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Williams' Sharp Thrusts.

John Sharp Williams, the democratic leader in the house, lets no opportunity pass to discuss reciprocity with Canada. The more the republicans neglect this vital subject, the more Mr. Williams and his followers turn their attention to it. There is a good deal of truth in the statement made by Mr. Williams in the house, that, tho the manifest destiny of the North American continent "is first commercial and then afterwards, perhaps long afterwards, political, unity, yet the present trade relations between the countries are such that Canada regards as enemies hundreds of thousands of Canadians who have settled in New England and other parts of the United States, and the United States treats as enemies tens of thousands of our sons and daughters who are now occupying and cultivating Canadian soil."

That is a pretty good statement of the situation; the people of these two countries, which lie side by side for 4,000 miles, are largely of the same stock and enjoy similar institutions. For one hundred years their people have moved back and forth across the boundary line as suited their individual tastes, interest and convenience; no other boundary line in the world has been so little considered by the people living on either side. Yet Mr. Williams is right when he says that the respective governments treat their former citizens as if they were enemies.

All of the people of this continent living in the English-speaking countries are essentially Americans. The true interest of the masses of these people demands free commercial intercourse as much between the southern boundary of the United States and the northern reaches of Canada as between the forty-five states and the territories of the United States.

Any policy which opposes the natural and proper tendency toward freedom of intercourse on this continent, is economically and politically harmful and is bound to have unpleasant and even disastrous results. The true policy of the United States demands that it should cultivate the best of relations, commercial as well as political, with its neighbors on the continent. Of these, Canada is by all odds the most important now, and will be even more important in the future, as the immense habitable areas of its western country fill up with population largely American in its origin.

David Dudley Foulke disposes of the charge that Roosevelt is not abiding by the civil service rules of which he has always been an advocate. Mr. Foulke was until recently a civil service commissioner and he says there has been less disregard of the rules by President Roosevelt than by any adminstration since the commission was created. The only effect of the criticism has been to give this fact prominence.

Perfectly Clear.

While the St. Paul papers are quarreling over the conduct of the state's case against the merger, accusing each other of all kinds of subserviency to one corporate interest or another, and the Hill papers are seeking to minimize the importance of the state administration's part in securing the dissolution of the merger, it may be well to call attention to the following extract from a speech delivered at Milwaukee April 3, 1903, by President Roosevelt:

The proposition that these independent systems of railroads should be merged under a single control alarmed the people of the states concerned, lest they be subjected to what they deemed a monopoly of interstate transportation and the suppression of competition. The governors of the states most deeply affected held a meeting to consider how to prevent the merger becoming effective and passed resolutions calling upon the national government to enforce the antitrust laws against the alleged combination. When these resolutions were referred to the attorney general for consideration and advice he reported that in his opinion the Northern Securities company and its control of the railroads mentioned was a combination in restraint of trade and was attempting a monopoly in violation of the national antitrust law. Thereupon a suit in equity, which is now pending, was begun by the government to test the validity of this transaction under the Sherman law.

The conference of governors to which the president refers was called by Governor Van Sant, and was held at Helena. The incident is so recent that it has not been forgotten by our Hill contemporaries. The president says that it was the action of that meeting which led to the prosecution of the merger. Whether there would have been any prosecution by the general government if there had been no meeting of governors nobody can say, and whether the conduct of the state case has been as brilliant as it ought to have been is a matter of much less importance than the fact that the state government of Minnesota commenced it. It was the Helena meeting which started the federal government and that meeting was started by the governor of Minnesota. There is no occasion to be befogged about this phase of the matter; the facts make it perfectly clear.

The Cuban budget having failed to include an appropriation for maintaining the sanitary condition of Cuban cities, the people of those cities are declining to tax themselves for the purpose. When reminded that they have promised Uncle Sam to keep clean, they reply that they are clean enough to suit themselves, and if Uncle Sam is not satisfied he can furnish the money for further sanitary measures. If the cities of Cuba become breeders of disease again to an extent dangerous to the health of America and the world, as was the case under Spanish rule, Uncle Sam may find it necessary to take charge of things once more in Cuba.

No Revolution in Russia.

People who think Russia is near dissolution as an autocracy and that the existing order of things is threatened by the reverses suffered at the hands of the Japs overlook the fact that unless the army can be detached from loyalty to the czar, it is vain to expect a second edition of the French revolution, at St. Petersburg or Moscow. The element of constitutional monarchists is, as yet, small and hesitant; the various groups of nihilists still quote Turguenieff's: "I feel surrounded in Russia by a smell of putrefaction—by the tendency toward nothing," and they continue to plot for cold-blooded ciphers; the socialists seek a change with more substantial outcome, on the basis of their peculiar creed; the democrats want a national assembly and universal suffrage. The overwhelming majority of the population, the moujiks or peasantry, know little of constitutions and political freedom, and they will not revolt unless they lose their generally childlike faith in the "White Czar."

So, there you are—a vast population of European Russia with only a small minority favoring a constitutional monarchy; a majority element who cannot be moved to a career of violence unless they see a Jew, and a handful of nihilistic assassins who work underground to make an end of all existing government, with no conception of what they will put in its place. Local disturbances and trouble there may be, from the nihilists chiefly, but the conditions are not favorable for any general movement looking toward important changes in the Russian government. The inertia of the mass is too great.

There are some peculiar features about that steel bridge matter, features that will no doubt attract the attention of such close students of municipal affairs as the Voters' league.

The "Dove of Peace."

A pretty story comes over the cable from Paris, to the effect that it is delightfully possible that, thru the initiative of two American women, Mrs. Griscom, wife of our minister to Japan, and her mother, Mrs. Bronson of New York, who are credited with diplomatic gifts of a high order, the peace of the world, or, at least that part of the world known as "farther Asia," may be soon restored and the doors of the Janus temple be closed with a bang.

The ladies referred to have enlisted the tender heart of the Empress Haruko of Japan, who has easy access to the ear of the mikado, in their campaign for peace, and Mrs. Griscom, who is personally acquainted with the Czarina Alix of Russia, whose gentle nature sympathizes with any real effort to stay the red hand of war, is assured of her co-operation. These peacemakers from the choirs of heroic women of action in this country have wrought so well that an announcement has been made that the United States government is to be requested to mediate for peace between Japan and Russia.

Thus far, such request does not appear to have been made. King Edward of Great Britain went to his father-in-law's court at Copenhagen recently, to exert his influence to get old King Christian to induce his grandson, the czar, to abandon the war with Japan, but he accomplished nothing, and it remains to be seen whether two American women, on peace intent, can prevail upon the two belligerents to shelve the sword and play the pipes of peace.

Women who have figured on the pages of history have usually appeared as the promoters of wars and carnage. In a small minority of cases they have appeared as intercessors for peace. Most women will be inclined to dispute this observation, but a candid scrutiny of history sustains it. The present dowager of China is a living proof of the remarkable inclination of women to turn the world upside down. It was Catherine de' Medici who made France a field of blood in the sixteenth century. Let us rejoice that, in these latter days, the women of America can boast of two of their number who are exercising their potential gifts of diplomacy in the endeavor to call a halt on one of the most terrible ebullitions of the war spirit of modern times.

No doubt our government would be glad to accept the responsible position of mediator in this case. The outlook, however, is not cheering. In the first round, a naval contest, Russia has been deeply humiliated and enraged so that the Russians are shouting: "Remember Makaroff and the Petropavlovsk!" and boiling over with desire for vengeance upon the Japs. The land fighting, hitherto consisting of a few indecisive skirmishes, will shortly begin in reality, as the belligerents in vast bodies approach each other with destructive zeal in their eyes. Russia has to gain her first advantage, and on the verge of a bloody vengeance, with the atmosphere tinctured with sulphur, it is not improbable that, if the "dove of peace" flutters too near the firing lines, the poor little thing will be remorselessly shot. If Kuropatkin, with his silver altar to St. Serge at the head of his troops, can annihilate Japan's military outfit in a couple of battles, perhaps Russia might be inclined to a truce to talk terms of peace. At present, it looks as if this war cannot be ended without the enrichment of Manchurian soil with rivers of blood.

As indicating the trend of the democrats to concede that the protective principle has come to stay in American politics, it is interesting to note that the New York platform, adopted at Albany, advocates a "reasonable revision of the tariff," adding that "needless duties upon imported raw materials weigh heavily upon the manufacturer, are a menace to the American wage earner, and by increasing the cost of production shut out our products from the foreign markets." This doesn't sound at all like the old-time tariff-for-revenue-only policy so strenuously advocated by Cleveland and his school of statesmanship. The New York democrats, apparently, want a moderate revision of the Dingley schedules, aimed in the main at the protection given the trusts, and would, in addition, put certain raw materials on the free list, perhaps the lumber and wheat of Canada. This is very nearly the position of John Sharp Williams, the far-sighted leader of the minority in congress, and will satisfy the south, which is now committed to the Williams idea.

Just who is the man who was mean enough to steal from the poor the jury will determine, but the revelations concerning the poor department of the city indicate very clearly that the most contemptible system of graft practiced under the Ames regime centered in that office.

The Japs seem to have done it again—this time on land. It's another case of the man behind the gun. The Jap is more intelligent and alert than his overdrilled enemy.

There isn't much reason to hope for it, probably, but we would like to see that plan of a separate state judicial convention tried. It would be good party policy in the long run.

AT THE THEATERS

Metropolitan—"When Knighthood Was in Flower."

Two phases of the Tudor temper are contrasted in Charles Major's clever historical romance, "When Knighthood Was in Flower"—one the masculine phase exhibited by that famous and much-married king, Henry VIII., and the other a more lovely feminine phase imputed by the lively fancy of the novelist to his sister Mary. This Mary—aunt of the "Bloody Mary" who reigned later, and progenitress of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, who reached the block instead of the throne—does not loom large in the history of the time. But the main facts of her career—her marriage to Louis XII. of France and later secret marriage to Brandon, duke of Suffolk—have been made the pivots around which the Major romance, and the play concocted from it, revolve.

The Lady Mary imagined by Major and made real flesh and blood by Roselle Knott, is a charming creature—wayward and wilful, ruled by impulse, swept by storms of passion and temper—and yet, withal, a lovable, true-hearted girl whose soul, transformed in the alembic of love, shines pure white. Miss Knott is an actress of great versatility, who depicts all the changing moods of the girl—and they run the whole feminine gamut—with sweet and convincing sincerity. The light love comedy of the first act, the gusty quarrels with her royal and choleric brother, culminating in the bedroom scene where woman's wit balks masculine obstinacy, the fatigue and embarrassments that overtake and finally end her flight in doublet and hose, the pitiful bargain she is fain to make to save her lover's head, the persecution she bears at the French court for love's sake, the triumphant return to England and the wheedling of the king that makes a happy ending possible—in all these vicissitudes Miss Knott demonstrates real and undeniable talent. She is thoroly feminine, entirely charming and full of winsome vivacity. Surrounded by a company in no way to be compared with that which supported Julia Marlowe in the original production, she achieves a success whose lustre is not dimmed beside that of the better known and older star.

Charles Dalton is not altogether fitted to the character of Brandon. His touch is too heavy for the lighter side of that chivalrous lover, and his make-up is not fortunate. He is more at home in the fighting than in the love-making. And as the action grows more strenuous, his impersonation gains in effectiveness. Ogden Stevens contributes a portrait of Henry VIII. that is most fetching. It is the merrier aspects of the monarch's character that are shown for the most part, but Mr. Stevens realizes astonishingly well the ideas of the great Tudor formed by the student of history. Maude Claire Shaw, a well known Minneapolis girl, gives a delightful impersonation of Lady Jane, the confidante of Lady Mary, in which her gifts of voice, appearance and manner are notably useful. Richard Sherman makes a gallantly acceptable Caskoden. The rest of the company is rather weak. Especially futile are the Buckingham of W. Howard Smith and the Wolsey of Herbert Forest.

Despite the shortcomings of the company, however, the preponderance of Miss Knott's role is such that with the timely aid of those who have been mentioned, the performance is thoroly enjoyable from first to last.

—W. B. Chamberlain.

Foyer Chat.

Viola Allen as Viola in Shakspere's delightful comedy, "Twelfth Night," will be the offering at the Metropolitan for three nights and matinee commencing next Monday evening. Miss Allen has provided one of the most magnificent productions ever made for a Shakspere play.

Charles Frohman will present Miss Maude Adams in Minneapolis for the first time as a star at the Metropolitan the last half of next week in a revival of her greatest success, "The Little Minister."

The craze for "coon" songs has not yet had its day. George Edwardes, manager of the Gaiety theater, London, has brought suit in that city to prevent Julia Mackay from singing "Bamboo Tree" in the music halls. The latest, known as "Zanzibar," is a work of W. D. Cobb and G. Edwards, and created a sensation at the Broadway theater this season. The rights for America were secured by Manager John C. Fisher, and he has interpolated it in his production of "The Silver Slipper," which will be seen at the Metropolitan Sunday night, May 1, for four nights and Wednesday matinee.

"David Harum" continues to attract big audiences at the Bijou.

David Higgins will present at the Bijou all of next week a new play called "His Last Dollar," an elaborately staged American drama dealing with the romance of two Kentuckians.

Dick Ferris and his company at the Lyceum will present "Way Out West" but three more times, to-night, to-morrow afternoon and to-morrow evening. For the coming week, the company will be seen in a fine production of "Faust."

Ladies' matinee at the Dewey theater this afternoon turned out to be the biggest of the season in point of attendance. The advance sale of seats has been very heavy for Clark's Runaway Girls, next week's attraction.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

Work for the Consideration of the Republican State Committee, When It Meets on May 4—Growing Field of Possibilities for Congress in the Fifth District—Some Things R. C. Dunn and Joel P. Heatwole Have Not Denied—Lind Will Not Return Until Congress Adjourns.

As announced in The Journal yesterday, the republican state committee has been called to meet at the Windsor hotel, St. Paul, on Wednesday, May 4, at 2 o'clock. The call has been issued by Chairman Jamison, after consultation with the members of the executive committee. The committee will decide the following questions:

Date of the nominating convention.
Place of holding the convention.
Order of making nominations.
Apportionment of delegates, whether on the McKinley vote of 1900, or the Van Sant vote of 1902.

As to the date, there will be very little controversy. All interested parties are anxious to have the convention as soon as possible after the national gathering, which will be June 21.

Duluth and St. Paul will contest for the location. The zenith city has made a strong bid, offering to furnish transportation from St. Paul for all the southern delegates, and to furnish free a hall seating 3,000. The St. Paul members of the committee will claim the convention as their right, and there is some opposition to locating the convention so far from the center of population.

There will be some attempt made to have the judges of the supreme court nominated first, but it is likely that the committee will leave it to the convention to make such a change in the usual order, if it so desires. The committee may discuss the proposition of a separate convention for the judgeship nominations. The nominations to be made are as follows:

Governor, lieutenant governor, secretary of state, state treasurer, attorney general, two railroad commissioners for four years, four supreme court justices for six years, and eleven presidential electors.

As to the apportionment, it is uncertain whether the committee will decide on the McKinley vote of 1900 as a basis, giving 1,176 delegates, or the Van Sant vote of 1902, which would make a convention of 1,045. There is considerable sentiment in favor of the larger convention.

New possibilities for congress are being brought out almost every day, and the air is full of rumors, but the general rule is that when a prominent republican learns of his boom, he takes radical steps to kill it.

F. B. Snyder has been urged a number of times to permit the use of his name. His friends believe he would make an ideal candidate, but he absolutely forbade them from going farther. He is likely to become a candidate for the district bench, but will not consider a congressional career. D. P. Jones, president of the council, has also been suggested, but he prefers to remain in the municipal field. Judge D. F. Simpson has been besieged with offers of support, to which he has turned a deaf ear. Other prominent men suggested are W. H. Grimshaw, the present United States marshal, who would make an aggressive candidate, and E. G. Potter, former state senator. Mr. Potter is away on business, and will hear something on the proposition when he returns.

The most active work now is being done in the interests of Judge H. D. Dickinson, whose friends have secured a great many assurances of support from business men and politicians. Judge W. A. Kerr has also been proposed, and many believe he could make the aggressive sort of campaign needed. W. T. Coe is still looking over the field with a view to entering. Loren Fletcher is also contemplating the proceedings with some interest.

The St. Cloud Journal-Press sums up the situation between the Dunn-Heatwole combination and the United States senators as follows:

Neither Dunn nor Heatwole has yet said that he would support Nelson and Clapp for re-election.

It has been charged over and over again that Joel Heatwole hopes to succeed Moses E. Clapp in the United States senate—and no denial has come from Mr. Heatwole.

It has been charged over and over again that Mr. Dunn has formed a combination with Joel Heatwole with J. J. Hill as a working base, which combine is attempting to nominate Dunn for governor, and elect Heatwole senator—and no denial has come from Mr. Dunn.

We submit that the word of C. A. Smith will be accepted by just as many people in Minnesota as will the word of either R. C. Dunn or Joel P. Heatwole—and this is casting no reflection upon the truthfulness of any gentleman.

The people have a clear, plain statement from Mr. Smith.

They have nothing of the kind from Dunn or Heatwole.

Local democrats are keeping close watch of the bulletins annnouncing the movements of Congressman John Lind. The Parker followers are anxious for the inspiration of their leader's presence, and the Hearst men are desirous of knowing just how active the congressman will be in the contest. When word came that Mr. Lind had secured a leave of absence, it was supposed he intended to hurry home, but it seems he only went for a short trip to Boston, and is already back. He will stay in Washington until the adjournment of congress, April 28, and will be back in Minneapolis by May 1.

The Hearst men say they will not oppose Mr. Lind's selection as a delegate-at-large. They evidently realize that such an attempt would be rebuked by the outside delegations. However, Mr. Lind and the other Parker men will not consent to go on the delegation if they are to be bound by instructions for Hearst. The Parker men, it is understood, will not ask instructions of any kind, but will endeavor to get men on the delegation who are friendly to the New York judge.

The Windom Reporter makes an announcement of considerable importance to the second district and we will anxiously await news from Mankato. The Windom editor says:

The Reporter has very good authority for saying that Ed Weaver of Mankato will, this week, if he has not already done so, announce his candidacy for congress in this district. There was a time when Mr. Weaver could easily have carried off the nomination, but friends of both Mr. Weaver and of the present congressman intervened in the congressman's behalf and kept him out of the race. The conditions which then would have made Mr. Weaver's candidacy embarrassing for the mutual friends of both gentlemen have changed, and it will not be surprising if Mr. Weaver finds a good many friends turning out at the primary with a Weaver pencil in their hand. Coming from the home town of the present interesting congressman, Mr. Weaver may cause a good many complications for McClearr.

Judge L. L. Baxter of Fergus Falls, who is a candidate for re-election in the seventh judicial district, will not go on the democratic primary election ballot, but will wait until after the primaries and go on the ticket by petition, as an independent candidate.

—Charles B. Cheney.

FENCING A LONDON FAD

London women of high rank have taken to fencing, and leading physicians are doing all in their power to make the fad last as long as possible. A grand assault at arms was held recently, the Duke of Connaught and a number of other distinguished members of the aristocracy being present. The neatness and grace of the girl competitors won hearty applause from the spectators, most of whom were women.

THE NONPAREIL MAN

A Wild Night at Badger, Minn.—Census Rports Affected and Dr. Murphy Nearly Crippled by Overwork—Our Usually Quiet Village Thrown Into a Fever of Excitement.

Badger, Minn., sometimes referred to as "our usually quiet village" was thrown into a fever of excitement Sunday night by a horseless carriage dashing madly thru the streets. Three or four bareheaded men in their shirt sleeves were pulling it and in it sat a stern figure in all the glory of the strenuous life. A report was spread around at first that J. J. Hill was locating a depot site between the bank and the drug store, but this was quickly denied.

Then it was rumored that the bank had been robbed and that Colonel Swenson had been shot in the left leg. This was also found to be without foundation.

Finally Major Budd, the artist, was ascertained to have made a "flashlight" of the affair and an excited crowd of Badgerians surged to his gallery. In ten or fifteen minutes Major Budd appeared from the darkroom and exhibited a negative on which appeared the sturdy outlines of Dr. Murphy, seated in the carriage. The foremost of the "horses" proved to be "little Iver" supported by his faithful clerks, Ole and John. So it all came out. There was a daughter at Iver's a day old and there were unlimited cigars for the populace at Iver's place. But there was more to it than this. There were twins at the furniture store. And all this in one night! No wonder Dr. Murphy was nearly crippled by trying to keep up with the procession! Such a night Badger, Minn., has not seen since Halloween, when bad boys changed all the signs in town and tipped over the Methodist church.

Laddonia, Mo., boasts a newspaper called "The Joyful Noise." Contemporaries, when it comes to hand, wear earmuffs.

"Flirting," says Dean Tufts of the University of Chicago, "tends to the development of both soul and intellect." How would you like to have your son take a course in the philosophy and science of the higher Goo-Gooistics at Chicago?

When, oh when, will the straw hat chase the overcoat into the closet's musty seclusion.

A fourth ward amateur gardener buried one dozen files just below the surface of the ground where his cucumbers were planted and the neighbor's hens coming in as usual in his absence wore their feet nearly off before they discovered why they made no progress downward. Ingenuity will always win, for now the biddies' feet are so tender that they cannot scratch.

Lieutenant Ernest D. Peek, corps of engineers, U. S. A., and a native of Wisconsin, is one of the tallest officers in the service. He stands 6 feet 4½ inches in his shoes. At West Point he was known as Pike's Peek. He gave especial attention to road construction, and built a military road which is still known as Peek's Pike. Such are the possibilities of the language.

The Boston Herald reports a scene in the gallery at Memorial hall, Harvard, the other day at the dining hour that nearly put the dining hall out of business. About 6 o'clock, the busiest part of the dinner hour, a young woman, stunningly dressed, and unattended, appeared in the gallery. She marched boldly to the railing, on which she placed her foot, and, removing her crimson garter from its accustomed resting place, threw it into the midst of a crowded table below her. All eyes had been watching her, but such an unprecedented proceeding for the moment stunned even the Harvard boys. It was only for a moment, however, and then it looked for a while as tho there was going to be a wrecked dining hall to tell of the visitation. There was cheering and yelling and clattering of dishes, and finally half a hundred of the students made a rush for the door thru which it was necessary to pass in order to gain the street from the gallery. They were too late, however, and all that the first one to reach the outer door was able to see was the young woman dashing into a carriage which was in waiting outside of Memorial hall, and which clattered down Quincy street so rapidly as to afford no encouragement of pursuit.

My, but isn't that an incident to stir the blood of an undergraduate? If you had been there, wouldn't your little yell have been heard from the campus to Bunker Hill monument?

Who says the higher education is wholly a failure?

The Big Fork Compass, published at Ripple, Itasca county, says that the homesteader who is toiling away on his claim, subduing the earth, gets but little fame for his fierce struggle with wild nature. In considering this hero of the wild, the Compass bursts into song as follows:

Kind words for the hero, in papers I find,
Who fights to depopulate earth's all mankind;
Big praise for the shrewd politician who reigns
And sells out his country for personal gains;
The magnate is toasted who masters finance
And cheats all his rivals clean out of their pants,
But never a word, of approval or shame,
Is spent for the worker, subduing his claim.

One of the boys went down to the business office yesterday to get a dollar on his next week's salary, but the business office being run on business principles, the gentlemanly clerk handed him out a coarse, brazen "nit." The ill-used worker returned to his desk snorting with indignation.

"I know how I'll get even with 'em, ding 'em. I won't draw my next week's salary at all." —A. J. R.

ROBERTSON IN "HAMLET"

Since Forbes Robertson began playing Hamlet the New York public has had another opportunity of making comparisons between English and American actors. Robertson himself is a great Hamlet, and many say that he is much better than Sothern. Indeed, some of the critics insist that he is the best Hamlet since Booth. By universal consent his supporting company is pronounced very bad. As a production the Robertson "Hamlet" falls short in comparison to that made by Mr. Sothern. The scenery is a job-lot collection picked up in New York, and the actors are the same as those employed in "The Light That Failed." They were good in the Kipling piece, but they are simply impossible in the great tragedy. Most of them talk with a cockney accent, and some of the serious scenes excite laughter.

HIS LIFE-SAVING GLOBE

The Norwegian government has just tested and decided to use a life-saving globe invented by Captain J. M. Donvig, who has been experimenting for years on his invention. This globe is a new sort of wreck raft intended to be used when a ship goes down. It will hold fifteen persons, and with this number safely stowed away in its interior Captain Donvig has several times steered his life-saving globe thru rough seas to safe harbor. The globe is made of three-sixteenths inch steel plates, is perfectly water-tight and provided with anchor, rudder and tiller, and may be provisioned for a month's occupancy if necessary.

ARNOLD'S HOUSE BEING DESTROYED

The Benedict Arnold house, a revolutionary war landmark at New Haven, is being torn down. The front doors and some of the colonial windows have been given to the New Haven Colony Historical society for preservation. For many years the old house where General Arnold lived when an apothecary before the war has been the center of several store yards. Its interior has been a warehouse.

DAILY ANIMAL STORY FOR CHILDREN

HOW MOTHER 'POSSUM GOT HER POCKET

I am going to tell you how it comes that Mother 'Possum has a pocket to carry her young ones in, while all the other animals have none.

It was this way: Mother 'Possum went shopping, and she took Jimmie and John and Joe 'Possum with her. She had an old shopping bag hung around her neck, and she gave one front paw to Jimmie and one front paw to John to lead them along. Then Joe whined and cried that he had nothing to hold on to.

"Hold on to Johnny's hand," said Mother 'Possum.

"His old hand is so scratchy," whined Joe. So then Mother 'Possum thought she'd put little Joe in her shopping bag, and she put him in the shopping bag, and she lost him—that's what she did—she lost little Joe 'Possum, and ran around screaming and crying and begging all the other animals to look for him. "Where did you leave him?" said the porcupine policeman.

"WHERE DID YOU LEAVE HIM?"

"Oh! I had him in my shopping bag, and the string broke, and I lost the bag, and now my dear little Josie's tied up in that bag somewhere and lost forever."

Well, then, the porcupine policeman brought out that very identical shopping bag, which he had found, and Joe 'Possum was curled up, fast asleep inside it—or playing 'possum, I don't know which.

"Madam," said the porcupine policeman, "if I were in your place I'd have a pocket sewed fast into my dress to carry my children in—I wonder all the ladies don't have them."

So that's how it happened that Mother 'Possum went to her dressmaker and had her put a pocket in every single gray frock that she had—and so all mother 'possums have been doing from that day to this.

NEWS OF THE BOOK WORLD

Japanese Ghost Stories by Lafcadio Hearn—Studies in Oriental Superstitions and in the Tokio Mosquito Problem — An Anti-Imperialistic Drama.

From the supernatural to mosquito killing would seem to be a long flight, but it is not too long for Lafcadio Hearn in his **Kwaidan.** The book, according to its author, is made up of "stories and studies of strange things," and these strange things include Japanese ghost stories, some of a sort quite conventional and modern, others of an atmosphere of the far-away past; they also include among other studies, one on the application of the kerosene cure for mosquitoes to the situation in Tokio. After all, however, the separation between ghosts and mosquitoes is not so great to the Japanese mind, for according to Buddhist doctrine mosquitoes may be reincarnations of the souls of the dead, condemned by the error of former lives to the condition of Jiki-getsu-gaki, or blood-drinking pretas.

One species of mosquito common in Tokio and skilled in the fine art of torture, Mr. Hearn discovers, comes from an old Buddhist cemetery near his home. Could it be exterminated with kerosene? is a question that occurs to Mr. Hearn. The answer is negative. If for no other reason the kerosene treatment would be impossible because of the cost and the labor of the weekly application of oil to the tens of millions of flower-cups and water receptacles, the breeding places of the pests in the ancient cemetery. The only solution would be the destruction of the cemetery, and that Mr. Hearn objects to because he wishes to be buried there. One of his reasons for this wish is the big bell of the cemetery of which he quite characteristically says:

"Never do I hear that billowy peal but I become aware of a striving and a fluttering in the abyssal part of my ghost—a sensation as of memories struggling to reach the light beyond the obscurations of a million million deaths and births. I hope to remain within the hearing of that bell. . . . And, considering the possibility of being doomed to the state of a Jiki-getsu-gaki, I want to have my chance of being reborn in some bamboo flower-cup, or mizutame, whence I might issue softly, singing my thin and pungent song, to bite some people that I know."

But the above emphasizes too greatly the minor portion of the book, which is hardly fair, for the wonder tales of the major portion give valuable light upon the Japanese character; a nation's so-called superstititions always illuminate the character of its people. And Mr. Hearn as an interpreter of the Japanese belief in the supernatural, which enters so largely into the oriental life, leaves little along that line to be desired. So does he as a story teller.

THE MYSTIC POLE.

Ah! shall we find at Death's dark Pole
A halcyon Passage of the Soul?
From Arctic awe and mystery free
Shall we behold Life's Open Sea,
Where sunlit billows laugh and leap,
And not one heart is numbed with sleep?
—William H. Hayne in the May Century.

Imperialism shown up on the stage. That is the possibility Arthur W. Sanborn intended to put into **Young America in the Hands of His Friends,** a political drama. Upon the stage appear Young America, John Bull, Mr. Monopoly, Colonel Gorgon, Senator Jingo, secretaries, senators, a war correspondent, soldiers, servants, shade of old America, Miss Empire (daughter of Mr. Monopoly; afterward, wife of Young America), Filipena, a waiting-maid, a page. These personae are made to voice the author's sentiments on imperialism and to do things that show imperialism's evils as he sees them, and he has worked the whole thing out with considerable cleverness. Instructions as to costumes are not given, but it is not difficult to see a cowboy hat, a pair of glasses and prominent teeth in this:

Oh, with what ignorance do we contend!
But, corrage, fellows! Let us face the task
And solve the problem; back up deeds with words,
And dissipate the night of barbarism.

The words are those of Col. Gorgon. After making Old America's shade catalog the reputed ills of imperialism, the author puts into his mouth this sepulchral warning:

Oh, pause and meditate these many ills
Before you fill up your allotted page
And blot your future with calamity.
Turn back, turn back into the canceled leaves
And read the record that is written there.
Look how the empires of the world have passed
Under the lightning in the wrathful Hand.
A nation built like them must fall like them,
And fallen, never rise again.
—The Uneasy Chair.

THE MAGAZINE SAMPLER.

"Smuggling" and "Evading the Customs."—The difference is merely in the people who do it, "it" standing for the one act under the two names. That, at least, is the way O. K. Davis puts the thing in **The Century** for May. His article suggests a similarity in character between the old smuggler in knee-breeches, long cloak, broad sash, earrings, fierce mustache, cutlass and all the rest, who brought in his dutiable goods in shiploads in the dark of the moon, and the daintily clad woman of to-day who brings in choice bits of lace or costly gems concealed about her person. The article opens thus:

As one of the big ocean liners was warping into her dock not long ago, a lady stepped up to a friend on deck and said

"Do you see anything queer about me?"

"No," replied her friend. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing, only I have a silver tea set hanging under my skirts."

In the same magazine is "A Belated Recognition" by Francis E. Leupp, including an incident in the life of President Roosevelt, and two articles on Korea as involved in the present war.

Mobile Morality of the Japanese.—"While the Japanese mind stands for poetry, color and refined philosophy, there is an element of adroit evasiveness in the character of the people that would make a Japanese domination of Asia a serious barrier to the civilized advance of the rest of the world, even if such domination did not prepare for a future Mongolian invasion of Europe," says Harold Bolce in the May **Booklovers' Magazine.**

"Japanese standards of business are not favorable to the development of American trade. An American consul has called to the attention of the United States government the wholesale appropriation on the part of citizens in Japan of American trade marks."

The number is one of special interest in relation to Japan. But there is much other interesting matter including an article by Dr. George M. Gould to show that "brain-fag" is a myth. Eye-fag is the cause of the trouble called brain-fag.

Arena in New Hands.—The April **Arena** was practically made up when Albert Brandt, the well-known publisher of the "Brandt Books," purchased the magazine from the Alliance Publishing company. Consequently this issue is somewhat of a transition number. Under Mr. Brandt's management, B. O. Flower, the founder of the Arena, again returns to the entire editorial control. Many important improvements are promised, which will be made from month to month, among the first of which will be the reintroduction of finely executed portrait frontispieces. A full-page cartoon, drawn expressly for the Arena by Dan Beard, will be another monthly feature. A department devoted to a survey of the world's notable achievements in political, social and economic affairs, and in religion, science, education, literature and art, will be another popular innovation.

BOOKS RECEIVED

KWAIDAN—STORIES AND STUDIES OF STRANGE THINGS. By Lafcadio Hearn, lecturer on English Literature in the Imperial University of Tokio, Japan (1896-1903), and Honorary Member of the Japan Society, London. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Minneapolis: N. McCarthy. Price $1.50.

YOUNG AMERICA IN THE HANDS OF HIS FRIENDS. A Political Drama. By Arthur W. Sanborn. Boston: James H. West Co.

JESUITS IN GERMANY.

After an exclusion of thirty-two years the repeal of the Falk law in Germany permits the Jesuits to settle again in that country. This is thought to be the government's recognition of the Catholic party, which is needed for the coming struggle with the socialists.

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