THE JOURNAL

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A Deadly Parallel.

Slavery was abolished by the fourteenth amendment to the constitution of the United States, and the merger was dissolved by the supreme court of the United States. One is as much an issue as the other.—R. C. Dunn.

Is it? Well, did you ever notice, Robert, that they have elected no presidents since the fourteenth amendment was adopted who were in sympathy with slavery? Come again, "Bob."

The Journal's new Central avenue office is much appreciated by the East Side people, judging from the use they make of it. Practically everything that could be accomplished by a trip across the river to the Journal building can be done at the East Side office. It is located at Second street and Central avenue, and promises to be a great convenience to the large part of the population of Minneapolis lying on the east side of the river.

Mr. Hill on Our Merchant Marine.

Mr. J. J. Hill gave some very interesting testimony yesterday before the joint congressional committee on merchant marine appointed during the late session of congress to investigate the cause of the decline of American shipping and seek remedies.

Mr. Hill was decidedly discouraging when he testified that, after building two of the largest freight steamers in the world for the Pacific Asiatic trade, he did not want any more on account of the excessive cost over ships built in England and other countries—some 28 to 30 per cent. The running expenses of American ships are larger; local taxation is heavier; consular fees are excessive. There is, moreover, a lack of American seamen, and the men are liable to leave the ship at their own option, compelling the captain to hire Asiatics.

Mr. Hill, looking at the subject from a purely business standpoint, declares: "If we are going to buy a merchant marine out of the treasury, it won't last long. We must give people confidence to invest." Certainly, if there was, demonstrably, money in ships flying the American flag, there would be no hesitation by Americans to enter upon such ownership. Mr. Hill, while rather pessimistic on the subject, sees in the admission of foreign-built ships free, a decisive remedy, and, if congress is not willing to do this, he believes a solution will be found in an export bounty. This preferential policy is tantamount to a subsidy, of course.

It is noticeable that, while our coasting trade has developed beyond that of any other country in the last thirty years, because it has received adequate protection in that most effective method of excluding foreign-built ships and reserving it exclusively for American bottoms, little has been said about it in the discussion of the subsidy question. The coast-carrying trade has been made attractive to investors in American ships, and there is no lack of money for shipbuilding in this direction. It is evident that abundant capital can be obtained, if there is a chance offered to Americans in the ocean freighting industry.

In 1902 this country built more ships than Germany and France, the figures being, United States, 379,000 tons; Germany, 214,000 tons, and France, 192,000 tons. Of American ships built, one steel sailing ship of 5,218 tons, the largest sailing vessel yet built, may be mentioned, along with the mammoth Hill freight steamers for the Pacific trade.

Thus, there is no lack of ability to excel in shipbuilding and, in the coast carrying trade, where capital invested in ships is subject to the same laws, rates and taxation as other capital employed in that trade, then there is no deficiency in the investment of capital in American vessels. In the foreign carrying trade, however, American capital comes in competition with the capital of foreigners who enjoy better conditions of taxation, interest and labor, and American capital is naturally hesitant.

The first fight we made against the effort of Great Britain to drive this nation from the sea, was simply the carrying out of Jefferson's counsel to meet English prohibitions, duties and regulations with counter prohibitions, duties and regulations, and the third law passed by the first American congress in 1789, imposed a tonnage tax of 50 cents a ton on foreign ships, offsetting the English tonnage tax on American ships. Under the successive retaliatory acts our shipping increased 400 per cent between 1779 and 1812, and from 1815 to 1844, our tonnage increased from 700,500 to 1,977,438. In 1851, the London Times warned Englishmen that American clipper ships are ruining the British merchant marine by their superior speed, and that the "starred flag is now conspicuous on every sea and will soon defy our thunder."

This felicitous shipping condition was lost by reason of Britain's resort to steam, and iron shipbuilding, with which we were not able to compete. It is questionable if we are able now to compete in that line. If we are going into the policy of making investments in American-built ships attractive to capitalists, as in the coast-carrying trade, Mr. Hill's suggestion of an export bounty would be as good a way as any. The great trouble about our shipping industries is that other fields afford so much more profitable investment that capital is not attracted that way. Certainly, Mr. Hill's experience building his big freighters is not encouraging to American capitalists to venture into the shipbuilding business.

Women's Clubs and Women's Work.

The woman's club is becoming a more practical institution. Mrs. Wells, writing to The Journal from the St. Louis convention of the General Federation, says that this is the first time due prominence has been given in the deliberations of this federation to household economics.

This is a natural evolution. Beginning with the study of history, and art and literature, and devoting their leisure to Browning and Ruskin, to Ibsen and to Emerson, with an invasion even of the fields of social science and political economy, the women were likely to become better informed not only as to current affairs, but in respect to their historic parallels than their busy husbands and brothers, and it was perfectly natural that they should eventually come to realize that the organizations they have formed should sustain some closer and more vital relation to those interests and duties and responsibilities which may properly be regarded as belonging peculiarly to women.

It takes a woman to make a home. Domestic economy is her special province. She may invade all the fields of man's effort, crowd him out of his industrial occupations, drive him out of some of the professions, and dispute his supremacy in others, but she will still hold undisputed control of the realm of the home. And so it is perfectly natural that these organizations which have flourished along other lines should come now to lay proper emphasis upon woman's peculiar work. And here undoubtedly the highest success and highest usefulness of the woman's club will be developed. Not that woman should not be a student of art, letters, science, history, politics, anything that may interest her, but that in her associated capacity as well as in her individual those things which make for the highest and best results in home-making should have her first consideration. The woman's club will find its best reason for existence in the degree to which it contributes to the success of its members in the field of home-making.

The Minneapolis Journal is about ready to swallow the "standpatter" platform which will be adopted at Chicago.—Little Falls Herald (dem.)

The Herald gets that idea probably from the fact that The Journal didn't swallow the tariff plank of the Minnesota republican platform. It is a little too early, too, to assume with certainty that the Chicago platform will be of the "standpat" variety.

The Steel Steal.

In good time, no doubt, the history of stock watering in America will make its appearance among the economic literature of the day. Books there are already, in number, with more appearing from week to week, all bearing upon the trusts, in the writing of which there was necessarily some attention given to the evil of stock watering, but since speculation is the tendency of the age, we may ultimately expect to find this phase of the trust phenomenon taken up specifically. When this is done first place must be reserved for the record of the wonderful doings of the distinguished gentlemen who planned and put thru the United States Steel corporation.

Yesterday 9 was the figure for the common stock; nine dollars for a share nominally worth a hundred. The thirty-seven thousand separate holdings represent a great number of small lots bought by investors. Much of it they got between 50 and 55, but at recent low points it had fallen 47 points, or 84 per cent. The total issue once stood for $282,000,000 at current market quotations, and holders drew dividends at the rate of 4 per cent per annum. To-day it stands for about $43,000,000 and holders draw nothing. What these holders would like to know is whether any of the big men really own any of the stock or when or where they got out and who ran first.

The more conservative financial papers criticized the payment of dividends from the first, pronounced it contrary to sound business policy, and saw in it only a scheme to induce investors to buy. At 50 it paid 8 per cent, at 40 it paid 10 per cent. People believed so in the Morgan fetich that they still bought it for investment at 25.

Whether Morgan, Schwab, Keene, Perkins or others identified so prominently with the company's exploitations now own any common stock we cannot know, but the selling out by Schwab, who appears to have started to run a little late, is a matter comparatively recent. Meanwhile the estate of the late H. W. Oliver, one of the Pittsburg insiders, who was known to own 50,000 shares at one time, has been in process of liquidation, and only 300 shares have been found.

The people hesitate to do injustice to the eminent names connected with this gigantic deal, but in the light of recent developments it begins to look as if the poor old public has again been found with the goods, this time the biggest bundle ever; that the big men saw early, and that the bigger they were the earlier they saw.

When the stock was in the fifties with report that it would go to par; when everybody talked of the new management methods under which iron was no longer to be alternately prince and pauper, but rather a respectable, prosperous gentleman year in and year out; when a 4 per cent stock around 50 looked to good to last then people rushed in to buy, fearing that the great rise would start before they could get in. But there are two sides to every trade, and as the people bought the stock certainly somebody must have sold it to them.

Time is gradually laying bare one of the evils of the trust about which little has been said, but men are hauled up and prosecuted every day for using the mails to perpetrate swindles that are no meaner and are insignificant when comparison is made of the consequences to confiding investors.

The Democratic Puzzle.

Up to date 484 delegates have been elected to the democratic national convention. Of this number 130 have been instructed for Parker, 115 for Hearst, 18 for Gorman, 25 for Olney, 26 for Wall, 4 for Harmon, 2 for Kilbourne; uninstructed, 164. The conventions in Ohio, Tennessee and Alabama are in session to-day. In Alabama, Judge Parker is likely to be favored with instructions. In the other states they are likely to be content with instructions against Hearst, or no instructions at all. While Hearst has delegates from thirteen states and Parker has them from only five, the present drift of things in the democratic party is strongly in opposition to Hearst. All the delegates instructed for other candidates, Gorman, Olney, Wall and others, would be more likely to go to Parker than to Hearst.

The possibility of the nomination of the newspaper man no longer disturbs the rest of the old-line democrats. The situation in the democratic camp favors the chances of an unknown—possibly some one of the names already mentioned, but just as probably some name which has not yet been suggested.

Within six weeks of their convention the democrats are just as much at sea with regard to their candidate and their platform as they were six months ago. The attempt to curb the free traders has not been entirely successful. Bourke Cockran has broken thru the lines established by Congressman Williams and no issues of vital importance are yet clearly defined in the democratic mind.

Neutrality and Sympathy.

Melville Stone made a plea before the Illinois Manufacturers' association on Monday for neutrality on the part of the citizens of this country toward the principals in the Russian-Japanese war. Mr. Stone is the general manager of the Associated Press, and has recently returned from Russia, where he accomplished the distinguished service to the world of inducing the Russian government to depart from its long established habit of strict press censorship, amounting to absolute suppression of anything in the way of unfavorable news, and secured the giving out of war reports whether they described Russian victories or Russian defeats. Naturally Mr. Stone feels friendly to Russia, and doubtless he realizes that in this country public sympathy is generally on the other side, otherwise he would not have been likely to make such a plea for neutrality.

Of course, neutrality in official action should be strictly observed. The United States is at peace with both nations and will not allow herself in any official capacity to be brought into the attitude of favoring one side or the other. At the same time the sentiments of the people are their own. They will make up their minds and bestow their sympathies according to what they conceive to be the facts. If it appears that the Japanese were justified in going to war they will have the sympathy of all who take that view, altho the traditional friendship of Russia for the United States may be ever so well demonstrated. When one looks on at a distance between two friends or acquaintances his judgment of the right of the matter in controversy is bound to influence his sympathies rather than any peculiar obligations which he may owe to the one or the other. That is inevitable where there is an open mind and fair judgment. The American people do sympathize mainly with Japan, not because they are ungrateful to Russia for favors which she may have rendered to us, and doubtless did render to us on more than one occasion, but because the facts seem to show that Japan is justified in her course and has the right on her side. She seems to be fighting for her very existence as a nation.

A COLORED AMERICAN CONSUL

The United States consular representative at Vladivostok, eastern Siberia, one of the storm centers of the war in the far east, for six years past has been Richard T. Greener, the first colored graduate of Harvard college and one of the most conspicuous and successful members of his race in the walks of learning, law and politics. Greener was admitted to the bar in Washington in 1877. He was dean of the law faculty of Howard university for five years. He removed to New York in 1883 and then he was for several years an examiner in the municipal civil service board.

A HEAVY FAMILY

One of the heaviest weight families in the country is that of J. G. Strader, a prosperous farmer of Caswell, N. C., who has seven children, and, not including himself, the average weight is 211 6-17 pounds. The list is as follows: J. G. Strader, 240; J. B. Strader, 303; W. B. Strader, 220; Mrs. Adkins, 220; Rosa Strader, 170; Jennie Strader, 190; Anna Lee Strader, 140; total, 1,483.

THE NONPAREIL MAN

On Grade Crossing Accidents and Other "Accidents" Which We Educate Our Children to Bring About So That the Results May Be the Loss of as Many Lives as Possible in the Most Horrible Manner.

It is just as well to cross your fingers in a street car when passing grade crossings whether in Southeast Minneapolis or elsewhere. It may not do any good, but it certainly can do no harm. If you have ever seen a railroad employee unloading your new trunk by utilizing the force of gravitation, you know that the railroads sometimes employ careless and callous men. A set of men who will unload trunks in that way are almost certain, some day, to make a street car or two hit the sky. And of course you may be in the car.

Then there's that rather bad approach to the Washington avenue bridge. Now we all know that the bridge has been strengthened and there is no danger whatever. Nevertheless, some timid people, when crossing it, put their hands on the street car seats and bear down so as to take their weight off the car. You feel a little better if you are doing something. And the railing on the bridge is rather fragile, too. Yet there is not a particle of danger. All that it is necessary to do is to keep cool and keep your head about you.

But we will risk the bridge every time, compared with a grade crossing. We have often been annoyed when in a hurry to get back from St. Paul, to note the extreme care used by the street car employees at these grade crossings. They seemed to waste so much time and to be so particular not to dispute the crossing with the railroad company. You would think after making the crossing about a million times that the street car employees would get careless, but they never seem to.

And yet! If there's a grade crossing, tho an angel from heaven let down and pulled up the gates, sooner or later—

Bang!

And the street car company has a car in the repair shop if the kindling wood man doesn't see it first.

Of course if there are people careless enough to be inside of the car, why they are likely to get what for lack of a better term our medical friends have called "nervous shock." "Nervous shock" sounds easy, but if you never had it, do not go out and try to take it on. It fools around in your subconscious vicinity sometimes for years afterwards, appearing in dreams or even when you are awake and thinking of something else.

But there is another view of the case. Five or six people are killed in a street car accident and we are tremendously startled and horrified. But over there in Asia to-night there are two bodies of people who are planning and scheming in the most "scientific" way for an "accident" that is likely to result in the violent and horrible deaths of 25,000 men, the picked men of two great kingdoms, "their brains, bones and flesh pounded as in a mortar," as War Correspondent Archibald Forbes wrote during a battle in the Franco-Prussian war. Of that affair we read with interest as tho it were a great chess game and we applaud the bravery of one side or the other. We educate our picked men to bring it about.

I think the finest piece of literature in the world is the vision seen by the old Hebrew prophet, who, looking far into the future, alas, how very far, spoke of a time when "they shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain."

Seems tho we tax dodgers, now you mention it, ought to get together and oppose or support somebody for something. There's an election next fall.

A Mrs. Beers was fined for selling several of her name in Excelsior of late. We thought we detected a sparkle in the Minnetonka Record's lake gossip.

Mr. Lowry, say the Wall street dispatches, has been looking over Brooklyn Rapid Transit. By the way, that reminds us. Nobody has kicked on the street car service lately. Now then, boys, all together!

Miss Rebecca McCullough Darlington of Pittsburg has $15,000,000 in her own name and stands in a way to inherit $20,000,000 more. She has recently thrown down a mere duke to marry a Connecticut boy. Wise girl! What's a coronet when you have fifteen million dollars in the savings bank?

We used to wonder why so many of the Irish "came over," but the stories they brought explained it somewhat. Further explanation is given by recent dispatches stating that a whole town in Ireland is to be sold at auction—Castle Martyr, in Cork county. It belongs to a count somebody or other who needs money, and so has to sell his village.

A Rhenish and Westphalian society has just published in its journal an interesting paper upon the subject of ecclesiastical anathemas launched against animals. Thus, in 1121, St. Bernard cursed the mosquitoes. We are astonished at Bernard!

Levi P. Morton has just turned 80 without making any fuss about it. Levi P. once saved the country by running for vice president.

Somebody says that lettuce will prevent smallpox. But does not your kitchen lady wash the lettuce in city water, thus opening wide the door for the typhoid germ to pasture on your manly frame? "Alas, what perils do environ!"

The Philadelphia Post brings to hand a Gene Field story that all book cranks will thoroly enjoy, no matter whether it is true or not. Field, it is known, was always entering bookshops where he was not known and asking for an expurgated edition of Mrs. Hemans' poems. One day in Milwaukee he was walking along the street with his friend, George Yenowine, when the latter halted in front of a bookshop and said: "Gene, the proprietor of this place is the most serious man I ever knew. He never saw a joke in his his life. Wouldn't it be a good chance to try again for that expurgated Mrs. Hemans?" Without a word Field entered, asked for the proprietor, and then made the usual request. "That is a rather scarce book," came the reply. "Are you prepared to pay a fair price for it?" For just a second Field was taken aback; then he said: "Certainly, certainly; I know it's rare." The man stepped to a case, took out a cheaply bound volume and handed it to Field, saying: "The price is $5." Field took it nervously, opened to the title page, and read in correct print: "The Poems of Mrs. Felicia Hemans. Selected and Arranged with All Objectionable Passages Excised by George Yenowine, Editor of 'Isaac Watts for the Home,' 'The Fireside Hannah More,' etc.," with the usual publisher's name and date at the bottom. Field glanced up at the bookseller. He stood there the very picture of sad solemnity. "I'll take it," said Field, faintly producing the money. Outside Yenowine was missing. At his office the boy said that he had just left, saying that he was going to Standing Rock, Dak., to keep an appointment with Sitting Bull.

It is reported in the Publishers' Weekly that inquiry was recently made in Minneapolis shops for a copy of "The Eddie Brooks I Knew," by Arthur Upson. The searcher for rare books wanted the edition containing the suppressed chapter.

—A. J. R.

THE QUEEN'S FAVORITE TEAPOT

The queen of England has a favorite teapot of which she is very fond and which is in frequent use at Sandringham. It is in the shape of a barrel of wine, with a stout old Dutchman sitting astride. His cap serves for a lid, and a gold tap lets out the beverage.

NEWS OF THE BOOK WORLD

The Road to Paradise—Every Man Must Make His Own to Earthly Paradise—"Four Roads to Paradise" Shows a Striking Picture of the Roads Four Men Made and What They Led to.

There is a road to Paradise for every one of us. Each makes his own as he goes, in fact. Some never reach the shining goal, others reach it too late, only a few find it to be the land the distant prospect promised. We are speaking now, please note, of earthly paradises—the goals of ambitions—and there is usually an Eve in them. Four typical roads are sketched in Maud Wilder Goodwin's **Four Roads to Paradise**, and four typical travelers fare along these roads. One has chosen the way of financial success, an other that of influence, a third science, and the fourth doesn't choose, but hits upon the course of true love. The fourth only finds his paradise worth the having, once it is attained.

The Eve which three of these paradise hunters see in their distant Edens is the same woman, Anne Blythe, a charming young widow, who has inherited millions from her husband and her father-in-law, but who must give up all but a paltry hundred thousand if she marries again.

The story begins in New York and shortly afterward shifts to Florence, Italy, from all we have read a more paradisaical place than New York city.

Within a year each of the four reaches his paradise, but only one enters in peace, and he, falling to moralizing upon the fact, says:

It is a terrible thing, Anne, this modern idea of destiny, which makes it not some malign outside power doing spiteful things to us, but the slow, inevitable working out of our own natures. It seems to be of little consequence what we say or do, when what we are looms above us, driving us on to our fate.

The tale is worked out with more than ordinary skill, the characters are apparently sketched from life, and the incidents are such as one would watch with deep interest if come upon in his own going and coming upon the face of the earth. The chief interest centers in Mrs. Blythe, a woman of many contradictions and yet of many attractions, who as the possible Eve of three distant types of paradises holds a unique position in fiction. She has recently been freed from association with a hateful father-in-law who made life a weariness to her. Her husband, who was worse, had died before his father. Now she declares: "I have had enough of vice and misery. The corners of my soul are full of their germs; I want a great wave of happiness to wash it all clean." And so she sets about finding that happiness, apparently in irresponsibility, but only apparently, for one of her admirers discovers that she has "been doing her duty with one hand, then shaking her fist at it with the other."

There is something of novelty about a little scene between two of the characters from which we shall out out the names in order to preserve in part at least the edge of the portion of the story from which it comes:

"Did you ever offer yourself to any one?" asks she.

"You would strip the veil of privacy from the most sacred emotions of the human soul," replies he.

"Very likely, but did you?"

"Yes."

"What did you say?"

"Must I tell?"

"I'm afraid you must. It's quite necessary."

"Well, then, as nearly as I can remember, I said, 'Susan, let us build a little house in the garden and go and live in it. I will be the husband and fetch bread and butter from my kitchen, if you will be the wife and bring jam and cream from yours.' I was 7 and she was 6, and our gardens adjoined, which was convenient; but I blush to this day to think what a lion's share of the providing I imposed upon poor Susan."

A smile trembled across ——'s lips.

"An excellent proposal," she said, "brief and businesslike. Mr. ——"

"What is it, ——?"

"Suppose we build a little house in the garden. You might be the husband and I—that is, if I were urged——"

But in all this pursuit of happiness which some find and some do not, there is the reminder that none finds it for long. "I can't imagine finding happiness in anything which we realize as lasting only for a moment," says one. "We must hook our lives onto the eternities to give them any significance." That is the deepest note in the book. Perhaps it would not have been such good art, but, after the partly successful and partly futile efforts in chasing the butterfly of happiness which the story pictures, it would have made an excellent moral.

—The Uneasy Chair.

TO MY MOTHER.

My little baby lies along my arm;
And looking at her there, the glad tears press,
And, like a tidal wave of tenderness,
The years of love since I lay cradled so—
Unfathomed love enfolding me from harm—
Return and flood my life. For now I know.

—By Ann Devoorse, in Scribner's Magazine for June.

An important book on the fall list of the Macmillan company is the biography of the English artist, Sir Philip Burne-Jones. The book will contain reproductions of many of the artist's most famous pictures, for the most part, it is said, never before reproduced.

THE MAGAZINE SAMPLER

The Witch Doctors of Pennsylvania.—Many would be surprised to learn that a very genuine active relic of the belief in witchcraft still exists. "Hexerei" is today such a living nuisance thruout a number of counties in Pennsylvania that a determined effort, it is said, is to be made by the state medical board to uproot it, says **American Medicine**. Charms, incantations, doctors for hysterics, colds, hemorrhages, pains, toothaches, whooping cough, etc., abound. The following is a sample "prescription":

"To banish whooping cough, cut out three small bunches of hair from the crown of the head of a child that has never seen its father; sew this up in an unbleached rag and hang it around the person's neck.

The World's Work.—Important political articles, intimate personal sketches and an explanation of a charming village life form part of the suggestive contents of the June World's Work. Judge Alton B. Parker's life as political manager, jurist and democrat is admirably presented by M. G. Cunniff in a first-hand study. Henry Norman, M. P., the well-known traveler, describes a remarkable visit to the Russian imperial treasure-house in "The Gold Reserve of Russia." Another timely article is "Industrial Life in Russia," by John Callin O'Laughlin, an investigation made especially for the World's Work, which reveals surprising conditions. In "The Ideal Village" Joy Wheeler Dow, with the aid of many pictures, shows how a village may be made a delight to the eye. William Allen White tells in "Fifty Years in Kansas" of an achievement in state building. "The Mormon Church Influence in Politics" is interpreted by one who knows.

We Do Care.—An editorial in June **McClure's Magazine** shows that the exposures of political, industrial and economic corruption in McClure's have received the moral support of the readers of the magazine in a striking manner. Many personal letters to the editor express this widespread sympathy with and appreciation of such efforts to present before the American people the condition of their government. These must convince one that there is a large element in our country which does care for better things and is at least willing to lend its indorsement, and perhaps co-operation, to any sincere effort that makes for good.

Features of the number are "A Modern War for Independence," another Standard Oil article by Ida M. Tarbell; "The House of Fulfillment," by George Madden Martin, and seven short stories.

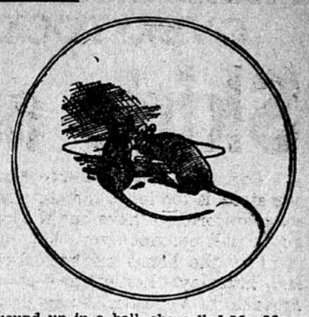
Records of the Past.—The features of this magazine for May are "The Macedonian Tomb and Battlefield of Chaironela," by Dr. Arthur Stoddard Cooley; "Pending Legislation for the Protection of Antiquities on the Public Domain," by Rev. Henry Mason Baum, D. C. L.; "The Stone Lions of Cochiti," by L. Bradford Prince, LL. D.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FOUR ROADS TO PARADISE. By Maud Wilder Goodwin. Illustrated. 12mo; pp. 375. New York: The Century company. $1.50.

DAILY ANIMAL STORY FOR CHILDREN

BLUE WOOL.



Mrs. Mouse was knitting mittens of blue wool. Mr. Cat came past and looked in. "Pray, Mrs. Mousey, may I come in and sit with you awhile?"

Now, Mrs. Mousey knew that if she once let the cat in he would eat her up, yet she was afraid to say no to him, for fear he should be angry and eat her up, anyhow. So she picked up a skein of blue wool, and answered very sweetly, "Yes, Mr. Cat, I shall be glad to have you come in and sit awhile if you will hold this wool on your paws while I wind it into a ball."

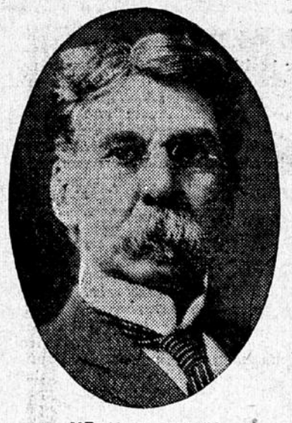
"I promise to do that," said the cat, as he slipped in and sat down.

Mrs. Mouse put the skein of blue wool on his paws, then she took the end of it in her mouth and began running around him. Around she went and around, till Mr. Cat grew dizzy. "Hold still," she squeaked. "I'm getting along beautifully, but you must hold perfectly still."

"Don't run so fast," mewed Mr. Cat. "You look like a streak of blue wool." But he thought that because she had thrown a strand of blue wool across his eyes, and he could not see anything else.

When the little mouse had the cat all wound up in a ball, she called Mr. Mouse in, and they had a merry evening dancing around him, jeering at him, and nipping at his claws and his tail. They made him promise, before they would unwind the ball, that he would never again eat a mouse. And so the mistress of the house said that her cat had come to be no account, the mice were running over everything, and she must get her a new one.

SUCCESSFUL ADVERTISERS



MR. H. D. PERKY,
The Inventor of the Famous Shredded Wheat Biscuit.

The inventor of the Shredded Wheat Biscuit is H. D. Perky, president of the Natural Food company. Ten years ago he was an invalid in Denver. His health having failed through too close application to his practice as a corporation lawyer, his doctors put him on a diet of whole wheat, and after studying the subject in its dietary and mechanical phases he perfected machinery for manufacturing shredded wheat as it is known to-day.

The new machinery was first offered to millers, but nobody seemed anxious to take it up. Mr. Perky then established a small plant for the manufacture of the biscuit at Boston, later moving to Worcester and finally, two years ago, occupying the present factory at Niagara Falls, where he went to get two things needed to the development of his food—electricity and publicity. Since then Shredded Wheat has become known nationally and even internationally.

"We utilize nearly all the familiar mediums of advertising, and some that are not familiar," said Ellis Fayette Olmsted, advertising manager of the company. "Our ads in the magazines and newspapers are familiar. I don't know that there is anything original about them. I believe we spend more money in newspapers. Only the dailies in large cities are used. Our copy is educational and suggestive. We print information about good diet and suggest ways in which the food may be prepared. To this end we have our 'Vital Question Cook Book,' with 250 recipes, which is mailed on inquiry. Names secured in this manner are followed up three times a year with literature giving seasonable suggestions—dishes for hot or cold weather. One feature of the magazine and newspaper ads is the testimonial, which is printed because we consider it the most compact, convincing proof that an advertiser can offer to clinch his own statements."

AT THE THEATERS

Foyer Chat.

The clever production by Miss Percy Haswell and her associate players of "O Kiku San" has been attracting large audiences at the Metropolitan. The last performance will be given to-night. To-morrow night and Friday matinee and night Miss Haswell will present "Romeo and Juliet." Miss Haswell will present "Camille" for three nights and Saturday matinee, commencing June 2.

"A Girl from Dixie," the new Shubert, Nixon & Zimmerman production, is underlined at the Metropolitan for the half week beginning next Sunday evening. It is a comedy-drama with a strong thread of consecutive thought and action, embellished with musical numbers.

Ben Hendricks, the Swedish dialect comedian, is entertaining good-sized audiences at the Bijou with his comedy-drama, "Erik of Sweden."

"A Little Outcast," the melodramatic success which commences a week's engagement at the Bijou next Sunday, tells a fascinating story of New York life, and carries the scenes with swift action from exclusive mansions to crime-haunted hovels. A matinee will be given Monday.

The Ferris Stock company at the Lyceum last evening entertained a large audience with its clever presentation of Charles Hoyt's comedy, "A Contented Woman." Miss Alison Skipworth in the role of Grace Holme is seen to good advantage. Next week the company will be seen in "East Lynne."

A FUTURE MIKADO

Perhaps the most interesting small boy in the world is the little Prince Micchi, grandson of the Japanese mikado and destined himself to be a mikado some day. He will be 4 years old next month. The heir presumptive to the great eastern throne has the distinction of being the first baby of the royal house of Jimmu Tenno who has been allowed to grow his hair like an English baby. Both his father and the mikado, when babies, had their heads shaved daily by their nurses.

BURYING A WHITE ELEPHANT.

Curious ceremonies are witnessed in Siam when one of the sacred white elephants dies. It is given a funeral grander than that accorded to princes of royal blood. Buddhist priests officiate, and thousands of devout Siamese men and women follow the deceased animal to the grave. Jewels and offerings representing some thousands of pounds are buried with the elephant.

CITY NEWS.

FOR TEACHERS AT TONKA

THEIR CLUB HOUSE PROVED SUCH A SUCCESS LAST YEAR THAT PLAN WILL BE CONTINUED.

The Teachers' club last year made the experiment of opening a club house at Lake Minnetonka. The plan was so popular that the accommodations proved too small and places had to be engaged long in advance. The club house will be run again this year and will be in the same place, the Merrill cottage at Howard's Point. An effort was made to secure more commodious quarters but it was not successful. Not all who will want to live at the house can be accommodated, but those who are so fortunate as to get in will find all of the charming features of last year present with additions.

The cottage is a mile and a half from the Eureka station, and trains are met by the Edgewood bus. The cottage is also accessible by boat from Spring Park. The seclusion is one of the attractions of the place, as it is quiet and restful and real, informal country living is possible.

This year the cottage will be in charge of Miss Amelia Harrington, a member of the club. It will be open from the close of school until the opening of the fall term. The cottage will be opened temporarily over next Sunday. The Unfire club has been invited to picnic on the grounds Saturday, and a party will remain out until Monday afternoon. The picnic crowd will go out on the M. & St. L. in the morning and be met by a boat at Solberg's Point.

One of the pleasant spring pastimes for the teachers has been a series of quilting bees, in which the teachers met by sections to prepare bedding for the club house. These meetings have been held in the board of education rooms on Saturdays and have been very jolly social affairs.

GIRL STUDENT SINGERS

They Plan an Extensive Tour Thru the Northwest.

A band of sweet singers from the Lutheran Ladies' seminary at Red Wing will make a concert tour next month, appearing at about twenty places in southern Minnesota, Iowa and South Dakota. The first concert will be held in Minneapolis, at the Zion Norwegian Lutheran church, Sixth street and Twenty-fourth avenue N, on June 12, and from here the tour will include Blooming Prairie and Austin, Minn.; Decorah, Northwood, Bode and Estherville, Iowa; Flandreau and Brandt, S. D., and other places. The party will return again to Minneapolis on July 3 for its final appearance before disbanding.

The nucleus of the concert party is Hjort's L. L. S. octet composed of Misses Grace Gronna and Hazel Isaacs, first soprano; Misses Linka Preus and Lottie Ingbertson, second soprano; Misses Ina Solberg and Bessie Fries, first alto; Misses Mathilda Savareid and Belle Halvorson, second alto.

Jacob Lauritz Hjort will accompany the octet as musical director and tenor soloist, and Mrs. J. L. Hjort will do double duty as soprano soloist and chaperone. The eleventh member of the party will be Miss Sunniva Scheie, accompanist, who will also appear with Miss Halvorson in piano duets.

Two complete programs, one largely of religious music and the other secular music, have been prepared but as the octet has a large repertory any number can be substituted. Among the bravura numbers are Grieg's "Landsighting" arranged for female voices by Mr. Hjort, and Brewer's cantata, "Hesperus."

NEEDS READY CASH

Water Board Arranges a Contingent Fund for Registrar Moody.

Registrar Frank T. Moody, of the waterworks department, is to have a contingent fund. This sum was set apart for the use of his office by the council committee on waterworks yesterday afternoon.

The reason for this action is somewhat peculiar, however. Under the new system of accounting Mr. Moody is required to turn over his cash to the city treasurer every day. The treasurer puts up his shutters at 4 p. m., together with the city controller, while the waterworks department does business until 5 o'clock. A fund for sundry expenses is necessary under the circumstances.

The waterworks committee decided to attend the annual convention of the American Waterworks association which opens at St. Louis June 6. At the suggestion of Alderman A. E. Merrill the bill for the junket will not be allowed unless it was itemized in detail.

It was decided to advertise for bids for insuring the boilers at the new pumping station in Northeast Minneapolis for $6,000.

"AUTOS" ON OLYMPUS

Mount as Pictured in Senior Class Play Saturday.

Could Jupiter and his Olympian court of gods and goddesses look into the Metropolitan opera-house next Saturday afternoon or evening during either of the performances of the university senior class play they would be shocked first to see their noble selves impersonated by mere mortals, and then they would be horrified to hear voices coming from little wooden boxes, to behold great puffing vehicles propelled about their garden on Mount Olympus without visible power and to see other evidences of modern ingenuity.

The worthy seniors, however, are not afraid of shocking the immortals whom they represent, and two automobiles, telephones, phonographs and other products of science will be used on the stage in the Mount Olympus scene that opens the play. And this is only one of the many up-to-date features of the show, which is expected to surprise and please a large audience next Saturday.

Rehearsals at the opera-house will be held this afternoon, to-morrow and Friday.