

THE JOURNAL

LUCIAN SWIFT, J. S. McLAINE, MANAGER, EDITOR. DELIVERED BY CARRIER. One week 8 cents. One month 25 cents. SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY MAIL. One month \$0.35. Three months \$1.00. Six months \$1.90. One year \$3.50. Saturday Eve. edition, 28 to 36 pages, 1.50.

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A Chance to Invest.

The Union City mission should be put on its feet. This institution, as now equipped and conducted, is doing a splendid work in uplifting and caring for the city's floating population. The hotel feature affords a pleasant haven for visitors with small means, and it also serves to attract and hold many transients who would otherwise fall into evil surroundings. In numerous other ways it is bringing practical help to the poor and unfortunate.

The mission is run on business principles, and is now self-supporting in the sense that it pays expenses. Unfortunately, the first cost of the property has not been met. There are bonds outstanding on which interest must be paid, and several thousand dollars in bills for repairs and alterations are still to be met. This indebtedness is a burden on the management of a worthy enterprise, and a menace to its future.

An appeal for help has been issued, and it should meet with a ready response. There is no better opportunity offered for an investment that will bring perpetual dividends, not in money, but in the well-being of humanity.

More Italians are returning home than the steamships will carry. The Italian is sensitive and cannot stand the contempt with which he is treated by fellow laborers of other nationalities in some of the eastern cities. This is a free country—sometimes a little too free.

The City Man in the Country.

Back to the farm is now the talk and dream of thousands of people who begin to realize that the city does not hold all of life that is worth having. Ten or fifteen years ago all the talk and tendency was of and to the city. Every city boy was determined to stay in the city, and every country boy of energy and ability had made up his mind to go to the city in search of fortune.

Now city boys plan to live in the country, and thousands and thousands of men and women, grown weary of the narrowness city life means to the less fortunate, are hoping and planning for the day when they may leave the smoke and grime and imprisoning walls of the city behind and seek the country, with its open spaces, its pure air and its freedom. Of course, the city will always draw from the country. It must if it is to succeed. But it is essential that there shall be something in the country for it to draw from, which there will not be if the current is always to set in one direction. It would be well for the nation if every generation could spend its youth or a large part of it in the country.

Of course, there are bound to be many disappointments for those who leave the city for the farm. Some of them have a sentimental liking for the country, but are not able to adapt themselves to the conditions of life and business in the country. They wish to be in but not of the country. Others carry their city notions of money-making to the farm and expect to get rich quick. These are generally disappointed early in the game. An agricultural paper tells of a city man who buried \$30,000 on a 250-acre farm in fifteen years trying to breed fancy stock. Another city man, who could easily earn \$2,400 a year in an office, lost \$10,000 in Kentucky experimenting with a bee farm. A traveling man who has been making \$5,000 a year tried Angora-goat farming in Missouri and lost \$7,000 in three years.

Yet the editor who narrates these hard-luck stories does not discourage the city man who would turn to the farm; he only advises him to begin humbly, learn well and proceed cautiously. Instead of going into specialties at first, the beginner would better try diversified farming. "It is the small farm," the editor says, "some poultry, a few hogs, two or three cows, some fruits, berries and a few acres of common crops that most satisfy the man who makes the abrupt change from city to country."

While some successful city men make a failure of farming because they go at it with more money than prudence, there is not the slightest reason to doubt that thousands of men who are not making much out of life in the city would do well on farms. It would be better for the city, better for the country and better for themselves if such men and women could be moved from the city to the country. The fact that they don't move and can't be moved shows how little similarity there is between the theory and practice of economics. The "economic man" always knows

what is to his interest and is always ready to adapt himself to changed conditions. The actual man rarely knows what is to his interest and cannot or will not adapt himself to changed circumstances.

Governor Van Sant stated the case exactly last night when he said the responsibility for legislation rested with the people. If they will only say what they want in emphatic language, congress and the legislatures cannot refuse or stand out. The trouble is that the people seldom realize the need of protection till they have been stepped on.

Winter Wheat Threatened.

The longest dry spell the country has experienced for many years appears to be breaking, although, in the western part of the northwestern and the reports from the south and east, to this writing, there is only a small measure of relief indicated. How dry our own section has been we may know from the dust that lies inches thick in the side streets of the city.

Far down in Kansas and over a wide belt extending across Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Ohio and well into Pennsylvania, there is great need of rain. The driest November in eleven years is officially recorded in Illinois, the rainfall being only .19 inches. Ohio had .18, making it the driest November in a quarter century, nor such lack of moisture having been experienced since 1878. Streams are very low, and in some localities quite dried up; the water supply of a number of small towns has been so reduced that extra precautions are being taken to avoid fires, and the railroads have been compelled to husband their supplies of water very carefully. The most serious reports come from Scotland, Pa., where it is feared many plants in the Connellsville coke region may have to close owing to shortage of water.

A good rain or snowstorm coming soon will set all this to rights, but it must come before very long, or much suffering will result.

One serious and disturbing feature in connection with this dry weather is the fact that it is severe in several important winter wheat-producing states. Drought ravages the northwest in the summer of 1900, and out down the spring wheat crop very seriously. Fortunately for the northwest, dry weather at this season can do no very serious harm. The southwest and the Ohio valley are not so fortunate, for a winter wheat crop is in the ground, and is sadly in need of a good wetting down. So long has it been dry that it is feared the government report, due on the 10th, giving the conditions Dec. 1, will not carry a high figure. For ten years winter wheat has averaged 92.7 on Dec. 1, but last year it stood at 86.6. We ought to have a big wheat crop next year.

The great milling industry needs it, the shippers and receivers, the railroads, barge and city merchants, and the farmers need it, every body needs it. A big production would be a splendid thing for all. Here is the first bad sign, in a dry fall, that, it is feared, may in some degree impair the plant, and send it into the winter in weakened condition. There is nothing to warrant a scare. Fortunately wheat is not a hot-house plant and can stand some adversity, and big crops have been raised in years following long dry fall. Nevertheless the continued lack of moisture is not reassuring, and thousands of hearts the country over would send up thanks for a good rain or snow that would wet down the land the country over.

Those St. Louis awards ought to make the best kind of advertising for Minnesota this year and for some time to come. The state that stands first in dairy products, in flour, in mining display, and raises the finest beef animal in the United States, certainly presents some powerful attractions to the homeseeker. The necessary thing is to let the homeseeker know about it.

Prisoners Must Work.

"Ten years at hard labor" has an ominous, grinding sound when pronounced over a convicted criminal. The hard-labor requirement seems to add severity to the punishment. Yet experience shows that labor of some sort is a necessity for men in confinement. It is not oppression, but kindness, that compels the inmates of a prison to eat their bread by the sweat of their brows.

Illinois is having an enlightening experience. A mistaken agitation resulted in the enactment of a law which prohibits the ordinary forms of convict labor in that state. The prison officers have been unable to find other work for the men, and since July they have been fretting in idleness. Now habeas corpus proceedings have been brought by attorneys for some of the worst inmates of Joliet. Their petitions state that the prisoners were sentenced to hard labor, and that the sentence is not being complied with. Moreover, the enforced idleness is a cruelty to the men and violates the constitutional guarantee against cruel and inhuman punishment.

It can hardly be possible that the courts will open the prison doors on this plea, although the very same point is being used in Iowa against a disobedient inmate of Anamosa. Sentenced for murder, he protests his innocence and refuses to work. As he was sentenced to hard labor, the prison officials claim that the past year has taken nothing from his sentence, which will have twenty-five years to run from the time he begins to work.

The agitation, at any rate, may result in finding work for the men. It is really inhuman to confine men in solitude for months and years, in mental and physical stagnation, with no companions but unpleasant thoughts. They should be put to work and not to any treadmill occupation. Prison experience shows that men can only be kept healthy and contented when they are making something. Chopping wood is pleasant exercise, but it will break the spirit of any man, when he is forced to stand for hours striking a log with the head of an ax. He must see the chips fly. So in all schemes for solving the problem of convict labor—it

must not be forgotten that prisoners need work with their hands which will also occupy their minds; that to be contented they must "make something."

Pennsylvania's official plurality for Roosevelt is 502,000. "This enough."

Needed Railways.

One of the things needed to bring a larger population to the country tributary to the twin cities is the building of more railways. Nothing tends more to bring in new population than new railways. That is one reason why of late years the middle northwest has not received its fair share of the annual wave of migration. The southwest, on the one hand, and the Canadian west on the other, have been doing an immense amount of railway building. This fact explains in part why those two regions have attracted so large a part of the thousands who annually find new homes.

The prospect for extensive railway building in both the southwest and Canadian west during the next few years is good. In Texas alone 5,000 miles of new railway are in sight, and the southwest has been adding 2,000 or 3,000 miles a year for several years past. In western Canada there are about 6,000 miles of new railway in sight, and work is in actual progress on a large part of this mileage. The Grand Trunk Pacific alone will build at least 2,000 miles in western Canada, and the Canadian Pacific and Canadian Northern systems have liberal building programs arranged.

What is there in the American northwest to match the activity in Canada and Texas? The "Soo" promises us a new line in northern Minnesota and North Dakota and has just completed a new line from Glenwood, Minn., to the international boundary. This line will be the means of adding many thousands of consumers to the Minneapolis territory. The proposed line will also be very important, the it will not penetrate a new country. If the proposed Milwaukee line to the coast should be built openings would be made for thousands of settlers and small business men, but this line is nothing more than a vague possibility.

There is at least one line that should have been built long ago—a line that would be of great benefit to an extensive country without railways at present and of the highest importance to Minneapolis. That is the long talked-of line from the Missouri river to the Black Hills. The distance is about 150 miles, and there is every reason to believe that there would be ample local traffic to support such a road. Much of the country is excellent for agriculture. About half of it lies east of the 101st meridian, which is generally considered the eastern boundary of the arid country. With the right sort of cultivation and crops adapted to the conditions it should support a considerable agricultural population and could be made a larger producer of stock than at present.

This line and every other line that is needed must be built if the middle northwest is to get its share of the thousands who are seeking new homes and are naturally attracted by new railway lines and the numerous opportunities they usually mean.

The heirs and executors of the late Robert Seaman intend to make it very hard for Nellie Bly, known in private life as Mrs. Robert Seaman, to keep the big fortune of \$1,000,000 or more that was once her husband's. The fight over the property has begun in the New York courts. Nellie married Seaman when he was an old man and shortly after that event wrote a newspaper article about a woman who had the divine luck to be a widow. Nellie now has this divine luck, but there are troubles going with it.

Governor-elect Johnson announces that he will decory F. Jacobson as chairman of the board of control and place L. A. Rosling in that responsible position. Are the republicans who helped to make with joy over this proposed action?—Willmar Republican Gazette.

There is no reason to think that Mr. Jacobson's friends would have had a shout coming if the election had turned out the other way.

The prize for the solution of a rebus and a short essay on an assigned topic offered by a Boston magazine was awarded to a woman in a Minnesota insane asylum. Why should we be surprised at this, if it is true as some people allege that genius is a species of insanity?

J. Pierpont Morgan has put a small fortune into fine thoroughbred Guernsey cows. Mr. Morgan is going to have cream on his baked apples if he has to wreck a railroad company to get it.

The veteran actress, Mrs. Gilbert, died in the harness, beloved by all her associates and by the whole theater-going world. Her life has been a rich chapter in stage history.

Score one for Old Winter. He suppressed the dust nuisance in short order. But Hennepin avenue beyond Lowry hill should be oiled next fall.

A Chicago man has asked an injunction to prevent his wife from talking. Some people cherish the illusion that the courts have supreme power.

This snow doesn't look so bad to the man with a big stock of winter overcoats.

The snow to the petroleum sprinkler: "Don't shoot; I'll come down."

There is said to be snow on the moon. Better snow than liberally.

LITERALLY TRUE.

Philadelphia Press. "I tried to palm off that cheap butter of yours on my boarders," said Mrs. Starvem, "but it wouldn't work." "No," said the dealer. "No, I think we might, very properly say it was 'too strong to work.'"

NOT THERE YET.

Philadelphia Press. Crittiek—Yes, he asked me if you were considered a determined and persevering student. Hamphre—Ah, I suppose he wanted to know how long it had taken me to become an actor. Crittiek—No, he was trying to figure out how long it would take you.

WELL KNOWN.

Houston Chronicle. Gracey—There goes Miss Pretyzind. We call her "The Inevitable." Gladly—Why? Gracey—Because everybody bows to her.

Y. M. C. A. LIFTS ITS MORTGAGE

Association, After Long, Hard Struggle, Comes Out on Top—Grand Celebration to Be Held Next Tuesday.



W. J. DEAN, President of Minneapolis Y. M. C. A.



DAVID C. BELL, First President of the Minneapolis Y. M. C. A.



REV. JOHN H. ELLIOT, D.D., The Secretary in whose Administration the New Building Was Begun.

After a continual uphill fight since the Y. M. C. A. was organized in Minneapolis in 1866, and a struggle for existence itself for the next eight years, the association will inaugurate the final payment of the mortgage debt Tuesday evening, Dec. 6, with an elaborate program at the association's building. The last payment was made Oct. 27, 1904, on the mortgage given Oct. 21, 1897.

The ushering in of the celebration will be an informal dinner at 6 o'clock at which President Cyrus Norri'port of the state university will preside. The following toasts will be responded to: "The Contribution of the Young Men's Christian Association to the Lives of Young Men," George B. Hodge of New York, illustrated with stereoscopic views; "The Early Days of the Minneapolis Association," by David C. Bell, first president of the association; "The Business Campaign for a Permanent Home," by Rev. C. H. Elliot, D.D. of New York, general secretary when the present building was built; "The Minneapolis Association and the Business Interests of the State," by E. W. Peck; "The Church and the Association," by Rev. Dr. John E. Bushnell; "The Association as a World-wide Influence," by Bishop I. W. Joyce; "The Business Man's Relation to the Association," by W. J. Dean, present president; "The Association of the Future," by H. P. Goddard, the present secretary.

In a Lawyer's Office. The conception of the association with its fifteen hundred members grew out of a noonday prayer meeting held in the office of Russel H. Conwell, a lawyer, on Bridge street in 1866. Several business men and lawyers were pleased with the idea and noonday prayer meetings between 12:30 and 1:30 were held until the small hands on the clock pointed to 12:30, when they were distributed along the street, telling people to beware of sin "in the midst of life we are in death," and other warnings of a similar nature.

The first meeting was held in 1877 and rented new rooms over the city market on Bridge Square. The presidents until the organization was incorporated were E. S. Jones, W. O. Hickey, Geo. B. Bradbury, H. O. Hamline, and J. S. Monroe. Rev. W. A. Eggleston was the first general secretary and served until 1870. There was no secretary between 1870 and 1875, when C. P. Dorland took charge until it was incorporated.

Another change was made in 1883 when new rooms were rented in the Syndicate building. At that time the officers thought that the quarters were the acme of model club rooms, but in four years the ground on Tenth street and Mary Place, the site of the present building, was purchased. During this time David C. Bell served as president several times. The other presidents were J. E. Bell, G. O. Blake, H. E. Fletcher, W. M. Tenney, and Ell Torrance. The secretaries were G. P. Bradbury and J. C. Huntington.

Hit by Financial Crash. When the foundation for the building was laid the people in 1888 of Minneapolis were suffering from the business deflation which just preceded the crash of '92-'93. All sorts of pledges were given and the directors thought it safe to go ahead with the building, although there was little actual cash on hand. If there had been no financial panic and the pledges made had been paid up the building would have been easily completed. When the crash came the pledges were not worth the paper on which they were written. The policy of the association, however, was no more rash than that of the business houses of the city.

The first agitation for a new building was found in the annual report of President W. M. Tenney, June, 1885. When Judge Torrance was elected president the same year he appointed the first building committee: R. D. Russell, chairman, G. H. Miller, D. C. Bell, W. M. Tenney, H. E. Fletcher, L. Christy and F. A. Chamberlain. The first subscription to the building fund was made by H. O. Hamlin, \$10,000, Jan. 6, 1886. The property was purchased

With the Long Bow.

Minot J. Savage has come out in defense of Adam. Adam was honest but susceptible. "There is a soul mate for every man and woman."—Le Sueur News. Every cautious man or woman runs or dodges up the alleyway when he sees a soul mate coming.

Mr. Schmid of Northome, Minn., received an inheritance of \$16,000 last week from the fatherland. Mr. Schmid bought so freely that there was a week's carnival of excitement at Northome and the correspondent adds that "men who were never known to be intoxicated before met their Waterloo at the Schmid celebration, and are now apologizing to their families." My friend, would you "buy" if some wealthy relative left you \$16,000, or would you lock it up in the bank or in first mortgages to enjoy selfishly later on when you had acquired more? Our felicitations to Mr. Schmid on his open-heartedness. But we wish he had bought something else.

Secretary Wilson, who has had them counted, states openly that the American hen threw off twenty billion eggs last year. This gives each inhabitant of the United States 250 eggs a year or less than one a day. Why not pasture a few dozen hens on your neighbor's lawns and get rich by increasing the egg per capita.

E. V. Willard, the Chicago Egyptologist, has been fooling around Gizeh and digging near the great pyramid of Cheops. He thinks he has found where the ark was built; and he is also convinced that Noah built the great pyramid of Khuf, known now as the pyramid of Gizeh. Mr. Willard makes Noah out as one of the Pharaohs and says he was a multimillionaire, and that the ark cost him in the neighborhood of \$500,000. Mr. Willard does not explain where he got this information, but its definiteness would seem to indicate that he had dug up Noah's logbook.

The Red Wing Daily News has it in for John D. Rockefeller. The News is supposed to have its press kicked around by a gasoline engine, but this week the engine struck. The News says: The meanest trick Mr. Rockefeller ever played on us was when he sent us the last lot of gasoline—so syrupy that it would not run thru the feed pipe. After fussing round an hour last evening, we threw ourselves on the mercy of the Advertising company and eventually the News was published.

P. S.—Anybody want to buy a second hand gasoline engine? More editors have been ruined in the last few years by balky gasoline engines than by unpaid subscriptions. It is thought by some newspaper editors that the language of the engineroom since the advent of the Rockefeller motor has deteriorated about 20 points under that of the composing room. In Minnesota more gasoline engines are opened with prayer than public assemblies are.

Our "party line" telephone has been for some time subject to sudden lapses with intervals of twenty to thirty minutes cessation of business while two socially inclined ladies during the busy season of the day have retailed the gossip of their respected neighborhoods. The other day a man in a hurry tried to get a connection and failed miserably. He could hear the ladies talking right on pleasantly about the doings of their sets, and he finally broke in and asked: "Aren't you ladies most thru?"

A spiteful voice came back thru the phone: "We are going to keep this line as long as we please." The man "hung up." After waiting twelve minutes he took down the receiver again. It was evident that the ladies heard this move, for one of them said: "Well, I suppose we will have to stop now." "Don't incommode yourselves, ladies," said the Mere Man politely, "the party from whom I wanted help has since died."

He heard the receivers hung up with two quick little snaps. —A. J. R.

NEWS OF THE BOOK WORLD

THE UNEASY CHAIR. Rider Haggard's New Story: a Tale of Love and Terrifying Adventure. Love and hate, high and the ideals and bestial passions, self-sacrifice and selfishness, religious zeal and bigotry, mystery and mysticism, the beautiful and the terrible, fair and fine-spirited maidens, brave men of great stature and skill with the sword and no end of good fighting in them, yawning abysses, a frightful precipice, dizzy causeways, an age of chivalry and warfare and dreams—all these and many more things dear to the author's heart enter into the make-up of Rider Haggard's "The Uneasy Chair."

The Brethren is best described by the adjective Haggardesque, a word which will need no exegete for those who know Mr. Haggard's works, his love for romance and terrifying adventure under startlingly picturesque circumstances. The Brethren is Wulf and Godwin. The Brethren are Wulf and Godwin D'Arcy, well-born sons of Briton. They love their cousin Rosamund D'Arcy, the daughter of Sir Edmund D'Arcy and niece on her mother's side of Saladin, the opposer of the crusaders. Saladin is bent on having his niece brought to his own land and made "Princess of Babylon, with great possessions," in order that a dream he has dreamed three times may be fulfilled. His emissaries and Wulf and Godwin have an encounter in the very first chapter of the story. The brethren vanquish the men of the east and Rosamund makes a thrilling escape to the house of her father. But the fight reveals to each of the brothers that he loves the fair and queenly Rosamund. Yet the brethren love each other, and they are unwilling to let anything break the tie that has bound them together since their birth, for they are twins, so Wulf proposes that both speak to her, Godwin first asking her hand in marriage, but requesting her not to give her answer at once, then Wulf before she has time to answer Godwin. The plan is carried out. But Rosamund defers answering for two years, little dreaming that she has been given after many strange adventures and in a far country. Rosamund is carried away by Saladin's men at last, and then Wulf and Godwin set out in search of her. Their search takes them first to the city of A-Je-bal, the capital of the "Lord of Death," ruler of the assassins, who makes war upon his enemies, not with an armed soldiery, but with emissaries who carry poisons and daggers. This citadel and the incidents that occur there are highly Haggardesque. We know not what else to call them. Three ambassadors appeared there to

make certain demands upon the "Great Assasin." He taunted them as he sat on "an unwarlike terrace, surrounded by a mighty gulf," with his aged counsellors about him. "What chance," he said, "has this lord of yours against a nation sworn to obey to the death? You smile? Then come hither, and you shall see me conquer two of his dais by name. They rose and bowed before him. "Now, my worthy servants," he said, "show these heretic dogs how you obey, that their master may learn the power of your master. You are the best warriors of life. Begone, and await me in Paradise." The old man bowed again, trembling a little. Then, straightening themselves, without a word they ran side by side and leaped into the abyss. It is the tyrant who does this who orders Wulf to ride a tilt with a French knight who is a enemy of Wulf's and has served Saladin, the "Lord of Death." The joust is to be on a lofty unwarlike causeway, 200 paces long and scarcely three paces wide, and by moonlight. The fate of Wulf and Godwin in such a land is something to awaken suspense and keep it well awake, until—well, let Mr. Haggard tell.

There is no need of comparing "The Brethren" with other stories by Mr. Haggard, or with the best of other writers. It is a story from "the blessed kingdom of Romance," wherein we "dream that men and women, their fortunes and their fate, are as we would fashion them." McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

Pushing Shakespeare Memorial Project.—An effort is to be made, says a New York Times dispatch from London, to bring to realization the long discussed project of an adequate Shakespeare memorial in London. Subscriptions are to be invited in all parts of the world, and the promoters count on getting a large amount from the United States. Ambassador Choate is a member of the committee to deal with the preliminaries.

Friends of the Little Peppers.—There were so many interesting friends of the Five Little Peppers, whose lives were only the faintest of outlines in the series entitled "The Story of the Five Little Peppers," wherein we "dream that men and women, their fortunes and their fate, are as we would fashion them." McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

Life of Walt Whitman.—An addition to the "Beacon Biographies" that will be of interest to many is "Walt Whitman, by Isaac Hull Platt." The writer of the little book is an unqualified admirer of the poet, yet, he says, he recognizes the fact that there are other ways of looking at the subject. However, his attempt to estimate Whitman's poetry is a dispassionate one, and his sketch of the poet's life as comprehensive as the limitations of the biographies would permit. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 75 cents.

THE MAGAZINES. An Election Paradox.—It is a great mistake to assume that the republican party is of necessity entrenched in power for a long period to come, says the Review of Reviews for December. The voters who elected democratic governors in Minnesota and Massachusetts this year might easily elect democratic congressmen two years hence or a democratic president four years hence, if conditions should arise to convince them of the desirability of changing the party balance in the house, or the political character of the next administration. This enhanced mobility in the voting masses ought to yield down the tyranny of mere machines and bosses. It opens wider the field in which Mr. Roosevelt himself has fought his way to the top. An interesting account, among many other good things, is given in the Review of the tests of the big electric locomotive built for the New York Central railroad, which raced one of the road's fast trains and won out.

CAUSE AND EFFECT. Mrs. Neighbors—I'm sorry to hear that your husband is ill. Mrs. Homer—Oh, I guess I ain't anything serious. Mrs. Neighbors—What seems to be the trouble? Mrs. Homer—He took a fancy to a new brand of health food and ate too much of it.

FOR PA'S BENEFIT. Chicago News. They were seated at the supper table. "Sal, ma," queried little Dolly, "what is a miser, my dear?" "answered the diplomatic mother, as she glanced across the table at her husband, "is a man who thinks his wife's hair should not cost any more than his own."