

A Great Telegraphic Service

The Journal with its full Associated Press report, its New York Sun Special Service, and its own special wire service from Washington, New York, Chicago and Boston, and from its army of correspondents in the Northwest, has always distanced all competitors. In a similar way

The Sunday Journal

has succeeded in leading the procession. This has been accomplished by the organization of a **Wonderfully Complete Telegraphic Service**, which covers the world and lets nothing escape. In every one of the four issues of The Sunday Journal all local competitors have been left far in the rear. Exclusive telegraphic stories of the highest importance have been the invariable rule in The Sunday Journal, and nothing has been missed. Here is the **Secret of this Great Success**:

4 Leased Wires

Running Into the Office of The Journal

which carry all told from 50,000 to 70,000 words of telegraphic news every Saturday night.

LEASED WIRE NO. 1—

The Big Report of the Publishers' Press Association, a great news association rivaling the Associated Press and serving over 400 newspapers of the United States, comes in over the first wire. This report covers the routine news of the country irrefragably, as well as bringing numerous special stories.

LEASED WIRE NO. 2—

The Unrivaled News Service of the New York Herald, the greatest news-gathering daily in the world, comes in over this wire, bringing not only the news of America but that of Europe and the world. Over this wire, too, comes the Special Service of the Chicago Record-Herald, which is its eastern namesake's western ally.

LEASED WIRE NO. 3—

The Special News Service of the Chicago Tribune, the greatest Sunday newspaper in the west, a territory which with its great army of correspondents it covers better than any other agency, keeps the third wire as busy as can be.

LEASED WIRE NO. 4—

The News and Gossip of Washington, that great political center, is covered in luminous specials, famous the country over, by W. W. Jermaine, head of The Journal's Washington Bureau. His specials, together with the offerings of special correspondents in Chicago, Boston and New York and the specials of 1,000 other correspondents all over the Northwest, give the fourth wire no rest.

This explains The Sunday Journal's sensational success in "scooping" its contemporaries.

The Page of Cabled News

Printed in every Sunday Journal is only one manifestation of how this **Unrivaled Telegraphic Service** works out. It includes

THE NEW YORK HERALD CABLES
THE PUBLISHERS' PRESS CABLES
THE GLOBE NEWS ASSOCIATION CABLES

and foreign news from every quarter from other sources.

There isn't a line of old news in The Sunday Journal.

It Is All New News

THE JOURNAL

VOLUME XXVII—NO. 222.

LUCIAN SWIFT, MANAGER. J. S. MCCLAIN, EDITOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY DAY.

Hearst for Mayor of New York.

Tammany is pretty smooth and "Tam-man-ee" may be the author of the scare about Hearst winning the mayoralty of New York. Undoubtedly Hearst has made a distinct impression in the campaign. He stands for municipal ownership, and there are lots of ownership men in all parties in New York. Mayor McClellan is a moderate ownership man. He has built and is operating municipal ferries. He came out before the legislature for a municipal gas plant. Mr. Ivins, the republican candidate, has declared that if elected he will condemn and confiscate the gas plants in New York and have city gas. Hearst can do nothing but out-Herod Herod in this field of aspirants for popular favor. He favors the principle of municipal ownership of all public utilities. Ivins and McClellan are for the seizure of certain monopolies in public private ownership has not given public satisfaction. Between the man who is for the principle and the man who is for the policy, the people are quite likely to take to the man whose platform is clear, simple and consistent.

It was this sentiment which carried in Dunne in Chicago. The sentiment is not so strong in New York because New York has not suffered so severely from bad service as Chicago. But it is there, and the insurance revelations showing the intimate relations between insurance and great corporation managers has served to intensify it. In their anger at the men who have duped and defrauded, where shall the people turn? If they go to McClellan, they go to Murphy, who would put a price on New York at any time. If they go to Ivins, they go to Odell, who cannot be trusted in an emergency. A correspondent of the New York Times discusses the voters' dilemma. "There is," he says, "only one thing for me to do, and that is to vote for William R. Hearst. I have no faith in Mr. Hearst. I have no abomination to me. I have no idea what kind of a mayor Mr.

Hearst would make. Yet I feel that he is the only candidate for the mayoralty for whom I can vote with any show of self-respect and with any hope of getting the city out of the hands of the grafters and plunderers."

Mr. Hearst's candidacy thus appeals to a large body of independent voters in a negative way. There are thousands who would be glad to see both the machines downed, and if they can bring themselves to believe that Hearst would make a tolerable mayor, they would smite Messrs. Murphy and Odell in a manner greatly to be admired. Tammany has seen the possibilities, and it is no doubt propagating the idea that Hearst has a chance against McClellan, and Ivins has no chance, the object being, of course, to draw the votes of regular republicans from Ivins to McClellan in order to lay the ghost of Hearstism.

One observes with regret that there was no way to prevent the appeal of Mr. Whitman.

Russia's Latest Trials.

The internal condition of Russia is obscurely an outcome of the war. The revolutionary spirit which shot across the country while the armies in Manchuria were being driven back from every fight and the navies of the czar were going to the bottom as fast as guns could send them was no doubt disappointed in the fact of peace being made. Mr. Witte got ahead of the propagandists of revolution with his honorable peace. The people of Russia saw their hopes set back years and saw enthroned again an autocracy with an intelligent mouthpiece. The revolutionists do not want Mr. Witte at the head of a responsible cabinet. He is not their man. He is a moderate, and is susceptible to court influences. The fact that his wife has been received by the empress is said to have done more to bring Mr. Witte in line with the czar's program than anything else Nicholas could have done. Therefore the Gorkys and the rest do not trust Witte.

The strike among the railroad men, it will be observed, is not an industrial strike. Russian laborers do not know anything about an industrial strike in which the question of wages or hours is predominant. They would not know what to do with such a strike. What they understand is that they have quit

to show their sympathy with revolution. What Mr. Witte is expected to quell is not a strike for wages but a strike for freedom. As a courier of the czar called to the head of a responsible state, and supposedly in favor of freedom of speech and freedom of the press, his first duty will be to shut off freedom of action by bayonets and bullets. The job will not be to the new czar's liking. Witte is essentially a granger statesman. He comprehends industrial progress and agricultural development. He is bold in borrowing money, but he wants it to develop assets which go toward paying back the loans. He will find it a discouraging task to borrow capital to be expended in putting down rebellion. But nobody knows better than he that there can be no progress in Russia until either the czar is de-throned or the people become again loyal to him.

New York is stirred to its foundation by Jerome's candidacy. There's nothing in it for the push.

The President on Lynch Law.

The president at Little Rock declared that invertebrate nuisance Governor Jeff Davis a blow which squelched him and which caused every decent man to throw up his hat anew for the president. Davis introduced into his speech a defense and an apology for lynching, expatiating on the horrible character of the crimes of which lynching is made the punishment. The president lost no time in rebuking the governor, saying: "To avenge one hideous crime by another is to reduce the avenger to the bestial level. Another thing which makes lynching law so abhorrent is that three-fourths of the crimes for which it is invoked are others than those against the women of the country. Governor, you and I and all others in authority owe to our people to drive out the reproach and the menace of lynch law in the United States."

The president stated the exact situation as regards lynching men in the south. The pretense that negroes are burned, tortured or hung for crimes against women is only a pretense now. Negroes are desperately dealt with for crimes which call for no wild outburst of race passion. The yearning to over-awe the negro and "put him down" is extending, with the result that white men lend themselves to the terrorism of lynching without provocation. It is the spirit of the Ku Klux gangs over again.

Senator Clark "deplores" insurance finance. It must be worse than we thought for.

Chicago's Double Header.

The rump convention of shippers at Chicago is of doubtful value to the railroad cause. It is no news to the general public that the largest shippers of the country do not want government regulation of rates. They are very well satisfied with the present system with its opportunities for preferential agreements of various kinds. It is in order to give the little fellows an equal chance that closer government supervision is demanded. The convention of shippers now in session at Studebaker hall serves only to focus attention on them and round the natural presumption that the "antis" are enjoying special privileges which the Bach-Townsend bill is aimed to abolish.

The railroads, of course, do not care so much for public sentiment as for the decision of congress. The aim of the Parry convention is to neutralize the effect of the Steiway hall gathering, which was called for the purpose of giving President Roosevelt a business men's endorsement, and impressing on congress the need for prompt action on the president's program. No doubt, the Parry convention will have an impressive and convincing effect on senators and congressmen, who are accustomed to taking their cues from special interests. To this extent the bolt at Chicago is of value to the railroad cause. It must not be supposed, however, that congress can long hold out against an aroused public sentiment, and there is nothing that will arouse the latent spirit of the American people more quickly than a bold attempt of moneyed interests to dictate legislation. The Steiway hall convention does not bristle with such impressive names in the world of finance and commerce as the other gathering, but it represents the demand of the American people for a "square deal," and that demand must sooner or later be respected.

Much is being made of the "gag rule" which excluded the Parry delegates from the convention. The Journal is unable to discover that any one has been gagged. The convention was called for a specific purpose. Its object was to urge congress to give larger powers to the interstate commerce commission. Persons not in sympathy with that object were not wanted in the meeting, and had no more right to demand admittance there than a democratic marching club has to force its way into a republican convention. The Parry delegates were not gagged. They exercised the great American privilege of hiring a hall and speaking their minds, and the two conventions are receiving equal news attention from the press. The Parry convention has informed President Roosevelt in a courteous resolution that they are sure he means well, but that the "radical changes" he proposes are likely to "jar and disturb" the country's matchless prosperity. The Bacon convention has adopted ringing resolutions in favor of the president's program for government control. All of the gentlemen who went to Chicago to talk have had their say, and the public is highly edified. It is now up to congress.

If congress is mindful only of the wishes of the country's largest manufacturers and shippers, it will reject the president's program. If it wants to safeguard the interests of small dealers and consumers, as well, it will give the interstate commerce commission power to name and enforce a reasonable rate.

Mr. Henry M. Whitney, the democratic candidate for lieutenant governor of

Massachusetts, declares that the president said to him in an interview during which Senator Lodge was present, that he, Mr. Roosevelt, was in favor of continental free trade, and would do all he could in favor of it. Mr. Whitney quotes this as proof that the democratic platform of reciprocity with Canada represents the president rather than the republican platform of high tariff. Senator Lodge has been making a special point in his address of the absolute necessity of sustaining the president.

Suffering from appendicitis, a young lady of Ashley, Mich., underwent a fast of twenty-three days and was cured. The case was serious and an operation was contemplated as the only means of saving life. But the attending physician finally pronounced the knife certain death and the operation was abandoned. The girl took up the fast as a last resort and it made good. Edison says we eat too much anyway.

Merry war is being waged against quack doctors at Battle Creek, Mich. Of seven persons indicted two have been removed from the city and one is dead, but it is declared that this will make no difference with the prosecution of the remaining four. There seems to have been something in the air of Battle Creek that drew fake doctors and manufacturers of cornucopia breakfast foods there.

"Doc" Ames is going to run for mayor of Minneapolis. Next thing we know "Lon" Whitman will be coming back to Duluth to run for the state senate again—Duluth Herald.

The Buffalo judge says he will have to wait eight years and five months, but then the judge may not know what he is talking about. "Whitman will appeal."

Strange as it may seem, the Universalist church in this country has but 57,000 actual members, but there are many outsiders that partially agree with them in doctrine that it would not be safe to attempt to extirpate the denomination by burning its members at the stake.

A Missouri man has been juggled for bribery. Barratry is the crime of inciting people to useless lawsuits. Its punishment is considered necessary in Missouri, where people are prone to go to law with the idea of being shown.

Chicago's ideal newspaper failed. It avoided sensational features and treated educative and refined topics. It was a good newspaper, but the people wouldn't buy it. You see the trouble is with you—not with the newspaper.

Mr. D. M. Parry is a highly amusing cur when he begins to whine about the denial of free speech. Speech is the only thing for which Mr. Parry does not get a big price. He makes some of the cheapest speeches on record.

A St. Louis woman has had plans drawn for a million-dollar university to study the human soul. She will begin with insurance presidents and gradually work upward until she reaches the human race.

Jerome has at length received a nomination and is threatened with another. The best endorsement he has, however, is the name William Travers Jerome blown in the bottle. Take no imitations.

There is a seeming incongruity in naming such a large ship as the Rhode Island for such a small state. The vessel could not be shown off the coast of Rhode Island unless in sections.

George Meredith, the novelist, did not break his leg trying to get into the "six-best-seller" class, but just the same you ought to read "Richard Feverel" and "The Egoist."

It cost Mr. McCurdy's company many dollar-a-line squibs to illustrate the futility of advertising when you have not got the bargains to sustain your announcements.

According to William Allen White, an ominous quiet broods over Kansas, but so far as we can see it has not reached Mr. William Allen White.

The New York Herald calls Mr. Roosevelt a parvenu president. The president is not a subscriber to the Paris edition of the Herald.

Four Chicago lawyers were disbarred on one day, but the bar looked as stuffily overpopulated as before.

We regret to be obliged to note that Reggie Vanderbilt wore a sack suit at the Chicago horse show.

A state hall of fame is suggested. This is a good idea for the state historical society to pigeonhole.

Tissue-paper pumpkins are being prepared for Halloween larks. They would never fool the cow.

Admiral Togo's naval parade showed conclusively how Rojstevsky's pop-up fly was captured.

FINDING FLAWS IN THE BRETHERN

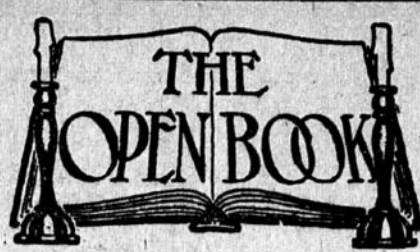
Nebraska State Journal. Collier's Weekly is doing yeoman service and risking troublesome damage suits in the war against corrupt patent medicines. When Mr. Bryan sacrificed the price of an article in a religious magazine because the editor insisted on blue-penciling a paragraph in criticism of Rockefeller, Collier's pointed ironically to a "sure cure for cancer" advertisement in Mr. Bryan's paper. Whereupon the Chicago Record-Herald notices in Collier's an advertisement of Mr. McCurdy's insurance company which asserts that "in this purely mutual company policyholders own and share all the profits."

THE PACKING BUSINESS A PHILANTHROPY

Kansas City Journal. The complaint of the packers that evidence collected by Commissioner Garfield is being used against them in their trial sounds quite funny when we recall that it was Garfield's report which pictured these same packers as philanthropic gentlemen engaged in the laudable business of supplying meat to the masses at a loss.

PREJUDICED

Chicago Journal. As a last resort, the indicted packers will probably ask for a change of venue on the ground that the people of the United States, including judges and juries, are all consumers of meat and consequently are prejudiced against them.



By W. P. Kirkwood.

NOVEL SHOWING THE COMMERCIAL GAME AS PLAYED BY MODERN RULERS.—"Yes, life was for the strong, all there was in it! I saw it so then, and I have lived it so all my life. In those words the story's central figure is the key to Robert Herrick's latest novel, The Memoirs of an American Citizen. Life is for the strong who play the game according to the rules in vogue at the time they live, and it is a picture of such a game that Mr. Herrick gives.

Edward V. Harrington, a green boy from Indiana, drifts to Chicago to make his way in the world. Chicago's greeting to the youth is not a kindly one, but the boy gets a place in a meat shop and goes to work. Soon he is working for a packing company, packing companies at the time being small but ambitious. He takes a "fly" in pork and makes \$5,000. This he invests in a small plant in an adjacent town and "on the side" begins a trade in special brands of meats. The business prospers, and soon one of the big houses, a rival of the one he works for, is after his plant. He sells out for \$70,000, but retains an advanced position with the house for which he had once been a driver, and later becomes a partner. Then begins a battle with the big rival—for complete control of the meat trade on the big rival's part, for commercial life on Harrington's part. Personally Harrington is honest. He boasts: "There's no man and no woman living has the right to say he's the worse off on my account." But commercially he does not hesitate to corrupt a judge or buy a legislature.



ROBERT HERRICK, Author of "Memoirs of an American Citizen."

Interwoven with this battle of the packing giants, is a matter-of-fact, yet poetically told, story of a man who, as a somewhat mysterious complication with a woman who for her interest in the game, or battle, whichever we choose to call it, should be a man.

In this wholly inadequate outline one does not see the big wheels and the big forces at work as he does in this story—"Traffic, business, industry, the work of the world," going forward. In the story one feels the throb of the thing; he sees the gigantic accomplishment of Titanic forces, he sees the Titans themselves at work and at war, he wonders at the results of accomplishment, but still more at the final goal of waste which always goes with war whether in commerce or battle for blood, and he wonders what will be the outcome in the real life of which this story is so striking a picture. Is it true, the reader asks, that with our present system of government no effective check upon the operation of capital can be devised? Harrington expresses such a belief, and his belted epigrams of that many who are in the "game" today.

Mr. Herrick paints his picture with broad and sweeping strokes as befits his subject. Little attention is paid to fine shading and delicate details. Those are left to suggestion. But so skillful is the drawing, so effective are the broad strokes, that the suggestion easily takes care of the minor matters. The picture is one to produce a lasting impression, to aid in enlightenment as to how the big corporations do business and become master monopolies; if only the views of Harrington are not taken as the final gospel of business probity. "The strong must rule," doubtless, but they need not rob. The people must see that the opportunities of the strong for robbing are reduced to a minimum and that their rule is righteous, for the people, after all, have the decision in their own hands. The Macmillan company, New York.

NOVEMBER.

Gray skies and leafless trees; The drip of falling rain; A cold, lonely howl; And memories.

—Elizabeth K. Reynolds in Everybody's Magazine for November.

WOMAN AND HUMOR.—A party of men, among whom was Colonel William Jennings Bryan, were one night waiting for a train in a depot in a small Missouri town, says H. T. Dobbin in November Lippincott. The landlady was the only woman present.

The talk turning upon the alleged inability of women to see the point in a joke as readily as do the men, Mr. Bryan took the ground that a sense of humor was as much a part of the feminine make-up as it was of the man, but that it merely lacked opportunity for development.

"To illustrate," said he, "take the story of a party of excursionists in the Aegean sea. When approaching the Grecian coast the party assembled about the rail to enjoy the beautiful scenery. One lady turned inquiringly to a gentleman at her right and said—

"That is the snow on the mountains," replied the gentleman addressed.

"Well, that's funny," she replied. "My husband said it was snow."

All of the men in the group laughed noisily at Mr. Bryan's story, but the landlady looked puzzled. Finally she said—

"But, Mr. Bryan, how did the grease get on the mountain?"

says nothing about the great Dan Patch, but then it is not a catalog of equine heroes.

McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

An English publisher is to bring out an edition of Miss Ida M. Tarbell's notable "History of the Standard Oil Company." The importance of Rockefeller, to judge by advance interest in the book, has a fairly extensive branch in the British Isles.

THE MAGAZINES

Individual or Government Control.—Telling the story of the Railroad Rate in the current McClure's, Ray Stannard Baker sees small hope for justice for the small shipper as long as the power of the railroad to fix rates remains in the hands of individuals. He says of the present situation:

The railroad is indeed the essential tool of industry throughout the country. It is the regulator of business. It holds the scales of destiny. It decides where cities shall be located, and how fast they shall grow. It marks the line, definitely how far the lumber of Washington shall go. It decides whether grain shall be manufactured in Minneapolis or Buffalo, and whether the chief export business in grain shall be done at the port of New York or at the port of New Orleans.

And the fact arising out of these conditions, the overwhelming fact, is that these enormous powers, the control of the very instrument of business destiny, is in the hands of a comparatively few private citizens who are handling the tool not to build up the nation properly, but to fill their own pockets in as short a time as possible.

Thanksgiving Day and Football.—The editor of The World Today for November comes to the defense of football as a Thanksgiving Day sport, or rather to sports, including football, as proper Thanksgiving Day diversion. He says:

Are we then hypocrites? Is Thanksgiving day a farce? It depends on how we think gratitude ought to be expressed. Athletics serve a certain end in the expression of our Thanksgiving Day. Athletics are a little of (immodesty to assume to know what the Almighty likes and dislikes, and a little of (immodesty to find something very acceptable in the elemental happiness of his creatures. A man does not need to be miserable in order to be grateful. He is not necessarily ungrateful because he is happy. Even the Puritans killed the fatted turkey.

Particularly noteworthy in the World Today for November are the illustrations, which are unusually fine.

The American Diplomat in Foreign Eyes.

One of the most grievous shortcomings of the American diplomat in the eyes of his European colleagues is that, practically, he is untrained, says Pearson's for November. The United States prides itself on the absence of diplomatic families—those families, many of which have become so famous in the countries abroad, where grandfather, father, son, and children are trained almost from the cradle to enter the diplomatic career, exactly as the offspring of a line of physical inherits the gifts of his forefathers, and is trained and schooled to rank high in the profession of his choice.

November Pearson's is a magazine of many stories and much other interesting reading.

AMUSEMENTS

Metropolitan—Ethel Barrymore in "Sunday."

Ethel Barrymore has a most charming personality. It is strange enough to hold together the threads of the rather loosely woven play of "Sunday"; compelling enough to make the camp-bred girl a possibility and clever enough to show the dawning wisdom of the girl in the Sunday, and later leave traces of the child Sunday, the woman.

Miss Barrymore's Sunday is a most lovable character, boyishly frank, as a girl would be, but with a touch of her rough men, but gentle, honest, faithful, with a heart full of love and sunshine and with a sense of humor that dims the eyes and lips. Sunday is not at all a plausible girl, but Miss Barrymore makes her magically possible. Her refinement seems a rare and beautiful, but quite credible thing, her loyalty to her "boys" as natural as the roses to their face.

She is very expressive, the eyes brighten with laughter or grow tense and strained with fear and anguish. Her strange, husky voice is almost a monotone, but it is the more effective when she rises to the supreme moments of the role. Miss Barrymore's Sunday is far in advance of her Cousin Kate, in which she was seen here last.

The play is a rather mild melodrama, but it gives every member of the cast an opportunity. Its humor is spontaneous, not epigrammatic, and the interest is not allowed to flag. The underlying problem whether it is ever justified to kill a man is never lost sight of, and yet it intrudes itself only at crucial moments.

Sunday is a young orphan who has been brought up in the western mining camp by the famous roughness. She is a rude cabin corner, a nun to take the girl to go with her to a convent to finish the education "the boys" have begun. Unable to come to any decision as to whether it will be best for her to give up her life, she resorts to "cutting the cards."

The nun is persuaded to make the final test of fortune and wins the right to take Sunday away. But a young Englishman, the scapaceous son of an old family, has fallen in love with Sunday's pretty face and her growing interest, that only needs the right touch to ripen it into love, is very innocent and very natural. She is slow to understand that the girl who is to go to England with him, but not as his wife, and when she does understand her old scorn of him and of his love maddens him. Jacky, the youngest of "the boys," rescues Sunday and kills the Englishman. Scarcely a word is spoken, but in the drawn face and the wide eyes of Sunday there is all of horror and fear, as she slips shuddering away to obey Jacky's command.

A year later she is a woman grown, but she has still the radiant joy, the frank, sensitive nature of the child Sunday. She is on a visit to her aunt in England, and chance takes her to the home of the brother of the man Jacky shot. Nothing is prettier than Sunday's loyalty to her "boys" in her aristocratic surroundings. She is so fascinating, very genuine and sweet in her smiling, the quaint letter from "Ivory," and in her certainty that anyone who was interested in her would be interested in her "boys," and in all the homely incidents of their life, into which she enters with such sincerity and enjoyment. She avows her love for Colonel Brinthrop in the same frankly honest way, but when she realizes that his dead brother must stand between them she returns to America. Her renunciation is made to shield Jacky, the thought of her own self-sacrifice is put resolutely behind her and she goes bravely back to the poor little western cabin. Colonel Brinthrop follows her, and when the mystery is cleared away, she slips into his arms with a strange little moan that has as much of sorrow as of joy in it.

Miss Barrymore is supported by a strong cast. The four "boys," Joseph Brennan as Towser, Harrison Armstrong as Davy, William Sampson as Lively, and John Barrymore as Jacky, are splendid types of native Americans, rough, kindly and just, each a distinct portrait. The character of Lively is a flawless bit of character picture, and the play is the youngest of "the boys," is drawn by Miss Barrymore's brother, who has much of the talent of this famous family. Tormented by his conscience, he is still sure that he did the only thing that the man could do under the circumstances in shooting Brinthrop. There was humor, but more pathos in his scene with his kindly fellows who have read the medical book in their efforts to discover his remedy, make out their own cure and strive to enforce it. The Tom Oxley of Charles Harbury is particularly good, quiet and

effective. Bruce McRae is the very winning and earnest lover, a splendid actor of the unaffected Englishman. Virg Buchanan as Mrs. Naresby, the Eng aunt, who was won by Sunday's love letter, and the girl, as the nun, takes the girl to the convent, round a most acceptable cast.

—F. K. Steiner.

Foyer Chat.

After "Home Folks" was produced Chicago last spring, the critical consensus was it was a "splendid old story." The story is clean, wholesome, and appealing, and the pictures of life in southern Illinois forty years ago, the "apple peelin'" the country, the picnic on a Mississippi river and the old swimming hole in the mo hills are faithful and interesting. "The Folks" will come to the Metropolitan first half of next week.

The prize word contest at the Big Saturday matinee has created great interest among the children of the city. The number of lists already received, a prize of \$5 will be given to the girl, \$5 to the boy forming the most words of the title, "A Race for Life."

The play "Texas," by J. Maudlin Fe which will be seen next week, will be the events of the season w Bijou patrons.

Troba, the heavy-weight equilibrist, the Orpheum this week, is demonstrating the power of his balancing act at to cure all kinds of ills. Alho inju while watching cannon balls on the b of his neck Tuesday night, he has appeared at every performance and himself well on the road to recovery.

The Lyceum's bill, including the b acts in vaudeville available for a popular-priced house, is attracting large audiences. Among the acts are the new play, "Straight Tip Jim"; Bart and Collins, surprise sketch; Charles Laird, the well-known Minneapolis ball the only Huntress, in Lole Fuller's broad dance; and a variety of other The Lyceum's motion pictures, showing the great Vanderbilt automobile races, are wonderfully realistic.

Tonight the amateurs will disp themselves at the Unique to the edition of a gayful audience. A long list ambitious ones, eager to be "real actor will afford to sterner criticism, as the opportunity given judgment, as the ancient Roman populace with gesture of the thumb condemned a gladiator to death or gave him life.

FIGHTING REVEALS NATIONALITY

Indianapolis Journal.

"By the way they fight I can tell me nationality," said a policeman.

"An Englishman, when he is going fight, throws his hat and coat in blustering way yon the ground."

"A Scot pulls his hat down tight on head and buttons his coat carefully. I can't see Scot is not going to endanger a of his property."

"An Irishman appeals to the crowd hold his coat. The Celtic nature feels sympathy, and tries to build it up."

"A German—methodical, precise—fo his coat in a neat bundle, and lays hat on top of it to hold it down."

"An American is so anxious to pl in and have the thing over that he is fighting without giving a thought to his coat."

Garrettsville Journal.

According to a western advertising expert the era of freak "ads" has well passed away. The trend of thought is toward the more serious and to the new introduced products was tri by several believers in publicity, a found to be a failure. It served to the nature of the articles advertised up the minds of the pedestrians, but not create a favorable impression.