

THE JOURNAL

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THE SUNDAY JOURNAL

MAKING GOOD. Ortonville (Minn.) Herald-Star. The Minneapolis Journal is making good with its Sunday morning edition.

American Goods in England.

Mr. John Morgan Richards, who has spent the larger part of his life in England, acting usually as the agent for American articles of import, gives it as his judgment that no American article has succeeded in Great Britain in any direct competition with an English article of the same character, quality and price. American articles which have succeeded in Great Britain, he says, are not numerous and these have owed their success to some point of originality or novelty. American furniture has been imported into England on account of its cheapness, but with the exception of roll-top desks, letter-file cabinets and rocking-chairs, it has failed. It is said that the Englishman cannot make a roll-top desk and cannot sit in a rocking-chair. But he knows a roll-top desk when he sees one, and always buys the American article, and his wife is excessively fond of the low American rocking-chair. These two articles have a vogue in England, but the rest of our furniture boom over there has disappeared. Another line which has been successful is boots and shoes. The reason of this is, in Mr. Richards' opinion, that American factories turn out much better-shaped and much better-fitting boots and shoes than the English could buy at home. In shoes, it pays to give some attention to the fit and the look of the article. The Englishman, especially in the provincial town, gets a horrible shoe or boot, as he would call it. It is coarse, heavy, shapeless and a torture to the foot. The American shoe, shaped up in style, containing just good leather as the English shoe, and giving evidence of comfort within, has made a hit with the British. But the American monopoly of the English shoe market will not last. In one or two hundred years the Englishman will have learned how to make shoes himself. Many traveling men are now accompanied by their wives on long trips. Are we to infer simply that traveling men are getting better salaries? The President vs. Odell. The progress of the republican reorganization in New York is distinctly unfavorable to Odell. He has already lost the chairman of the New York county committee; his candidate for speaker of the assembly is probably beaten and he will have to fight for his own job of state chairman. The position of the president in all this state politics is a matter of considerable comment. It has been held that the president must not interfere in state politics, especially not in his own state. But Roosevelt has thrown down a good many traditions. He is taking a hand in the New York situation and Mr. Odell knows that the president is not with him. The president is said to have been stirred to activity in New York politics by the result of the last mayoralty campaign in the city. The literary and bookish republicans with whom the president associates in New York have convinced him that a great opportunity was lost. There was a time when the republicans and the Citizens' union might have agreed upon Jerome for mayor and the subsequent events show that he would have swept the city. Who was responsible for the terrible fiasco in New York when the republicans did not get a candidate for mayor until the last moment and then took a man totally unknown? Who was responsible for the terrible blunder whereby Jerome was refused the republican endorsement for district attorney? The reform republicans knew. They knew it was Odell. They knew that Odell hated Jerome. They knew that he had not only prevented Jerome from having the republican nomination for mayor, but had refused him the republican endorsement for district attorney. The reformers were exasperated, but what could they do? Odell was the big chief of the great machine, the master of the political throttle, while they were mere makers of books and expressors of ideas. Suddenly an inspiration

struck one of them. Whether it hit Nicholas Murray Butler or Albert Shaw does not matter—it arrived. The great inspiration was to lay the case before the president. There is a man wise as a serpent and when occasion serves harmless as a dove. The president heard their complaint and he told them to leave the matter with him and he would see what he could do toward riding the party of Odell and Odellism. Judging from the squealing that comes from the Odell corner, he is doing considerable.

Some murderous scoundrel with a grudge against the Santa Fe road has been ditching trains along that line. This form of revenge costs the corporation money but it costs the passengers their lives and should be severely discouraged.

Substantial Christmas Gift.

One hundred fifteen to one hundred twenty-five thousand dollars is a right handsome Christmas present, but that is what the street railway company put into the stockings of their conductors and motormen last night. The company has given to these men a voluntary advance of 2 cents an hour, which means from 20 to 25 cents a day each, assuming that the men work on an average at least ten hours a day. Some of them work more, especially in rush times. The employees figure that it means an advance of about \$70 to \$75 apiece during the year to each one of them, and there are between fifteen and sixteen hundred men so affected.

One gratifying feature of this increase viewed from the men's standpoint is that the advance, while, of course, much desired, was not solicited, but was voluntary on the part of the company. As one motorman expressed it: "This increase will in very many cases pay the rent and leave the balance of the earnings for other expenses." In these days of high prices the pay of a conductor or motorman is not lavish at best, but an increase of this kind helps out materially and will undoubtedly insure for the company a larger measure of good-will and loyalty on the part of its employees. Both are to be congratulated—the company on the ability to pay and the workmen on the 10 per cent raise.

The next edition of "Who's Who in America" will hardly be needed. The insurance investigation has already told who is that party.

Naturalization Abuses.

The special commission on the naturalization laws with Mr. Purdy at its head has made a report to the president which is full of interest to the lawmakers. The report goes over the main facts, familiar to many, that the naturalization laws are not well enforced, that many naturalizations are not sincere, that hundreds of aliens who do not know the English language and have only the haziest ideas about our institutions are yearly made citizens; that thru political corruption and collusion a great many persons who have not lived here the five years required are inducted into citizenship. Most of the facts cited in the report have been familiar and it was with remedies that the commission busied itself. It makes two main suggestions, one that a bureau of naturalization be established in the department of commerce and labor, and that means be taken to keep the courts which issue certificates of citizenship in touch with this bureau. Instead of making a declaration two years before his application for citizenship the commission recommends that the alien be required to file a petition ninety days before his application and that this petition be before the court at the time of the hearing and that previous to the hearing a copy of the petition be sent to the bureau of naturalization for comparison with the immigration record of the person mentioned. In order to prevent political committees from rushing naturalization thru just before election by paying for the certificates, it is proposed to raise the fee to \$7.

The general idea of the commission seems to be to make American citizenship more desirable by making it more difficult to obtain. This idea is certainly correct in theory, but it is doubtful whether congress will take up any regulations of naturalization which appear to be drastic. There seems no subject on which politicians are more timid than this. "Will the Coming Man Marry?" asks the Rev. Madison C. Peters in a sermon. He will if Little Sunshine gets the same old drop on him that she got on his father and grandfather. Rogers Brothers, Political Humorists. The Rogers Brothers of St. Paul—no relation to the New York team—are putting on an act which, like a good many amateur efforts, is tragedy for them, but rip-roaring comedy for the unsympathetic public. Edward G. Rogers is the republican clerk of courts of Ramsey county, and a candidate for the nomination for congress. He has a brother, or rather, he had a brother once, for now the brother is to him, in the words of Artemus Ward, "Juss than ded." The brother's name is J. N. Rogers, and he is a democrat. As long as he was contented with merely being a democrat, Edward G. tolerated him, for Edward G. has some good friends in the democratic party, and is a strong advocate of reciprocity. He has done good turns for his democratic friends in the past, and they have reciprocated. A city election is coming next spring, and if Edward G. is ordinarily good on that occasion, he has reason to expect reciprocity from his democratic friends when his turn comes at the congressional primaries. If brother J. N. would fall in line with that program, all would be peaceful and fraternal in the Rogers family. The mere fact of his being a democrat has weighed so little on Edward's mind that he has kept J. N. in his office as a deputy. But the ungrateful J. N. got ambitious, and announced himself the

other day as a candidate for mayor at the coming democratic primaries—a candidate against "Bob" Smith. This was "2 match." Moved to tears by his brother's perfidy, but relentless in performing his stern duty, Edward G. cast J. N. from his presence and separated him from the county payroll. As a democrat J. N. would do, but as a democratic candidate against Edward's friend Bob he was distinctly impossible. J. N. refuses to lie quiet, however. He is still running for mayor, and having more time on his hands since relieved of official duty, is telling the family troubles to the public and the policeman on the beat. He says he was discharged because "he had the temerity" to announce himself for mayor "against Mayor Smith and the wishes of the democratic gang." He also says that he is unable to collect a balance of \$666.66 due him as back salary. Edward G. refuses to pay, and J. N. is determined to have the money for his own campaign fund, much as Edward may need it while running for congress. The comedy is on, and St. Paul will have plenty of amusement out of it. Rogers, rep., for congress, and Rogers, dem., for mayor, will furnish plenty of fun and excitement for a while. As the game grows fast and furious the whole northwest will wake up and applaud the efforts of "The Rogers Brothers in St. Paul." But what will St. Paul do?

Is there a truly Santa Claus, mama?

An automobile scorcher who has devastated Chicago and been fined often, speaking at an association of automobilists in Austin, said: "Every time I am fined I merely charge it up against the times I wasn't caught, and the times I have been arrested out no ice with me against the fun I have had." This seems to show that in hardened cases, the jail rather than a fine is the proper remedy. Senator Pettus wears shirts made by his wife and socks which she has knitted. We do not know what the ancient senator does in the way of personal service in return, but any man who would let his 70-year-old wife knit socks should be prepared to do something pretty good.

Foyer Chat.

A good half dozen "coon" songs are sung by May Irwin incidental to her comedy, "Mrs. Black Is Back," the work of which she began a week's engagement at the Metropolitan last night. They were enthusiastically received by the large audience present. Miss Irwin was the first of American young singers who has long a great popularity, and she has brought its rendering up to an artistic plane that no other interpreter has ever reached. A full review of the performance will be given in the column tomorrow.

Andrew Mack comes to the Metropolitan for a week's engagement, opening next Sunday night, presenting his two greatest successes, "Tom Moore" and "The Way to Success." "The Way to Success" will give the first time to the week, with special matinee New Year's day, and "Tom Moore" the last half of the week. Seats for this engagement can be secured Thursday.

The Unique has prepared a banner bill for Christmas week which contains a number of high-class novelties. Chief among these are the open act of Burgess, Daniels and Burgess, comedy acts, who will present their London music hall success, "The Singing Barmale and Her Admirers." Irene Little, the talented singer, who has long a great favorite with her audiences at the Unique, is playing a return engagement this week. She will sing a Christmas anthem today with Harold Beckrow and Herman Le Fleur.

Billy B. Van, the eccentric comedian, in the new musical comedy success, "The Errand Boy," will be the attraction at the Bijou New Year's week.

Togo's Address to the Dead

Japanese papers bring to hand the address of Admiral Togo to the spirits of the dead in the Awayama cemetery near Tokio. Flowers were placed on the shrine and the brave admiral spoke as follows: "The clouds of war have disappeared from sea and from shore, and the whole city, with a peaceful, placid heart like that of a child, goes out to meet the men who shared life and death with you, and who now return triumphant under the imperial standard, while their families wait for them at the gates of their homes. Looking back, we recall how, bearing bitter cold and enduring the fierce heat, you fought again and again for us, strong foe, and while the issue of the contest was still uncertain you went before us to the grave, leaving us to envy the glory you had won by your noble death. We are proud to imitate you in paying the debt to our native country. Your valiant and vehement fighting always achieved success. In no combat did you fail to conquer. Through ten months the attack on Port Arthur was a continuous success. It was determined. In the Sea of Japan a single annihilating effort decided the issue. Thenceforth the enemy's shadow disappeared from the face of the ocean. We are proud of his origin in the virtues of the emperor, but it could not have been achieved had not you, forgetting yourselves, sacrificed your lives in the public service. The war is over. We who return in triumph see signs of joy everywhere. But we remember that we cannot share it with you, and mingled feelings of sadness and rejoicing struggle painfully for expression. The triumph of today has been purchased by your blood. We carry your loyalty and valor will inspire our navy, guarding the imperial land for all time. We here perform this rite of worship to your spirits and speaking something of our sad thoughts, pray you to come and receive the offerings we make."

AMUSEMENTS

Orpheum—Modern Vaudeville. Christmas stockings are well filled at the Orpheum. This is true any way the holiday reader or spectator may look at it and embraces in the statement all of the acts and actors—and the actresses. The bill is the strongest of the season and wins its way more thru merit and ability of the performers than for any variety or novelty. Mrs. Stuart Robinson is the headliner and, with clever assistance, makes the biggest kind of a hit in the presentation of the skit, "The Savings of Mrs. Shaw." Mrs. Robinson is just as funny as ever, just as clever as ever, and laugh producing and has not lost a pound in a year. The act goes thru at high pressure and develops into a scream as it proceeds. The show opens with "A Little Rehearsal" by Galbreth and Farrell and this blackface nonsense is going well with the holiday crowd. The juggling formations are repeating their former success at club swagings and throwing in, introducing some new stunts. Mirza Wenzl is laboring under the same drawback which works against singers who have not had time or disposition to sing in English. She is working a clever voice by appealing entirely to the few critical musicians who make up vaudeville audiences. In marked contrast is the work of Henry Leone and Anne Dale, a novelty in which grand opera is burlesqued but so cleverly that while carrying the idea of imitation the entertainers, are, in reality, giving meritorious selections from the operas which they are lampooning. The act is well dressed and will be a popular one before the week ends. Edwin Latell gives the best blackface monolog of the year. He is possessed of the information that the public is heartily tired of the "coon business," and the only African touch to his performance is the burnt cork. His running fire of comment is bright and his "kiddings" of other acts was cleverly done. He is a musician of ability and all of this goes to make up a bright twenty minutes of this performer. Clayton, Jenkins and Jasper give the same "darktown circus" of years ago by. The male is the election the question of erecting an electric lighting plant of sufficient capacity to supply the entire city.

CIVIC ACTIVITIES

Municipal ownership of an electric light and gas plant in Marshalltown, Iowa, has received a setback in a report from a committee of the council. The investigation was undertaken at the request of the women's clubs of the city, who presented a criticism of the present service. The committee found legal difficulties in the way, and also that the cost of a plant would be not less than \$200,000, a sum impossible to provide in the present state of the city's finances. The women have urged the council to investigate the matter and present further facts and recommendations to the council.

ACKLEY, IOWA, WILL VOTE AT A SPECIAL ELECTION

ACKLEY, Iowa, will vote at a special election Jan. 1, 1906, for the purpose of purchasing an electric light and steam heating plant from John Rath, one of its citizens. The Boston city council has recently passed its annual permit for coating on the streets with sand under the supervision of the town constable. It is fully expected that the incoming city council of Boston will refer to the people at the election the question of erecting an electric lighting plant of sufficient capacity to supply the entire city.

"EASY ENOUGH, WHEN—"

The saloons of Rock Island, Ill., were all closed Sunday for the first time in many years. Mayor McCaskrin ordered all bars closed during Sunday and an elaborate dinner, serving them to prominent actors, writers and artists. The dining-room was profusely decorated for the occasion, a fine orchestra was in attendance, and the chef outdid himself. Not one of the invitations was accepted, the recipients to a man refusing to become a party to any such advertisement.

ADVERTISEMENT THAT FAILED

In order to increase his business an uptown hotelkeeper in New York distributed half a hundred invitations to an elaborate dinner, serving them to prominent actors, writers and artists. The dining-room was profusely decorated for the occasion, a fine orchestra was in attendance, and the chef outdid himself. Not one of the invitations was accepted, the recipients to a man refusing to become a party to any such advertisement.

LOU WAS PERFECTLY SATISFIED

Harford Courant. It has been dug out that in 1898-99 Lou Peck, then superintendent of insurance in the Mutual Life and official and formally notified the policyholders that "nothing therein was disclosed that called for the slightest criticism."

COLONEL JOHNSON

An Estimate by One Who Knew Him Long and Well. To the Editor of The Journal. I want to thank you for your very cordial and just editorial appreciation of Colonel Charles W. Johnson. May I add my own tribute to one whom I have known intimately for more than thirty years.

The keynote of Colonel Johnson's success in whatever he undertook was his industry. Beyond that he had great confidence in himself. His enemies were wont to call this latter characteristic egotism, but to his confidants he was wont to speak plainly of this confidence. I recall that one of the first pieces of advice he ever gave me was to "believe in yourself and your cause." He carried this principle into everything which he said and did.

Let me illustrate his industry and enthusiasm. The incident occurred while working with my first collection of the man. In 1889 or 1870 I was a compositor—just a plain "sub"—in the office of the Minneapolis Tribune, which then occupied the building on Washington street where the St. Paul Herald is now located. The editorial room was now the composing room on the third floor of the building. "Charlie" Johnson, as everyone called him, was the local editor of the Tribune. Hugh Greene was the editor. Mr. Greene had stepped across the hall to the composing room with a piece of copy when a fire alarm or something else of the kind interrupted him. He was wont to enter the editorial room like mad, encountering Mr. Green at the door, and with high knocking him over in his mad haste to get out after the news. The "editor" would then be taken to the stairs and out of the building before the dignified editor had fully recovered himself and then he turned and said: "Well, my dear fellow, you don't get away from that young man it will not be his fault."

A few years later, and for more than two years, until the Evening Mail was sold to the Pioneer Press company in May 1897, Johnson was associated with Mr. Johnson on the Evening Mail. I was the "cub" reporter, and Mr. Johnson the editor. There was no city editor, no managing editor, no telegraph editor between us. We constituted an entire staff of what was then the only evening paper in Minneapolis. We worked side by side for more than two years. Mr. Johnson wrote in the morning or turned them out in the afternoon. He wrote the important matters which first found publication in the morning papers, got out on the street and turned in his complement of city news, edited the "assault" and "bulletin" when it came in the afternoon and did whatever else there was to do—not forgetting to keep the political pot boiling all the time. He did not stand on the dignity of his position on the paper. He was a "down" in his best style. Early in his career he loved his work. He taught me then habits of industry which have served me well since. We differed often. He was pugnacious and he excited with little provocation. He was a true friend and a true enemy and he endured ever since. I shall always remember him as a loyal employer. I made mistakes—I stirred up some of the fights he loved to watch. But when I was right or wrong he invariably defended me when it came to a face-to-face encounter with the offended one. After the offended one had gone, if I was really to blame, as was sometimes the case, he would "beat me down" in his best style. Early journalism in Minneapolis was more or less personal, and everybody in town knew every member of the staff of all the papers. It was a time when the prerogative to damn, not the paper, but the men who made them.

The disappointment in Mr. Johnson's life was the sale of the Mail. He foresaw to some extent the future of Minneapolis and the future of the evening newspaper field which "The Journal" has now filled so many years so well. He foresaw in the "management and control" of the paper a certain opportunity to wield his influence and to fight for his party and his city—a city just beginning to develop. It was against his best judgment that the Mail was sold to "Tom" King, as afterwards developed, to pass into the control of the Pioneer Press company. But his partner, Fred L. Smith, wanted it sold, and Mr. Johnson's financial adviser, Hugh G. Harrison, advised it. It was a hard blow, but he seemed to accept it, considering how little belonged to it and how much money it was losing each month. He had the instincts of a newspaper man and wanted a career of that sort more than anything else.

It was not until after the sale of the Evening Mail in 1876 that he held political office, as has already been related in "The Currier" and he was assured the hope that the opportunity would come again to him to own and control a newspaper in Minneapolis. I am inclined to believe that it was a misfortune that his ladies in Washington and the vocation of his latter life took him so much away from Minneapolis, for he was peculiarly fitted to serve the city he loved so well as few men are equipped to serve it. He had been away from Minneapolis so long that he had forgotten the years that he found great comfort in his election to the position of county treasurer. He looked on it as a substantial indication that he was still a Minneapolis man, and not a political "has been."

A night or two before the election I met him on newspaper row in Minneapolis still campaigning, and he told me how he and thrown tradition to find in his campaign which proved so wonderfully successful, in his own way. He was confident that he was going to win. It was a great satisfaction to me that he did win, because I believe it possible for him to become again a thoroughly identified with the business life of Minneapolis—all the time and on all occasions—and I believed that he would prove so satisfactory a treasurer that the chances were he would all the time find in the good years—as long as he might live and desire to carry a responsibility of any sort—his death seems to me untimely. Let me add that it has given me great satisfaction and comfort to find in "The Journal" so just and kindly an estimate of the character of a man who was so often misunderstood, and often misrepresented. —J. Newton Nind. Chicago, Dec. 24.

City News

BLINDED, BEATEN AND ROBBED BY HOLDUPS. Throwing a cloth over his head to muffle his cries and render him unable to see them, two holdup men dragged G. H. Glenn into an alley Saturday night, slugged him and relieved him of his valuables. Glenn, who is in charge of the floral department at Dayton's, was near his home at 415 E. Fifteenth street when the highwaymen ran up behind him and had him overpowered and senseless before he realized what was coming. His gold watch, chain and gold cuffbuttons were taken, along with all other articles of value on his person. The holdups evidently took their time and missed nothing, the unconscious victim making them no trouble. Glenn does not know how long he laid in the alley before he regained consciousness, but still suffers the effects of the blows received. He was so weak when he awoke that he was compelled to crawl to his room on his hands and knees.

PANIC AVERTED

Santa Claus greeted every one of the many persons who attended the Penitentiary last evening by Rev. G. L. Morrill. It has been previously announced that Santa would be on hand to receive offerings to be distributed among the city's poor, and nearly every one brought some offering. The gifts were piled up in one of the cloakrooms, and included apples, potatoes, sweetmeats and other delicacies. There were eight or ten barrels in all. A program of music, lasting nearly three-quarters of an hour, preceded the eloquent sermon on "The Night Before Christmas."

Sick Man at Auditorium Service Causes Commotion in Audience.

During the service a panic in the large audience was narrowly averted. An unfortunate, harmless man, who had had nothing to eat all day and had spent the time tramping the cold streets, was taken violently ill. Several hundred people, seeing the commotion around the man, feared a fire and rose to their feet to make for the exits. The ushers, however, were quick on hand and in a moment satisfied the audience nothing was wrong and gave the man the attention he needed.

OLD FRIENDS "WIRE"

"Pat" Bannon's Reversal Interrupted by Message from "De Gang." Patrick Bannon, business manager of the Auditorium, sat musing in his office this morning, watching Dick Hogan take in money from a long line waiting for seats for "The Messiah" concert tonight by the Philharmonic club and Minneapolis Symphony orchestra.

As his memories of old Chicago days coursed thru his mind, a blue-coated messenger boy handed him a "night wire."

"De Gang presents season's compliments to new member of janitors' association. Sol Litt, George Warren, Considine, Meek, Buckley, Norman Peel, Fred Peel. How's that laugh?" Bannon gathered up these friends when he was with Fisher & Ryley, advancing and backing the company. Sol Litt is manager of McKivle's. George Warren does the business for the house. Dan Considine is manager of "In Old Kentucky." Fred Meek does the management for "Babe in Toyland." Joe Buckley has managed Otis Skinner for 42 years. Peel is with "In Old Kentucky" and Fred Peel has charge of "Ham Tree" at the Colonial in Chicago.

HIS "AD" STILL GOOD

Business Card Twenty-five Years Old Still a Business Getter. E. F. Jones has not resumed the fish business in which he was a leader twenty-five years ago. This explanation is in order in view of some recent amusing incidents.

SLOW ON THE DRAW

Minneapolis Colored Man's Face Slashed with Razor in St. Paul. James H. Disham of Minneapolis, colored, is nursing a slashed face, because he was "slow on the draw." About 3 a. m. yesterday morning he had a row with a friend in St. Paul, at the corner of Ninth and Wabasha streets. The argument became heated and Disham reached for his gun. Before he could unholster it, his gun was loose, his pal got action with a razor.

Officers Elected.

At the regular meeting of Mistletoe court, No. 1, O. of A., the following officers were elected: Royal matron, Nettie Merriam; royal patron, N. A. Maas; associate matron, Nellie McCull; secretary, Annie M. Keller; treasurer, Annie J. Yerrick; conductress, Kate Huntington; associate conductress, Bessie Shannon. Itasca court, No. 4, Royal Ladies, has elected officers as follows: Royal princess, Mrs. G. M. Wade; royal peeress, Mrs. Hench; chaplain, Mrs. G. M. Jones; recorder, Mrs. A. G. McCord; lady of the exchequer, Mrs. William White; lady of ceremonies, Mrs. E. E. Haw; guardian, Mrs. G. H. Gilliam; sentinel, Mrs. A. Covies. Tuesday evening the ladies of the court and men of the council will entertain the children at a Christmas party in their hall, Twenty-third and Central avenues.

NORTHWEST NECROLOGIC

HAYWARD, WIS.—A telegram from Carlisle, Pa., announces the death of Johnny Quagone, a pupil of the Carlisle Indian industrial school, whose home is on the reservation a short distance south of here. Young Quagone, who was about 18 years of age, died at the school last fall with several other Indian youths from this section.

ELDORA, IOWA.—Mrs. Frank A. Norris, one of the city's best known women, dropped dead while waiting upon the Christmas trade in her husband's store.

BAGLEY, MINN.—Mrs. Ed Anderson, who recently moved to this place and who has been ill for some time, died Saturday. The funeral services will be held at the Bronson Lutheran church on Thursday.

STILLWATER, MINN.—Henry McKusick, for many years a well known resident of Stillwater, died Saturday at Mrs. Minn. He was a brother of Harrison J. McKusick, and a nephew of the late John McKusick.

MANKATO, MINN.—Mrs. Frank L. McLanahan died Saturday of tuberculosis, after six months' illness. She was 21 years of age and leaves two sisters, one of whom, Mrs. W. E. Fisher, lives in Minneapolis, and two, Mrs. Eugene Bitter and Mrs. B. E. Lollis, reside in St. Paul. The funeral will be held tomorrow morning. Miss Theresa Lamm died suddenly Saturday of rheumatism of the heart. She was 28 years of age, and a daughter of the late Leo Lamm.

What is the Best Story You Ever Heard? Write It Out, Send It To THE BEST STORY EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL It May Win a Prize New Stories and True Stories Are Preferred, But Old Stories—Not "Wormy Chestnuts"—Told In Your Own Words, Will Be Accepted, If First Class : : : : PRIZES Will Be Awarded Weekly as follows: First Prize \$5 Second Prize \$3 Third Prize \$2 Stories Must Not Exceed Three Hundred Words, Must Be Written on One Side of the Paper Only and Must Be of a Humorous Character : : : : The names and addresses of writers must accompany the stories, the names or initials to be used : : : : THE JOURNAL reserves the right to print any of these stories whether they receive prizes or not.