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2,089

columns more advertising in 1905 than any other Minneapolis paper, and

3,922

columns more than any St. Paul paper.

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67,927

The circulation of The Sunday Journal is

63,162

Minneapolis Merchants Use The Journal Most, EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK, because it gives them most results. THEY KNOW CIRCULATION VALUE.

THE SUNDAY JOURNAL

SUPERIOR NEWS FEATURES

Miller, S. D., Sun.

The news features of The Journal are considered superior by all, making it popular with all classes. W. J. Bryan's trip around the world letters will appear each Sunday.

Another "Little Joker" in the Pack.

The senatorial triumvirate—Aldrich, Elkins and Kean, who are in the senate to do the bidding of the great corporations—have been trying to effect a compromise on the rate regulation bill. They want to follow the authority given to the interstate commerce commission to fix rates, with the privilege to the railroads to appeal immediately to the courts in case of "any injustice," the execution of the order to await the action of the courts. A rate made by the interstate commerce commission under this compromise would never go into effect, as doubtless any rate named by the commission would be regarded as "an injustice." In practice, the effect of this provision would be to nullify the value of any rate-fixing power conferred upon the commission, and all that the president and his friends have stood for would be lost.

Of course, the president turns down this compromise, altho he was assured that if he would accept it he might have approval of his San Domingo policy and treaty, he might have the passage of the Philippine bill, he might have senate approval for the statehood bill—indeed, everything would be lovely and the president would be readily granted practically everything that he stands for. The president, however, regards the rate regulation bill as the most important thing before congress—the one issue upon which the people are insisting—and could not be influenced by any such flattering inducements. On the one hand, he took the view which the attitude of the triumvirate would seem to justify—namely, that the senatorial opposition to railroad rate regulation will be obliged to yield in the end and pass the Hepburn-Dolliver bill.

In the meantime the eyes of the people thruout the country will be focused upon the senate, and if railroad rate regulation is not incorporated into law in accordance with the president's plan, there will be no lack of clear understanding on the part of the people as to what individuals, and, for that matter, what party is responsible for the failure. The republicans have a strong majority in the senate and cannot escape liability for the performances of that body. If the republican majority is willing to let Mr. Aldrich and Mr. Elkins control their action on great questions of vital interest to the country at large, the republican party will have to take the consequences.

A little burglar insurance makes a man quite comfortable at 2 a.m.—unless the baby breaks in.

Insurgency and Business.

That politics is politics and not always consistent with public business is evidenced by the sad plight of Congressman Babcock of Wisconsin. A few days ago Babcock was the proud, strutting leader of a militant insurrection in the house. Today he is like Napoleon on board the Bellerophon. He is alive, but doesn't know it. He walks about the corridors a disarmed and booted foe. The broadest part of his anatomy is so tender that he does not care to sit down. This is the personal side of the matter, and it interests nobody particularly except Babcock.

But there is another side. Babcock is chairman of an important committee, that on the District of Columbia. In addition to being a congressman he is the city council of Washington. He is fifteen aldermen rolled in one. The city of Washington requires considerable legislation. The president asks for smoke consumers, Dr. Adams demands a wife-beater law and the chief of police wants authority to keep common people off the congressional grass. Ordinarily Babcock would swing down the aisle, hold up two fingers to Uncle Joe and pass these bills, but today Joseph cannot see him afar off or close up. The district chairman is less than a page. He is scarcely a flyleaf at the back of the book. Here is where politics and public business find that their interests are not necessarily mutual. Babcock the insurgent is not Babcock the district chairman, but politics does not differentiate them. The one goes with the other, and the public business assigned the chairman lags because the insurgent movement proved abortive.

We trust that Babcock will be forgiven and Washington in due time get its wife-beater bill, also its smoke consumers.

The south wind this morning indicates that the ice trust again has the laugh on the coal trust.

Our Wage-Earning Population.

The state factory inspectors found 38,236 wage-earners in Minneapolis during 1905, and reviewed the conditions surrounding their work. No one claims that this comes anywhere near the total number of wage-earners in the city. It merely counts those in establishments of sufficient size to be inspected. It will surprise many to learn that fourteen department stores have a larger number of employees than any one manufacturing industry in the city. The flour mills come next. Woodworking establishments, if all counted together, would lead everything with their 5,775 employees, but they are divided among several industries, and the sawmills themselves had only 1,721 on their payrolls last year.

There are some interesting figures in the report. Boys and girls under 16 numbered 833 in the different employments, or more than 2 per cent of the total number, and nearly one-fourth of the whole number were women and girls over 16. The child labor question is one watched with great care by the authorities, and children under 16 are not allowed to leave school for work unless there is the greatest necessity. Yet the report shows that 833 such children were forced by dire necessity to earn a pittance to help the family. Usually the wages are so small as to seem hardly worth while. The labor commissioner has found the average wage of children in Minnesota to be about $1.50. Yet there are many families in Minneapolis where that $1.50 a week represents the difference between existence and starvation. Sick wives who have been abandoned by heartless husbands are dependent on some tiny worker, and in other homes the breadwinner is disabled and a child's work must eke out their little substance till brighter days. The dependent ones are to be pitied, but so are the children deprived of childhood and of their birthright to school training. Some day human kindness will manifest itself more effectively than now, and children will not be forced prematurely into the world.

The report shows that a small army, no less than 2,196 persons, habitually work by night. Such a wage-earning population would support a city larger than Mankato. Of the number given 791 work in the flour mills, and 351 worked at night during the sawmill season. A force of 1,760 people work regularly on Sundays, and the majority of these are also found in the flour mills.

The visits of delegations of railroad employees to Washington to protest against the passage of a rate regulation bill on the score that such legislation will be likely to result in lowering their wages have not been very numerous of late. If anyone had ever taken any stock in that argument against railroad rate regulation, he would have had difficulty in reconciling it with the tremendous activity in railroad building during the past year, the prospective increase in mileage during the coming year and the unprecedented demand for railroad equipment. Evidently the railroads themselves are not anticipating any slump in business or any conditions where the carrying trade will not be highly profitable. They know well enough that no government commission is going to interfere unjustly with the earning power of the railroads, and that if they imposed any conditions that were unreasonable those conditions would not long endure.

One of the boldest bits of railway engineering in the world has just been completed up the Wetterhorn in Switzerland. This road is literally hung in the air like a spider's web. It connects the elevated hamlet of Gleckstein with the valley beneath by means of a series of strong metallic cables, which hold the rails suspended in midair. It was designed by M. Feldnau. This is near enough to flying so that one can fall out fatally if he cares for that kind of thing.

In the recent Town Topics trial in New York the Rev. C. W. de Lyon Nichols, former Episcopal clergyman, described himself as a society expert and the "originator of the national smart set idea." He had reduced the number of persons in the United States "eligible for an invitation from Mrs. Astor" to 600. This seems to show that some of the clergy, in the east at least, do not have enough to do to keep them employed.

With the example of Colonel Mann hung high in the heavens Representative Babcock still declares that he will immediately bring a suit against the publishers of Collier's Weekly for republishing the charge made by Oscar T. Crosby that he was held up for $5,000 for campaign purposes before a bill in which he was interested was allowed to pass congress. It is well to have the light of day turned on some of these charges.

Mr. Fairbanks has found the means of warming up the senate. The members are so hostile at what his paper said about cleaning out the senate that they are about ready to take away the vice president's $1,000 inkstand and give it to the superintendent of the waste-paper department.

Mayor Bidaman was acquitted by a vote of 5 to 4 aldermen of the charge of obstructing the enforcement of the laws in Terre Haute. The vindication appears to have been grateful to the mayor, and as much as he could expect under the circumstances.

The Atchison Globe claims that the man who walks for exercise is as big a liar as a fisherman. But this man usually makes good. What he adds to the distance traveled he subtracts from the time taken.

The funeral of Abbot Blunt occurred today. As a rule men have few enemies after they are dead, but Abbot did not have an enemy when he was living. Every man he met was his friend from that time on.

Mr. Hadley reports that he has learned all he wants to know in New York and Cleveland. Rogers will doubtless use this admission as an argument why he should not be compelled to answer.

Do you suppose anything is going to happen to Kentucky, say prohibition, or pen paralysis for Colonel Watterson? Recently the head of the Henry Clay statue fell off.

Mark Twain's hair stopped the proceedings of congress, but the output of J. T. Mannix, if mobilized, would stop a runaway or a cold wave.

The Hon. Grover Cleveland considered "Fads and Fancies" an admirable literary work. It probably contained an exciting chapter on fishing.

That man who made the automobile mile in 28 1-5 seconds was going some, but we are disappointed that he didn't loop any loop.

Governor Johnson must be mistaken in saying that Depew is a joke in Minnesota. It is some time since he ceased to be even that.

The Irreducible Minimum has not made its appearance at Algeciras, but the sultan of Morocco suspects that he is it.

The testimony taken by the Armstrong committee is to be published at an expense of $20,000. It is worth it.

IN MEMORIAM—ABBOTT BLUNT

"A Pardlike Spirit, Beautiful."

Across the purple hills of Dawn
He took his joy-companioned way,
By lovelier dreams lured on and on
In quest of Death's diviner day.

And as he indolently whiled
His singing journey, so serene,
He turned his head to us and smiled—
How beautiful it must have been.

He waved his hand to us—and so,
With laughter in his visioned eyes,
We saw him turn away and go
Toward the slopes of Paradise.

And little Children led the way
And wove of flowers a diadem
To crown him in their eager play—
They knew that he was one of them.

Here where he was, a loneliness
Is wrapped about the hearts of men
Who loved his gentleness—a stress
Of loss they shall not know again.

His life was like a soothing strain
Of music poured across the waste
Contagion of Earth's hurrying pain—
An utterance of divine unhaste.

His life was like a little brook
That whispers softly all night long
And blesses some sequestered nook
Far from the noises of the throng.

His life was like a drifting dream
That eases some acute despair—
A little blush-rose by a stream
That leaves a fragrance on the air.

Whither he went the way is long,
But ever his love comes laughing back—
Ever his old-time greetings throng
Far down his spirit's star-strewn track.

His absence leaves no doubt with us—
No severed hopes, no riven faith;
He gladly went with Death, and thus
We know the tenderness of Death.

And still beside my twilight fire
I keep for him a resting-place
Where, on some sleepless night, Desire
May brood on his returning face

In hours when high imaginings
Toward the stars are outward bound—
When Silence holds the truth of things
Safe from the crumbling touch of sound—

In those Illumined Quietudes
That search the tragic deeps of time,
Till Memory's shifting mortal moods
Are quickened into Faith sublime!

When Human cries to the Divine,
And longing leaps to catch the light,
The joy of his white soul shall shine
Across the mitigated Night

Far thru the tangled stars to blaze
A path whereon we still may keep
The comradeship of dear dead days
Beyond this little Hour of Sleep.

Just as of old the romping play
That held us from the world apart,
So shall we laugh along the way,
Still hand in hand and heart to heart.

Until I find him waiting there,
Where comes no setting of the sun—
Where Love no longer weeps, and where
The Dreamer and the Dream are one.

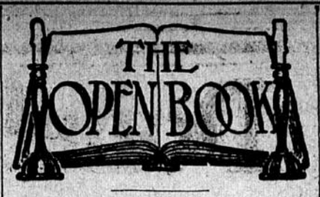
—Laurence C. Hodgson.

Jan. 30, 1906.

WHY NOT?

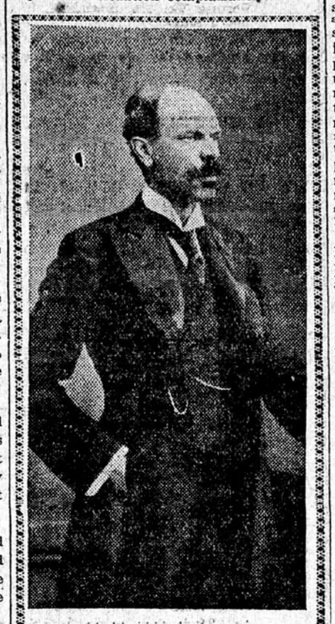
When you get longing, longing so
To just drop everything and go
Way out of town where blossoms blow,
And clouds are trailing 'way down low,
Why, then you ought to go.

—New York American.



By W. P. Kirkwood.

THE TALE OF A BELATED NIGHT ERRANT.—Maurice Hewlett's The Fool Errant is the story of a knight errant who came into the world several centuries too late to find wholly congenial company. He was English, of a high sense of honor and chivalry, but lacking in a sense of humor; everything with him had to be decided "upon its merits"; there was a Quixotic seriousness about him, the he fought no windmills; he adored women, beautiful women especially, and was ever ready to defend their honor with his sword, which he used very effectively. This young man went to Italy—it was in the early part of the eighteenth century—to attend the University of Padua. Italy in those days was a place of fallen moral standards, among both men and women. The honor of woman was a thing to be preyed upon rather than defended, and women accepted the situation complaisantly.



MAURICE HEWLETT.
Author of "The Fool Errant."

Into this land and into the home of one of his professors went the "fool," there to become the adorer of the professor's wife, in due time making a declaration of his adoration in passionate terms. It was the act of a moment of weakness. He repented immediately and was filled with remorse that he should have presumed to approach the object of his love with a declaration. But it was too late; complications were already afoot. His chivalric efforts to make amends were only misunderstood, making the tangle worse and worse, until near the end the professor's wife reproached him thus:

It is not enough, it appears, that you make love to me, but you must tell my husband all about it. It is not enough that my husband drives me out of doors and that you refuse to come with me—no, but you must wander about by yourself, telling all the world what you have done. It is not enough that you make me love you, but you must needs intrigue with a low-born girl, a thing of naught. And now you come galloping into Florence again, and you—you—oh, heavens, I have no patience left to speak of such things.

The fool errant sticks to his dreams of honor and chivalry, however, and they win him peace and contentment tho far from the palaces, the pleasures and the intrigues of the rich.

Mr. Hewlett has made a peculiarly interesting story of the material glimpsed above. It deals with historical conditions not pleasant to look upon, but not without rare opportunities for romancing hard for a novelist to resist. Indeed, it would have been a pity had Mr. Hewlett resisted, for his book is literature of permanent merit.

The Macmillan company, New York. $1.50.

WHAT SHOULD DETERMINE THE PRICE OF A BOOK?—In the "Easy Chair" of the February Harper's, Mr. Howells takes up the interesting discussion of the commercialization of literature. "Literature is not commercialized, even in the greedy souls of its authors," he says. "It cannot be commercialized, unless it is made to sell, with an eye single to its sale. As for the publisher's or the bookseller's methods, they are not yet enough commercialized, they are not yet truly business methods. In most other manufactures a well-known brand brings a better price than a brand ill-known or unknown. But in the book trade it is not so. A book by an author of established repute and unquestioned merit sells for no more than a book by an author of no literary excellence, or of no attested worth. The new author, the trashy author, sells for the same price as the author whose name is a measurable warrant of worth. Apparently the size, shape and quality of the material put into a book fix its value. There is no other standard known to the trade; and therefore it seems that its methods are not businesslike. The publishing, the selling of books need to be commercialized at a vital point. At present it is ridiculously naive."

BACON CRYPTOGRAMS IN SHAKSPERE.—Isaac Platt Hull has prepared a little volume of studies on the Bacon-Shakspere controversy, which he calls Bacon Cryptograms in Shakspere, and in which he pleads for fair play on the anti-Bacon supporters. He says they ought to be able to do something besides call names. He discusses the Bacon cryptogram in "Love's Labor Lost," the cryptogram in the quartos, the probable relation of William Shaksper to the Shake-speare plays, the testimony of the first folio, Lang's defense and other questions.

Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

"DAUGHTERS OF THE PURITANS"—By Seth Curtis Beach, is made up of brief biographies of Catherine Maria Sedgwick, Mary Lovell Ware, Lydia Maria Child, Dorothea Lynde Dix, Sarah Margaret Fuller Ossoli, Harriet Beecher Stowe and Louisa May Alcott. The sketches, even to those familiar with the subject, will be a source of pleasure. To those less informed it will convey much information in the most delightful style of biographical writing.

American Unitarian association, Boston. $1.10 net.

THE MAGAZINES

The February Atlantic presents an unusual variety of timely articles. Nathaniel S. Shaler, the veteran geologist and man of letters, contributes a notable paper upon exploration, setting forth something of the history of exploration in the past and pointing out its present status as a science. William Everett contributes a searching study of the present status and effectiveness of the United States senate. There is a helpful article upon "Industrial Securities as Investments," by Charles A. Conant, treasurer of the Morton Trust company. Jesse W. Weik has an able paper upon the independent telephone movement. There is an interesting summary of the important events of the year in a letter from Mexico by Frederic R. Guernsey, editor of the Mexican Herald. Among the literary and historical papers especially notable are the first of Andrew D. White's remarkable historical studies of the statesmanship of Turgot; "Pianists Now and Then," by W. J. Henderson; and "Eliana, the Latest Windfall," by W. C. Hazlitt, which contains an interesting set of letters of Charles Lamb which have never before been in print. There are some excellent storis by such writers as Maarten Maartens, Latta Griswold and Henry A. Beers, and poetry by Henry van Dyke and Fannie S. Davis.

What an Insurance Law Could Do.—Certain changes in the law can help make life insurance what it should be, the wider public knowledge must be the basis both for the law and for the improvements, says "Q. P." in The World's Work for February. The law can make it easier to understand what one pays for when he buys a life insurance policy, and to prevent his being swindled by false representations.

The law can offer only part of the remedy, but it can do this:

Forbid a life insurance company from selling anything except pure life insurance policies; prescribe a standard policy, simple and intelligible; require every policy to state on its face both the total premium and the items which go to make up that total—the mortality charge, the reserve and the amount added to meet the expenses; require that all savings in mortality, collections and interest on the reserve assets be credited annually on the next premium that will fall due; apply the savings bank law to the investment of life insurance assets; stop the robbery of unfortunate policy holders in surrender values, and make life insurance irrevocable.

"What Shall Hayti's Future Be?" by Eugene P. Lyle, Jr.; "Marvels of Photography," by Henry W. Lanier; "Frank Damrosch and a Great School of Music," by E. N. Vallandigham; "The Diplomatic Masters of Europe"; "A City's Fight for Beauty," by Henry Schott; "The Senate Special Interests," by Henry Beach Needham—these and other things make a number of high standard.

The Outing Magazine for February is a Pacific coast number. It has a distinctively western flavor from the start. The cover design is a miner panning gold and the frontispiece a prospector following his packed burro down the mountain trail. Both are by J. N. Marchand and are in color. Other illustrations in color are reproductions of two of Ferdinand Lungren's best paintings of the mountains and deserts of the great west.

Among the articles especially devoted to the Pacific coast are the following: "The Twentieth Century Argonauts," by Ralph D. Paine; "Into the Serene Valley (Yosemite)," by Gouverneur Morris; "The Northwest Gateway of Our Commerce," by Francis A. Cushman; "The California Vintage," by Charles F. Holder; "Where Rolls the Oregon," by Harris Lloyd; "The Americanism of the Last West," by D. H. Brock, and "The Folk of the Puget Country," by Day Allan Willey. Many of these articles are brilliantly illustrated from photographs of the human interest kind.

AMUSEMENTS

Foyer Chat.

The refreshing musical cocktail, "Piff, Paff, Pouf," which has been entertaining thousands of local playgoers at the Metropolitan, will have its last performance in this city tonight.

The attraction at the Metropolitan for the last half of this week will be an up-to-date edition of the famous extravaganza, "The Wizard of Oz," with Montgomery and Stone in their original roles. Mr. Stone, who perhaps has no living equal as an eccentric dancer, will delight the admirers of his terpsichorean agility with a new Indian dance, in which the big chorus of stunning girls, dressed as cowboys and Indian squaws, will participate. Mr. Montgomery also has a new comic ditty, "Would You Like to Go Halves on That?" which is said to be quite the funniest song he has yet perpetrated.

Israel Zangwill could not have struck the popular fancy in a better way than by writing his mirth-provoking comedy with music, "The Serio-Comic Girl," which is to be seen at the Metropolitan for the half week opening next Sunday, with Nellie Beaumont and Richard F. Carroll in the stellar roles. Seats for this attraction will be placed on sale tomorrow.

George Ade, whose generally acclaimed masterpiece, "The College Widow," comes to the Metropolitan for three nights and Saturday matinee, beginning Thursday, Feb. 8, is in Egypt gathering material for a new play. This is rather ominous, and unpleasantly so, for Mr. Ade's admirers have hoped that he would stick closely to American types and environment, of which he is the master draughtsman of all time. But perhaps Mr. Ade intends to take a bunch of Americans mummy hunting in his next.

The romantic drama, conceived in a spirit of glorious adventure and rare old comedy, "The Master at Arms," which is being presented at the Lyceum this week, is drawing immense audiences to that theater. The play introduces all of the Lyceum's favorites, Ralph Stuart, Henriette Browne, Laura E. Lang, Lewis Stone, Charles Rowan, Luke Conness, Charles Lindholm and Mabel Wright.

One of the prettiest exhibitions of skill and daring ever attempted in a local theater is the act of the flying Du Bell at the Unique this week. Other high-class specialties are presented by Wells and Wells, singers and dancers; Dollie Wells, the young lady cartoonist, and by Perry, the dancing violinist.

The Wilson trio, who are at the Orpheum theater this week carrying off a goodly share of the honors, have one of the best light comedy vehicles seen here for a long time. The trio is composed of two men and a fascinating young woman who wears a princess gown of crepe de chine, whose tints run from salmon pink to deep red, and whose effect upon the women in the audience is to make them turn green with envy. The gown is from France, but the woman is of America. One of the two men has mastered the art of yodeling until it is doubtful if his equal exists on the vaudeville stage. His comedy work is good and he makes a tremendous hit by singing German parodies upon "popular songs of the day."

Mile. Chester's statue dog, for whose equal $10,000 is offered, will be one of the most startling features of next week's bill at the Orpheum theater.

The famous detective play, "Sherlock Holmes," dramatized by William Gillette from one of Sir A. Conan Doyle's unpublished stories, is meeting with great success at the Bijou, and playing to large audiences nightly. The company is the best that has appeared here in a long time in a piece that was first made popular by a prominent star, and the scenic and electrical effects are excellent.

"A Runaway Boy," with Joseph Santley, the well-known boy actor, opens at the Bijou Sunday afternoon for a week's engagement. The play is a new one written expressly for him by Hal Reid. The management has provided an extensive and elaborate scenic production, and the company is said to be competent.

Minnesota Politics

Walter Lemon Announces His Candidacy for Clerk of Supreme Court—Clague Will Have Clear Field for Senator to Succeed Somerville—Bede's Appointment Troubles—Southwestern Counties Have Been Slighted.

Walter T. Lemon has sent out his formal announcement as a candidate for clerk of the supreme court, stating his legislative experience and qualifications as an attorney. He refers inquirers to the house journal or to any house member for further information. C. A. Pidgeon, who is just closing his first four-year term, will be a candidate for renomination, but is not in any hurry to make his announcement.

A funny argument is being used for Pidgeon's retirement. It is claimed that he has saved money from the office, which is supposed to be worth $10,000 or $12,000 a year in fees. If he had managed to keep himself "broke," then of course he would have to be renominated. But politicians have no business to save money.

Frank Clague has announced himself a candidate for the senatorial nomination in the nineteenth senatorial district, now represented by George W. Somerville of Sleepy Eye. The Lamberton man seems certain to romp thru without opposition, as James A. Larson has reconsidered his intention to run. Clague should prove a worthy successor to Somerville, who has been a senate leader for eight years, and if he wants to, can probably have eight years himself. He has had two terms of legislative experience and is an able lawyer, and has always been given credit for being "right" and honestly representing his constituents. He did not emerge from his term as speaker as strong as he went in, but it was not because any one lost faith in his principles or sincerity. It was because he did not prove to be politician enough to keep the good will of his 118 colleagues thru the session.

The new register of the Duluth land office, Judge J. C. Herman Engel, hails from Anoka, where J. Adam Bede's fences need fixing, but he is still dallying with the receivership. A. L. Hamilton of the Aitkin Republican, who claims to have a promise of the place, has about given up hope of landing, and Bede seems only to be hesitating between Duluth candidates. The rest of the district is quietly waiting to see some good man from Duluth pull down the persimmon. Dire rumors of a coming eruption in the district keep rumbling around, but the opposition seems not to have secured a candidate. W. E. Culkin is the only man mentioned, and it is very doubtful whether he will undertake the job.

C. C. Dinehart of Slayton, who wants to be state treasurer, is busy lining up the second district. He has been quoted as saying that the district has no state office now. That is not just what he said. He claims to represent eight southwestern counties that have never had a state office. Brown county has had a state treasurer, Bobleter, and Faribault county a secretary of state, F. P. Brown, while Blue Earth now has W. E. Young of Mankato on the railroad commission. The other eight counties of the second district, however, have not had any state office in the past generation.

—Charles B. Cheney.

ATHLETE LOVES WORK DESPITE THE DANGER

"Danger never stops an enthusiast," said Harry J. DuBell, the remarkable athlete who is the headliner at the Unique this week. "I've had tumbles enough to kill a dozen men and yet here I am, doing the same dare-devil, foolhardy tricks that some day will put me out of business for all time."

DuBell is known as "The Flying DuBell," and his act consists of some beautiful work on a single trapeze. Following the rage for something new which actuates all vaudeville performers, he has invented a new act which is terrifying to the performer, no matter how often he attempts it, altho it looks simple enough to an audience. The act is known as the "giant heel swing," and shows the performer with his feet fastened to the trapeze bar whirling around and around with startling rapidity.

"The stoutest apparatus that I can devise," said he, "can hardly keep me from realizing what a dangerous trick it is. And I've had a lot of bad falls. In '96 I nearly killed myself in La Crosse, and laid unconscious for several days. I was also injured at Keith's theater in Boston, at Baker's theater in Portland. In fact I have had tumbles enough to make me dread the sight of a trapeze, but I could not give up the work. There is a fascination about it I can't understand."

KUBELIK IN CHICAGO

Audiences Go Wild Over Violin Maestro's Superb Playing.

Kubelik, the little Bohemian violinist, is approaching Minneapolis as rapidly as his engagements will permit, and his progress reads like a leaf from a fairy tale. Last Saturday he gave two concerts at the Auditorium in Chicago to 9,000 people, and the enthusiasm was so intense as to astonish the most inveterate of blase Chicago entertainment goers.

The reports of the critics in the Chicago papers read like romances. They are comparing Kubelik's face and head to Beethoven's. One says, that success, if it has increased his confidence has not taken away his modesty. They all agree that he has grown from the technician and virtuoso into the virile artist, with the fire of genius.

It was with reluctance that at the close of the program the young artist, weary with fatigue after his exertions in playing the most stupendous things in all the repertory of violin music, and responding to frequent calls for iterated encores, was permitted to depart. The enthusiam was tremendous. Handkerchiefs fluttered in the air and cries of "bravo" were heard on all sides.

Kubelik's Minneapolis engagement is set for Friday evening of this week at Plymouth church. Good seats can still be secured at the Metropolitan music store, altho they are in strong demand.

MRS. NEWEL'S FUNERAL

Wife of Former Minister to The Hague Laid to Rest.

The funeral of Mrs. Helen F. Newel, wife of Stanford Newel, former United States minister to The Hague, was held at 2 p.m. today from the family residence, 251 Dayton avenue, St. Paul, Rev. Theodore Sedgwick of the Church of St. John the Evangelist officiating. Interment was at Oakland cemetery.

The active pallbearers were C. W. Gordon, Jared How, Harold B. Bend, Louis W. Hill, F. G. Ingersoll, Charles L. Spencer, Webster Wheelock, W. H. Lightner. Honorary pallbearers: Richards Gordon, Henry D. Upham, Thomas D. Wilson, J. J. Watson, C. W. Bunn and E. A. Young.

City News

LIBERAL UNION MEETS

MRS. E. H. SCOFIELD IS ELECTED PRESIDENT FOR ENSUING YEAR AND REPORTS READ.

The annual meeting of the Liberal Union of Minnesota Women was held yesterday in the parlors of the Church of the Redeemer. Mrs. Frank R. Chase, the outgoing president, presided over the meeting, and after the customary devotional service and prayer the reports were given.

Mrs. E. H. Scofield was elected president for the coming year, and the vice-presidents, who together with the president form the executive board, were chosen as follows: Mrs. Frank L. Washburn, Unitarian church; Mrs. Way, All Souls church; Mrs. C. C. Leyford, Church of the Redeemer; Mrs. E. E. Austin, Tuttle church; Mrs. E. E. Norman, Nazareth church; Rev. Mr. Harrington, Unity church, St. Paul; L. W. French, Universalist church, St. Paul; Mrs. Clark, Unity church, St. Cloud; Miss C. E. Clark, First Unitarian church, Albert Lea; Mrs. George F. Patterson, Grace church, Rochester; Mrs. F. L. Rypins, Mount Zion church; and Mrs. L. J. Washburn, Unitarian church, Duluth.

Reports from the churches were given by Mmes. Camp, Unity church; Mrs. L. H. Russell, All Souls church; Mrs. O'Donnell, Church of the Redeemer; Mrs. E. E. Austin, Tuttle church; Mrs. Randolph, Unity church, St. Paul; Mrs. Taylor, Universalist church, St. Paul; Miss Clarke, Unitarian church, St. Cloud. The treasurer, Mrs. Frederick Washburn, gave a condensed report of the finances and stated that there was $10.78 in the treasury. The dues were collected at the close of the meeting this afternoon, and the detailed and full report of the treasurer as well as that of the secretary will be given at the meeting of the executive board, when the election of treasurer and secretary will also take place. Professor Maria Sanford spoke on "Closer Fellowship," Miss Eugene Paulson gave a charming vocal solo, and Mrs. L. H. Russell read a poem, "Ladies' Aid."

The resolutions which had been drawn up by Mrs. M. D. O'Donnell and presented to Mayor Jones in an effort to make Minneapolis a cleaner city, and pledging the support of the Liberal union, was read by the secretary, as well as Mayor Jones' reply.

BOYS' HOBBY EXHIBIT

BOYS' DEPARTMENT OF Y. M. C. A. ANNUAL ENTERTAINMENT FRIDAY AND SATURDAY.

A unique idea has originated with the boys' department of the Y. M. C. A. of holding each year an exhibition of hobbies. It is estimated that there are nearly 10,000 schoolboys between the ages of 12 and 18 years. Probably every one of these boys has some sort of a hobby and the plan of this exhibition is to interest all the boys in the city to put to some practical use these hobbies, and at the same time to show parents and friends what boys can do and make.

The list has been grouped under photography, manual training, drawing, collections and miscellaneous. The prospects are good for many entries in all these lines of work. Edmund Brush will be judge in charge of the photography, Miss Emma Roberts of the drawing, and Professor J. E. Painter of the manual training.

First and second awards will be made in all of the groups and medals awarded to the successful competitors securing the largest number of points. Rentz Brothers have offered three special medals to be awarded to the boy having the best work in border designs, surface pattern designs and sheet-metal work, either copper or brass. J. B. Hudson and White & McNaught have each presented gold medals to be given to the boys securing the largest number of points. Weld Brothers have given medals to be awarded to the boys securing the second highest number of points.

The exhibit will be open to the public Friday and Saturday, Feb. 2 and 3, both afternoon and evening. In connection with the exhibit, the boys of the Y. M. C. A. will give an entertainment Friday evening. The program will consist of a comedy sketch entitled "The Sleeping Car," by W. D. Howells; selections by the Y. M. C. A. boys' orchestra and Douglas School orchestra; comic readings, vocal solos and other entertainment furnished entirely by boys. There will also be a gymnasium exhibition Saturday evening, Feb. 3, given by all the different gymnasium classes of the boy's department.

SAY SCHOOL IS UNSAFE

PARENTS OF ROSEDALE SCHOOL PUPILS COMPLAIN TO THE BOARD OF EDUCATION.

Complaint has been made to the board of education that the Rosedale school, Forty-third street and Williams avenue, is unsafe. A delegation of parents from the district declared that there was much fear over the apparent dangerous condition of the building. It was also pointed out that the school is badly overcrowded and that many of the pupils are on half-day sessions in consequence. A request was made for a modern brick building of twelve rooms. The matter was referred to a building committee.

A request from the residents of Prospect park that the school board join in the movement for the acquisition of Tower hill for a public park was not granted, as the school directors felt that the board should not interfere in this matter, altho approving the plan.

It was decided that all drinking cups in the public schools should be disinfected once a month by boiling in a sal soda solution.

In view of the proposed opening of a shorthand and typewriting course in the high schools, Dr. C. M. Jordan requested the board to make provisions for securing an adequate number of typewriters. He also urged that a school exhibit be collected for the state fair in September

It was decided that the board was not in position to make any appropriation at this time for vacation schools to be held next summer.

The following resignations of teachers were accepted: Grace B. Marsh, Central high; Mary E. Carpenter, Motley; Gertrude Peterson, Jackson; Edith M. Noyes, Prescott; Emma Solsrud, Van Cleve; R. L. Clark, Franklin.

A valuable dog wouldn't sell for 10 cents to a man who doesn't want a dog. And that is true with most anything else. The only expeditious way to find a man who wants to buy a dog is to speak to everybody in Minneapolis thru the want columns of The Journal. Those who are interested will respond. And it would be an uninteresting dog, indeed, that wouldn't suit anybody. Most anything you don't want can be sold at some price if properly advertised, because in Minneapolis nearly everybody reads The Journal.

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