all their asbestos fire curtains non-inflammable. Now if the people whose place it is to drop the curtains in case of fire are nonrunnable the audiences may feel fairly safe.

The Leeds, N. D., News voices the plaint of the girls of that town as follows:

We've padded and powdered and primp'd;
Our crowfeet and freckles we've crimped.
We've tried every wriggle
And cackle and giggle,
We've simpered and dimpled and limped.

Now they anounce that nothing having come of it they intend to take the leap year initiative themselves. We look for "something doin'" in Leeds before the war in the orient breaks out.

Two volumes have recently come out in New York entitled "Private Lives of William II., and His Consort." If these volumes contain what is true Emperor William, who poses as the war lord of Europe, full of vigor and activity, is in reality a weakling, physically and mentally, who is putting up about the biggest bluff on record. But "private lives" like this must be well spiced up to sell and we suspect, while the emperor may not be a mighty war lord, that he is not quite so cheap and monumental a bluff as these two volumes make out. Then, we all of us put up a kind of bluff you know.

The Jackson, Minn., Tribune has a leap year list of eligibles that the girls would do well not to overlook. From two columns of good material we extract the following as extremely promising:

Will Hunter, banker, is considered one of the best catches in town. Good, steady habits; loxable disposition; trustworthy, bright, intelligent, and will make a model husband. He needs to be rounded up soon, however, as he is becoming more shy as the years roll round, and will be harder to catch.

W. H. Miller, attorney. Handsome, intelligent, and is destined to become a leading attorney of the state. There may be some strife over landing this valuable catch, but the girl that gets him will find it worth the effort. An early campaign for his capture is desirable.

John Fiddes, deputy postmaster. Here's one of the best in the lot. Kind, obliging, handsome, jolly and a capital fellow. Will get up morning and build fires, empty ash pans, carry in water and perform other domestic duties.

N. P. G. Wright, editor. "The prettiest boy in the bunch," say the girls. Bright, charming, gay; great intellect; writes an editorial on moral ethics or a surprise party with equal facility and fluency. Can be rounded up without much difficulty. He's all right—take him.

George Thompson. Large, splendid physique, handsome, ruddy complexion, gentle as a kitten, but is regarded as almost a hopeless case—ought to have been captured eight years ago. He is thrifty, has a good bank account, is a capital good fellow, and if he can be caught will make an A1 husband.

This seems to be the opportunity of a life time. If the girls do not jump in at once with a "tag, you're it," it will soon be too late. —A. J. R.

SHOULD TEACHER GET MAD

"So McCleary of Minnesota, says a school teacher should never get mad at a pupil," observed Representative Jones of Washington state.

"Well, I taught school for ten years, and I am reminded of a statement by a young school teacher in this connection. I was assisting in a county institute at Carmi, White county, Ill., and this question was being discussed in one of the classes.

"The tender relations of pupil and teacher had been discussed most beautifully by different ones and the idea seemed to be pretty general that our relation to the child was a little bit higher than that of the parent, and that our treatment of pupils should be almost, if not quite, angelic, when a young man, who had been teaching for some time, arose and said:

"'I guess I agree with all of you in this matter. I never do get mad at any of my pupils, but I do get awfully enthusiastic occasionally.'

"I rather expect," concluded Mr. Jones, "that expresses the experience of every teacher, even the most angelic."

WHY THANKS WERE RETURNED

New York Times.

Recently, when Edmund Clarence Stedman was visiting in New England, he was called upon by the head of the house while at dinner to invoke the divine blessing.

"I was rather surprised and for half a minute sorely tempted," said Mr. Stedman, in relating the incident. "Then I rose to the occasion and asked a grace which I remembered."

"But, Mr. Stedman," demanded a young woman of the party eagerly, "to what were you sorely tempted?"

"To do as Charles Lamb did under similar circumstances."

"And that was?"

"He looked about the board and asked in his surprise: 'Is there no clergyman present?' The host shook his head. Then Lamb prayed: 'For this and all other mercies, Oh Lord, make us truly thankful.'"

Miss Marie Cahill in "Nancy Brown" will be the attraction at the Metropolitan for the latter half of this week. "Nancy Brown" is replete with song hits and is interpreted by an excellent organization.

Defective Page