THE JOURNAL

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

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Henry M. Stanley.

Henry M. Stanley, who died in London yesterday, won his conspicuity among the great explorers of Africa by hard and perilous work. Many people speak of him as if his sole distinction was the discovery of Dr. Livingstone at Ujiji, but the story of his career shows that he was the leading factor in the development of the commercial exploitation of the "Dark Continent."

Commercial and missionary enterprises have made great changes in the appearance of the maps of Africa during the past forty years. Stanley lived to see the whole of the African continent partitioned among the European powers; the sources and courses of the Nile, the Zambesi, the Congo ascertained and charted, the great rivers put into practical use for transportation; railroads penetrating the Congo valley far into the interior; steamers plying on the Congo and the Nile to remote points, and the great enterprise, the Cape-Cairo railway, more than half constructed, while the British Uganda railway, reaching into the region of the equatorial lakes, is nearly completed.

It was an American newspaper, the New York Herald, whose enterprising proprietor, Mr. Bennett, sent Stanley to explore equatorial Africa, to search for the missing Livingstone, whom he found at Ujiji and rescued him, sick, discouraged and half starved. The search for Livingstone led to important explorations and discoveries, such as the true source of the Congo. It was in 1877 that Stanley, after fighting, with his boatmen, for their lives against bloodthirsty cannibals and journeying thru the jungle and dragging their boats round boiling cataracts and facing great perils, beyond the western shore of Lake Tanganyika, in eastern Africa, discovered a small stream flowing westward toward the distant Atlantic, and found it was the source of the great Congo river.

Within seven or eight years the leading European powers and the United States got together in conference, and the result was the organization of the Congo Free State under the sovereignty of the King of Belgium. Stanley was instrumental in bringing about this revolution in the politics of Central Africa and opening up the whole basin of the Congo to the trade of the world. Round this central basin the European powers have appropriated territory which they are developing from the seacoast inland, England, France and Germany leading. The whole continent is under reclamation from savagery.

The former explorers, like Speke, Livingstone, Burton and Grant, prepared the way. Stanley carried on the work with such distinguished heroism and persistence and notable results, that the whole civilized world was aroused to the deepest interest in the hitherto meagerly-defined region.

English by birth, Stanley was an American citizen and newspaper man, while American newspaper enterprise opened for him the pathway of discovery.

The wisdom of Stanley was indicated at the international Congo conference in Berlin in 1885, when his counsel prevented the abandonment of the enterprise, he insisting upon the recognition of the new state, a permanent settlement of its boundary and neutralization of the territory.

Stanley, like every other man who has accomplished something of value to the human race, had his detractors who tried to rob him of his hard-won honors. His record stands unimpeached and the country of his birth has accorded him distinguished honors.

The Dunn column on the editorial page of the Pioneer Press is given up this morning to a lengthy lamentation over the fate of the merger. Turn about is fair play.

Sentiment and Business.

How little sentiment there is in business is pretty well illustrated by the negotiations for loans by the two powers now at war. Russia, it is found, can borrow $200,000,000 and sell her 5 per cent bonds at 98@98½, while Japan, asking $50,000,000, must offer her 6 per cent bonds well below par, or down to about 93@93½.

Additional to this, the big New York banking-houses handling the American end of the loan, are fully as tight with their money as the European bankers, and both insist that Japan pledge her custom-house receipts as security, while asking no such hard terms from Russia.

Primarily the question of credits is one of facts and figures. Receipts and expenditures relative to the size of a country, together with prospective development and the likelihood of further borrowings, are the important things.

This particular incident is principally interesting as illustrating two things: That the sympathy of the English and American peoples with Japan avails that country little when she enters the loan market, and that the idea advanced some time ago that, because of persecutions of the Jews in Russia, that country would find herself handicapped by the opposition of powerful Jewish financial houses was a fallacy. Sentiment and business do not mix.

Cool, calculating financiers look far ahead. So far everything has gone against Russia, and Japan, by her dash and fighting qualities, has won the admiration of the world; but this is likely to be a long war, and first successes do not always mean final success.

The issues being fought over appear almost as impossible of settlement by mediation as were the questions involved in our own great civil war. When that war began, the south did brilliant work, and at the first Bull Run gave the north a blow worse than any Japan has so far inflicted upon Russia, and even after over two years of fighting a southern army was right up in Pennsylvania and was only turned back after three days of carnage in a battle beside which the fights in the Russian-Japanese war, to date, are as so many skirmishes.

Many financiers view the far eastern war as not yet fairly begun, and the final outlook as very uncertain indeed, notwithstanding everything is going Japan's way just now.

Secretary Shaw thinks Mr. Hitt, the Illinois congressman, is the man for vice president. The most interesting thing about this suggestion is that the secretary of the treasury carefully abstained from making a pun on the congressman's name.

The Discretion of the Auditor.

The Bemidji Pioneer, in defense of Mr. Dunn, says: "Trespass cases have always been in the past, and are now, settled by the state auditor for the best figure possible to obtain. This is a matter in which the state auditor is compelled to use his discretion."

"Provided, that he shall not make any such settlement for an amount less than double the value of such timber as shown by such scale and appraisal."—Chapter 163, Laws of 1895, Section 38.

This extract from the law shows how much discretion is left to the auditor. This law was passed after Mr. Dunn had declared in his paper, the Princeton Union, that "state auditors have exercised too much discretionary power heretofore." The law puts a limit on their discretion, a point about which Mr. Dunn was properly solicitous before he came into office, but which he seems not to have kept carefully in mind thereafter.

Parker is passing, McClellan looming up, but it may be Cleveland after all.

Not "Poor Old Missouri" Now.

It is no longer "poor old Missouri," but "grand old Missouri" is more appropriate since the beginning of the Folk campaign for governor. The people of the state have picked up the brave man who made the fight practically alone against boodle in St. Louis and will make him governor just as sure as he lives till inauguration day. Nothing more encouraging and inspiring to the ardent worker for honest and efficient public service has ever happened than the enthusiasm and overwhelming preponderance of numbers with which the people of the old bourbon democratic state of Missouri have turned from their long accepted but now thoroly discredited leaders and have rallied under the banner of honest government and clean politics.

It is a wonderful transformation where least expected and demonstrates conclusively that when the issue is clearly understood the plain people can be depended upon to choose the right and repudiate the wrong. The example of Missouri ought to be and will be a lesson and an incentive to honesty and fidelity in the public service wherever the facts become known. The case is so conspicuous that it cannot fail to have its influence thruout the whole country.

The Pioneer Press asks in a very strident tone of voice why the public examiner doesn't investigate the official acts of other state officers besides auditor. He does. He examines the books of the board of control and the board of regents of the university and the state treasurer's office. He examines these offices and the auditor's because the law requires him to do so. The Pioneer also wants to know why the present examiner didn't examine the auditor's books three years ago. Probably because he was not then in office. Another reason is that it was not until the last session that the legislature called for an investigation of the auditor's office. After the legislative inquiry, which was necessarily hurried, was reported on, the legislature asked the public examiner to continue the investigation. He seems to have done nothing that he was not required to do. He has reported what the records show. It may be unfortunate for certain political interests and reputations and prospects, but certainly the public is entitled to know the facts.

The chairman of the local Hearst committee says that a railroad in Iowa discharged some of its employees for working and voting for Hearst, but that it promptly took them back on a threat by Mr. Hearst that if it didn't he would see to it that its property was taxed according to law. How's that? Are we to have our ideas of Mr. Hearst's disinterestedness and incorruptibility disturbed by the suggestion that the railroad might escape its just share of taxes for all of him if it would restore his friends to their jobs? It cannot be. That looks too much like ordinary political bargaining.

Russell Sage advises young men to keep out of Wall street, and maintains that seven dollars is enough for a young man to pay for a suit of clothes. Russell is a sage whose advice runs altogether to money getting. There are a great many objects in life much more worthy of pursuit about which his advice would be of very little value.

Mr. Andrew Lang admits himself not susceptible to the quality of George Ade's humor, and wonders if things are really funny in Chicago which are saddening in Great Britain and Ireland. Will Mr. Lang accept assurances of our distinguished consideration?

Admiral Skrydloff is authorized to do as he pleases with the Port Arthur fleet. But the trouble is that Togo did it first.

Isn't it about time for a Kuroki brand of cigars or a Togo concoction at the soda fountain? Some enterprising genius will certainly seize the opportunity.

AT THE THEATERS

Metropolitan—Otis Skinner in "The Harvester."

Jean Richepin's idyl of the French Canada of half a century ago, which he called "Le Chemineau," and which the American adapter for lack of an English equivalent of the word has chosen to call "The Harvester," is on its surface a simple story, told with unaffected pathos. Looking deeper, one discovers that it is really a study of the nomadic instinct which stirs the blood of the gypsy so powerfully that it has kept him wild and poor and free amid all the temptations to take root offered by varying civilizations. An Ibsen, turned optimist, might have written the play—so simple and so direct, so redolent of real life and yet so rosy with romance. The nomad, confronted first by love, then by duty, and at the last by love, duty, gratitude, desire for comfort and ease and even the promise of material welfare, finds the road calling to him with a wooing insistence that will not be denied. It is a phase of human nature difficult for us who love our homes to understand, and yet it is pictured with truth. The American tramp is a kindred spirit in whom the nomadic instinct descending from forebears of the long ago recurs amid the most modern civilization.

The Richepin play is not merely a study of the nomad from his own point of view, but of a train of events growing out of his appearance in a quiet French-Canadian village and his reappearance when there was sore need of his return. It is rather fragmentary and sketchy, as usually happens in a play whose action is stretched over a period of years. It is also marked by that frankness which is so characteristic of the French drama, but which often narrowly escapes becoming offensive to American audiences. The talk of the coming grandson in the last act is a case in point. In the original French that was doubtless a strong appeal, quite natural and quite innocent. Last night it caused one-half the audience to titter and the other half to blush. Yet the simple beauty of the story and its fine literary quality have on the whole been well preserved.

The production of the play by Mr. Skinner and his admirable company continually piques the interest and compels the admiration of the audience. Many went away last night, no doubt, not quite satisfied with the way things turned out, but yet admitting the logic and the art of the denouement. The climaxes of the third and fourth acts aroused an enthusiasm that expected, but did not find, a vent at the final curtain.

Mr. Skinner illumines the role of the wayfayer—it seems inadequate to call him "the harvester"—with all the pictorial power of his art. A romantic actor of the keenest intelligence, of fine physique and manly bearing, gifted with a voice that is strong and vibrant and well modulated, his crowning virtue is his lucidity. No vagueness about his meaning, no half lights, no obscurity, and—inevitably—no delicate shadings. At times it almost seems as if one discerned the working of the machinery in Mr. Skinner's art—it is so precise, so exact and leaves so little to the imagination, that wonderful magician whose aid every artist should enlist. But Mr. Skinner's frank, merry manner, bubbling over with life and laughter and love, clothes the wayfayer in garments most attractive.

There isn't a weak spot in the company, and several of the characterizations rival that of the star in strength. J. M. Colville's picture of Francois, at first the strong worker and then the paralytic, is a wonderfully fine bit of work. In the last act, when a second stroke has made the man completely helpless, Mr. Colville is reduced to acting with his eyes, the tips of his fingers and a quavering, expressionless voice—and yet it is just at this point that his most powerful effects are obtained. George Clarke as the master furnishes another fine portrait—that of a man torn by avarice, superstition and love for an only daughter. With Mr. Skinner he furnishes the striking and altogether unique climax of the fourth act, the real climax of the play.

Lizzie Hudson Collier plays the woman of the play with a fine surrender of self to the requirements of the moment. As the peasant girl carried away, in the first act, with sudden love for the gypsy, she pictures a renunciatory passion whose promise is well kept in later years, when passion has died out of a life beautified by renunciation. Marion Abbott as the landlord's wife contributes a strongly sympathetic and original impersonation. Maud Durbin is girlishly sweet as the daughter, and Walter Lewis gives a satisfying picture of the manly young fellow who wins her. Both have opportunity for good work when they are distraught by a separation that seems irrevocable. Good character bits illuminated by natural comedy are furnished by Ben T. Ringgold and Russell Crauford as peasant and landlord.

Mr. Skinner brings a new production—last night's was only the fifth performance—staged with liberal good taste and already running smoothly and well.

—W. B. Chamberlain.

Lyceum—"My Jim."

The approbation of the audience is pretty evenly divided among the nine members of the Ferris Stock company in the cast of the comedy drama, "My Jim," at the Lyceum this week.

"My Jim" is a "down east" play of the familiar type with plenty of villainy and the sudden rise to the occasion of the booby country boy who saves the family farm, "worth a million," from the hands of the villain at the right time; makes it possible for his sister, the victim of the villain, to marry the man she loves, and weds the heroine of the play, a city girl, himself. There are plenty of weeps in the mixture, but its acceptability lies in the sudden glimpses of comedy, which never fail to cheer up the emotional audience just as they are beginning to wipe their eyes.

Honors were even because, altho Dick Ferris as Jim Mayne of Maine, the country diamond in the very rough, had to respond to urgent calls for a curtain speech and W. H. Murdoch, the mean man, received the full measure of gallery hisses which all villains cherish, every other member of the cast received generous applause as shifting situations gave each opportunity.

Charles Burnham was the old down-east farmer, Abner Mayne, and maintained the part with great fidelity. The action centers around Maisie Cecil as Hetty Kingsbride, a little hoydenish bit of sunshine from New York, who knew her own mind to a remarkable extent and who persevered thru the plot until she accomplished the downfall of the villain and the capture of Jim as a husband in the face of the ridicule of her haughty and unbending "codfish" aristocrat sister, Lucretia Mayne, a part well taken by Frances Murdoch.

George J. Elmore represented effectively Tom Mayne, the city brother, who was a better man than his rather affected city manner indicated. A. Byron Beasley as Eccless Foxglove maintained his customary good representation of the strong, manly man. Maude Gilbert was the erring sister of the Maynes, and Laurette Allen was Molly Middlesex, all expectancy in her old maidenhood.

—J. Edward Smith.

Foyer Chat.

There is a great demand for seats at the Metropolitan for the engagement of E. H. Sothern who comes the latter half of the week in McCarthy's new love drama, "The Proud Prince." It is altogether the most active working role that Mr. Sothern has ever given, and his portrayal has added to his dramatic eminence.

"The Great Unknown," one of the most successful of the numerous comedies produced by Augustin Daly, will serve for the reintroduction of Miss Percy Haswell at the Metropolitan for the week commencing next Sunday evening. She will be supported by a talented organization, including George Fawcett and Alfred Hudson, Sr.

"Why Girls Leave Home" is the play at the Bijou this week. A matinee will be given to-morrow.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

Heatwole's Attack on Smith—Collins Men Have an Effective Organization in Hennepin—Candidates for Governor Will Break Bread Together—Second District Has Two Candidates for Railroad Commissioner.

Joel P. Heatwole, manager of R. C. Dunn's campaign for governor, has come out in an interview, calling Judge L. W. Collins and C. A. Smith "liars and political tricksters" because they have not produced affidavits to support Mr. Smith's recent interview, telling of the proposition made to him to enter a combination between Dunn and Heatwole.

Judge Collins had nothing to do with the story, and Mr. Smith declines to meet Mr. Heatwole on the plane of personal abuse. However, the amusing feature of the whole thing is that the Smith interview did not say the proposition came from Heatwole. He said it was brought from one of Mr. Dunn's managers. The Northfield man chose to assume the burden of it, and has taken the job of refuting the whole story. In other words, "he thought the coat fit him."

The man who brought the proposition to Mr. Smith is now lying dangerously ill, and Mr. Heatwole is doubtless aware of the fact. If this man was in possession of his faculties, he would make an affidavit showing beyond a doubt that the proposition was authentic, and was made with the full knowledge of the other parties to the proposed deal. If he recovers from his illness enough to do so, he will be heard from. Meanwhile, Mr. Heatwole can continue to make his bluff, knowing that considerations of humanity will not permit Mr. Smith to give the details of the affair.

There is an impression on the street that Judge Collins has no organization in Hennepin county. A little investigation shows that his forces are well in hand and the campaign mapped out. The advisory committee held a meeting this morning with George L. Matchan, and went over the situation carefully. Volunteer workers have been enlisted in practically every precinct in the city, and meetings of the Collins men in the various wards are being held from time to time. Not much noise is being made by these gatherings, but they are doing effective work, and the local leaders in the Collins movement say that their campaign is moving along in perfectly satisfactory shape.

The candidates for governor will come together again this evening at the Seventh ward banquet, in the wigwam on Lake street. Messrs. Dunn, Collins and Eddy are all on the program, and William H. Eustis has also agreed to talk. There is renewed Eustis talk since the recent unpleasantness between Collins and Dunn, but the former mayor maintains the same smiling indifference, and declines to be drawn into a declaration.

The Northfield News again wants to know "why proceedings have not been brought against the only real merger in the state, the merger of the Duluth & Iron Range and the Duluth, Missabe & Northern?" The proprietor of the News, who is managing Mr. Dunn's campaign, still seems to disagree with the supreme court of the United States as to what constitutes a "real merger."

The St. Cloud Journal-Press says:

R. C. Dunn says Governor Van Sant is not a gentleman because he directed the attorney general to take necessary measures to protect the interests of the state. Perhaps he thinks the people will accept this sort of talk as an adequate defense of the damaging statements contained in the report of the public examiner, which are largely copies of official records.

William Gausewitz of Owatonna, former state senator from Steele county, was in the city yesterday on business. He has been mentioned freely as a possible democratic candidate for congress in the first district, but he says emphatically that he will not seek that nomination or any other office in the gift of the people. He is opposed to William R. Hearst, and says that in his belief there is no danger of the New York Journal man capturing the first district. The principal talking for Hearst down there is being done by populists.

The latest candidate for railroad commissioner is Thomas J. Crawford, editor of the Lakefield Standard. He is the Dunn manager in Jackson county, which is the strongest Dunn county in the second district, and is therefore likely to send a delegation for Dunn and Crawford.

W. E. Young, the Mankato lawyer who has been prominently mentioned for attorney general, has also come out for a place on the commission, giving the second district two candidates. It was only a short time ago that the second district had no candidates at all for state office. Now it has an abundance. It is likely that the district delegation will hold a caucus before the state convention meets and decide which of its candidates to support. We need hardly look for another "Mankato conference," however.

—Charles B. Cheney.

WHAT OTHER PEOPLE THINK

Physical Culture.

To the Editor of The Journal.

Horace Butterworth, a teacher of physical training, recently said in the Chicago Record-Herald, in part, regarding the physical training of the Russians:

"From a hap-hazard and irregular practice by scattered individuals the development of the body by a systematic and scientific course of work especially prepared and adapted to the conditions of a group as well as to those of a single person, has become a recognized necessity of twentieth century life as it is found in the most highly civilized nations. In Russia, however, the point has not yet been reached where even a passive interest is shown in any phase of physical training, as such. It seems that the Russian peasant eats a good deal, probably because his appetite jutifies it. He excels in horsemanship, and plays many out of door games. But sad to relate, as Mr. Butterworth says, he knows nothing about gymnasiums and is left without any "especially prepared and adapted" course of physical training. In other words, he has "a hap-hazard and irregular practice" of exercise. We are sorry for the poor Russians. We hope some high salaried American teacher of scientific physical culture will go there and persuade them to abandon their homely practices of out door sport and exercise, and adopt our American system. When an up-to-date American thinks his body needs exercise (if he has time) he orders his automobile to take him to the gymnasium where he swings Indian clubs until he imagines his physical condition is improved. He then goes back to his dark office to work until such time as he is compelled to take some more physical culture.

Perhaps Mr. Butterworth would have us believe that a lack of an "especially prepared and adapted" course of physical training has been one cause of the Russian reverses in the war with Japan. If so, we advise him to wait awhile. The Russians whipped Napoleon, and they will do the same by the mikado of Japan.

—E. A. Benjamin.

Al W. Martin, who brings "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to the Bijou next week, is said successfully to have solved the problem of combining the old and the new "Uncle Tom's Cabin" into a big spectacular play that leaves out nothing worth retaining of either the straight method or the circus method.

Seats are higher priced at the Paris opera-house than in any other European capital, in spite of the fact that the state gives the building rent free and an annual subvention of $160,000.

THE NONPAREIL MAN

More Reminiscences of the Early Days in Minneapolis—A Great "Scoop" Scored on the Discovery of the East Side by Frank Nimocks—Early Scares About the Falls Going Out.

Since the Press Club Souvenir came out a steady stream of people have been coming in with reminiscences of Minneapolis during, before and after the war. Some people recall perfectly when the street cars ran out on Hennepin avenue as far as Fifth street and how Twin City Rapid Transit stock stood for months at—10. Others recall how they used to go duck shooting at the pond where the Nicollet house now stands. An old reporter tells of the discovery of the East Side by Frank Nimocks, then star reporter for the Daily Whiz. Frank rushed in with a "scare head" story and the city editor hurried out six or eight men to interview prominent citizens on the find. R. F. Jones declared the East Side had been there right along and Ed Bromley showed a photograph called "The East Side During the War of 1812." It made no difference, however. The story was printed and was followed by a long editorial discussion as to whether or not there could ever have been a river with only one bank. Frank said he once knew a town with only one bank and that "busted."

The campaign made by the North Side to have the railroad tracks bridged is also recalled. W. B. Chamberlain took his life in his hands one day, crossed the tracks and returned with a story which opened with these lurid words:

"Bridge the tracks or we perish!"

It caused talk on the North Side and prominent citizens hurried to the office to deny that there was any danger of perishing.

Still later on, during the census of 1880, W. H. Eustis and others discovered St. Paul and bloodshed was narrowly averted when it was found that St. Paul had padded the census rolls almost as much as we had.

An incident in reporting in the early 80's that had great influence on us cub reporters and did more to form our literary style than any other one thing was the masterly way in which Hartley Davis "handled" a celebrated murder case somewhere in the vicinity of Bridge square. An old man who had kept a little restaurant in a small way for many years, was one night found murdered on the floor of his place, and the money drawer rifled. Hartley, as the star of the force, was hurried out to "do" the event. I can see to this day just how the type looked on the page as Hartley started out his masterly description of the incident. First came the heading, followed by Hartley's description. It opened thus:

Blood!!
Blood everywhere!
Blood on the floor, blood on the walls, blood on the pie, blood everywhere!

In the early days whenever the water in the river was high, there used to be "scares" in Minneapolis and fears were openly expressed that the falls were going out. It was feared that if the falls did go out, everybody would rush over to St. Paul to live. Not only did they not go out, but now there are two falls here. Such being the case, it would seem to be logical to expect everybody in St. Paul to come over here to live—or at least to do their shopping.

They are Uncle Tomming in St. Paul this week.

They have a health food called "nutose." "Steakose" and "bakedpotatose" meets our present demand.

Georgia reports her first shipment of peaches. Have we not seen it stated somewhere that this is a big country? Peaches ripe in Georgia and icicles ripe in Nebraska.

At Wellesley, we blush to state, some young ladies put red pajamas on the statues of Diana and the Woodsman. Well, anyhow, the faculty are ahead two nice pajamases.

The Seattle Post-Intelligencer brings to light the reason you never see a one-armed or a one-legged Chinaman. That paper says that all who have lived among Chinese know that they object strenuously to a crippled member of their race being allowed to live. It is said that they invariably make away with a cripple, on the theory that he is taking the place in the world of a better Chinaman.

A man with an idea wrote a long letter to Andrew Carnegie recently, suggesting that he should send a fleet of coaling ships to the Eskimos, on the ground that they could not advance morally and intellectually until they could keep themselves warm. Mr. Carnegie's reply was as follows:

Dear Sir: I am considering a plan to supply the natives of Equatorial Africa with ice cream and electric fans, hence I cannot entertain your excellent proposition just now.

Russia has borrowed $100,000,000 in Paris. Paris is easy. We would never have let them have it.

The New York Voice finds prohibition presidential timber to burn. It says:

"While Henry B. Metcalf, Alfred Manierre, Silas C. Swallow, Thomas R. Carskadon, Felix T. McWhirter and A. G. Wolfenbarger are alive and well, we shall not want a man to stand before the people."

Think of the wave of popular enthusiasm with which the name of McWhirter or of Swallow or of Wolfenbarger would be received!

The "per capiter" in the United States is now $31.02. Several people certainly have more than their share of other people's per capitas.

H. H. S. Rowell's Progress prints a story by an Iowa editor who tried to sleep in Minneapolis and went against the courthouse chimes' game. He says:

"We didn't wake up because we never went to sleep. About seven miles (in Minneapolis) from where our 197 pounds were placed in their little bed there is what is called a 'town clock' located on top of the courthouse, and last Saturday night it had fits and 'struck' or rang—anyhow, went off—every fifteen minutes. 'Chimes,' we believe is what they call it in Minneapolis. Well, we've had fevers, hives, piles, corns, warts, bunions, wins, ingrowing toenails, mumps, measles, nightmare and the itch, but if you want to be kept awake all night, go to Minneapolis and try to sleep anywhere within seven miles of that blasted town clock."

Mr. Rowell calls on the health department to vaccinate the courthouse tower—or something equally as radical.

Did it ever occur to you that it makes no difference to the truth whether you believe it or not? Truth has just got to be so anyhow, from the nature of the case, no matter if a regiment of college professors smiles derisively at it.

Tips are being given out for The Journal's midsummer flower contest, Marquis of Patthey rules to govern. Hundreds of dollars worth of prizes will be given. Our nasturtiums, cannas, carnations and dahlias are swinging Indian clubs and going up the ladder hand over hand. The Chinese pink seeds were caught smoking poppy leaves the other day and are out of the race for hitting the water pipes. We notice that the bulbs are slightly swelled over the prospect of pulling down the sweepstakes.

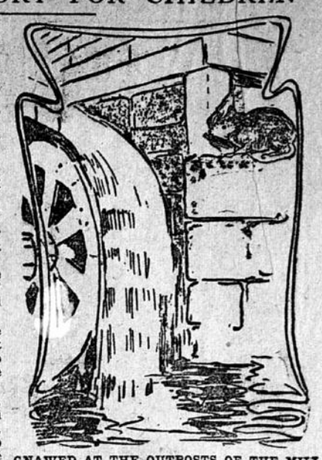
Later.—A two-ton dog stepped on our flower bed Monday night and sank it eight inches. The honeysuckles declared all bets off.

—A. J. R.

Plans have been filed in Chicago for an Iroquois Memorial Emergency hospital, to be erected in that city, and to provide and maintain an institution in memory of the victims of the Iroquois theater fire on Dec. 30.

DAILY ANIMAL STORY FOR CHILDREN

THE FATE OF THE MILLER OF DEE



GNAWED AT THE OUTPOSTS OF THE MILL.

It was a jolly miller lived on the River Dee, and one morning, when he was opening his sacks of grain, out hopped a little mouse. "Oh! wife," cried the miller of Dee, "bring me my butcher knife, that I may slay this mouse."

But the little mouse put its paws together and begged; it promised that it would keep the mill free from mice if only the miller would spare its life. So, on this basis, the little gray mouse was allowed to live in the mill, and she kept her word; not a mouse squeaked about in that mill for a month.

Then, one morning, the miller of Dee heard a faint squeaking. "What's that?" he cried. "You have let in your kindred and friends."

"No," answered the little mouse, "those are my three babies; they were born last night," and she led the way proudly to her nest, where the three squirming little mouse babies lay.

"So this is the way you keep your word, is it?" shouted the miller of Dee. "You promised to bring no mice into this mill, and here are three." And he picked up the nest and tossed the babies into the river.

Oh! but the little mouse was angry! Yet she was a mouse and he was a man, and she said nothing. Only after that she gnawed, gnawed, gnawed at the outer posts of the mill, all night long. Then came a big storm, and the river rose. The posts, which were half gnawed thru, broke, and the mill fell over into the water.

"Save me!" shouted the miller of Dee, as he floated down the river.

"I am sending you to find my lost babies," squeaked the little mouse, as she danced up and down on the bank.

NEWS OF THE BOOK WORLD

The Gospel of the Fireside in a Book That Is Good to Read and Whose Teachings Would Be Good for Any Man or Woman to Practice—Book by a Ten-Year-Old Girl—A Discussion of the Bible by Arthur T. Pierson.

The gospel of the fireside is preached with a kindly insistence in Charles Wagner's **By the Fireside**, a little book of which Dr. Henry Van Dyke says: "The book is good to read, pleasant to remember, blessed to put into practice." What more should be said to make the man or woman who loves the fireside and all it stands for wish to read this book. No matter if he has made a happy fireside and feels that he needs no sermons along that line, he will find something here that will do him good. The author says: "I am going to speak here of these sacred and immortal commonplaces, among which we need to refresh ourselves as in a fountain of youth." And these commonplaces, which ever hold a charm for the truly normal man, are discussed under such heads as these: "The Roof Tree," "The Spirit of Family," "Two Make One," "Fatherhood-Motherhood," "What Those Do Who No Longer Do Anything," "Woman's Work," "Good Humor at Home," "Hearts Bereft."

There may be some who will not agree with the following, but it contains some wholesome good sense, nevertheless:

"Are not the bald realities of domestic life, its daily difficulties and its efforts made to resolve them, a worthier subject of consideration than hypocritical or at best superficial conventionalities? I think we render young people a poor service in concealing from them what life really is. And this life, with all its complications, is finer than the fantastic idyl. The myth of the honeymoon has a particularly disastrous effect; it is likely to make us begin with dissatisfaction what is called the prosaic life of every day. It were better to make good prose, putting into it somewhat of soul and poetry."

The book is one that will prove valuable in enlightening the young, and good as a guide for those who are wrestling with the problems that confront those who have children coming to mature years.

Not often do little girls of 10 years write books, and it is just as well that that is so. Leona M. Bicknell, however, has written a very bright little book of her travels to, in and from Africa, entitled **How a Little Girl Went to Africa.** Leona saw a great many things, and she tells them in a way that will be sure to interest boys and girls. On going aboard the boat at New York Leona found several surprises awaiting her. She had never been on an ocean liner, and she was greatly amused at the cabin accommodations. "There were four beds," she writes, "each about two feet wide. There were two on each side, one above the other. It made me think of trying to sleep on mama's pantry shelves."

When she got down among the Boers in South Africa she was greatly interested in the customs she found in vogue there. She writes: "When one of the boys marries, a new house is built on the home farm a short distance from the old homestead, so in time there is a little village where all the people bear the same name. If the family name should be Wessel, then the farm will be called Wesselton, and their mail would come to them directed to that farm. I think it must be very pleasant to always live so close by grandpa's house and to have all the little cousins so near."

Besides seeing the whites of South Africa, Leona saw the blacks and many of their strange ways. She saw the gold and diamond mines also, and many other wonders of that far-away country.

—The Uneasy Chair.

God's Living Oracles, Exeter Hall lectures on the Bible, delivered in London by Arthur T. Pierson, are a plain practical discussion of the Bible as the word of God. In the introduction the problem is fairly stated—whether the Bible is, or is not, the word of God—inspired as no other book is inspired. Then follow eleven chapters, in which the Bible is considered as a book, in its relation to science, to prediction, to Christ, in "indirect forecast," in "forecasts of atonement," the philosophy of the atonement in relation to the "God-man," and "God's thoughts," to "God's ethics."

The discussions are remarkably clear and interesting, while at the same time remarkably cogent, amply vindicating the statement of the eminent English jurist, Sir Robert Anderson, that to apprehend the force of the argument for the Bible as the word of God, it is not at all necessary to be an expert Hebraist. The book ought to have a wide and careful reading.

A. C. McClurg & Co. of Chicago will publish, probably during the season of 1905, a record of Theodore Thomas' labors for the cause of music in the United States during the last half century. The work will be both biographical and historical in character, and will be written by George P. Upton, who has been so long identified with the interests of music. Mr. Thomas has placed at Mr. Upton's disposal his entire collection of programs, from 1855 to the present time, and much other historical material of the highest value, and has also given his approval of the plan and consent to the publication.

Will Carleton, the author of "Songs of Two Centuries," has recently rediscovered one of the most famous hymn writers in the world, the celebrated blind poet, Fannie Crosby, the author of "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," "Pass Me Not, O Gentle Savior," and other hymns. Mrs. Crosby, despite her valuable work in the Christian cause, has now in her old age been very much reduced in income. Mr. Carleton, during the past few months, has held no less than thirty "Fannie Crosby meetings" in New York, mostly on Sabbath evenings. These have resulted in an increased interest in the book, "Fanny Crosby's Life Story," which is published by a Brooklyn publishing company and is being sold for the aged lady's benefit.

THE MAGAZINE SAMPLER

An Eighty-Story Building.—George Hill, writing in the Architectural Record for May, of skyscrapers, says: "The height is to a certain extent unlimited, but probably twenty-five stories is likely to be the average of the high building. The writer may be in error, for there are many influences to be considered; but so far he has been able to discover absolutely no engineering or economic limit of height below about eighty stories, provided the area of the lot be sufficient."

Russell Sturgis discusses in an interesting way the sculpture on St. Bartholomew's church, New York, and Kenyon Cox writes of the Whistler memorial exhibition in the same magazine.

An Argument for Municipal Ownership.—The mayor of Chattanooga, Tenn., has been gathering figures on municipal lightning. These are in favor of Nashville as compared with Chattanooga. Nashville owns its own plant and pays for each arc lamp less than $50. Chattanooga pays more than $85. The installing of the municipal plant in Nashville has reduced the price for private consumers from 18 cents per kilowatt to 5 cents. The figures above are given in the **Municipal Journal and Engineer** for May. The leading article in the number is "An Appeal for Larger Use of Parks," by Stephen Child, landscape architect.

Toronto's Fire Traps.—"One of the astonishing facts of the Toronto fire was the entire absence of fireproof construction within the fire zone. It appears that there was nothing in that city within the fire belt save fire traps of ordinary and mill construction." This is from the **Fireproof Magazine** for May, a Toronto fire number. It is liberally illustrated with fire pictures.

Preserve the Records of the Past.—That means the past of the United States, before the territory now included in their borders was known by civilized nations. **Records of the Past** for April, over the signature of Rev. Henry Mason Baum, D. C. L., sets forth "Pending Legislation on American Antiquities," and urges the need of prompt and effective measures to protect the monuments of the early peoples of the southwest especially. "A Recent Discovery in Egypt" and "Chickasawaba Mound" are other subjects treated.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BY THE FIRESIDE. By Charles Wagner, author of "The Simple Life" and "The Better Way." New York: McClure, Phillips Co. Minneapolis: N. McCarthy. Price $1 net.

HOW A LITTLE GIRL WENT TO AFRICA. Told by Herself. By Leona Mildred Bicknell. Illustrated from photographs. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

GOD'S LIVING ORACLES. Being the Exeter Hall lectures on the Bible delivered in London, Eng., by Arthur T. Pierson. New York: The Baker and Taylor company. Price $1 net.

The last survivor of the little band of buffalo, the only animals of that variety at large in Colorado, has been slain by a pot hunter, despite the heavy penalty fixed by the legislature. The band has been hidden in Lost Park, Park county, for several years.

Successful Advertisers

MR. P. C. LARKIN,

Who is widely known as "The Tea King of America."

In a chat with P. C. Larkin, head of the Salada Ceylon & India Tea Co. and known as the "Tea King of America," a Journal man learned the curious fact that tea is indigenous to India and not to China. The shrub is found in all parts of India growing wild in the jungle, but never in a state of nature in China.

Until ten years ago we got our teas from China and Japan, while Ceylon for many years produced the finest coffee in the world. The coffee tree was, however, attacked by a fatal disease, and with ruin staring them in the face, the planters started to cultivate tea plants, with the result that their first shipment to Great Britain brought enormous prices, the delicious flavor, fine quality and healthfulness of the tea making it at once a great favorite with the tea drinker. This led to enormously increased cultivation, and now we no longer depend on China for tea.

Twenty years ago there were 160,000,000 pounds of China tea consumed in England and no Ceylon and India teas. Last year there were only 13,000,000 pounds of China tea consumed and 240,000,000 pounds of Ceylon and India tea, showing that introduction of these really finer teas had resulted in a largely increased consumption.

Mr. Larkin was asked to say a word about his own company, the largest handlers of teas in America, but said the record of the "Salada" Tea Co. was fairly well known and spoke for itself.

He attributed his success first to serving the public well with a meritorious article which, when once tried, tea drinkers are likely to persevere in using; next to the sealed lead packets in which the Salada Tea Co. pack their product, making it possible in this way for consumers to get their tea fresh and fragrant from the garden to the teacup; and thirdly, to the most important of all salesmen, the daily newspaper.

Mr. Larkin declares himself to be a newspaper advertiser first, last and all the time, and remarked that of all the mediums he had tried, none showed such satisfactory results as the high class daily newspapers.

Defective Page