THE JOURNAL

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A Second Hague Conference.

The note issued by our department of state to the twenty-six signatories of The Hague convention of 1899, inviting them to consider the assembling of a second peace conference of the nations, at the same or other place, to take up the questions left unanswered by the former conference, and other pressing ones, is one of the most notable state papers issued by our government, and will, no doubt, receive favorable attention from the powers. The czar of Russia, who called the first conference in 1898, and subscribed to its one important fact accomplished—the establishment of an international tribunal of arbitration at The Hague—can hardly decline to aid the movement, even if he is engaged in one of the most shameful and wanton of wars of conquest against a smaller nation.

The president bases his movement upon the second clause of the general act of the first Hague conference, which expresses the opinion that a second conference, to be called at an early date, should enter in its program the questions as to the rights and duties of neutrals; the type and caliber of rifles and naval artillery; the inviolability of private property (not contraband) from capture; the regulation of bombardments of ports, towns and villages by a naval force, and the revision of the Geneva conventions of 1864 and 1868 as to naval warfare.

Again, the invitation to the powers is based upon the action of the recent interparliamentary congress at St. Louis, international in its character, which declared for the settlement of international differences by the arbitrament of courts, in accordance with the recognized principles of law, and requested the nations to send delegates to an international conference, to be agreed upon by them, to consider the questions left over by the first Hague conference, and, in addition, to promote arbitration treaties between the nations represented, at the same time requesting the president of the United States to send invitations to the nations inviting representatives.

The president justifies the sending out of invitations, while two signatories of the first Hague convention are engaged in one of the most bloody wars recorded by history, by citing the fact that the czar sent out his invitations to the peace conference of 1899 in 1898, while our war with Spain was yet in progress, and that, because a war is raging, there is no reason why the nations should relax their efforts to reduce the number of wars; minimize the savagery of combatants, and increase the number of settlements of disputed questions by arbitrament. The president is also acting, it should be observed, under the special request of congress, last April, that he would try and bring about international agreement as to the exemption of all private property at sea from capture, except contraband of war.

The president cannot be accused by his democratic slanderers of acting on his own arbitrary motion, and in a Cesarian way. The powers invited to the conference are to decide where to hold the conference, and the date of assembling it. The conference of 1899 was called by the czar in 1898, a full year before it assembled at The Hague. The powers, parties to the proposed conference, will agree upon the questions to be discussed outside of those left by The hague conference of 1899 for consideration by a second conference. It is possible that, when the proposed conference meets, the two belligerents in the orient may be able to attend it without garments reeking with blood, and join in the common effort to make such bloody conflicts as they are engaged in as nearly impossible of recurrence as fallible human nature, under the higher impulsion, can make them.

Americans have reason to congratulate themselves upon the honorable and exalted position President Roosevelt has always taken on questions whose proper solution makes for the highest welfare of this nation, and for the peace and prosperity of the civilized world.

Did you say Indian summer? Well, this is it!

Deserves a Stinging Rebuke.

The reader's attention is called to two affidavits on the first page of this paper, signed by G. A. Blomberg and Tip Witty, and to the statement of facts which follows them.

Copies of these affidavits reached The Journal one day last week from Montevideo, in the western part of the state.

Stories carrying charges similar to that implied in these affidavits have been in circulation in this city during the past week. The assistant cashier of a Minneapolis bank told the writer hereof a few days ago that a member of his clerical force had come to him not a little disturbed by a story that John A. Johnson's old mother was compelled even now to support herself by taking in washing. A Lindstrom paper notes the appearance of a similar story in that locality. Some mention of this kind of campaigning having been made in The Journal and other Minneapolis and St. Paul papers, the managers of Mr. Dunn's campaign have denied all knowledge of the source of these insinuations and charges against Mr. Johnson, and have expressed their disapproval. It is unthinkable that the state central committee should be guilty of such an outrage upon fairness and decency. We shall entertain no suspicion that this is the committee's work unless obliged to do so.

But that there has been an organized and systematic effort to create prejudice against Mr. Johnson as a candidate for the office of governor by taking advantage of one of the saddest misfortunes which can overtake any boy, there is daily accumulating evidence.

Who is doing this dirty work has not yet positively been determined, altho circumstances have developed which may lead to certain identification. Our only purpose and chief concern is to acquaint the public with enough of the distressing facts to protect it from being tricked and deceived by such contemptible devices worked in secret. The opening of this closed and inexpressibly sad chapter in the life of John A. Johnson must of necessity be a painful thing to any man of a less noble nature than he has shown himself to be possessed of, and only so much of the sad story as is necessary to do him justice has been told in this paper. But we think we know the people of Minnesota well enough, and we feel sufficiently sure of their sense of fair play and of their appreciation of a manly, courageous boy and a dutiful son, grown into man who is the pride of his mother's old age and held in the highest esteem by all his neighbors, to assert with perfect confidence that they will rebuke this style of politics as it deserves to be.

The "open shop" may be a good thing, but the open mind is better.

The District Court.

There will be an unusual amount of independent voting this year. It will be practiced all the way from the top to the bottom of range of officers to be voted for.

As a general proposition, it is a good thing to vote for the best man regardless of politics. In the case of federal officers, where the result has a bearing upon the consummation of national policies, it takes a pretty bad nomination to justify refusal to vote for the party candidate. But, aside from the federal offices, independent voting is a good thing and the salvation of the state. In the first place, it is the best guarantee of good nominations and practically the only one where the parties are not evenly balanced. Where there is an intelligent exercise of the franchise, untrammeled by considerations of party and guided only by evidence as to the fitness of the respective candidates—there and there only are the best results obtained. This applies just as truly in the case of the governorship of a state as to the office of alderman.

But nowhere does the practice of independent voting become the voter more than in the case of the local judiciary. It is unfortunate in some respects that we have to select our candidates for the judicial office within party lines. When we had conventions it was the custom to get together with regard to these offices and nominate acceptable men from both parties, selecting only enough candidates under the agreement to fill the vacancies, so that there was really no contest at the polls over the judicial office.

We cannot do that under our present system of direct nominations. The best we can hope for is that the voters will avail themselves of their privilege, in the privacy of the polling booth, to disregard party lines altogether and vote for those men whom they have reason to believe are best qualified by character, experience and learning to discharge the duties of this very responsible position. The integrity and ability of the judge is something that may become a matter of the greatest personal concern to any voter at any time. To the hands of this officer are committed more absolutely at times than to any other officer the interests of the individual and the interests of the community.

This county is normally republican by a safe majority. The republicans have, for the most part at least, made good nominations for the district bench—so good that The Journal does not feel called upon to make any distinctions at this time between them. But impressed strongly, as we believe most careful men are, and as the non-partizan scheme of nominating argued, with the desirability of maintaining a so-called non-partizan bench, we hope that the democratic judges now on the bench will not be ignored by republican voters simply because they are designated on the ballots as democrats. Judge Pond has been on the district bench longer than any man now serving in that capacity. Judge Brooks has the enthusiastic and almost universal support of the Hennepin county bar, and his services in the office of judge the people of this county cannot afford to deprive themselves of. It would be a mistake which partizan narrowness and prejudice could never justify.

Mr. Dunn got a new hat in Duluth, but found it too small. It may fit him better after election.

The Uses of Adversity.

That game of football last Saturday between Nebraska and Minnesota was a very profitable game. The impetuous rooter may not see it that way, and the man who bet on a blank score for Nebraska could not be persuaded that the game was one of any value whatever.

The game was useful in this, that it illustrated once more the vicissitudes of life and football. It often happens that when in the great game of life, all of us are forever playing, a man becomes greatly elated by his successes something happens. About the time he says to himself: "I am not as other men—I am one of the its," something rises up and knocks the wind of vanity out of him.

We will not say that the university eleven had come to entertain a highly magnified impression of its own football qualities, but the rooters had come to look upon the team as invincible. The latter went to the game last Saturday with a presentiment that the score would be about 40 to 0 in favor of their pet gophers. When Nebraska scored first the rooters greatly resembled a deflated balloon. When Nebraska scored the second time the rooters looked like a deflated balloon torn to ribbons by the wind. When the game was over the rooter concluded that on the whole there was nothing for him to yell for.

The football fanatics will attend the game with Wisconsin in the proper mood, in consequence of their disappointment Saturday. They will go hoping that the gophers will win, but knowing that they may lose. When such is the state of mind of the enthusiasts, victory by a narrow margin is cause for great rejoicing; an overwhelming victory justifies transports of joy.

The enemies of Dunn started, not one, but several, nimble-footed lies on a journey of detraction, but they quickly found themselves tripping and stumbling over such a multitude of contradictions—some of them proceeding from the mouths of his most prominent accusers—that they have all been overtaken and throttled.—Pioneer Press.

We haven't any information about lies that may have been started on a journey of detraction, but there are some facts that we know about which have got Mr. Dunn on the run. Just for example, the facts with regard to the leases of mineral lands issued by the auditor to clerks in his own office, and to convenient, serviceable friends of the clerks, who afterwards passed their rights and titles over to these clerks. Mr. Dunn, if he is not too busy, might try his hand once more on throttling that very active and nimble fact.

The farther Admiral Rojestvensky gets away from his terrible danger in the North sea, the more it grows on him. In an interview at Vigo, where the fleet is now resting, after its arduous labors, he says:

Prince Keretelli, an officer on board the battleship Emperor Alexander III., told me that the transport Areadaur was surrounded by eight torpedoboats or vessels carrying torpedo tubes. The Areadaur signaled her danger and when our battleships advanced we did not for one moment suppose that the attacking vessels could be fishermen.

The number of Japanese torpedoboats, at first set at two, has here grown to eight. Certainly the admiral has had a providential escape.

One of New York's modern Dick Turpins followed a little girl from a juvenile savings bank where she had drawn a couple of dollars for the purchase of a winter coat, knocked her down and took the money from her. Luckily, he was caught. This method of thieving is pretty nearly as low as that practiced by the coal trust.

One of Mr. Dunn's old clerks, Captain Jewett, says that Dunn "hewed to the line at all times." The question is, which line? In the Buckman case, for instance, and in the case where he told "Jim" to estimate the timber cut by a trespasser low because he would have to double the price—which line?

Some gentlemen in Indianapolis who spat on the theater floor earned a fine of $1. They pleaded ignorance of the law, but the judge ruled that common sense ought to teach that some things were disgusting and indecent. But where are the spitters going to get it?

"If I do not get 50,000 majority I will be disappointed," said R. C. Dunn Saturday night. Well, this life is full of disappointments.

The Times has an editorial under the caption, "Laziness as a Disease." But we fail to find in it any reference to the present municipal administration.

The Pioneer Press says the democrats are working a quiet game to steal Minnesota for Parker. The horrid things!

The mikado will be 52 years of age on Nov. 3. Something is likely to drop in on Port Arthur on that date.

One advantage of the subway is noted in New York. The weather underground is always good.

NECESSITIES OF THE AGE

Buffalo Express.

A Chicago physician figures out that in 700 years the whole world will be crazy. Then we shall have sane asylums probably.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

Slate Formed to Organize Next House of Representatives May Meet with Hard Sledding—Dunn and the Traveling Men—P. V. Collins Stands Up for Johnson—Little Falls Wants a District Judge.

The Journal's story of the slate prepared to control the organization of the next house has stirred up quite a sensation among prospective members. It is admitted on all sides that such a deal has been made, tho some of the details are questioned by the interested parties.

The combination is formed to head off the candidacy of Frank Clague of Lamberton for speaker. Messrs. Hugo, Wells, Nolan and Anderson have all been speakership candidates, but Clague has been unmistakably in the lead. By pooling forces on Hugo it is hoped to break Clague's strength and form a solid phalanx for the organization of the house. The work has been done while a good many members are still fighting for reelection, and if the combine can command enough votes to control the republican caucus it will start work in the open immediately after election.

It is noticeable that the committee assignments selected for Wells and Nolan are the same that they held in the Babcock organization of the last house. Wells is to be chairman of the committee on taxes, and Nolan of the railroad committee. Taken in connection with the fact that Hugo, the choice for speaker, was a strong Babcock man, while Clague was one of the opposition, it is easy to see the basis on which the combination was formed. Its success will no doubt be satisfactory to the corporate interests of the state.

It is very doubtful whether the combination has such a tight grip on the situation as its members would make out. There will be 100 to 105 republican members in the next house, so that over fifty votes will be needed to organize the caucus. Clague has a majority of the old members who are coming back, and the new members are not apt to be in any hurry to tie themselves up. Clague's friends say that he has forty-eight votes already pledged, which would be nearly enough.

Hennepin does not seem to have much of a look-in, according to the slate as fixed up. It is certain, however, that three or four of the local delegation have been taken into the deal, and will have prominent committee posts. There are chairmanships of appropriations, general legislation, insurance, and roads and bridges, all considered desirable, and there is some good patronage to be handed out.

John T. Jones, whose name was included in the slate for first assistant clerk, says that if he has been disposed of in any way, it is entirely without his consent. He is a candidate for chief clerk, and as soon as election is over will begin an active canvass for the position. He is not mixing in the speakership fight, and does not ask the Hennepin delegation to sink everything to his interests. He only asks the indorsement of the delegation.

It is evident that Hennepin is apt to be as badly divided as ever. If the combination wins, the majority of the local members will be left out in the cold as far as patronage and committee appointments are concerned.

The traveling salesmen of the state are working harder than ever against Dunn since he has taken to making slurring allusions to the fraternity in his speeches. A verbatim copy of his remarks at Jackson is now in circulation. Those who heard the candidate at that meeting quote him as follows:

There are a lot of cheap peddlers traveling over this state selling dried herring and calico that are agin me. They are agin me because their firms make them vote as they please. Why do they instruct them agin me? Because I raised their taxes and, my dear farmer, this reduces your taxes.

No one realized that Mr. Dunn had raised the taxes of the twin city wholesalers until he began making this play. It was news to the wholesalers as well as the general public. Even if it were true, it would not explain the attitude of hundreds of traveling men who work for houses located outside the state of Minnesota. They are against Dunn for the same reasons that actuate thousands of other republicans in every section of the state—reasons which are obvious to any one.

P. V. Collins, editor of the Northwestern Agriculturist, is much aroused over the circulation of the slanderous stories against John A. Johnson. When editor of the St. Peter Tribune in 1888, Mr. Collins gave space to a brief interview with E. St. Julian Cox, who was sore over Johnson's nomination, and made a reference to the story. Mr. Collins immediately discovered the injustice of the attack, and, altho opposing Johnson's election, he made a complete apology and published it in the next issue of the paper.

In a letter to Chairman Day of the democratic state committee, Mr. Collins relates this circumstance, and says:

Indignant as were the old citizens of St. Peter, who knew the facts; no one was more indignant or more sympathetic with Mr. Johnson than I was myself, and words fail to convey my contempt at this late date of the tactics of the political opponents of Mr. Johnson in undertaking to make political capital out of his father's dereliction. It should be remembered that at the time of the death of his father, John A. Johnson was a boy, yet he was man enough to take the position as head of his father's family and become the main support of his mother, younger brother and sisters. When one reflects on the earning possibility of a boy in a small town the absurdity of holding him responsible for not supporting a drunken father is apparent.

If R. C. Dunn's backers in this campaign have come to such an extremity for ammunition their plight is certainly pitiable.

The Waseca Herald recalls some of the amonities of the pre-convention campaign. When R. C. Dunn made his charge that Judge Collins had "solicited and received" between $30,000 and $40,000 for his campaign fund from the Great Northern back in 1894, James A. Martin said for publication:

"There is nothing to say about Mr. Dunn's charges except that the man who makes them knows they are not true."

A few days later James J. Hill wrote in reply to Judge Collins:

"No contribution was solicited by you personally, or made to you by me."

Now, says the Waseca paper:

"This same Jim Martin is trying to elect the man that he then said knew that the infamous charge made against Judge Collins was wholly false."

How very unkind of the Herald.

The Little Falls Transcript makes an appeal to local voters in behalf of Dunn, on the ground that if elected he will help them get a bill thru for a third district judge from the seventh district. While the Transcript does not go any farther, it might have made the plea a little stronger. If Dunn should be elected and the bill should pass, he would have the appointment of the judge, and a prominent Little Falls attorney is in line for the new berth.

Evansville, Douglas county, is a strong republican community, which lends interest to the following from the Evansville Enterprise:

An effort to form a Roosevelt-Buckman-Dunn club in Evansville fell flat with a hard thud. Why? No Dunn men.

—Charles B. Cheney.

A MATTER OF GEOGRAPHY

Collier's Weekly.

Representative Heatwole of Minnesota was asked by a friend about a mutual acquaintance who lives in the congressman's district.

"Is he rich?" was one query.

"Well, that depends on geography," said Mr. Heatwole. "Out at home we consider him very rich. He is worth about a million dollars. If he lived in New Jersey I suppose he would be thought fairly well-to-do, while if he lived in New York, folks would be dropping dollars in his hat."

NEWS OF THE BOOK WORLD

THE UNEASY CHAIR

Some Shattering of Idols in the Form of Ancient and Honorable but Imaginary Obligations, by Frank Moore Colby.—Idol-smashing, often with blunt, bludgeonesque phrases, is the exercise Frank Moore Colby indulges in in **Imaginary Obligations.** Obligations of certain sorts seem to rest upon us all. We feel that we ought to read certain books, say, or see certain plays, or follow certain conventional educational requirements, to attain an approved degree of culture. Mr. Colby goes after these seeming obligations with a "big stick." He attacks, for example, that idol, the book that you haven't read, but ought to have read. "To confess that you have not read it," he says, "is to expose yourself as an illiterate person. It is like admitting that you have never eaten with a fork." The worship of this idol, he assures us, is absolutely demoralizing. It leads us to deceit and humbuggery, or else to reading the book just to be able to say we have read it, which is to swamp our intellects. And here follows a genuine bit of wisdom. We put it in a box so that it may be preserved and the more easily stored in the memory. Speaking of those same books—the ones we have not read but feel we ought to have read, he says:

> Yet it is not they, but the books we have read that will accuse us. * * * The real offense is reading in such a way that it leaves you the worse for it.

Mr. Colby has some philosophy to offer for "the commonplace in the American drama and literature," and a blow of his bludgeon for the perpetual cry of "Art" in both, also, incidentally, a blow for Hall Caine.

"Hallcainery," he says, "has its place in the world. Indeed, I believe it altogether healthy, hopeful and respectable, and if I thought otherwise, I should lose all faith in representative institutions. * * * If high art deserves its ecstacies, low art deserves its consolations. * * * Some wish to murder Hall Caine. I believe it would be inexpedient to do so, and possibly wrong."

Further, Mr. Colby believes that "as to moral lessons the poorest of successful plays is remarkably vigorous and insistent." The play-goer is not likely to forget that virtue is an admirable thing; the fact is "pounded in."

Our iconoclast of obligations is not so lenient with the baccalaureate sermon, the average baccalaureate, as he is with the commonplace drama. For the sermon he would impose obligations instead of destroying them. He would have the preacher be more explicit, pointing out methods of meeting life's real obligations instead of merely enumerating in oratorical periods the obligations that exist. The stage teaches virtue, pounds it in; well and good, says the essayist. The baccalaureate teaches high moral principles, pounds them in; apply them to specific cases, says the essayist this time. Many a young man has been given a moral impulse by a baccalaureate sermon of the kind of which Mr. Colby complains, which has been felt thruout life. Let baccalaureate sermons be more explicit in pointing the path of duty, but let us apply our philosophy of leniency toward the commonplace to the baccalaureate, as well as to the drama or Hallcainery. We regret that our destroyer of imaginary obligations has not given a sample baccalaureate sermon among the other good things in his book. He shows a disposition to be specific, at least so far as Hall Caine is concerned, and he might have given a sermon on which college presidents could have modeled future sermons and by the precepts of which they could have guided the feet of the youth under their care into paths of truth. Surely, judging from "Imaginary Obligations," Mr. Colby could produce a baccalaureate that would make a senior class "sit up."

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. William Donaldson & Co., Minneapolis. Price $1.20 net.

MIRIAM MICHELSON.
Author of "The Madigans," Published by the Century Co., New York.

Book for Children.—Something to delight small boys and girls is McClure's **Children's Annual** for 1905. It is full of colored pictures to make the big eyes of little folk open wide, and tales and verses to keep such eyes open. It would be quite impossible to enumerate the things it contains, but they are many, and each one means many an "Oh, my!"

McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. Nathaniel McCarthy, Minneapolis.

How to Spread a Table Attractively.—"There comes into almost every woman's life the desire to make her table look especially attractive when guests are expected." It is to meet the needs of such that Mary Whipple Alexander has prepared **The Table and How to Decorate.** One doesn't have to look very far in the book to discover that the author has ideas worth much to one who has not an ample store of her own, or to one seeking suggestions. The book is amply illustrated and in such a way as to make the ideas of the author very clear.

D. Appleton & Co., New York. Price $1.25 net.

THE MAGAZINES.

The Conscience of Minneapolis and Jones.—**Collier's** for Oct. 29 says: "An attractive thing is happening in Minneapolis. The people there are diligently pursuing "Doc" Ames, their former delinquent mayor, and they are now running for mayor the Jones who conducted the municipality after Ames saw fit to leave the town. Jones will almost certainly be elected. A man nearly always is when he represents a public conscience that has really got itself awake."

Japan Can Call 1,500,000 Men Into Service on Short Notice.—Outsiders are not able to form an accurate opinion of the real condition of the military resources of Japan, writes Jihei Hashiguchi in the November **World's Work.** Even the sympathetic people of Europe and America are in the dark on the subject. I have been informed by an intimate friend, who has been in the service of the Japanese army for three years, that Japan can call into service at short notice 1,500,000 men of strong physique, besides the large national guard. One million five hundred thousand is a large number, but it is a small portion of 8,034,098, which is the number of males from 17 to 40, who were available for conscription service in 1[illegible]. John Foster Carr, writing in the same magazine about Russia, says the empire is one of graft and in a truly pitiable plight.

With the Long Bow

—"Eye Nature's Walks, Shoot Folly as it Flies."

Several moist, fluorescent weeps went back to Nebraska.

The trouble with Nebraska was that it had been incited by Doc Bixby to locate that gas leak with a lighted match.

Local option means that you have the choice of taking it or of letting it alone. You know what you do.

Hopeful Miss, a 50 to 1 shot on a Kansas City race track, spurted in well ahead of the whole bunch and the sports who had their money on her suffered severely from the twitters.

Many people enjoy football, but give us two dogs refusing to arbitrate in the postoffice lobby at mail time.

In the Atlantic Monthly somewhere back in the fifties Colonel Higginson had a striking article entitled "Ought Women to Learn the Alphabet?" They did, whether they ought or not, and now see where we are!

An exchange says it is now quite the fashion for the bride to be an hour or two late so as to produce the impression that she doesn't care very much to get married. While it might not be quite the thing for the bride in her anxiety to sit upon the church steps all night, yet we do contend that she should at least be on time.

That dear Litchville, N. D., the home of mirth and joyousness, is shrouded in gloom and its thought is clouded with anger and war. The town is resting on a volcano, and arson and sudden death, to say nothing of the assassin's bullet, lurk just under the surface. This is all the result of a war waged by local people on the illegal liquor interests. Two attempts have been made to burn Mr. Olson's store and it is reported that all insurance in the town has been canceled. People are now sleeping with their shotguns charged with a half-pint of buckshot each, and stern attempts will be made to "get" any firebug who is caught red-headed or red-handed. Yet despite all this terrible stress, R. E. Stuart, the barber, installed a fine bathtub and heating apparatus in his shop last week, the water being supplied direct from the artesian well. Litchville now has a barbershop that any town might feel proud of and with the advent of the bathtub the Litchville Bulletin, cheerful to the end, predicts that "our hardware merchants will notice a great falling off in the sale of sandpaper."

The Adrian Democrat complains of the omnipresence in world's fair news notes of the Igorrotes with nothing on but a kite string. The Igs belong on the under side of the world and as for as any intellectual enjoyment we obtain from their presence, they might as well stay there. Lack of clothes may be healthy, but the climate is "agin it," and as for dog as a diet, we trust our butcher to do what he does on the strict quiet.

A poet has written some verses about a labor strike by mama. It seems that mama found the hours too long and the pay too small, and there were other "grievances." So mama knocked off work. The hours are long sometimes, but it is difficult to believe that mother of all people ever thinks the pay is too small. Look at that little head reposing against her breast, tired out with play and heavy with sleep! Think of the little loving arms about her neck and the little moist, loving kisses on her mouth! Mama strike! Well, not in a million years.

The De Tanque family came over with the conqueror and located in Sussex. The family was a prolific one and we are continually running across De Tanques in the old reliques and documents relating to English history. Pepys speaks of Geoffrey de Tanque, who "drank eight quarts of good sack" at a sitting. Walker de Tanque emigrated to America some time before 1692 (See American Genealogical and Historical Register, vol. VII., p. 281) and settled in Massachusetts. Governor Bradford says in his "History of Plimouth Plantation:"

"Walker de Tank at ye raisinge did drink mightilie of ye rum, but withal was not y-filled. He then gan sing ye ribbald song, but was clappet in ye stocks to larn ye better way and to meditate on ye same."

The De Tanques fought—and drank—in the revolutionary war and a Detank, Lieutenant Charles H. Detank, was prominent in the wilderness campaign in 1863. General Grant writes in his Reminiscences:

"Lieutenant C. H. Detank was reduced to the ranks for breaking into the medical stores and drinking two quarts of the whisky intended for the wounded. The lieutenant did not seem to realize the enormity of his offense."

All down thru history the De Tanque family, like the ocean, has been ever filling up, but is never full. That is, comparatively never. It is an old family, as old as story. Its history is one great thirst. It is the Sahara desert of the human species, forever dry. It is an embodied reservoir, a great human cistern, a drouth, a sponge, an emptiness, a hole. Its capacity seems to grow with the rum it consumes.

Some people think they are going to break up the De Tanque family by voting the prohibition ticket. It is not so easily done. The probabilities are that the De Tanques will be with us for some time. Let us make the best of it, while endeavoring to convince them on all occasions that the family conduct is a most asinine performance.

—A. J. R.

AT THE THEATERS

Bijou—"Sis Hopkins."

Sis Hopkins, the ungrammatical Hoosier girl, whose pat aphorisms and artless virtues have been winning friends for her thru several seasons, is at the Bijou this week. There is much more to "Sis Hopkins" than the playwright puts into the ordinary melodrama, and Rose Melville has an appreciation of the part and a grace in portraying it that make the role thoroly charming. For the actors, many of whom have supported Miss Melville for several years, there must be something of perpetual interest in the play, for there is nothing perfunctory or stale about their work. And in addition to this freshness and fidelity in the character portrayals, the costumes and scenery of the piece have been renewed so that Bijou patrons have no complaint to make because "it has been here before."

There is little need to tell the story of Sis Hopkins, of her almost involuntary triumph over villainy and of her struggles to become sophisticated in the ways of the world. The story is full of humor and pathos, which Miss Melville blends with the skill of a true artist. "Pa" Hopkins, as played by Frank C. Hartwell, shows a nice appreciation of the part, and the "Ma" Hopkins of Florence Webster proves an excellent companion piece. Aside from histrionic ability, both are physically suited to the parts. The villain Vibert is done by Louis Morrell in a way to win the indorsement of the Gallery Hiss, and John Ray introduces some good comedy work in the incongruous role of the undertaker's assistant. Other roles are well filled and Sis Hopkins is in such good hands that she can never grow old.

Lyceum—Grace Hayward in "Leah, the Forsaken."

Grace Hayward in her farewell week at the Lyceum is appearing in the exacting emotional title role of "Leah, the Forsaken." Her interpretation of the part last night greatly pleased the audience that filled every seat in the theater. Her reading was marked by a very intelligent grasp of the meaning of the lines of the somber part, and she was particularly effective in its pathos. It was in some respects the best display of her ability that this well-liked actress has given in her career as leading lady at the Lyceum, now drawing to a close. The audience applauded her frequently and heartily.

The company acquitted itself fairly well and the production pleased on the whole, lugubrious as it is. The work of Ben Jonson, Charles Burnham, W. H. Murdock, Lella Shaw, Claudia Lucas and Laurette was decidedly good, and little Clark Marshall was quite clever as Leah, the child. The piece is well mounted.

Foyer Chat.

"Woodland," the clever bird opera by Pixley & Luders, made a happy impression on a large audience at the Metropolitan last night. The production will be reviewed in this column tomorrow.

The musical comedy success "The Jewel of Asia," with Vera Michelena in the stellar role, surrounded by a company of fifty people including the well-known comedian, William Blaisdell, will be the attraction at the Metropolitan beginning Thursday evening.

"Babes in Toyland" will be the offering at the Metropolitan for the half week commencing next Sunday evening. There are over 100 people in the production, and it requires a whole train of baggage cars to transport the effects.

"Her First False Step" begins a week's engagement at the Bijou next Sunday.

The Orpheum theater entertained two large audiences yesterday, offering a new bill in which are several features of unusual merit even in high class vaudeville. A review of the week's offerings will be given in this column tomorrow.

The new Unique theater will open this evening with a vaudeville bill designed for family patrons. Two performances will be given, one at 8 and one at 9:45. The bill has for a headliner, Pearl Burmeister, the great German prima donna, Hay Haggerty, the Irish nightingale, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Bazile, well known leading sketch artists, the Keltons, a big novelty act, John W. Byrnes, monologue artist, Freeze Brothers, trombone jugglers, the Demoniers, with the seven silver circles, and illustrated songs and moving pictures.

The Kentucky Belles opened a week's engagement at the Dewey theater yesterday. Among the leading features are the Three Brothers Luigi, smallest acrobats on earth, and Alleene and Hamilton, singing and dancing comediennes.

AN AUTO LULLABY

Hush-a-by baby, let sleep softly steal,
Mother is driving her automobile.
Sleep as the autocar jiggles and joggles,
Baby is wearing her cute little goggles.
Wrapped in her little warm, pretty warm rug
Listen to the auto go: "Chug-a-chug, chug."
Sleep, pretty babykins,
Wrapped in a rug;
Dear little babykins,
Snug as a bug;
Hush, deary, babykins,
Chug-a-chug, chug.

Hush, little baby, and rest in the car,
Mother is driving her auto afar.
Over the roadways like birds we are flying,
Swift as the winds, and with winds we are vieing.
Nothing can harm us and nothing molest,
Drive we away to the country of rest.
Sleep, pretty babykins,
Wrapped in a rug;
Dear little babykins,
Snug as a bug;
Hush, deary, babykins,
Chug-a-chug, chug.

Hark, little baby, we swim like a breeze,
Under the branches of sheltering trees.
Over the turnpikes and over the prairies,
Floating along like the fleet-footed fairies
Up on the hilltop and then we rush down.
Far from the rush and the roar of the town.
Sleep, pretty babykins,
Wrapped in a rug;
Dear little babykins,
Snug as a bug;
Hush, deary, babykins,
Chug-a-chug, chug.

—Chicago Chronicle.

Thirty-two cotton mills in Fall River have closed in order to curtail their product.