

THE JOURNAL

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THE SUNDAY JOURNAL

HIGH-CLASS JOURNALISM. The (Minneapolis) Progress. The Journal is one of the best representatives of the high-class modern daily newspaper, and its Sunday issue caps the climax of newspaper excellence.

Prosperity in the South.

The Manufacturers' Record declares that in the twenty years of its existence it has never published matter of more far-reaching importance than its recent symposium showing the startling increase in the selling value of farm lands in the south. From the slough of despair under the low price of cotton which prevailed for some years up to 1899 it says the southern farmer has risen to a height of prosperity and thus of optimism unknown since 1860. A change from poverty to prosperity of the farmers, and a change from land without a selling value to land in demand at an advance of 50 to 150 per cent over the nominal price of a year or two ago is the result, in its opinion, of the winning fight made by the farmer for the control of the marketing of his chief product, cotton. Southern farm properties have increased in the estimate of the Record probably \$1,500,000,000 in the past two years. The result of this transformation will be the better cultivation of land and the bringing of other land under cultivation.

The Russian Fighting.

Perhaps somebody in Russia may know what the people are fighting about at the present time, but if there is such a person he has not made his information public. Unless it arises from suspicion of the reform measures of the czar it is entirely incomprehensible. But there are factors in Russian life which no foreigner is qualified to discuss. There are traditional hatreds between the Russians and the Poles and Tartars which make the jealousies between north and south in America, between Englishmen and Irishmen in Great Britain, pale into insignificance. From time to time there have arisen parties in Russia bent on the Russification of the whole people. They have sometimes been led by the czar, sometimes have dragged him unwillingly into the work. Always they have left behind them a trail of blood and oppression which remains, for it must be remembered that tradition is more vitally important in a country which does not read than in one which dispates its provincialism with a world-wide view of things. The great mass of the peasantry, and the peasantry practically means the nation in Russia, have not the faintest conception of government as a science. They have only their tradition to guide them, and that tradition tells them that all things are bound up in the czar as the head of both church and state. When that bond has been strained as it has been by the disastrous failure of the late war, the Russian people are adrift. They are like a ship without a rudder.

The Russian Fighting.

Every Russian community has its anarchists and revolutionists, and has had them for years. They have seized their opportunity and made the most of the breakdown of autocracy. The army, however, is the key to the situation in

Russia. If it is with the government, as seems to be the case from the Moscow incident, the violence will gradually be put down. If the putting down of anarchy by the army does not lead to the setting up of the army as the dictator of Russia, the people will be fortunate. Granting that Count Witte is sincere, his position is a difficult one, since he must steer between being confounded by the revolutionists and being thrown down by the army which he has called to his assistance.

Excitement in Great Britain.

An endangered naval supremacy is the only thing which apparently can arouse a lively national emotion in Great Britain. The empire has lately seen a change of government with hardly a ripple of interest. It has grown positively weary of the fiscal debate, and if anyone should spring home rule as a burning issue he would probably be met with a yawn. But start a doubt about the efficiency of the navy and the whole island from Land's End to John o' Groat's house is on the quiver.

The British have had a small naval scare recently, and have been abnormally excited over it. A repair ship ran aground in the harbor of Tetuan, not, you might say, a very sensational incident in the history of a navy the size of the British, but the incident has been made the subject of an admiralty minute or report, and the captain of one ship has been relieved of his command, three others have been censured, while the commander-in-chief of the squadron is by implication placed in a bad light before the country.

The course of the admiralty is upheld on the ground that it is useless to have ships unless they are handled right, and in this case there was a plain neglect of the commonest precautions. The officers apparently had not even read the "Pilot book," which tells naval men in so many words where the safe and unsafe anchorages are in the harbor of Tetuan. They chose the unsafe one and went to bed.

Great Britain remembers that Nelson said every man is expected to do his duty. It is as much his duty to read the pilot book in time of peace as to be valiant in time of war.

Average Congressmen.

Your Uncle Joe Cannon was in a talkative mood yesterday and let off some wholesome philosophy in the presence of the reporters. Speaker Cannon is an optimist and this is the season for hearing from optimists. As one looking on the hopeful side it is incumbent upon Mr. Cannon to show that the present is not inferior to the past in either men or morals. An old man, carry him still farther back. From this mine of experience Mr. Cannon brings forward for the use of the present generation a message of hopefulness. Particularly applying himself to the defense of the house of representatives, Speaker Cannon declared his belief that it was as much a representative of the people as it ever was. The people also were just as capable of righting their own wrongs and settling with their public servants as they ever were. He took no stock in the big man idea in politics and admitted that no man ever got so big that the people could not wipe him off the map so effectually that he would be forgotten.

The Pleasures of Economy.

There was a man named Corey who went to sea in a Dory; The boat, the Gilliam, Went aground with a slam, And this is just part of the story.

The Pleasures of Economy.

John P. Holland, the submarine man, thinks he has solved the problem of man fight—or will shortly. In a few years we may be annoyed by thieves stealing the chimney.

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The cannibals may get Professor Starr of Chicago, who has gone to Africa to interview them for the ethnology class, but they will never be able to digest many of his ideas.

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Impossible as it may seem, a train is snowbound in New Mexico. The grandest winter resort on this continent is just west and a little north of St. Paul.

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"Alice blue" is quoted as a favorite color. If it keeps up, we may look for Susan red, Blanche white and Charlie green.

with Great Britain during 1905, the principal articles of exports to that country and the principal imports, together with a comparison of present conditions with those of earlier years. Similar articles relating to our trade with Germany, France and other countries will follow. The publications of this bureau are very valuable. They furnish up-to-date information with regard to a great variety of matters pertaining to domestic and foreign trade and should be on file in every commercial house in the country interested in interstate or foreign commerce.

The Pleasures of Economy.

You might think that there was nothing as dry as a corn cob, but that view is a mistake. The people of Kansas are making their cobs into maple syrup. The Topeka Capital explains that cobs that used to sell for kindling now go to Kansas City and cities farther east and come back in a highly decorated can labeled "maple" syrup. Ten carloads of cobs went from Ottawa to Kansas City the other day for this purpose. This may also explain why the corn cob pipe is supposed to furnish a "sweet" smoke.

Judge Stubbs of Indianapolis recently declared that 60 per cent of the boys brought before the court owed their trouble to cigarettes. Indianapolis physicians, commenting on this statement, affirm that boys are not degenerates because they are cigarette fiends, but are cigarette fiends because they are degenerates. In either case have they any God-given right to inflict the small on people who prefer pure air?

A side light on the pass system comes from Nebraska. The sheriffs in that state have formed a little club to do work for the railroads, such as summoning witnesses, etc., without fee and to receive in exchange annual passes. When a sheriff takes a patient to a state institution he rides on his pass and charges up mileage. At least he did until the attorney general held up one finger at them.

The Chicago Tribune says that the senate has decided to snub La Follette when he comes to Washington. He is to be given minor committee assignments and if he presumes to take the floor the old hands will walk out, leaving him to talk to the galleries and the reporters. This will not disturb Robert. If he can have the reporters he won't mind the absence of the senators.

At last it has come. A woman clerk in the Oakland, Cal., postoffice is \$7,000 short in her accounts. This may be used to prove something about woman's fitness to withstand the strain of the modern business life, but it is pretty hard to see just what.

The press agent of the Longworth family is doing his level best to overcome the effect of the announcement that Nicholas is an amateur violinist. He has just brought out a report that Nick once offered in good faith to punch the nose of a duke.

Four Mexican banqueters discovered by drinking it that wood alcohol was much quicker than the other variety. Wood alcohol saves the drinker much trouble and expense, but it will never be popular as a beverage.

A Detroit woman is working for a law to keep the saloon away from the factories instead of from the churches and schools. No saloon should be allowed within 100 feet of any man who drinks.

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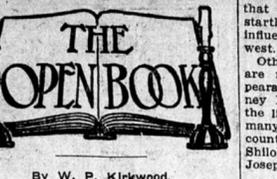
"Alice blue" is quoted as a favorite color. If it keeps up, we may look for Susan red, Blanche white and Charlie green.

The "Squeal" of the Boss. Kansas City Star. Now will someone please explain how there arose that popular belief that a political boss will "take his medicine" and "squeal" under defeat? You hear that assertion made almost constantly until the sound of it is drowned by the noise of some boss squealing. But not ex-Governor Odell is emitting shrieks. He is disproving the popular fallacy referred to just as practically every other deposed machine leader in every part of the country has done for the past score of years. The fact is really not surprising; nor is it a matter of surprise that Mr. Odell's lamentations have taken the form of a partisan attack upon Mr. Roosevelt. That, too, is a matter of precedent. The machine politicians of Missouri have not yet finished their protestations that Folk has wrecked the democratic party—presumably because he was the one who saved the party from the irretrievable ruin to which the machine threatened to lead it. Indeed, there is nothing else quite so vociferous in the entire country as the machine boss who has been "jarred loose" from a good thing.

THE PLEASURES OF ECONOMY Mrs. Gaskell. I have often noticed that almost everyone has his own individual small economies—careful habits of saving fractions of pennies in some particular direction, any disturbance of which annoys him more than spending shillings or pounds on some rare extravagance.

"POORLY, POORLY!" Indianapolis News. California will be able this winter to ship oranges to London for \$1 a hundred, while the rates for shipments in this country will be \$1.25 a hundred. How are you getting along with that rate legislation business, Mr. Elkins?

DON'T LET YOUR POLICY LAPSE Boston Globe. The policyholders of the Equitable will be pleased to learn from President Morton's statement that the society is saving \$600,000 a year under the new management.



By W. P. Kirkwood.

OLD LIM JUCKLIN MAKES A PLEA FOR BOOKS.—Ople Read has brought out Lim Jucklin of "The Jucklins," as a horse-bok philosopher and an apostle of common sense. Lim's philosophizings are contained in Mr. Read's latest book, "The Jucklins," wherein the cock-fighting philosopher discusses a wide range of subjects from football reform up (notice, we do not say, "or down"). Among other things the philosopher of the horse-block tells what books may mean to man in the way of happiness, as against money or other forms of material wealth in the following, which he in turn got from the "Jedge" of the district:



Ople Read, Author of "Old Lim Jucklin."

Well, read good books and think about 'em. Don't read the things that will stimulate you to argue, but the things that will feed your mind without raising its bridge. Some books are full of the sweet unalloyedness of the human heart. Read them. . . . Don't read the vicious ones any more than you'd keep company with a vicious man. Do this and you'll find the world open up toward the past and brighten up toward the future. Lim follows the advice and finds it good.

In the reading of the book, one finds Lim as a philosopher a rather thin disguise for Ople Read himself, and is disposed to ask why Mr. Read did not put the essays forth as his own. We believe that had he done so they would have fared just as well as they will under the name of Jucklin.

Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

EXIT—SIR HENRY IRVING. Life's act is o'er; Westmaster rings; No more he'll play the numbered kings Where all the crowned cofined kings For there where Abdon's kings are made, Now buried with the kings he played, Is Henry, king of acting.

He played them well, each in his part; They're dead already on the market. Restored into the throne; And now his myrrid self he brings Where all the crowned cofined kings Receive him as a ruler o'er the world. Time save his eye, he dropped the role, And cast the semblance of his soul; He is himself at last; And 'neath the abbey's sculptured stage He plays the part of the past. —Charles D. Stewart in the January Century.

THOMAS W. LAWSON'S "FRENZIED FINANCE" IN BOOK FORM.—Those who have not read Thomas W. Lawson's Frenzied Finance serially in Everybody's Magazine now have the opportunity to begin to read it in book form, and doubtless many will avail themselves of the opportunity. Others will want to review the volume as read monthly. At least one more volume is to follow the first, and the second, however, for the story is as yet incomplete.

Volume I is divided into three parts, the first dealing with Addicks and Boodick's second with the early history of the Amalgamated Copper deal, and the third with Lawson and his critics. From this it is seen that the story when completed will make a record, however one-sided many may regard it, not only of the most stirring episodes in high finance—the copper deal—but also of a most interesting sequel—Mr. Lawson's literary and Wall street attack on the perpetrators of Amalgamation.

As part of the reform movement—both a cause and an effect—which is sweeping over the country, even if subsequently proved inaccurate, the book will always hold a valuable and a unique place.

There is no need to speak of the book's literary features; they are already so widely known. In a word to its audience, "saints, sinners and in-betweeners," Mr. Lawson urges the consistency of his long chronicle as the best evidence of its truth and the best ground for the continued faith of his readers.

THE NEW EDITION OF FREDERICK LAWRENCE KNOWLES' "ON LAWSLEY'S STAIRWAY."—One cannot read the poems in this little book without a deepening sense of loss at the author's untimely death. One is sure that had he not died he would have gathered a more made volume. His hold on lovers of poetry is sure to grow. The present volume would make a most attractive present for the holiday season, and its publication at this time is very opportune.

Dana, Estes & Co., Boston. \$1.

THE MAGAZINES "The Great Northwest" is the subject of an article by President Cyrus Northrop of the University of Minnesota. In the World of Today for January. The article is an excellent measure to the north-western metropolis, Minneapolis, at a matter of course. Another interesting feature of the magazine is its remarkable showing of the transformation going on in the world in many different directions. The number and character of the articles in the magazine make it one of special value.

"The Looting of Alaska."—The first article in the People's Bookkeepers' Magazine for January is "The Looting of Alaska," by Rex E. Beach. It tells a sensational story of corruption. Involves prominent politicians east and west and promises to form a narrative of great dramatic interest. Although the men involved sit in high places, Mr. Beach has made a ruthless attack, and there is reason to predict a sensational surprise. Appleton's announces that the serial will run thru six issues of the magazine. It is believed

that this exposure will prove the most startling of the year, and exert a strong influence upon the politics of the north-west.

Other things in the same magazine are numerous and excellent. The appearance of the name of Elinor Macartney Lane, author of "Nancy Stair," on the list of contributors will itself attract attention. General Lew Wallace's account of his first day on the field of Shiloh will do likewise; also a story by Joseph Conrad.

Study in Double Personality.—The January number of Tales is a publication of unique interest throughout, from the complete novel, which occupies nearly half of its space, to the biographical notes about the authors represented. The novel, a story of double personality, entitled "I and the other," by Jules Clarotte, besides being a fascinating story, is almost entitled to rank as a contribution to science because of its careful study of an intensely psychological problem. Among the fifteen short stories are several that are notable. "The She Wolf," by Giovanni Verga (Italian); "Trackwalker Thiel," by Gerhart Hauptmann (German); "The Angel," by Leonid Andreyev (Russian); and "The Master Glassworker," by Augusta de Wit (Dutch).

The Potato King.—Booker T. Washington has an extremely interesting article in the American Illustrated Magazine for January, entitled "The Negro in Business." He tells of the really remarkable success of a certain negro, Groves by name, and then tells what Groves says about it. Mr. Washington says:

But why is Mr. Groves called "The Negro Potato King"? Let me answer. Last year he produced over 250 bushels of what potatoes, averaging 245 bushels to the acre. So far as reports show, this was 12,150 bushels more than any other negro grower in the world produced. And besides the potatoes raised on his own farm, Mr. Groves buys and ships potatoes to other negroes.

The January number is excellent. Arthur Goodrich tells of the work of Dr. Barnado in saving London's waifs, and Burton T. Hendrick traces the development of a fortune. Creveling MacLaughlin contributes two pages of epigrams, and Annie Payson Call continues her series on "Every Day Living." The short stories are numerous and interesting.

AMUSEMENTS

Foyer Chat. Theater-goers of this city who visit the Metropolitan this week will hear May Irwin's newest crop of coon songs before New York who almost all the popular compositions of the past few years are presented. Miss Irwin is known as "the pioneer in rag-time," and is responsible in the way of introduction for the most of the coon songs that have been given to the world in the past dozen years. Her new comedy songs, which have recently been introduced, and which she whistled all over the country before they were older, include "Melinda," "Before This Time Another Year," "Steamer Stoker," "Don't Argue," and "Filipino Dance."

Andrew Mack comes to the Metropolitan for the week beginning next Sunday evening, presenting the first half of the week "The Way to Kennam," and the last half of the week "Tom Moore." During the week Mack will sing Moore's famous ballad "Evelyn's Bower," "Love's Young Dream," "The Last Rose of Summer," and his own compositions written expressly for the stage, "School Games," "The Story of the Rose," and "Little Tommy Murphy." Seats for this engagement can be secured tomorrow.

For the first time in the history of the theaters, the Orpheum stage is about to give up its secrets. Edwin Latell, the musical monologist who gives such clever imitations of the Chinese conjurers, will expose the illusion in the new play, "Creation of Women Out of Nothing," at the performance Thursday night. This illusion was a feature of the Orpheum's bill early in the season and was regarded as one of the most puzzling ever seen on a local stage.

The Eight Bedouin Arabs, whose remarkable acrobatics aroused Orpheum audiences last season, will again appear at that theater next week.

The brilliant domestic sketch of the Four Elmsworths, the family of entertainers, is one of the best things ever presented at the Unique. Other stellar acts which have won favor with the crowds are presented by Burgess, Daniels and Btrages, comedy writers; Stan Arden, the Wisconsin artist who paints oil pieces while you wait.

"My Tomboy Girl" company, with Miss Lottie Williams, the talented comedienne in the stellar role, appeared before a crowded house at the Bijou last night. "My Tomboy Girl" is in four acts and is thrilling in its fullness of human interest. The scenes are set in New York city and in the picturesque section of the sunny south. A large chorus of pretty girls is a feature of the play, introducing various meritorious musical novelties and vaudeville acts.

The scenes in the musical comedy, "The Errand Boy," which will be the New Year's watermelon at the Bijou, are all laid in picturesque New Hampshire, whose rural background has afforded good opportunities for the painter's artistic skill. In such an atmosphere, comedy comes with a zest, and the author of the book to develop the character of Fatsy Bolivar for starring purposes, and Billy B. Van, the creator of the comical role, finds a congenial part that seems redolent of his own best work. The rhyme and reason in the unfolding of the novel and spirited plot, with opportunities for musical interpolation of decided importance.

THE ROUTE OF THE GOVERNMENT MAILS

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. For geographic and other obvious reasons the United States government many years ago selected the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway for its fast mail service between the twin cities and Chicago, and also for trans-Pacific mail. Why not travel on the road over which Uncle Sam sends your letters?

The Pioneer Limited leaves Minneapolis 8 p.m., St. Paul 8:35 p.m., arriving Union Passenger station, in the heart of Chicago, 9 a.m. Four other fast trains to Chicago every day. Ticket \$1.50. W. Dixon, Northwestern Passenger Agent, 305 Robert street, St. Paul. For rates, P. & T. A. 323 Nicollet avenue, Minneapolis.

Through Tourist Cars to California. For four days a week via Chicago Great Western railway. Mondays—Leave Minneapolis 7:40 a.m., St. Paul 8:10 a.m., via Omaha, Missouri; 12:55 noon Sunday, Los Angeles 4:28 p.m. Saturday. Tuesdays—Leave Minneapolis 8:00 p.m., St. Paul 8:30 p.m., via Omaha and Rock Island; 4:28 p.m. Saturday. Wednesdays—Leave Minneapolis 10:45 p.m., St. Paul 11:20 p.m., via K. C. & Rock Island; 4:28 p.m. Saturday, arriving San Francisco 4:28 p.m. Saturday.

For further information apply to R. H. Heard, general agent, corner Nicollet avenue and Fifth street, Minneapolis.

City News TO RISE FOR "STAR SPANGLED BANNER"

SHE HAD A LARGE TASK

MOTHER WITH FLOOD OF CHILDREN AROUSED ADMIRATION AT ELKS' MATINEE.

"If some mothers could spend half the time and energy in business that they do in caring for and rearing a family, there would be more millionaires." This is a bit of philosophy that may be traced to Manager Theodore Hays of the Bijou. "To prove that I am right," continued the philosopher, "I will tell you something that happened yesterday just before our Elks' matinee for the poor children. I was standing in the lobby when a woman leading a small regiment of children appeared. Some of the kids would sit on the floor, four of them were actually hanging on or were being held onto, and to cap the climax she had two more in a baby carriage. "She was not in the least excited. She lined them up and got them thru the door and followed with the baby carriage. Somebody asked her what she was planning to do with the two smallest, and she answered by running the cab to one side of the lobby and bracing the machine in place with a fire hatchet. "They'll be all right here," she said, "just let them stay there and sleep."

"Old Batch, who is a good Elk, the single, seemed to take an interest in the affair and offered to keep a watchful eye on the sleeping pair. Mrs. General Mother then marshaled her gang and marched into the theater. Most men, excepting captains of industry and financiers, would shrink from the task she had. She had to hold that bunch together, get tickets for them all, and take care of them, and she did it without being worried in the least. She should be running a bank."

The Elks' party was an immense success, if noise is any indication of approval. Half the audience could be seen over the backs of the chairs, but nothing was missed. Everything made a hit except Bert Hall's speech, which was too tame for the audience. Nothing of the kind could walk alone, but safety was omitted by the management or the Elks. A dozen or more members of the order stood on guard at the doors to be ready in case of any emergency. They assisted the ushers in handling the youngsters and made themselves generally useful as well as ornamental.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle again demonstrates his wonderful versatility in next Sunday's installment of his great historical romance, "Sir Nigel." His hero goes to Guilford town to display of the family jewels to raise funds for the entertainment of King Edward III. of England. His remarkable escape from the wild man of Puttenham is ever excellently carried out. The story from that commercial highwayman, Thorold, the Goldsmith. Ayward saves the unsophisticated young squire in this adventure. Following this comes a delightful chapter on falconry—King Edward at his favorite pastime of hawk-hunting on Crooksbury Heath, while he and his retinue are traveling to the house of the Loring. Leaving the human drama for a time, Sir Conan Doyle's keen interest in the air, and there, as upon earth, works up a grand climax. The king's queenly falcon takes offense at his Lord Bishop's smaller hawk leaves the quarry to punish the presuming rival. The king's wagger with the bishop thus becomes a "draw."

Warning! Don't Go to California. It would be a great mistake to arrange for a trip to California at this time of the year without first looking into the new sleeping car service to Kansas city over the Minneapolis and St. Louis railroad, making close connection in Kansas city upon depot with the fast and luxurious California limited trains. No other road offers such through service—lowest rates. Consult John George Rickel, forty twenty four Nicollet ave.

Low Rates. To all points on the See-Line for the Holidays. Tickets on sale Dec. 22 to Jan. 1st, 1906, good to return until Jan. 24, 1906. For further particulars call at ticket office, 119 Third street S.

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.