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The State Land Sales.

The state land sale at Hallock, Minn., today is the first of a series to last three weeks, during which 260,000 acres of land will be put up at public sale. The large part of it will go to actual settlers and homeseekers, who will get it on easy terms. In fact, since desirable homesteads have been taken up, state land offers about the most attractive proposition to homeseekers with small funds. The state requires only 15 per cent of the purchase price as an advance payment, and forty years' time is given to pay the remainder, at 4 per cent interest.

The sales beginning today are the first to be held under the new law, which adds some homestead features to the requirements imposed on the purchaser. To prevent the land falling into the hands of speculators in large tracts, and being held unimproved waiting for a rise, the law now limits each purchaser to 320 acres, and requires that in five years the purchaser must either fence 25 per cent of the land for pasture, put 5 per cent of it in cultivation, or build a house and live in it for twelve months. These features impose no hardship on the actual settler, and relieve him of speculators' competition at the sales. Indeed, it is a question whether as high values can be obtained for the land under the new law, and the sales will be watched with interest for that reason. For the first time in its history the state land department has had money with which to advertise the lands offered and call them to the attention of homeseekers, and if prices obtained at the fall sales are equal to the average of the past two sale periods, it will mean that the state's advertising has brought bountiful returns. There is a good indication in the number of inquiring landseekers who have come from other states to attend sales, having heard for the first time of Minnesota state lands and their advantages.

The beef trust is declared not a monopoly, but a conspiracy. In either case the effect on prices is terrible.

The Real Issue.

Anyone who thinks the election this year is unimportant would better conceal that sentiment in the presence of the Hon. Cabot Henry Lodge of Massachusetts or the quite Hon. Myron Troubled Herrick of the immense state of Ohio. These two men are fully convinced that there never was an election fraught with such potent possibilities as this one. To hear the Hon. Cabot Henry tell it you would believe that the fate of North and South America, Canada and New Jersey hung breathless on the election about to be pulled off for constables in Ohio and selectmen in Massachusetts. Henry says it is a question whether the people are going to stand by Roosevelt, the Panama canal, peace, the big stick and the simple life: whether they favor rate regulation, patriotism, bear hunts, jiu jitsu and national insurance. It is just the same in Ohio. The little flurry about Herrick signing a brewery bill and vetoing a school bill has nothing to do with it. Ohio has only a remote interest in the selection of a governor and a legislature; the real burning issue is the expression of confidence and trust in the president. If the people don't stand by the president in every township in the state you may look for race suicide, and comets.

Oh, if the American people would only awake before it is too late and rebuke the spirit of office seeking in the democratic party. If they would but see that behind this sniveling appeal for good men in local offices there lurks a gigantic conspiracy against the president. If the republicans knew this they would come out of their lethargy and begin registering in such numbers that the democrats would take to the woods in despair. It is sad to see a great party which last year cast fifteen or nineteen million votes shrunk to 11,354,000 by apathy. But tho the party dozes, it cannot remain wrapped in sleep while the Hon. Cabot Henry is awake. He has a way of taking hold of the welkin and compelling it to turn in a general alarm. There will be trouble on the air before election. So long as the Hon. Cabot Henry has a son-in-law or a nephew running for an office, he will be insistent upon everybody and his wife supporting the president. When he gets down to Washington in the winter after the voting is done, the Hon. C. H. may have to put in some time supporting himself. But until the son-in-laws and nephews are placed he is for the president.

General Linevitch has received imperial notice to withdraw. Linevitch was the man who did not get his army smashed up in the battle that was never fought.

A Valuable Banking Asset.

In his address at Washington President Sumner of the bankers' association said:

A much more serious abuse lies in the not infrequent acts of managing officers of banks making large discounts to themselves out of the bank's funds. It is an observable fact that in a great number of bank failures there have been found among their assets the worthless notes of high officers of the bank, for large loans, frequently without any security at all, or with "straw" security, which proved to be absolutely worthless. This is a most flagrant and reprehensible violation of the law, to say nothing of business ethics. It is the essence of personal dishonesty.

The man who makes a loan to himself is, of course, under temptation to be rather careless about the security. Business of this kind requires something more than what President Butler of Columbia called "law honesty." It requires real personal honesty. The Indianapolis News is right when it claims this:

> A rigidly honest bank president is the most valuable asset that a bank can have.

Miss Alice Roosevelt's presents, with $60,000 duty on them, are in the nature of a white elephant which the president now has on his hands. Miss Roosevelt was welcomed by the various rulers and peoples she visited as a quasi representative of the American government and she could not, with courtesy, refuse the presents offered. It would be in good taste for congress to remit the duties in this case. But hereafter when our royalty travels, it might be well to have its visiting card with "no flowers" printed in small type in one corner.

Game Laws Not at Fault.

There seems to be a revulsion of sentiment in Minnesota against the game laws. Several drastic prosecutions by the state authorities have aroused sympathy for the violators, and now the demand is going up for a radical amendment. In order to curb the game wardens' power, it is proposed to remove all restrictions on the sale of game, and only limit the amount of game that may be shot by any one person. The Mankato Free Press, which makes the proposition, says:

Any person who has game legally in his possession should be allowed to dispose of it to whoever will buy and at a price that can be agreed to by the parties most directly interested. The argument that the repeal of the provision which prohibits the sale of game would encourage pothunting, is not tenable. Let the game wardens keep their eyes on the hunters.

Think of it. It would take two game wardens, at least, to keep their eyes on each pothunter, one to shadow him by day and another by night. In no other way could pothunting be stopped, if game should be sold without restriction. The only effective way to preserve our game animals and birds from extinction is to prevent them from being bartered like beef and poultry by wholesale killers.

It is not the fault of the game laws if they are unfairly or too rigidly enforced. That is no reason for opening the door completely. Game laws are not made and enforced for the sole interest of "city sports." The decent hunters of the small towns and farming communities do not want to break the game laws, but they want a little hunting every year, and they are as much interested as city hunters in the suppression of pothunting. In fact, it appears that too greedy hunters from the city are the most frequent victims of game wardens' vigilance. If game could be sold, the professional hunter would make short work of what is left in Minnesota. The only way to save the game would be to keep it in a cage with a sleepless warden on guard.

Quite a disagreement has arisen in the ranks of materia medica as to the dangers lurking in a kiss. Many people seem to have to court danger.

Department of Childology.

At a woman's club meeting at Lake View, Chicago, some nights since, an Evanston woman, Mrs. Elizabeth Boynton Harbert, made a warm argument for another portfolio in the president's cabinet, the secretary of which should devote his entire time to the American child.

In her argument for the reform proposed Mrs. Harbert declared that Uncle Sam spent $50,000 last year studying the codfish. Is not the American child of vastly more importance than the Boston delicacy? Would not the same or a much greater amount of money be spent to much better advantage in studying ways of improving the quality, not to mention the quantity, of the American child?

Mrs. Harbert's argument fails in this particular, that where the codfish had $50,000 devoted to his study, he did not have a cabinet portfolio accorded to him. By all means let Uncle Sam spend $50,000 studying the child—for he is well worth it—but why should his interests and other interests needing attention demand that the cabinet meetings be unpleasantly large?

But the entire incident is suggestive of the fact that one woman's club at least is discussing practical questions. And in that particular the Sage of Princton is proven to be in error.

If Mr. Hearst had the world to do over again there would be no capitalists. His father, under the son's system, would not have had any money to leave and the son would never have been able to enter into the newspaper business. If he had not been able to enter the newspaper business he would not have had the chance to tell so many people what an outrage his father committed in accumulating capital by means of which his son could organize newspapers to tell them how wrong it was. See it?

Dr. Chapman's Meetings.

The opening of the campaign of Dr. Chapman and his assistants in Minneapolis is approaching and the churches are making preparations to give him able assistance in his efforts to start a movement which will cover the city of Minneapolis. Of course Dr. Chapman cannot and does not expect to convert all the heathen in Minneapolis or any other city he visits. The most he can accomplish is to arouse the churches. These when convinced that a door has been opened for them have a duty to keep that door open and to make its portals inviting.

A revival in our day is something a trifle different from what it was twenty years ago. Then life was not so complex as it is today. Then the problem was to arouse a sentimental activity. Today its mission is to restore a correct balance in the minds of men between the accessories and the essentials of life. Good citizenship and good conduct enter into it. The conscience once aroused will lead men to take a more rational view of their relations to the problems of existence.

There is today not so much unbelief as there is dormant belief. Dormant belief is perhaps harder to attack than positive unbelief, but with methods adapted to each particular problem, it is not impossible. Dr. Chapman and his corps of assistants are prepared to meet all kinds of conditions, and their coming to Minneapolis is certain to be productive of good in this city.

Horatio intended to put up the signal "Nelson expects every man will do his duty," but at the last moment was informed that the bunting for Nelson had been mislaid, and substituted England for his own name. The superior appropriateness of the name of his country on the signal is so apparent that we wonder that Nelson ever thought of putting up anything else. Yet he did, and it was accident that prevented his making what would have been a serious mistake from the standpoint of his fame. The signal used by Nelson has been the guide of British sailors and soldiers ever since. It has become a permanent part of the literature of war in that great empire. Had it run "Nelson expects that every man will do his duty," it could have had but an evanescent usefulness and the English navy would have missed one of the greatest and most lasting inspirations its history affords.

In the imperial edict telling the country about the conclusion of peace the mikado said:

We strongly admonish our subjects against manifestations of vainglorious pride and command them to attend to lawful avocations and to do all that lies in their power to strengthen the empire.

This lack of spreadeagleism and flapdoodle is the best proof of Japan's real greatness.

Mr. Lawson is claiming that all his predictions and statements about the insurance companies he mentioned a year ago have come true. He adds that we will find that a good many of the trust companies have ratholes in their offices that would bear looking into.

An international union of arctic explorers is proposed in Belgium for the purpose of systematizing arctic travel. Eighteen or twenty relief expeditions should be sent out at once to begin the search for whatever arctic explorers may go north later on.

The batch of "heroes" discovered by the Carnegie commission may be worthy of mention in that they have done one or two good things—but we would like to hear the testimony of their wives before giving them niches in the Carnegie hall of steel and fame.

Representative Hepburn of Iowa is quoted as saying that the American congress is made up of 386 human beings and ninety senators. This still leaves the exact status of the senator undetermined, but we can guess what Mr. Hepburn's opinion is.

The president has now visited every state in the union since he assumed the office of chief executive. This is a record which it is believed no other president has made. You cannot wear out a good man.

Governor Herrick has had a $1,000 burglary at his house in the midst of the campaign. The thief has put up the defense that he was sent out by the state committee to gather funds.

Perhaps the Esch-Townsend bill would stand a better chance in the American congress if it were not hyphenated in such a bloomin', blawsted, British manner, don't you know.

Rhode Island republicans "reaffirmed" their faith in an irreducible,, skyscraper tariff. Just see how the tariff has built up Newport, R. I.

NOT MUCH LIKE MIKE

New York Tribune.

Colonel Mike Donohue of the Tenth New Hampshire was somewhat fond of drink. After the war the Tenth, wishing his picture, commissioned an artist to do the job. After the painting was finished, the artist, seeing one of the veterans of the Tenth, an Irishman, called him in to ask his opinion of the picture.

The old Irishman walked up to the easel, scrutinized the picture, and was about to put his hand on the canvas, when the artist cried out: "Don't touch it! Don't touch it! It's not dry."

"Not dhry! Not dhry!" shouted Pat. "Then, be jabbers, it's not Mike Donahue."

BEEF TRUST WHISKERS

Chicago Record-Herald.

Emperor Francis Joseph ridicules the story that he intends to resign. Like Chauncey M. Depew, Francis Joseph wears side whiskers.

IRVINGIST VS. ENGLISH

Detroit News.

Nothing but his unconquerable inability to acquire the English language prevented Sir Henry Irving from being a great actor.

THE OPEN BOOK

By W. P. Kirkwood.

A BOOKFUL OF DELIGHTFUL ESSAYS.—If there is pleasure in knowing how others take the things that impress you in life or letters, if there is pleasure in having now and then a companion of intelligence who can be, and is, frank, but not quarrelsome, about those same things, then there is pleasure in Cicero in Maine, by Martha Baker Dunn. The book is for the ingle nook, a cheery addition to the situation when chimney and fragrant pipe are both drawing well, tho we fear the author would eliminate the pipe; and for the steam-heated flat, sans ingle nook and pipe, the book would be a godsend, would even make one forget his deprivations. It is a book to linger over, a friend who will take no offense if you insist on a long stay with you, or if after a little you turn to something else. It has brought a period of relief to at least one fiction-sated reviewer, and now has a place on his shelves whereto he expects to retreat for further alleviation of the pangs of fictional dyspepsia.

The book takes its title from the first essay, a delightfully reminiscential and intimate paper about the days when the author was introduced to Cicero, by a schoolmaster who, as she says, knew "how to draw us into the grand circle where old Rome and young America—all nations, indeed, and all races of men—were made one and indivisible in the deathless continuity of a moral ideal."

One hesitates to say that this or that essay from the book pleases most. Each makes a different appeal and all hold much, very much, that is worth while. Amusing, but keen, is "Piazza Philosophy," in which the author has for her "daimon" a devil's darning needle, an insect of rare discrimination and acumen in this case. One day a Foolish Woman and a Contrary Young Man had been discussing on the author's piazza some of the "fundamental questions," when a Man of the World, who had been a silent listener, was appealed to, and replied with something inane about clothes. Afterward the daimon remarked Socratically to the author:

"It is entirely beyond my comprehension—this attitude of you human creatures toward life."

"Yes?" was the tentative reply.

"Either you are immortal beings," he went on, "or you are not."

"Granted."

"If you are not, nothing matters, and if you are everything matters."

"Exactly."

"And instead of settling the question, or even thinking about it, it would seem, you go on discussing the color of your clothes and wondering what you would better have for dinner."

We wish that decriers of Browning—and there are some left—could all be made to read Mrs. Dunn's essay on "The Browning Tonic." If that "dominant chord of courage" should be made by Mrs. Dunn's essay to awaken a response in the reader, he would never again decry Browning, and we hardly see how "The Browning Tonic" could fail to awaken such a response. Isn't there something in this to brace one for the long, rough, upward road?

> But what if I fail of my purpose here?
> It is but to keep the nerves at strain,
> To dry one's eyes and laugh at a fall,
> And baffled, get up and begin again—
> So the chase takes up one's life, that's all.

The temptation is to go on and tell of other essays, and quote extracts from them, but enough, we believe, has been said to tempt the reader of this notice toward the book itself.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.25 net.

LIFE AT BEST.

> How near is heav'n about us drawn,
> The hand of God, how near?
> We rise to thoughts of nobler things
> By what surrounds us here.
>
> Th' immortal fires that shine on high
> Have touched the earth below,
> And gleam in many an ardent eye,
> From souls as pure, I trow.
>
> They shine in all their blessed light
> Into the heart's deep mine,
> To set the caverns of the night
> With jewels from love's shrine.
>
> Year after year they shine for me;
> Oh, lovelight of my day.
> What gloom is oft dispersed by thee,
> What shadows chased away.
>
> And I, ah, let me be in turn
> What others are to me,
> That I may teach as well as learn,
> What life at best should be.
>
> —Floyd D. Raze.

BRET HARTE ROMANCE IN NEW AND EXQUISITE FORM.—Three poems by Bret Harte, which make a charming romance, are "Her Letter," "His Answer" and "Her Last Letter." These have been published together in a book as artistic as it is often given to ordinary mortals to see. It is illustrated by Arthur I. Keller, who brought to his task not only great ability as an artist, but complete sympathy with the author of the poems. The pictures are in colors and tints and have not been spoiled in the presswork. The decorations preceding and following each of the stanzas also merit mention for their artistic excellence. The book in subject matter, illustration, binding and presswork, would make a gift to please the most fastidious taste. The first edition was more than exhausted by the advance orders.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The four last volumes of the biographical edition of the works of Robert Louis Stevenson (Charles Scribner's Sons), will be published this month, completing the set of twenty-five volumes. The new books are "Weir of Hermiston," "Essays of Travel and in the Art of Writing," "Memories and Portraits," and "In the South Seas."

"IN THE LINE," the third volume of the "Phillips Exeter Series," by A. T. Dudley, illustrated, tells how a stalwart young student won his position as guard, and at the same time made equally marked progress in the formation of character. The story also introduces the leading arguments for and against football.

Lee & Shepherd, Boston. $1.25.

THE AMERICAN BOY AND THE SOCIAL EVIL.—A publication of vital importance has just been announced by the John C. Winston company of Philadelphia, entitled "The American Boy and the Social Evil," by Dr. Robert N. Wilson, lecturer and physician to the University of Pennsylvania.

THE MAGAZINES

Roosevelt Birthplace to Be Preserved.—President Roosevelt is too much alive to be eligible for a niche in the Hall of Fame, but the papers say that a club has been formed to preserve the house in New York in which he was born, as a place of historical interest, says **Harper's Weekly.** The house is at 28 East Twentieth street, and the club is going to have a dinner there on Colonel Roosevelt's birthday, Oct. 27. Of course, there is a speculative side to any movement to preserve a man's birthplace, while he is still alive and active, but it is better than an average business gamble that this house will prove to be worth preserving.

"Detailed" for Baptism.—During the civil war, the late Colonel Gabe Bouck organized a regiment, which he controlled as a dictator, says **Everybody's** for November. It was while the army was resting after Colonel Gabe's first campaign that an itinerant evangelist wandered into camp and, approaching the colonel, asked if he was the commanding officer.

"Ugh!" snorted "Old Gabe," as he was affectionately called, "what do you want?"

"I am an humble servant of the Lord endeavoring to save the souls of the unfortunate. I have just left the camp of the —th Massachusetts, where I was instrumental in leading eight men into the paths of righteousness."

"Adjutant," thundered Colonel Bouck, after a monment's pause, "detail ten men for baptism. No —— Massachusetts regiment shall beat mine for piety."

MINNESOTA POLITICS

Second District May Present George W. Somerville as a Candidate for Governor—Would Solve Some Political Problems in That Section of the State—Opposition Brewing for Judge Searle.

Southwestern Minnesota is the scene of a governorship boom that is likely to become an important factor in the state situation. George W. Somerville of Sleepy Eye, state senator from the Brown-Redwood district for the past eight years, is the proposed candidate. Senator Somerville has been considered a probable successor to Judge Webber of New Ulm, who is almost certain to retire next year, but the latest report is that he has serious thoughts of contesting for the governorship and is receiving considerable encouragement.

Senator Somerville is widely known over the state as an attorney, and was one of the counsel for Dr. Koch in the three great trials of the New Ulm case. He is better known, however, for his legislative activity. He is author of the act requiring foreign corporations doing business in the state to pay a license fee and appoint an agent so they can be sued in the state courts. He was chairman of the senate judiciary committee at the last two sessions, played a prominent part in revising the revised statutes, and drafted the latest inheritance tax bill, which is now being tested in court.

Politically speaking, the Sleepy Eye man occupies a strategic position. He has always been an anti-McCleary man, and has had hopes of displacing the congressman. In order to get him out of McCleary's way it is said that the congressman's friends would be pleased to help him get the nomination for governor, expecting in return, of course, that Somerville would stand by McCleary thereafter. This would be an excellent stroke of business for McCleary.

On the other hand, there are several aspirants for Judge Webber's place in the ninth judicial district, which takes in four counties outside of the second congressional district, and the other judgeship candidates would be glad back Somerville for governor. Bowers of Redwood Falls, Virgil B. Seward of Marshall and others are anxious to support the man from Sleepy Eye. With the second congressional and the ninth judicial districts to start with, Somerville would be in a position to play an important part in the state convention. Somerville and Samuel Lord are good friends, and both are strong in the senatorial coterie, and it would be interesting to see them rival candidates for governor.

Congressman Buckman has put another good post in his Wright county fences by appointing Senator J. T. Alley postmaster at Buffalo. Judge Alley, as he is usually known, stood high as a legislator and is popular at home, where his influence will be of considerable help to Buckman. The appointment probably means that Judge Alley will not return to the senate, tho he could legally hold both offices, as A. R. McGill does in St. Paul.

It is reported that Judge D. B. Searle of St. Cloud will not be a candidate for re-election next year. Whether he does or not, there is pretty sure to be a contest for the nomination in the seventh judicial district. P. V. Coppernull of Wadena and C. A. Lindberg of Little Falls are among those reported to have designs on the judgeship. J. W. Mason of Fergus Falls is not expected to run again, since he comes from the same town as Judge Baxter, who defeated him at the polls last year. However, there is said to be opposition to Judge Searle of the strongest kind in Otter Tail, Becker and Clay counties. In Clay, especially, there is a feeling because Judge Searle got into the supreme court fight last year and injured the chances of W. B. Douglas.

—Charles B. Cheney.

AMUSEMENTS

Bijou.—"A Race For Life."

"A Race for Life" is one of the most complete and satisfying melodramas that has been seen in Minneapolis for some time. It is complete because everything that could possibly be dragged in to produce excitement and hysterical interest is incorporated into the production. It satisfies because everything turns out right in the end, the villain dies, the true lovers get squared off in the most approved fashion, and everything is lovely.

The villain works up a hearty hatred in the hearts of the audience from the start and by further exhibitions of depravity and a large nickel-plated revolver maintains the gait. So intense is the interest taken in the production that the heroes and much-abused and wronged examples of virtue are often given such warnings as "jigger," "watch him" or "duck, he's on the roof." The climax comes at the end of the third act when the villain's son rides the hero's horse to victory, thereby saving the third family fortune that has been rescued on the Bijou boards this season by a long chance on a horse race. Owing to divers other complications, the race results also in the saving of the hero's life and the winning of a bride for the volunteer jockey.

Tho somewhat strenuous, the piece is none too much so for the audience. There is no lack of applause for the good nor of hisses and hoots for the bad. The piece is well-staged and the company is not only well-balanced but much above the average and capable. Edwin Walter as Austin Seymour, a western cattleowner, is natural, pleasing and manly and has characteristics that should enable him to make good in a much saner production. Frank P. Connelly the star villain, has a thankless task, but performs it well in spite of the fact that his death in the last act brings no tears of regret to the audience.

Eugene Shakespeare, a Minneapolis boy, does good work as Harry Hunter, the villain's stepson. Harry G. Safford, as Nick Davis, Seymour's trainer and jockey, has a part that calls for really more than the others and does it well. His work is natural.

Lillian Rhoades as the lady villain does her work well, as does Blanch Rice as Jessie Seymour. Dorothy Lyons has an unpleasant part as Maud Allen but does it well. May Henderson Thurston has an Irish part that is a joy to the gallery and most important in the play, but it is to be regretted that the book calls for a wholly unnecessary fall from grace where a legitimate Irish jag is topped off with the dope pipe of a Chinese servant.

The racetrack scene is realistically produced, even to the rainstorm that starts during the race and enables the hero's horse to win out by virtue of superior mud-hopping ability. That the spectators and touts do not get wet is forgotten in the excitement of the race and the hot finish.

—M. C. B.

Orpheum—Vaudeville.

The Orpheum presents an improved bill this week, and while none of the acts are startling for their originality, there is not a "shine" on the program. Walter Stanton opens with his giant rooster act, in which the dancer is disguised as a mammoth rooster, and executes all sorts of side-steps. The act ends with a battle between the mammoth and a diminutive gamecock, which goes into the contest with a "form and class."

Dorothy Drew was suffering from a severe cold last night, and her side remark to the orchestra that she "needed a plumber for her pipes" was pat. She caught the fancy of the audience, however, and made good despite her cold. Howard and North gave "Those Were Happy Days," a sketch that caught the fancy of the house and kept up a storm of laughter until its end.

Troba, the strong man, juggled cannon balls and solid shot like a grocery clerk packing eggs, and Pierce and Maizee gave "refined singing and dancing, with costume changes." The singing was good and the costumes were "creations." One led an observing seatholder to murmur: "A dream!" whereat his wife, catching the remark, retorted, "Yes, rarebit dream." Both of the entertainers were accomplished dancers.

The Rossow midgets went thru their regular athletic stunts and wound up with a boxing bout in which the lesser of the Lilliputians put away his heavier rival after three rounds of padded mitt argument. Jacob's dogs are the best seen on the Orpheum stage this year, and show the result of long and careful training. The show closes with the kinodrome exhibiting an interesting set of films.

A pleasing feature of the evening was the complete control of the gallery, the "gods" not disturbing any part of the program.

—J. H. Ritchie.

Foyer Chat.

"Texas," an attraction certain to be received with much favor, will be presented at the Bijou next week. It is of the same general type as "Arizona" and "The Virginian."

Henry W. Savage's production of "The Sho-Gun" began a half week's engagement at the Metropolitan last night, and the large audience that witnessed the performance voted it better and brighter than when seen here last season. An extended review of the production will be given in this column tomorrow.

Miss Ethel Barrymore gives a decidedly new glimpse of her art in the interesting character, the title role of the play "Sunday," which is to be seen at the Metropolitan on Thursday evening. The love story in which she figures is so simply told that every line carries conviction. The scenes are laid in a western mining camp and in England. The company supporting Miss Barrymore in "Sunday" includes Bruce McRea, Herbert Percy, Charles Harbury, Joseph Brennan, Harrison Armstrong, William Sampson, John Barrymore, James Kearney, Virginia Buchanan.

Charles S. Laird, the popular Minneapolis basso, will sing in the Lyceum's new bill this week at every performance. Other high-class acts are Mr. and Mrs. Robyns in "Straight Tip Jim," a beautiful one-act play; Dixon, Burt and Leon, in "The Reubens and the Maid"; Bartlett and Collins in an original novelty sketch; Russell and Dunbar, the "Southern stars," and Huntress, "the Male Patinta."

The Unique will present a new bill of vaudeville acts this week, in which the smart dancing specialty of Elliotte and Bolus will be the stellar attraction. Holmes and Deane, two handsome girls as vivandieres, will give a musical act. Tom Heffron, the one-legged comedian, who made such a hit last season, is also in the bill. Herman La Fleur and Harold Beckrow will sing in new illustrated songs.

AN EVENTFUL WEEK

Leakesville (Miss.) Herald.

This has been an eventful week in the history of Leakesville. On Sunday the bright air seemed to breathe the glad chant of a thousand unseen, coquettishingly prancing and singing naiads and nymphs proclaiming Nuptial Bans. These heavenly symphonies had hardly ceased before another day was dawning to the tune of a happy refrain caught up by the same invisible choristers, rejoicingly announcing the advent of not "The New King," but a little stranger. The echoes of this died away Monday night just as the Aeolian harps began to play their sad requiems over the telephone wires as aftermath in the wake of the Death Angel's visit at Merrill. The strains of their weird music wailed and sobbed into nothingness. But the end was not yet, dear reader. Fortune had still another ill turn to play us, another drop was to fall from his Chalice. This time it was on Tuesday, just as the day was fading. The doleful toll of the bell rang out clear upon the peaceful atmosphere with slow and measured peals, telling us that the wand of the Death Visitor had touched one in our midst. But still more, kind reader. Late Wednesday evening the scene of havoc and disaster shifted to Big Creek. Here Fortune played her last Caprice, closing the chapter of this Black Letter Week, when the Water Imps sang their plaintive harmonies over the little body consigned to their realms. Surely, gentle reader, this has been an eventful week.

BLOCKED AGAIN

Nebraska State Journal.

There are two presidents of life insurance companies in the United States senate, Dryden of New Jersey, and Bulkeley of Connecticut. At the last session Senator Dryden introduced a bill for the federal regulation of insurance. At the annual convention of the board of casualty and surety underwriters the other day Senator Bulkeley led the opposition to a recommendation in favor of federal supervision. With the two special senatorial representatives of the life insurance business unable to agree it may be expected that senatorial courtesy will prevent the other special senators from being especially interested in the matter either way.

FOOTING THE BILLS

Headland (Ala.) Post.

The editor is editing this week's Post at rather long range. We are a mile from the office, making hay while the sun shines and editing the Post nights after we pull off our shoes, wash our feet, and ought to be in bed.

A PLETHORA OF ELIJAHS

Bath Times.

It is perfectly clear that either John Alexander Dowie or Frank W. Sanford must be mistaken. Two Elijahs in the same generation are out of the question.

JUST A MOMENT

> A little moment at the end
> Of day left over in the candlelight,
> On the shore of dreams, on the edge of sleep,
> Too small to throw away,
> Too poor to keep!
>
> But it holds two words for thee, dear friend—
> Good night. Good night!
> And so this little remnant of the day,
> Left over in the candle light,
> On the shore of dreams, on the edge of sleep,
> Becomes too great to throw away,
> Too dear to keep.
>
> —Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

RAILROADS

MILWAUKEE LIKE WESTERN PACIFIC

RETICENCE REGARDING LINE TO COAST RECALLS FORMER CASE

Gould Absolutely Denied He Had Anything to Do with Western Pacific Which Was Technically True, as Is Milwaukee Officials' Denial of Preparations for Extension to Coast.

Special to The Journal.

New York, Oct. 23.—The plans of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway to build from the Missouri river to the Pacific coast are not yet in complete form. They have not yet been approved by the full board of directors, in fact, it is even stated that the full executive committee of the railway has not yet even considered the plan in detail.

The position appears to be analogous to the position of the Denver & Rio Grande eighteen months ago, in the spring of 1904, with respect to the Western Pacific. At that time the Gould roads had not even taken official cognizance of the fact that the Western Pacific was an organized company. No plans whatever had come before the board of directors of the Denver & Rio Grande. Mr. Gould and Mr. Jeffrey with their financial associates, had dealt with their financial associates, was to be built and sold to the Denver road. But the Denver road did not, officially, know anything about it.

Plan Just as Definite.

The plan, however, is just about as definite as was the Western Pacific plan at that time. It will be remembered that Mr. Gould absolutely denied that he had anything to do with the Western Pacific. That was technically true. In the same way the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is denying that it has anything to do with the purchase of Tacoma and Seattle lands, with the surveys for a line from the Missouri river west or with the formation of a new company, with nominal capital, to build a line of railroad to the coast. This denial is also technical and will probably continue until such time as the St. Paul is ready to consult with the financiers as to the floating of bonds to pay for the new line or to call for actual bids on construction.

The plan appears to be to form a company with a real capital stock of probably over $75,000,000. This stock will go, or at least, the better part of it will go, to the Milwaukee treasury. In return for this stock, the Milwaukee road will guarantee the interest on an issue of first mortgage bonds for the new company, aggregating probably $75,000,000, authorized, and issuable from time to time as needed for the purchase of lands, material, etc. At the outset probably the issue will not be over $25,000,000, which will pay the cost of surveys, terminal lands and the other expenses so far incurred as well as providing the necessary cash for the initial orders of rails, etc., needed within the next twelve months.

All Is Silence.

Neither J. T. Woodward, president of the Hanover National bank, Roswell Miller, chairman of the Milwaukee board, nor Mr. Earling, the president, will talk for publication about the plans of the Milwaukee. The annual report recently issued, is dumb on this all important question. That surveyors are actually in the field running surveys thru the center of Wyoming is admitted by directors, but nothing definite is obtainable which could be construed into definite enough information as to the location of the new main line.

All this precaution is well advised. Not only does it avoid public discussion of private plans, but it also prevents the usual running up of real estate prices along the right of way which usually results in a net loss to a new railway of any importance running into the hundreds of dollars a mile.

H. R. Williams, president of the Pacific road, has given out an interview in Seattle in which he denied connection with the Milwaukee road, of which he has just resigned as general manager. Mr. Williams says that he was offered his present position before resigning from his position with the Milwaukee and that the offer was so favorable he could not decline it. He stated also that he was not acquainted with J. T. Woodward, the former official of the Milwaukee, in whose name the Seattle and Tacoma tide lands were bought and which were later transferred to the Pacific road. He does not know that he is a director of the Milwaukee road.

Work in the Hills Stopped.

Work on the North-Western line from Rapid City to Pierre has been ordered stopped by General Manager Bidwell. He told the citizens that if the city council did not rescind its action granting franchises and terminal facilities to the Milwaukee road that it need not expect the Pierre line.

CHICAGO POLICE CHIEF WARS ON CIGARETS

Journal Special Service.

Chicago, Oct. 23.—The foes of the cigaret have found a new and official friend in Chief of Police Collins, who has set about on a personal crusade to separate the small boy from his paper roll. So far the crusade has not yet reached a point where the police department has been instructed to confiscate tobacco found in the possession of minors, but such an order may be issued soon. Meantime the chief himself is stopping boys whom he finds smoking, and is wrenching from the mouths the cigar or cigaret with which they are toying. He has also made a request that citizens aid him in the work.

Through Tourist Sleeping Cars on Four Days of the Week to California Via Chicago Great Western Railway.

The Chicago Great Western Railway offers choice of four through tourist cars per week to California; the first leaving Minneapolis 7:40 a.m., St. Paul 8:10 a.m. every Monday, going via Omaha, the Missouri Pacific and Santa Fe, arriving Los Angeles 8 a.m. the following Friday. The second leaves Minneapolis 8 p.m., St. Paul 8:30 p.m. every Tuesday, going via Omaha and the Rock Island Scenic Route, arriving San Francisco 4:28 p.m. Saturday. The third leaves Minneapolis 10:45 p.m., St. Paul 11:20 p.m. every Wednesday, going via Kansas City and the Rock Island-El Paso Route, arriving Los Angeles 12:55 p.m. Sunday. The fourth leaves Minneapolis 10:20 a.m., St. Paul 10:50 a.m. every Thursday via Kansas City and the Santa Fe route, arriving Los Angeles 8:25 a.m., San Diego 12:45 p.m. Monday. For further information apply to R. H. Heard, General Agent, corner Nicollet avenue and Fifth street, Minneapolis.

More cases of sick headache, biliousness, constipation, can be cured in less time, with less medicine, and for less money, by using Carter's Little Liver Pills, than by any other means.

Defective Page