

THE JOURNAL

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State Care for Soldiers' Widows.

The legislature cannot well turn a deaf ear to the request of the committee appointed by the Minnesota G. A. R., which asks an appropriation for a new building in connection with the state soldiers' home at Minnehaha.

The purpose of this home is to furnish care and shelter for destitute widows and mothers of veterans. Thru the soldiers' relief fund the state is now giving some of these aged women a pittance to eke out their little pension money and keep them from starvation.

One wing of the proposed building is to be set aside for dependent veterans with their wives. Hundreds of these old couples are scattered over the state, some of them living on a pension of \$12 a month. The husband can now go to the home, but if he does the wife must go to the poorhouse. The state cannot afford to separate companions of half a century in their closing hours.

Common humanity, as well as state pride and patriotism, call for this work. Members of the Grand Army and the auxiliary organizations, who personally have seen and kept track of the cases being helped, have stories to tell that would melt the stoniest heart. It is a matter of urgent necessity, and if the legislature is compelled to choose between the various objects seeking appropriations, it must not be forgotten that the relief of veterans and their widows requires haste. A few years more and it will be too late.

The plan proposed is tried and proven satisfactory by the experience of several other states. The committee appointed at the last encampment, which has issued an appeal to the legislature, says that women are now admitted to the soldiers' homes in Iowa, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Kansas, California, Nebraska and Pennsylvania, and recently in Ohio a home for veterans' wives, widows and mothers has been established.

Minnesota led the nation in responding to the call for volunteers, and certainly cannot afford to lag behind in the effort to care for them in their declining days, and for their families. The soldiers' wives and mothers of war-time days were real heroines. In Minnesota they were the citizens, who tilled the fields, kept the stores and ran the households at home. No state was swept cleaner by enlistment and the draft, and in no state did the women carry a greater burden. Now is the time for posterity to acknowledge the debt that is owed to them.

Dr. Osler's Short Shrift.

If Dr. William Osler's theory of the comparative uselessness of men over 40 is correct, then the work of Dr. William Osler may be set aside, for it appears that the volume on which his reputation rests, "The Principles and Practices of Medicine," was written after he had passed the age of 50. And he had just turned the corner of 40 when he published his first work, "The Cerebral Palsies of Children." Dr. Osler is now 56 and is due to be chloroformed in four years; and yet he has just been called to the medical leadership of Oxford university. The English university either has not been informed of Dr. Osler's beliefs, or else it discounted them, or it would be engaging the services of a man self-confessedly useless.

Not only Dr. Osler's own case, but the history of the world, tends to disprove his theories. Great achievements are, as a matter of fact, comparatively rare under 40, while between 40 and 60 they are comparatively common. Gladstone did not become prime minister of England until he was 60, and he did not arrive at the fruition of his statesmanship until he had passed 80. Disraeli, Palmerston, Russell, nearly all the great premiers of Britain, came to their own after 50. Joseph Chamberlain, who has just undertaken to lead his country into new paths of political economy, is past 60, and his opponent, Balfour, whom we are accustomed to view as a jaunty youth, has turned 60. The two remarkable instances of precocious statesmanship in England, the elder and the younger Pitt, are exceptions.

lasting results than precocity. But why pile up instances? Dr. Osler's argument is so inconclusive that it smacks more of humor than of serious effort. As well argue that, since most of the murders, embezzlements and burglaries are committed by young men, all men between the ages of 20 and 40 are comparatively dangerous and should be chloroformed.

The old saying that a man is as old as he feels is a perfect answer to the Osler tirade. Some men are old at 40, others are young at 80. It all depends on how you treat yourself and treat your fellowmen.

Life insurance companies which have Russian royalty on their lists stir uneasily.

Give the Legislature His Due, Too.

The second month of the meeting of the state legislature is passing and the members thereof have "drawn their salary" only.—Wells Advocate.

Considerable unjust criticism, of which the foregoing is a sample, has been leveled at the legislature for its failure to show definite results at the halfway point of the session. The state has not suffered by the slowness in passing bills, and would be better off if the members would kill three bills for every one they pass. However, the failure to display a big woodpile is no sign that the senators and representatives are lazy. The fact is that it has been a good many years since members have put in as hard, faithful, valuable work as they have done at this session in revising the revised code. The bulk of this work has fallen on the lawyer members, naturally, but some of the others have given valuable assistance. The real work has been done outside of the hours spent in sessions of the house and senate, behind the doors of committee rooms. It has not been work that attracts attention, but that is no reason why the members should be accused of laziness.

The J. A. Peterson appointed a boiler inspector by Governor Johnson is not—no, he's not our Jim.

Unnecessary Noises.

The street railway company lately has been showing "such a quick ear" to hear complaints of the people that we are wondering whether it would not consider a proposition to sequester the load, discordant and nerve-destraining fare register that is stuck up in most of the cars. We wish to discriminate—there are two kinds of registers, one a large, red fellow, who looks like an eighth of beer on a picnic wagon; he is only a misdemeanor. But there is another, a smaller, round, black devil with a voice that creaks, groans, spits and screeches all in one breath. He is a felony. It is necessary, we presume, that fares be rung up so that the passengers and the spotter will know that the job has been done; but it is necessary to inform the general office at the same time, or is it necessary to blow off a gob of noise which will make the fact patent to the Toronto directors?

Cities have recently been taking action against unnecessary noises in the public streets, and rightly, too. It is tough enough to have to live in a city without being dinned to death by uniled wagons or macadamized roads instead of paving. Spielers and barkers in front of museums are prohibited in many cities; nearly all of them have suppressed street bands, which, under the name of music, trotted about to advertise some cheap show or hand-me-down sale. We all approve of these reforms, and yet we go on allowing the street transportation company, which represents the highest class of municipal effort, to go on smashing nerves and corroding comfort with a perfectly hideous and grotesquely unnecessary noise.

This Is 'the Limit.'

The Minnesota house seems to be in need of a "fool bill" killer. Probably the members of the house will attend to some of the conspicuously "raw" measures when they get around to it, but it is a shame to take their time at \$5 a day in the consideration of a bill such as S. D. Peterson introduced yesterday.

This bill requires railroads to make a report of accidents within forty-eight hours to the town clerk of the locality where the accident occurred, with the names of all the injured. Thus far the bill is not so bad, but it further requires with this report a list of all the witnesses, and in case of damage suits arising out of the accident the company is forbidden to present any witnesses for the defense except the persons named in its report.

About the only result that could come from such a bill would be to compel the railroads to furnish chapermy lawyers with the names of possible litigants, and prepare them for the coming suits by giving them the names of all witnesses. Practically the bill could not do the corporations any harm, for no law can prevent a litigant from summoning what witnesses are needed. The author of the bill ought to know that fact, and very likely does. However, if he thinks the state is going to compel corporations to work up damage cases against themselves, he has certainly strayed off his mental right way.

The authors of the muskrat and rattlesnake bills will have to take a back seat. Mr. Peterson has outdone them all.

A correspondent of The Journal suggested yesterday that we ought to have a better name for the new music hall than Auditorium. The suggestion is interesting. Auditorium is a hackneyed and rather awkward name. The Journal understands the owners of the new hall would entertain suggestions for a better name than Auditorium. They may be submitted in communications to The Journal. If, therefore, you have anything in mind as a name for a public music hall which you think would be desirable, send it in for consideration. The Journal will publish the suggestions offered and out of the counsel of the publisher.

THE UNNECESSARY CHAIR

The Prize of the Hardy, Mrs. Thomas G. Winter's Novel of Minneapolis and Minnesota Characters.

Readers of fiction in Minneapolis have, in Mrs. Thomas G. Winter's "The Hardy," the opportunity of experiencing a very novel sensation—that of being, in a sense, a part of the story. While the story is a tale of the life of St. Etienne, no one who has been living in Minneapolis will fail to recognize his home city under the disguise, and being among, and familiar with, the places mentioned in the course of the story tends a realization that simply makes the reader feel that he is a part of the "business." The sensation is a delightful one when it comes to the psychological suggestion that belongs to the season of the story—the oniferous autumn. This "suggestion" is doubly welcome to one jaded by a trying winter.

Mrs. Winter's use also of a phase of the "new" psychology, the "associationism," as it is called by one of the characters, as a foil for the vigor and force of both thought and action that characterizes the story, tends to a realization. The effect is that of a pleasure of living for a bit in one's own town idealized and at its best, and to the story's interest.

This contrast of the withdrawal from the world with being a same and active part thereof comes out early in the story and is, in truth, the part of the story which the author shows her highest skill.

Francis Lenox, a self-reliant young man from Winterhaven, Me., comes west to make his way. He calls on Nicholas White, the millionaire lumberman of ripe years, and colonel of the militia. Lenox is invited to dinner the evening of his arrival. It falls out that he is a fifth guest to a dinner of four that the lumberman's daughter has planned. The other guests are Kemyss, Windsor's private secretary, who has asked the daughter's hand in marriage, and one who he may get the father's wealth, and who is fascinated by the personal charms of the other guest, Mrs. Lyell. Mrs. Lyell is a woman who believes in the "new" psychology, and who lives about her own environment and living about the things of the material world. She so far succeeds that her husband "doesn't know" he ought to, and she just misses becoming a party to the mental life of the world.

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AT THE THEATERS

Metropolitan—"The County Chairman."

One is tempted to hail George Ade as the coming American dramatist after seeing his "The County Chairman," a comedy of action, the comedy of character of the coming of manners, may be counted on the fingers of one hand. The interweaving of the twin motives, politics and love, is most skillfully accomplished in a story that appeals to every understanding. It is a comedy of the politics of a small Indiana county, and there is no more strenuous politics than that in all the land—that furnishes the comedy of the texture, while the wool of a pretty county love story is woven in and out across these threads. A natural and powerful climax at the end of the third act arises out of the sacrifice by the chairman at his righteous request, a long and carefully planned scene, the most tense of the play, reveals as by a lightning flash the underlying character and motives of the chairman, and the comedy of character is brought to a head in a shrewd and appealing. Its vivid contrast with the unconscious humor of what has gone before is attained without any straining of the comedy by the fine actors to whose action moves on to its climactic climax in the last act and the denouement comes about in a manner not quite unexpected, but entirely satisfying and just.

The character depiction of Mr. Eustis is perhaps its chief charm. His art in causing each of his characters to make self-revelation with such unconscious freedom results in a group of village portraits finely differentiated and replete with humor, but in no sense caricatures. These are the men and women and youths whom Ade knew in his boyhood and they are drawn with a masterful, yet loving, hand. Their weaknesses and their virtues are very human, very real and very western. And his ideas, one may well believe, have been realized in the unflinching way by the fine actors to whose hands they have been entrusted.

The manners of Indiana in the early eighties are pleasantly reminiscent to those of the present day. The interest to all. And thus the comic trinity—action, character and manners—are made one in this excellent play.

Theodore Roberts presents a portrait of the river water last spring. Thousands of families buy every drop of the drinking water. It is a safe estimate that the citizens of Minneapolis have paid out enough for spring water in the past few years to put in a filter plant. Now, this river water is not changed by going thru the fine new pumps. There are hundreds of rivermen using the river up above. Let the water become contaminated by typhoid germs above the pumping station and in a few hours' time those germs are coursing about thru our water pipes. It is to be regretted that the opposition to the filtration bonds voiced at the real estate banquet was based on the small additional tax of each taxpayer. If any class of men will lose money by the installation of a filtration plant, it is the doctors. An average case of typhoid means an even \$100 to the attending physician, an extreme case, much more.

But the disease is loathsome to a degree known only to physicians. It is strictly a dirt disease. It is a disgrace to a city to harbor it. Let people boil the river water and work "day and night and Sundays," if need be, until we have a competent filtration plant in good running order.

Buffalo Lake News—A bill to legislate all private banks out of existence has been introduced in the legislature. This seems like a good bill. The bankers would want to remain in business should be compelled to reorganize under the state laws.

Fairmont Sentinel—A bill has been introduced in the legislature to pay a bounty on rattlesnakes. Wouldn't it be cheaper to adopt prohibition outright?

Ivanhoe Times—The legislature is all wrought up over the problem of whether or not the free text-book system shall be introduced in the schools of the state. It would seem that a bill of this nature could not fail of passage. Add free text-books to our already superb school system, and it would be just about perfect.

Spring Grove Herald—A bill introduced in the state legislature provides that a wifebeater shall be whipped in public, no to exceed sixty lashes, at the jurisdiction of the court. If ought to pass both houses and become a law.

Morgan Messenger—The bill, introduced in the legislature to establish the whipping-post punishment for wifebeaters ought to pass. A few fellows in Redwood county would be good ones to practice on.

Lamberton Star—A bill has been introduced in the legislature to establish whipping-post to give wifebeaters their just dues. If the same law would take in mind that a bill of this nature could not fail of passage. Add free text-books to our already superb school system, and it would be just about perfect.

Nebraska State Journal. Six union republicans broke away from Adicks on Friday and voted for the bill. This brings out the remarkable fact that for ten years Adicks has held these fellows in line without a break. No wonder his money is giving out.

A LONG LOOK AHEAD. Chicago News. Perhaps after a while we shall develop a line of legislators so sensitive that the bill bluish when a constituent discovers that he is riding on railway passes.

CELEBRATE AT CROOKSTON. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Ferguson. Family Reunion in Honor of North Dakota Couple Who Have Been Married Fifty Years.

Special to The Journal. Crookston, Minn., Feb. 24.—A family reunion was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Ferguson in celebration of the golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Ferguson of Drayton, N. D., who are 74 and 72 years of age, respectively. Both are remarkably vigorous for their age. They were the parents of twelve children, ten of whom are living—

NEWS OF THE BOOK WORLD

The Uneasy Chair

"The Prize of the Hardy, Mrs. Thomas G. Winter's Novel of Minneapolis and Minnesota Characters. Readers of fiction in Minneapolis have, in Mrs. Thomas G. Winter's "The Hardy," the opportunity of experiencing a very novel sensation—that of being, in a sense, a part of the story. While the story is a tale of the life of St. Etienne, no one who has been living in Minneapolis will fail to recognize his home city under the disguise, and being among, and familiar with, the places mentioned in the course of the story tends a realization that simply makes the reader feel that he is a part of the "business." The sensation is a delightful one when it comes to the psychological suggestion that belongs to the season of the story—the oniferous autumn. This "suggestion" is doubly welcome to one jaded by a trying winter.

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