THE JOURNAL

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

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The Great Daily of the Great Northwest

A Record for 1903 that Counts.

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

THE JOURNAL in 1903 carried over 20,000 inches more in its daily issues than any other Minneapolis or St. Paul paper carried in its daily or daily and Sunday issues combined.

The Journal's Circulation for December averaged ***61,005*** copies, which goes directly to the homes.

The Far Eastern Situation.

The Garde Francaise on the field of Fontenoy, with chivalric courtesy, shouted to the enemy: "Fire first, gentlemen!" While one does not suspect either Russia or Japan of such delicate courtesy, Russia would appear to be waiting rather anxiously for Japan to fire the first shot, so she may have a pretext for moving a few versts further eastward.

Russia, at the outset of the protests of Japan against her encroachments upon Manchuria and Korea, assumed that Japan could be hoodwinked and bullied as easily as China has been. Russia recalled the comparative ease with which she had succeeded, with the aid of Germany and of France, in depriving Japan of the legitimate fruits of her victory over China in 1894, including Korea, and she recalled the comparatively easy acquisition of the southern portion of the great island of Saghalien in exchange for the Kurile islands from Japan; but she has been somewhat stricken with the "buck ague" on discovering that Japan has already mobolized her first installment of troops for war service, and has her fine modern navy with war paint on, and in readiness for a Russian naval attack, if the latter chooses to risk one.

If Russia wishes for war, she can evidently have all she wants of it, altho her item of war expenditures in the past hangs like a millstone around her neck, while 80 per cent of her inhabitants are more or less in an impecunious condition, struggling for bare existence, and her foreign debt is running up into bankruptcy dimensions.

The tension is severe. Your peace-loving czar has just approved the mobilization of the Siberian army, while sedulously delivering homilies on the beauties of peace. In 1877, the war party plunged Russia into the costly war with Turkey, in spite of the unwillingness of the Czar Alexander to embark in it. The war party to-day is determined to carry out the object of Count Ignatieff's two treaties with China of 1858 and 1860, by which Russia, by swindling diplomacy, acquired the lower Amur valley and the port of Vladivostok on the Pacific. In laying her hands on Manchuria and seeking to acquire Korea, she proposes to round out her ambition to get seaports on unfrozen seas, which Great Britain has been chiefly instrumental in preventing her from possessing on the Mediterranean and the Persian gulf. Having reached such an acquisition as Port Arthur and pitched her camps all over Manchuria, a back down would seriously injure her Asiatic prestige.

The rumored purpose of the dowager empress to make a flank attack on Russia, simultaneously with the opening of the war between Russia and Japan, would be a fine piece of strategy, if the old tergamant could invoke successfully the national spirit in China, which does not seem to exist at present, except in the blind, brutal fury of secret oath-bound societies like the Boxers. Of troops on paper China has a large and formidable assortment, but of trained modern troops, she cannot put in the field over 100,000 to 150,000 at the outside. The ordering of this force afield would set in motion the brute forces of the thugs all over China, who have but one war cry—"Slay the foreign devils!" Nothing would hasten the partition of the empire more rapidly than such a movement.

It has been said that "everybody's difficulty is Russia's opportunity," and it has been so in history. Russia learned a lesson by her reverse in the Crimean war, which Nicholas I. went into too hastily. Since then she has pulled wires and worked in the dark and advanced thru Asia, while keeping up her intrigues in the Balkan peninsula. But it is possible that, in her present movement, she has bitten off more than she can chew, and may be stopped short by the impact of the pebble of the Japanese David.

This weather will be hard on the tendency to move to Canada.

Speaking of the Weather.

In this latitude and longitude we accept a certain degree of cold weather without comment. From Dec. 1 to March 1 we do not expect many days when the mercury stands above freezing. We are not disturbed when the mercury sinks below zero five or ten degrees. We are not surprised when it goes to 15 or 20 below for a few hours, but when it gets into the 20's the weather becomes a subject worth talking about, and when it drops on down into the 30's, as it has done the last two days, weather becomes the subject of prime importance.

Weather like this has a financial as well as meteorological importance. Coal fades away into the bright maw of the furnace that successfully battles with the cold for supremacy within the four walls of the home. As the coal pile goes down, the pile in the bank is apt to settle a bit.

Such weather has a certain moral worth, also. "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" when the human form is exposed to a blast of that famous dry atmosphere of ours, refrigerated to the extent of 35 degrees below zero, or of 67 degrees below the freezing point of water? Well, it isn't. There is nothing that will take the cockiness out of a man quite so quick as a frost-bitten nose, frozen ears, cold feet, stinging fingers and a permeating chill. After a dose of weather like this our respect for old Mother Nature increases amazingly, and we begin to perceive that we must hasten if we would catch up with her.

The Globe expresses sympathy with the settlers in western Canada. It says of them: "With thousands of miles between them and the nearest centers of transportation, they are absolutely dependent upon monopoly in every least detail of their lives." Well, what of it? Isn't railway monopoly a good thing? Haven't we been assured over and over again that the merger was the best thing that ever happened to the northwest states? If monopoly is such a good thing on this side of the line, why isn't it all right on the other side? Or, did the Globe make a slip and admit a fact unintentionally?

The Right View.

Public service corporations must be public.

That is the gist of the statement made to the Hartford board of trade by President C. S. Mellen of the New Haven & Hartford railroad. The statement is remarkable for its candor and its public spirit, something that the public does not expect from high railway officials. It was generally known when Mr. Mellen was president of the Northern Pacific that his views were of the general nature of the utterance he made at Hartford, but he rarely expressed them. They were too much at variance with some of Mr. J. J. Hill's views.

Mr. Mellen said in so many words that the public service corporations must serve the public faithfully and honestly or else the public "utilities will be manned and operated by the public that created them, even tho the service be less efficient and the result less satisfactory from a financial standpoint."

It is certain that a free people will not long submit to tyranny and arrogance from its own creatures. The public service corporations must understand the true nature of their relation to the public and act in harmony with it or else be prepared to see themselves ultimately dispossessed of their property.

A multitude of evils in railway management has proceeded from the failure of their directors and managers to realize that a railway corporation is utterly unlike a strictly private corporation. From time immemorial transportation and government have been closely linked together. When private agencies do not supply means of transportation, governments are always expected to do the work. When a government delegates special privileges to a transportation company, it is merely encouraging it to take up a governmental task. A railway company is really the agent of the state.

This relation has been largely ignored in practice, and men have talked about railways and acted toward them precisely as towards any piece of personal property.

Men of the Mellen school, however, are something more than sharp clerks, with only crude ideas of economics and politics, raised to influential and powerful positions. We shall doubtless from now on have more and more such men. The era of railway brigandage and speculation and exploitation is passing away. Conditions are becoming permanent instead of changing, and railways have become mighty factors in industry and commerce instead of being the footballs of reckless fortune seekers.

A St. Paul workingman at the state council of the Federation of Labor threw it back to the lawyers yesterday that they have a union of their own and restrict the privilege of practicing law to those who belong to it. It is true, the state does that, but would the union man be willing to enforce the same terms of membership and require all union men to show evidence of a high standard of skill before he could belong to the union? It often looks to a man on the outside as if the unions would have to pay more attention to the standard of skill and the quality of workmanship among their members if they are to be successful.

Mysterious Illnesses — How Some of Them Are Contracted.

Ther is a lot of good sense in a communication printed to-day under the heading of "Timely Suggestions," Diphtheria and other contagious diseases are contracted in the most mysterious ways. It is often impossible to account for the appearance of this disease in a family where apparently all the conditions of the home are favorable to health.

The habit of putting used lead pencils in the mouth, however, is a very common ones especially among school children, as every one knows ,and the spread of disease in that way is doubtless much greater than is generally appreciated. But "S. E." does not stop with one suggestion. He calls attention to a good many other violations of the law of health which are quite as bad as the spitting habit, against which the health officers are making a very timely crusade. The wearing of long dresses on the streets and allowing them to sweep the sidewalks and the crossings is a custom more or less common among ladies, which men have not yet been able to understand. Ladies who are extremely fastidious in every other respect sweep the floors of public halls and offices, sidewalks and the street cars with their dresses in a way which must load up a great deal of filth and thoroly impregnate their garments with disease germs of all kinds. As "S. E." says, a man who would allow his overcoat to trail on the street would be regarded as a disgustingly dirty fellow. Why should it be regarded as any more cleanly for a lady to trail her dress in the same way? Walking dresses and all dresses worn outside the home should never be allowed to touch the street, and some day no woman will be willing to wear a dress of that kind on the street, or in a business place or in any kind of public conveyance.

More men were found in saloons than in church in one part of London a few Sundays ago. It wouldn't be so bad as that in Minneapolis, tho there are probably more saloons than churches open here on Sunday.

Hair-Trigger Watterson.

Henry Watterson was always picturesque. He is still picturesque, but in these latter days his word pictures are slapped onto very fragile canvas. There is far more picturesqueness than substance in his utterances. Witness his verbal fits over the 400 and his wild ravings about the Panama canal "steal." Henry sees ghosts and other things too diaphanous for other people to perceive. Notice his latest dream.

One William Jennings Bryan, a distinguished citizen of this republic who has twice received the suffrages of nearly half of the voters of the United States for the highest office in their gift, went to Europe. Everywhere the American ambassadors received him courteously and gave him special attentions. To have done less than they did would have been discourtesy. But, hist, Henry, Henry Watterson perceives that this is no simple courtesy. It has a purpose. Of course the ambassadors were instructed to make much of Bryan, thus giving him a lot of free advertising. Why? To make trouble for the democratic reorganizers, to be sure. To quote Mr. Watterson's own words:

Here was a chance to make the hayseeds believe him a devil of a fellow, equally in Europe and America. So the word went forth, in London, in Paris and in Rome no less than in hell for sartin, and in Yuba Dam the man from Nebraska is "Some Punkins," as the saying hath it, and upon his return this whilom anarchist becomes in the republican press only second to William McKinley.

It is no longer "Go to grass, Willie," and "Blast your eyes, Bill," but "We look toward you, Mr. Bryan," and "I' faith, in good sooth, they do."

Watterson is the only editor in the country who could get the Associated Press to carry such wild gibberish.

The Courier-Journal and the Atlanta Constitution are the two southern papers of which the most is known and heard in the north. The contrast between them is interesting. The Courier-Journal is quoted for its follies and hair-trigger extravagances, and the Constitution for its coolness, good sense and poise.

In these days, when the Minneapolis gamblers gamble regularly, do you recall those dreadful days of the Jones interregnum when gambling wasn't permitted? What terrible days those were! How we all suffered!

A German company with a capital of $5,000,000 has been organized to fight the Standard Oil company. Mr. Rockefeller may read about it in the papers.

Crown Prince Rockefeller once cut eighty cords of wood with his own hands. And he might have had all the oil he wanted for nothing.

Mr. Dunn wants room for political headquarters in the statehouse—the governor's room would about suit him. Bob's watch is too fast.

Dr. Madden's faith was of the good old kind, but "Mr. Edwards" goes him one better.

If weather like this prevails in Manchuria there will be no war for a few days.

BLETHEN'S FEELINGS

Seattle Times.

The ice is fifteen inches thick in the lakes of Minnesota. And yet, when they say it rains in Seattle, they think they are hurting our feelings.

HOBSON'S NAVAL PROGRAM

Sioux City Journal.

Or, in other words, Hobson seems to think that in our naval expansion program we ought to appropriate $1 for every kiss he received.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

Widell's Withdrawal Brings Out Vogel of New Ulm as an Active Candidate for State Treasurer—Watonwan County Said to Be Solid for Collins—A Dark Hint from the Seventh District.

Louis G. Vogel of New Ulm is an active candidate for state treasurer. As soon as Gus Widell announced that he would not be a candidate for secretary of state, Mr. Vogel made up his mind to run, and announced his decision yesterday. He had only been waiting to hear from Widell.

Julius Block won his first nomination as a second district man, and has plenty of friends in that section. Now that Nicollet has been switched into the third district he will look for strong support in that quarter. With Vogel and Schwarg both actively in the race, it is the field against Block, and may develop a pretty contest.

Colonel Everett says in the Fairmont News:

"According to the twin city papers Mr. Widell of Mankato has decided that he will not be a candidate for secretary of state. This decision on his part is wise. The second district has only one chance to get a place on the state ticket and that is in uniting on some candidate for railroad and warehouse commissioner. By doing this they can name the man. Whether they will do so or not remains to be seen. As the News has often stated, it is ready and more than willing to support any man the district will unite on for that position."

This ignores the Vogel candidacy, which may be the only one developed in the district. H. J. Miller of Luverne, who has been importuned to be a candidate for railroad commissioner, will not stand for it. He has his eye on the seat in congress now held by J. T. McCleary, and will not be drawn away to anything else. Some one else may be brought out for the office, but Vogel is the first second district man in the field, and so has an advantage.

Another second district county has been heard from on the governorship. The Madelia Times-Messenger says:

"It is safe to say that Watonwan county to-day is overwhelmingly for Collins for governor. This sentiment is so general among the republicans of the county that there is very little said in favor of any other candidate. There is no indication that this sentiment will grow less."

The Lakefield Standard, the Dunn representative in Jackson county, says:

"A howl is going up from the Collins camp because Fred Schiffman, who was Governor Van Sant's chief oil inspector, is for Dunn for governor. But these people forget that Schiffman four years ago was for Van Sant. And why should Dunn object if Schiffman is supporting him? We are no particular admirer of the ex-oil inspector, but why Dunn should be blamed for any support which comes to him is beyond our comprehension. We have not noticed Collins or Jim Martin chasing away any supporters, no matter what their condition or character may be or have been. Worse men than Schiffman are behind the Collins candidacy."

The Standard evidently has a new rule of conduct: "It makes no difference what company a man keeps."

The Appleton Press throws out a pregnant hint in the following:

"There may be another three-cornered primary contest for the congressional nomination in this district. Developments in this direction are becoming quite decided."

W. W. Sivright of Hutchinson, former state senator, is nominated by the Gaylord Hub for one of the third district delegates to the national convention. The suggestion will, no doubt, be popular.

—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.

Timely Suggestions.

To the Editor of The Journal.

At this time, when diphtheria exists in various parts of the city, some effort should be made to warn school children and others against the danger of putting coins or the points of lead pencils in the mouth. When the writer went to school teachers did not allow pupils to form the habit of putting pencils in the mouth. Now teachers frequently set the example, and no attempt is made to stop the filthy habit. The child in school, as well as the clerk in the store, will almost invariably put the pencil in the mouth before using it. Lead pencils are put together with glue, and that ought to be enough to gag any one. But pencils pass thru many hands; they are exchanged, laid in various places, handled with soiled hands and then put into the mouth.

It has frequently been stated that a kiss may communicate disease, and recently the daily papers have reported the case of a child afflicted with hydrophobia who communicated the disease to its parents by being kissed. There is just as much or more danger from putting in the mouth a pencil, coin or other object covered with the germs of disease. Perhaps no one would do so if he could first examine the article thru a microscope. But that is out of the question in most cases, and children should be warned by parents and teachers.

It may be as important as the anti-spitting ordinance or a reform in the construction of theaters.

And while the board of health is after the spitter, why not try to put a stop to the unsanitary work done by women who wipe up the filth of the streets with their skirts and distribute that dirt everywhere? A man who would trail his overcoat in the dirt would be worse than a tramp and would be "run in" by the police.

Diphtheria and typhoid fever could probably be avoided by a better knowledge and observance of the laws of health.

—S. E.

AT TIDEWATER

The red and yellow of the autumn salt-grass,
The gray flats, and the yellow-gray full tide,
The lonely stacks, the grave expanse of marshes—
O, Land wherein my memories abide,
I have come back that you may make me tranquil,
Resting a little at your heart of peace,
Remembering much amid your serious leisure,
Forgetting more amid your large release.
For years the wisdom of the night and morning,
The word of the inevitable years,
The open Heaven's unobscured communion,
And the dim whisper of the wheeling years.

The great things and the terrible I bring you,
To be illumined in your spacious breath—
Love, and the ashes of desire, and anguish,
Strange laughter, and the unhealing wound of death.
These in the world, all these, have come upon me,
Leaving me mute and shaken with surprise.
Oh, turn them in your measureless contemplation,
And in their mastery teach me to be wise.

—Charles G. D. Roberts.

Paper, according to indubitable documents, has been made in China from time immemorial; next we hear of it in Turkestan, in 750 A. D.

NEWS OF THE BOOK WORLD

New Zealand Not a Utopia; What It Has and Has Not Done Told in a Book by Henry Demarest Lloyd—Sketch of Consul Booth-Tucker—"The Atonement and the Modern Mind."

It is noteworthy that one of the most conservative countries in the civilized world, England, is the mother of colonies whose people are noted for their disposition to test and actualize the most advanced kind of legislation, social, economic, industrial. Henry Demarest Lloyd, in his interesting book, **Newest England**, wherein he describes New Zealand and its methods, attributes the effervescence of democracy to the tendency of old ideas and institutions to gain new vigor when transplanted to a new world, as in the case of New England, settled by Pilgrims and Puritans, which left the mother country far behind and infused its spirit thruout the great republic, the wonder of the world to-day. As Mr. Lloyd says: "What other countries talk about, New Zealand does." The germs of all advanced legislation in Australasia, he affirms, were stored in the older countries. Withal, Mr. Lloyd found in his personal investigation of New Zealand that it has not reached the Utopian condition, as many outsiders think it has, who read about its old-age pensions, freedom from capitalistic oppression and beautific labor conditions. Trades unionism has not recovered from the overwhelming defeat of the strike of 1890; the birthrate is decreasing; there is a sheep ring and a coal ring and a timber ring, and the new institutions on trial for dealing with land, labor, taxation, finance and government industry each has a lame spot. But the progress of experimentation is more rapid in New Zealand than elsewhere. The country has not reached any final social solutions. Yet Mr. Lloyd affirms that the New Zealanders, the most homogeneous Anglo-Saxon blend of English, Scotch and Irish, are the least uncivilized, the least unhappy, the least disinherited people in the world. Government and people are "the least bad this side of Mars." This is saying much for the country.

The people started the boom by initiating great public works and an assisted immigration scheme in 1870, which started the material development of the country. Step by step they have established institutions and laws that have made their government and civilization unique in the history of the world.

Professor N. S. Shaler left Harvard the first of January for a six months' vacation, which he will spend in the Mediterranean countries, going up the Nile and then thru Palestine and Greece. He publishes next month thru Houghton, Mifflin & Co. an important book on "The Neighbor, a Study of Race Prejudices," dealing with perhaps the most important group of problems that concerns modern states.

CONSUL BOOTH-TUCKER.

A very touching and beautiful tribute is paid to the late Emma Booth-Tucker by her father, the man of action in Christian work, General Booth, prefacing a sketch, entitled **The Consul**, of the life and heroic work of this estimable woman, by her husband, Commander Booth-Tucker. The tragical death of Mrs. Tucker while faithfully and nobly engaged in her rescue work was a great sorrow to all who knew and recognized the value of the Salvation Army work as a power for uplifting men and women, and giving their lives new direction and nobler aspirations and substantial aid and incentive to good citizenship. Commander Booth, in his biography, gives very interesting incidents in the consul's life and work. Her influence was widespread. She was one of those noble and self-sacrificing women of action, following and rescuing lost humanity wherever it wandered.

Professor Denney of the United Free Church College, Glasgow, in his **The Atonement and the Modern Mind**, applies his fine exegetical powers to a valuable discussion of the Christian doctrine of the atonement. In its simplest form this doctrine is that there is a mediator between God and man, Jesus Christ, and forgiveness of sins is mediated to us thru Christ, and, specifically, thru the death and blood of Christ, "God manifest in the flesh," to demonstrate to men his love and mercy. The incarnation embodies the atonement; the atonement embodies the incarnation. Professor Denney takes up each objection of the modern mind to this doctrine, which he shows to be set forth in the Christian scriptures. Such objections as that man needs no atonement for sin; that sin itself is only an incident of human life like having a headache, or the measles, or a bad cold; that Christ himself, instead of being God incarnate, was only an additional unit in the world's population and a man laboring under a delusion and deluding others; that the idea of atonement by the shedding of blood, and the closely-related doctrine of the resurrection of the dead, atoning Christ, are contrary to human experiences, such pleas as these are very forcibly handled by Professor Denney. The idea of making atonement for sin has possessed the minds of men from the beginning of man's career. The science of anthropology shows this. Atonement by the sacrifice of something valuable is unwrought in the constitution of man. The peculiarity of the Christian religion is that it presents for human contemplation, one offering avowedly sufficient to cover the sins of the whole world of humanity, upon the act of repentance and a new life after the example given by the incarnate God, during his sojourn upon earth.

As an indication that all the novels of the day are not utterly ephemeral, that the meritorious among them show wearing powers, it is interesting to note that Messrs. Harper & Brothers report that Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way," which was published in September, 1901, and is now consequently in its third season, had during the recent holiday buying time a sale which surpassed that of very much of their new fiction of the year 1903.

THE MAGAZINES

Stock Quotations of 1903—In the **Manual of Statistics** supplement for January are complete statements in regard to the highest and lowest quotations of the leading stocks and government, state, railroad and miscellaneous bonds in the New York, Boston and Philadelphia stock markets. These tabulations give the highest and lowest quotations for 1902 and 1903, and also for the month of December, 1903. Other information in tabulated character form relates to cotton futures, cotton acreage and cotton crop movements, a matter which is of absorbing importance at this time when the cotton prices movement has become a thing of so much popular concern. Editorially the supplement says of the lessons of the year 1903, that the financial community will not look back thereon with feelings of satisfaction. "There was a general expression of relief when it ended. The markets had been exposed to such severe and almost continues strains that the general belief was that the current year would be likely to prove better."

BOOKS RECEIVED

NEWEST ENGLAND. Notes of aDemocratic Traveler in New Zealand, with Some Australian Comparisons. By Henry Demarest Lloyd. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Minneapolis: N. McCarthy. Illustrated.

THE CONSUL. A SKETCH OF EMMA BOOTH-TUCKER. By Her Husband, Commander Booth-Tucker. New York: The Salvation Army Publishing department, Nos. 120-130 West Fourteenth street. Price 25 cents.

THE ATONEMENT AND THE MODERN MIND. By James Denney, D. D., professor of New Testament Language, Literature and Theology, United Free Church College, Glasgow. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son, 3 and 5 West Eighteenth street. Minneapolis: N. McCarthy. Price $1.

THE HARVARD UNIVERSITY CATALOGUE, 1903-1904. Cambridge, Mass. Published by Harvard university.

AT THE THEATERS

Bijou—Hagenbeck's Trained Animals.

In these melancholy days of the drama when one failure has followed upon another so close that it has almost trod upon the other's heels; and when managers, in desperation, have tried dramatizations of pretty much everything except the alphabet and the multiplication table, it may occasion surprise when attention is called to the fact that Swinnerton's Mount Ararat, Sunday-supplement pictures have not yet reached the stage. The series, you will remember, depicts the doings of Noah and the various animals who accompanied him on his memorable voyage. It presents practically unlimited opportunities for the dramatist. Why does he not utilize them? A dramatized Ararat, with Hagenbeck's animals in the several roles, would make such a hit as the theatrical syndicate has not known this season.

Hagenbeck's animals are no more like ordinary animals than a bake shop mince pie is like the kind mother use to make. They have been civilized and have acquired the ways of polite society, together with its vices. Their instinct has been developed into intellect, and if the lion and the lamb do not lie down together, that is probably because the idea never occurred to their trainer.

As animal trainers Hagenbeck and the men under him stand alone. Their power over beasts seems limitless. They have taught a seal to smoke and enjoy it; an elephant to drink out of a bottle; a tiger to leap thru a hoop of fire, a polar bear to wrestle and to wrestle scientifically; a dog to do a back somersault; and other animals to perform "stunts" equally amazing.

One of the acts presented by this troupe displays tigers, lions, pumas, polar bears, a leopard and two dogs working together and in harmony. The tricks they do are no more remarkable than the concord with which they are accomplished. Herman Boger, who puts these animals thru their paces, tho a German, has no personal acquaintance with the word "furcht." He compels his charges to eat meat from his hands and he holds his hands aloft so the beasts have to stand on their hind legs to reach it. The act has had no parallel for daring and it always causes a shudder of apprehension to run thru an audience, which, however, is just as invariably followed by an enthusiastic outburst of applause.

The program presents acts by birds, goats and pigs, as well as the animals already mentioned. One of the most remarkable exhibitions offered is a juggling act by a school of seals.

Minneapolis has seen nothing like these Hagenbeck animals. They have not only been trained, but they have been educated.

—J. S. Lawrence.

Lyceum—"Thelma."

The presence of a large audience at the Lyceum theater last night, despite the coldest weather of the season, illustrated the general eagerness to see a play founded upon Marie Corelli's popular Norse romance. If the Scandinavian Minneapolitans wished to recall their pictured fjords and fields, to hear that nineteenth-century viking, Guldmar, invoke the succor of the hammer-throwing god, other theater-goers were no less desirous of admiring their lowly-lofty heroine, young Thelma, and her model aristocrat, Sir Philip Bruce Errington.

Some spectators of the play, like some readers of the book, may not agree with self-willed Marie of the golden locks as to the literary art, the aesthetic discretion, which she observes in "Thelma." Such critics soon find their pains as needless, however, as the worrying of the boy about the core of his companion's apple. "There hain't goin' to be no core," declared the other boy with Alexandrian incisiveness; and Marie, in her first chapter, her first act, makes clear a like solution.

Yet whosoever would wander blithely between possible fact and improbable fancy revels with Miss Corelli in this tale of a viking farmer who calls upon Odin in London English as easily as his daughter rises from an unsophisticated child to a society woman within four months. The play, indeed, sometimes improves upon the novel, thanks to the dramatist, Charles W. Chase. The pathos is most moving in the last act, where Thelma is made to hold a farewell interview with her father before he goes down to death and his last flaming voyage.

Against a background of stern mountains effectively painted, Miss Grace Hayward appears a dainty, interesting "princess" of old Norse lineage. Her father, the heathen bonde, is put forth with the clear-cut vigor typical of Ben Johnson's acting. A. Byron Beasley and Joseph Totten fill agreeably the respective roles of Errington and Lorimer. Some of the lesser actors could well improve, but Miss Maisie Cecil, as Britta the maid, with a "newcomer's" coiffure and broken English, persuades the house, from time to time, to laugh like Jupiter.

—H. B. Curry.

Foyer Chat.

The original scenic production "Under Two Flags" will be the offering at the Metropolitan for three nights and Saturday matinee, opening Thursday evening, with Jane Kennark in the leading role.

The attraction at the Metropolitan for the first half of next week, beginning Sunday evening, will be Adelaide Thurston in her new play "Polly Primrose." Miss Thurston's beauty and charm are well known and her gifts have placed her in the estimation of local theater-goers on a plane of high esteem.

Daniel Sully, that natural actor and general favorite, returns to the Metropolitan the latter part of next week, for an engagement of three nights and matinee, with a new play bearing the excellent and promising title, "The Chief Justice."

"The Sultan of Sulu," George Ade's tuneful and humorous opera, began a half week's engagement at the Metropolitan last night. The production will be reviewed in this column to-morrow.

The Imperials, a high-class burlesque company, opened a week's engagement at the Dewey theater yesterday. Four stars of the burlesque field are with this company—Frank Byron, John Cain, Smitz Moore and Clifton Gordon.

THREE QUEENS

New York Sun.

Marie Antoinette was told that the people had no bread.

"Too bad," said the sympathetic queen. "Tell them I will make them some with my own hands."

Fearing to take the risk, the people resolved on revolution.

Elizabeth was having that last interview with Mary Stuart.

"I am going to leave my footprints on the sands of time," boasted the English sovereign.

"I don't doubt it," retorted Mary. "They are plenty big enough!"

The virgin queen signed the death warrant at once.

THE NONPAREIL MAN

Delancey of Valley City Makes a Palpable Hit With a David Harum Story That He Worked Off on the Grain Grower's Convention at Fargo Last Week—An Incident That Shows the Extreme Value of Keeping Your Harness Trimmed and Burning.

At the grain growers' convention at Fargo last week E. S. Delancey of Valley City told a David Harum story on his father that caught the convention handsomely. It seems that Delancey, Sr., was particular about his harness and kept the leather well oiled and the metal parts well shined. One day he met a neighboring farmer whose eye was at once caught by the gaudy cleanliness of the Delancey horse's trappings. He offered Delancey his harness and $3 to boot on a "swap." Delancey, who took him up and made the exchange right there, toted the harness home, oiled it up and polished the metal until it shone like a brass cent in the contribution box. In a week or two going into town again he met the same farmer with whom he had traded before. This man's eye was again dazzled by the superior appearance of Delancey's harness and the following dialogue occurred:

Stranger—Where'd you get that new harness?

Delaney—Oh, that's one I've had for a few days.

Stranger—I believe that's a better harness than the one I got of you.

Delancey—It's a good harness.

Stranger—I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you this harness I got of you and a dollar'n a half to boot for that riggin'.

Of course the deal was made and Delancey, Sr., came out of the affair with his own harness and $4.50 in United States currency, that always comes in handy in North Dakota.

The convention roared loud and long over this story and Delancey, Jr., when he went down into the crowd after his talk, felt so mellow and well pleased at his palpable "hit" that he inadvertently paid back a dollar to a man of whom he had borrowed it a few days before.

Doc Bixby is visiting at Jackson, Minn., to escape the cold weather at Lincoln, Neb.

More than a million people, mostly women, have signed petitions to have Reed Smoot expelled from the senate. This recalls to the Lincoln, Neb., Journal, a story about an easy going gentleman who was famed as a signer of petitions, who was, on a wager, induced to sign one to the governor to have himself hanged.

Buck Spencer, a North Dakota soil tickler and grain grower, says that the Journal's Agricultural and Hotty-Cultural edition was all right, but that he is opposed to King Peter of Servia or Bulgaria or some such place. We wired the king and received the following cablegram in reply:

"If Buck lets me alone I'll let him alone."

Our national literateur Fra Elbridge Hubbard has just married the lady in the case, whom he describes as a woman "as fine mentally as Elizabeth Barrett Browning and as strong as George Eliot." Now what will East Aurora "sassiety" do?

If we were police judge the man who goes around the houses collecting a dollar for Annie" would get a sentence of five winters in Manitoba.

The Le Sueur News tells a good one on a friend who prides himself on his ability as a fisherman. A new baby was born at his home not very long ago. Of course, they wanted to know how much it weighed, but the family scales could not be found. As a last resort the pair of scales used by the father on his fishing expeditions were brought forth and the infant placed thereon—and the baby weighed exactly forty-eight pounds. And it was rather a small child, too. In the dim past papa had "seen" those scales first, but they gave him a weigh.

The Boston Globe has discovered the original Hearst man. Who? Why, Hearst. He's just like all the rest of us.

New York and Philadelphia do not warm their street cars. With the mercury from zero down for the last week or two there has been quite a deposit of sulphur along the tracks.

Last year the American nation at the circus and elsewhere shucked and ate 6,000,000 bushels of peanuts.

The Boston Transcript says that George Francis Train's "complaint" was megalomania, which is Bostonese for "bighead." Train once gave a lecture before the students of Harvard, in the course of which, to illustrate his own isolation, he drew a huge pyramid. About the bottom of it, he said, clustered ordinary people—such as Harvard professors and students. Further up, and worthy of special mention, were Plato, Shakspere, Goethe and a few others. "And here," pointing impressively at the very apex, "stands in solitary splendor George Francis Train."

Of course we all of us have touches of this disease, but we are bright enough as a rule, to keep the symptoms concealed. Sit down with yourself some day when you have a little time and face yourself up and see if you aren't really, way down deep, just about as silly as the people you laugh at. It's a mental exercise in charity.

Our old friend Anna Eva Fay, who has been exposed so many times that it doesn't even annoy her any more, is fooling the people of Ohio towns with the old worn-out tablet tricks. Anna says she is going to India soon "to study." Now what do you think of that!

On a slightly different plane is your old South Dakota girl friend, Elizabeth Towne, now in Massachusetts running a little cheap paper called the Nautilus. South Dakota people were rather shocked by the paper Elizabeth ran in their state, and even the grand jury got a little uneasy. They would probably suspect that Lizzie's present paper should be called the Naughtylus. Elizabeth's hubby is called William. A recent advertisement says:

If you want to experience a new thought or to brighten up some old ones, you want Elizabeth's paper. Yes, William of Holyoke is allowed a column in the Nautilus and his copy is all right, or Elizabeth would never stand for it. "How to Concentrate" is a booklet by Elizabeth and tells how to use the wonderful forces of being to produce a happy, harmonious and healthy life. It is a bugle call to those who sleep.

We rather suspect that when William is asleep at 7:10 a. m. and Elizabeth "concentrates" on a bugle call about the kitchen fire, that there is some rupture of the happy, harmonious life in the Towne family—unless William has read Elizabeth's book and knows how to "concentrate" a little tighter on sleep.

—A. J. R.

INCOME $40,000—DIED POOR

It was a matter of great surprise to New Yorkers, as it no doubt will be to members of the medical profession thruout the country, that the late Dr. Cyrus Edson, one of the most eminent medical men in the country, has left an estate of little more that $4,000. His yearly income was said to be between $30,000 and $40,000. The widow herself gives a clue as to how this was spent. "When the summer came around and he was tired," she said, "he would ask me if I wouldn't like to go on a yachting trip. I'd be glad, of course, to take his vacation with him,and then he'd go out and charter a yacht for $5,000 or $10,000, and by the time we got back he'd have little or nothing left and would plunge into work to get money for the next great extravagance." The house at 56 West Fiftieth street in which Dr. Edson lived for many years and which everybody supposed he owned, was rented.

WOOD VS. HIS ENEMIES

Sioux City Journal.

General Wood does things; his enemies say things.