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Root on Congo Conditions.

Secretary Root's reply to Representative Denby of Michigan is to the effect that we have no territorial rights in Africa which would give us a call to insist upon an investigation of the affairs of the Congo Free State, that if we did have sovereign rights there we could not submit them to an international tribunal.

Besides, the secretary adds, if we had a territory in Africa five times the area of the Philippines we might find good government difficult and come in for our share of just or unjust criticism. This sentence sounds like an apology for or exculpation of the Congo administration in advance.

The people of this country have always sympathized with the oppressed, and where they have been in earnest they have often found a way to secure intervention. The United States is busy just now regulating the affairs of Morocco in the Algeiras conference without any territorial rights in Africa. The Morocco case is nowhere near as grave as that of the Congo, and yet our government found not only the right but the duty to act. We are of opinion, Secretary Root to the contrary notwithstanding, that if the people earnestly demand it, the administration will find a way to wake up the European powers with reference to the Congo.

Let's put it up to the government, and put it up hard.

The Chinese had not heard anything about their disturbances of Feb. 23. The story came from the United States too late to organize the action called for.

From Prison to Cabinet.

Americans must feel a peculiar interest in John Burns, the labor member of the new British cabinet. His rise to headship of the municipal governments of the British isles is even more spectacular than the career of an American self-made man, and a lesson in the growth of democracy across the sea. For growth of democracy across the sea, John Burns, who a few weeks ago received the hand of King Edward and received his portfolio, once served three months in Pentonville prison, picking oakum, as punishment for addressing a public meeting of laboring men in Trafalgar square. Moreover, during the Boer war he openly declared his sympathy with the "under dog," and was hooted as a traitor by London mobs. From all these discouragements, John Burns, the workingman, rose by the power of the labor movement and his own force of character, to one of the proudest positions in England.

W. T. Stead contributes an illuminating sketch of Burns to the Saturday Evening Post. The man is not yet fifty, and went from school to labor in a factory when only ten; yet he is recognized today as one of the foremost orators of England. He has learned the trade of a working engineer, and could make his living at it today, but as a natural leader of the labor element his entire time has long been devoted to that cause. He was elected to the London county council when released from jail, and has served in that body seventeen years. Fourteen years he has represented Battersea in parliament. He has been a leader in the London movement for municipal ownership of the forms of transportation and other utilities. That movement, hitherto blocked by the cabinet, has its own sponsor now in the president of the local governing boards.

Burns is abused by former socialist comrades for taking office under the king, but he has been in all things a cool-headed, practical man, and he joined forces with the liberal ministry for the purpose of gaining some of the important ends for which he used to plead in Trafalgar square. His first act was to appoint a committee to publish the public accounts of cities, so taxpayers may know what is going on. On all social questions he is the prime minister's chief adviser, and his influence in the ministry will be a power for the common people of England. In their interest he opposes jingoism and large armaments, and in their interest he has fought against Chamberlain's proposition for a duty on foodstuffs.

Burns is an object lesson to public men. He has been radical, but with something practical always at the fore,

and has always been true to the principles he declares. With no capital but brains and integrity he has progressed from the prisoner's dock to a ministry. "Honor and shame from no condition rise."

Mr. Frick suspects his politics did not come right.

Hearst, Thorn in the Flesh.

W. R. Hearst, who has recently returned from a trip to Mexico, is already the storm center of New York state politics. His municipal ownership organization has been broadened into the Independence league, and it is expected he will soon announce himself a candidate for governor of New York. At the same time he is still a candidate for mayor of New York in that he has not abandoned the effort to have the ballot boxes opened and the votes recounted. The attempt to do this failed in the court of appeals, which decided that there was nothing in the law which authorized the court to resolve itself into a board of canvassers. But the constitution makes the assembly the judge of the election and qualification of its own members, and by attacking the seats of a number of Tammany assemblymen the Hearstites have hopes of bringing on a recount, which will show at least inferentially what was the real status of the mayoral vote in the same precincts.

Mr. Hearst would perhaps rather have the office of mayor than to have the office handed him, for if he were declared mayor of New York he would have to serve out his four-year term. If he resigned he would be under the responsibility of handing the office back to Tammany in the person of a typical Tammany tough who was elected president of the board of sidewalkers and who would succeed to the mayoralty.

Hearst's contest for the mayoralty is then to be looked upon more as an effort to make political capital than as a serious effort to seize the office to which he was probably elected. His ambition is transferred to the larger field of state politics, where he will come in contact with Platt, Odell, Higgins and the rest of the republican leaders, who are getting along very poorly among themselves.

And George Washington never declined to answer "upon advice of counsel."

The Type of Canal.

The president, in transmitting the letter of the secretary of war and the report of the consulting engineers and the isthmian commission, commits himself to the lock canal.

There was a curious division on the subject. A majority of the consulting board favored a sea-level canal, but a majority of the American engineers on the board were for a lock canal. A large majority of the commission favored the lock canal, as did the chief engineer and the secretary of war, who have been reinforced by the president.

There are two classes of questions to be considered in deciding on the kind of canal, one temporary, the other permanent. Among the temporary questions are such as the cost and the length of time required for the work. In the permanent considerations are such as the cost of maintenance, the time ships may make in the canal and the feasibility of enlargement. It seems to be granted that a lock canal can be built quicker and cheaper than a sea-level canal. One would naturally suppose the case was the opposite. But the digging of a canal is not the spading of a ditch across a garden. There is no such thing as a sea-level canal, that is, an open drain free from locks. There must be locks at either end to control the ocean tides. These will be immensely expensive in either type of canal, but more so in the sea-level type. Other difficulties in the way of a sea-level canal are the control of the Chagres river so that it will not overflow into the ditch and ruin it; the tremendous Culabra cut and the shoring up of its sides so as to make them safe.

The opinions given in favor of the sea-level canal by the foreign engineers were undoubtedly backed up by substantial reasons. On the other hand, it must not be overlooked that American engineers are some very competent engineers, and it is significant that they are so strongly for a lock canal.

The people of this country are for a canal. They are willing to take the opinion of experts as to the kind. They want a canal. There has been considerable public money spent on the strip without accomplishing a great deal except the row over Wallace, which never was worth while, and now the people would like to see the matter begun all over again and in a businesslike manner. Congress, of course, will have to be consulted. Congress may decide on the type of canal or it may refer the matter back to the commission with power. This would be practically a decision for a lock canal.

Tillman and the president are beginning to discover that they both mean all right.

The Crime of Doing Nothing.

Dr. Johnson of Boston made effective use Sunday night of the story of Dives and Lazarus in his appeal for intervention by our government in behalf of the oppressed people of the Congo Free State. He pictured Dives in all his luxury, unconcerned about Lazarus, who lay at his gate, or about anything or anybody else that did not minister to his pleasure. He was selfishness, indolence, ease and indifference to the wants or the interests of others in the supreme degree. Lazarus, who lay at his gate, was glad to eat of the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table. Dives went hence and is pictured by the sacred writer as in torment, begging pitifully that even Lazarus might come and wet the tip of his tongue with water. "What had Dives done?" exclaimed Dr. Johnson with emphasis. And his answer was, "Nothing! Nothing! Not even so much as the dogs which licked Lazarus' sores."

For Dives read United States and

all other peoples rich, happy, prosperous and free, and for Lazarus, the miserable wretches under the rule of Leopold in the Congo State. The argument was complete.

Iowa's "same fourth" bill, which has passed the house, prohibits the sale or use of toy pistols and caps in the future and limits the size of firecrackers. The firecracker as big as a saw-log that just waits around until it can take off somebody's leg is a distinct menace. Cracker should be limited in size to those that take off a small boy's thumb and forefinger.

President Castro says that he will humble France, break up the Monroe doctrine, clear out the French from Venezuela and then start on Americans, Englishmen and Germans, who, he declares, are worse than Chinese. It is clear from the policy mapped out here that Castro will have his hands full for several months.

Sioux Falls reports that the western portion of Minnehaha county and the eastern portion of McCook county seeded a little wheat last week. The frost was out of the ground for two or three inches, and the way the seed reached for the soil was something surprising. Look out for a bumper crop.

Governor Cummins of Iowa has formally announced that he is a candidate for re-election and will base his campaign upon further railroad control. If the democrats do the logical thing, they will vote for Cummins as a party. A great many of them will vote for him as individuals anyway.

Leslie's Weekly can hardly believe that the Pittsburg millionaires bought all of the \$36,000,000 worth of diamonds that America imported last year. Well, hardly. There were ninety-seven hotels built in New York in 1905, and each one had a new 18-karat clerk.

Pittsburg, which gave Roosevelt 25,000 majority, elected a democratic mayor by 12,000. Evidently the Tribune still has a great work ahead of it, when it has finished with Minnesota.

A plant is being erected in Norway to extract fertilizers from the air. We have long felt that these cigars must throw off something of that kind into the atmosphere.

Thirty years ago Kansas newspapers were booming Senator Ingalls for the vice presidency. Then came the "iridescent dream" statement and Ingalls went out of politics.

A cheerful, not to say humorous, physician advised Susan B. Anthony to "take a long rest." If Miss Anthony is the girl we take her to be, she slapped that doctor.

The antirenting bill has been favorably reported in Ohio. A man is, however, still allowed to treat himself, and this is where much of the damage is done.

Heavy Villain Aldrich of Rhode Island, as the country saw him manacled and led away, hissed between his clenched teeth, "follod again."

Taft admits that Washington was a great man as Roosevelt and this ought to satisfy every sincere admirer of either president.

Campbell-Bannerman has indicated to the Irish that they can have home rule if they will consent to call it by some other name.

One of the midshipmen hazed has been dropped because of deficiencies in his studies, due probably to cruel hazing.

Here is hoping Iowa will make a much better use of its opportunities with Pat Crowe than Nebraska did.

WHOSE TRUST IS GORED?

Girard (Kan.) Press. The last number of the Appeal to Reason contained the following, showing how wicked the steel trust is:

"The net earnings of the United States Steel corporation—a benevolent institution—were \$31,000,000 for the past year. This is about \$125,000,000 a year—or several times the original amount invested in the steel and iron business."

In the same issue of the Appeal appears an article about the Girard Cereal company, an Appeal to Reason institution, from which we quote. After stating that the biggest day's business done had been something over \$200, it continued:

"As a rule, we are not long in making a record-breaking day a regular thing. As soon as we are able to make \$300 receipts a regular thing, we will be able to pay about \$20 annual dividends on each share of stock, or twice each year the amount you have invested. On a share costing you \$10 you would receive in dividends \$20 annually. When the receipts run to \$400 a day (we ought to reach that by this time next year) you would receive \$40 each year as dividends on your \$10 investment. We believe we are conservative in these estimates."

Oh! the wicked, wicked steel trust!

JUST BUILT THAT WAY There's no use of raisin' a hullabaloo. 'Cause people exist unequal to you. There's all kinds o' bosses an' all kinds o' corn.

An' all kinds of people, as sure as you're born. Some bosses is gentle an' willin' an' kind. An' some needs a battle before they will mind. There's no use complainin' an' blamin' the lot; Some people are righteous, an' others are not. —Washington Star.

THIS DAY IN HISTORY

ONE YEAR AGO Feb. 26, 1905—New Orleans—\$5,000,000 fire destroys export terminals on water front. Niu-Chuang—Japanese begin to shell Mukden.

TEN YEARS AGO Feb. 26, 1896—Minneapolis—Rev. David Tice dies. Seeding for spring wheat begun in the northwest.

FEB. 26 IN OTHER YEARS 1643—Indians of Hoboken, N. J., massacred by the Dutch. 1775—Troops sent to Salem, Mass., to seize cannon. 1800—John B. Purcell, archbishop of Cincinnati, born. 1819—William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill), born. 1856—Costa Rica declared war against Walker, the filibuster.

Weeks of the amendment passed by both houses of congress, giving outrage to negroes.

Minnesota Politics

Overzealous Friends of Jacobson Called Down by Frank Eddy—Shook Boom for Congress Taken Up by Atkin Paper—Early Convention Again.

"The Jacobson or Johnson" talk indulged in by some friends of the man from Lac qui Parle is rebuked by Frank Eddy, who says in his Sauk County Herald:

If ever a man would be justified in praying, "O Lord, deliver us from our foul friends, we can take care of our enemies ourselves," Jacobson is that man. In common with a host of other Minnesota republicans we are a sincere admirer of "Jake." We regard him as a splendid specimen of rugged Rooseveltian republicanism. We are of the opinion that more republicans would like to see him lead the ticket than any man yet mentioned, but if he permits his fool friends to raise the cry "Jacobson or Johnson," those who favor the other candidates will take them at their word and—Johnson.

The talk of running Captain F. M. Shook of Atkin for congress against Bede, referred to in this column a few days ago, is taken up by the Atkin Republican, which declares the situation entirely favorable. A friend of Captain Shook declares that the recent municipal election in Duluth shot Bede's organization to pieces, and that he is losing his grip on the district because of hostility to the president's legislative program, referring probably the statehood bill. The man who beats Bede, he says, must come from outside Duluth. Atkin wants a congressman to land the Pine Knoll cut-off canal appropriation.

The Man Behind the Magazine. In the light of this Mr. McClure's personality is a thing well worthy of notice. A sketch of this editor, whose magazine grew out of McClure's newspaper syndicate. For years Mr. McClure read daily newspapers from several different countries. In this wide reading he found interesting suggestions regarding material. He is finding more and more suggestions every day; he comes to his office in the morning with his pockets crammed full of newspaper clippings that he has culled out from newspapers with his pocket knife when on route to his home to his office. To the superficial observer, these often contain little suggestion for magazine articles; but hidden away in the little clippings of perhaps three or four lines, Mr. McClure finds a hint that works out into a great series of articles. For example: The thing that appealed to him in 1902 in connection with the great strike was not the matter of the small body of men who refused to quit their work and join the 150,000 men who had walked out. The study of this question brought the magazine into the heart of the labor problem and led to the taking up of a succession of articles of intense interest.

Mr. McClure showed his originality and sound judgment as an artist, seeking the heart of his art, further by the manner in which he carried out plans for securing articles which have once suggested themselves to him. Instead of giving some magazine writer a commission to work up an article at so much per article, he employs his man—always some one who has shown ability—on a salary and sets him to work. The man is told to get the truth. It may take weeks, it may take months, or years; the thing is to get the truth. He is not at all content with a story palpitating with interest. This is, perhaps, the most expensive method of making a magazine; at the same time it makes a good magazine. The favor with which McClure's Magazine has been received and the high respect in which it is held are the best evidence of this.

The Artist After Truth. That McClure's has come to be regarded as a reform magazine is due wholly to its effective method of telling the truth of giving stories of vital interest. When these shined light upon evil, the effect is destructive; when they throw light upon good, the effect is encouraging and constructive. McClure's, then, may be regarded as a great national magazine which is not at all easily discernible. It is there, nevertheless, and after one has been through the offices, he sees that the atmosphere that clings to the home of the magazine is the atmosphere of the artist, the open, the refreshing. The office is as tempting as the magazine itself. Perhaps it should be put the other way around; the atmosphere of the office is so tempting that the artist carries out to the readers the atmosphere of the office. However, to those who know the magazine the office will be no surprise. On the wall of the editor's room and the same with the picture of the artist's pictures that have appeared in the magazine. This collection of pictures is really very valuable and is becoming monthly more so. For example, among the pictures in the office is the portrait of the artist's original of the great color work by Linson, illustrating the life of Christ, which attracted so much attention in McClure's a few years ago. It is interesting to note in this connection that Edward Fyfe has just been engaged by McClure's Magazine as its art editor.

Other interesting things besides pictures are found on the walls of McClure's office. One of these is in the office of Miss Ida M. Tarbell. This is a little note left one day in the absence of Miss Tarbell by F. P. Dunne. It is framed and hangs on the wall of Miss Tarbell's office and reads as follows:

"Idare—She's a lady but she has the punch." The manufacturing plant of McClure's is on Twenty-fifth street, only a few blocks away. Here are the latest improvements in printing machinery; presses that do almost everything but go out and buy the paper and ink that they print on; the clever monotype, in whose intricate mechanism one is compelled to think the mind of the inventor must be hidden, so wonderful are the things it does. In the making room I saw, perhaps a quarter of the March issue of the magazine sacked and ready for shipment. It made a neat little pile about forty-five feet long, twenty-five feet wide and seven feet high. The sacks were all carefully labeled and arranged in such order as to allow the shipments to more distant points to go first; thus enabling distant readers to get their magazines as soon as those right at home.

Indeed, through the offices and plant of McClure's Magazine the central idea of Mr. S. S. McClure rules. "The story is the thing," and everything that will help to make it effective is done. The purpose is to publish those things which the people will read and to make them readable with an economy of effort on the part of the reader.

THE HUMAN HEART "Who made the heart, 'tis he alone. Decidedly can try. He knows each chord—its various tones; Each spring its various bias; Then at the balance let's he mute. We never can adjust it; What's done we partly may compute, But know not what's—Robert Burns.

THE OFFICE OF THE LITERARY DIGEST. The office of the Literary Digest, which is within a stone's throw of Madison square, New York, is a sort of literary smelter in which the fine gold of the world's great things is extracted from various ores that come to it from the world's great and increasing sources. The "works" are exceedingly simple—a row of desks in a room protected from the world's intruders, and behind each a man, that is all. It looks simple enough, but, of course, it is as intricate as the human mind, which seems to be a rather puzzling bit of machinery in spite of the theories of philosophers and scientists. At one desk is a man who examines and "digests" literary news and products. This same man—perhaps an antidote for the ill of literature or a preventive of its contagion—also digests the world's religious views and literature for the busy reader. Another handles foreign news, still another looks after scientific matters and another provides the current comment. Of course there is a "chief" who superintends the process of digestion.

Into this office come weekly hundreds of papers of all sorts, and behind each a glimpse of mental pepin the editors find to enable them to prevent their review, so valuable to the busy men of all sorts, from becoming an empty form. Whatever it is, it is effective.

The Digest is closely allied to the general publishing business of Funk & Wagnalls, which promotes the sale of books worthy of special advance notice. Among these are "Literature, Its Principles and Problems," by Professor T. W. Hunt of Princeton; "Commentary on the New Testament," by Bernard Weiss in four volumes, in April; "Creatures that Once Were Men," by Maxim Gorky, a picture of life in Russia; a critical biography of Balzac by an author whose introduction by the translator, giving a sketch of Taine; "Samantha vs. Josiah, or What Happened to a Borrowed Automobile," by Samantha Allen; "Successful Teaching," prize essays on modern methods from thousands of subordinated countries; "Spurgeon's Illustrated Anecdotes Classified"; a novel from the Spanish, "The Mystery of the Moor," by Juan Valera; a novel from the French, "The Spanish Woman, Emilia P. Bazan. This last book has created much stir in Spain.

AMUSEMENTS. Blou—Thomas E. Shea, "The Bella." Judging from the intelligent and realistic presentation of "The Bella," with which Thomas E. Shea made his debut in Minneapolis yesterday, local lovers of the legitimate have a treat in store for the week. Mr. Shea is an actor and the five plays selected for the week's bill give ample opportunity to display their real ability.

Mr. Shea's version of "The Bella" differs slightly from the more familiar version of that interesting but melancholy character played by Sir Henry Irving, but is the same in the essential details. The artistic and effective work of the artist and the supporting company bespeak of careful, intelligent study. Mr. Shea and his company to a great extent are new in Minneapolis and the west, but should be assured of a warm welcome here for the future. The reception yesterday was surely not lacking in warmth or cordiality. The particularly dramatic scene at the close of the third act after the signing of the contract, in which the Chinese, completely captivated the audience. Several curtain calls failed to satisfy, and Mr. Shea was finally forced to make a short curtain speech.

Mr. Shea's stock is virile and natural. Endowed with a strong personality, he dominates every scene he enters. Judgment, common sense and perfect taste are always apparent. There is nothing superior or extravagant. As Mathias he appears with little artificial make-up, yet he effectively brings out the changes wrought by the fifteen years of secret suffering, and in the latter part of the act suffering of tears and emotion. In relief is the pleasing, contrasting comedy of the two friends, Father Walter and Hans, played by two exceptionally able supporters, Spencer Charters and G. Gilbert. These rarrulous, silly, gossiping old characters are played with real art. Mr. Charters' difficult recital of the story of the death of the noble Jew is carefully done, and the excellent make-up of Mr. Southard as the Jew was more effective in the visions than in the natural scenes of the first act.

Charlotte Burket is sweet and maidenly as Anette. Catherine, wife of the minor parts that were nevertheless carefully handled, showing a rare attention to details. The staging, while not elaborate, is effective, the lighting effects being in the most commendable manner.

Mr. Shea will appear as follows during the week: Monday night, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Tuesday night, "Othello." Wednesday matinee, "Cardinal Richelieu." Wednesday night, "The Bella." Thursday night, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Friday night, "Napoleon the Great." Saturday matinee, "The Bella." Saturday night, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Orpheum—Modern Vaudeville. The Orpheum Road show holds the boards at that playhouse this week and the entertainment fulfills almost every promise made for it. It is the strongest bill offered for this season, splendidly arranged without overlapping, and each act, save one, is finished. Campbell and Johnson, premiers in the line of acrobatic cycling, open the show with their usual hair-raising stunts on the wire, and in the evening, the show is followed by Edgar Blyth, comedian, and his act falls far short of the quality of the evening. He has a good voice, but his act is of the broad, hard-door form. His act, which goes like a tornado up stairs, but gathers fire in the lower section of the house.

Jules and Ella Garrison have staged a new act, "An Ancient Roman," with a wealth of Egyptian settings, and a bow-legged supers, used to good advantage. The travesty on the legitimate is complete and the climaxes come so fast and keep thinking to keep up with them. Winona Winter has a pleasing voice, which she uses in high soprano and ventriloquism. She is a clever entertainer, but puts too complete a finish into her imitations.

Marlan's dog acts, in the "Faithless Wife," constitute one of the best exhibitions of animal training on the stage today. The entire absence from view of the trainer and the work of the animals creates storms of applause.

The sisters and brothers Ford are splendid dancers, and individually and collectively, give the dances with a finish rarely attained by workers in the line. The Colonial Septette is a beautifully staged act, and the ability of the performers as musicians makes it one of the greatest acts ever attempted in vaudeville. The cornet solo work of Rolfe is a feature, and the French horn trio in ballad work is pleasing.

The show is balanced with rare discernment and makes good its claim to the most notable and interesting of vaudeville talent now on the road.

—J. H. R. Foyer Chat. Lew Fields and company opened a

THE CODE BOOK

JOURNEYS AMONG THE MAGAZINES: JOURNEY NO. III.—New York, Feb. 25.—The average man going into the office of McClure's Magazine, just off Madison square, would feel that he was going into the office of a "reform" publication, a magazine that had a very definite purpose toward great national reforms. He could hardly be farther from the truth than this. The dominating personality of McClure's Magazine is Mr. S. S. McClure, and Mr. McClure edits his magazine as an artist and not as a reformer. He regards his magazine as just as much of an art as writing novels or poems or painting great pictures. The editor, he says, selects his material from the particular activities of the human mind, the artist and novelist select the particular material that interests them. It has come to be a motto in the office of McClure's that, "the story is the thing." If the artist sets out to do anything else than express as perfectly as possible the thing that interests him, he mars the product. On this principle Mr. McClure holds that to set out with the definite purpose of working reform is to mar the interest that the contents of the magazine will have for the general reader. McClure's Magazine, therefore, represents only that in the affairs and life of men that interests the editor personally, and that, too, intensely. But because this interests the thoughtful, keenly alert Mr. McClure, it is of interest to hundreds of thousands of thoughtful and wide-awake Americans.

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AMUSEMENTS. Blou—Thomas E. Shea, "The Bella." Judging from the intelligent and realistic presentation of "The Bella," with which Thomas E. Shea made his debut in Minneapolis yesterday, local lovers of the legitimate have a treat in store for the week. Mr. Shea is an actor and the five plays selected for the week's bill give ample opportunity to display their real ability.

Mr. Shea's version of "The Bella" differs slightly from the more familiar version of that interesting but melancholy character played by Sir Henry Irving, but is the same in the essential details. The artistic and effective work of the artist and the supporting company bespeak of careful, intelligent study. Mr. Shea and his company to a great extent are new in Minneapolis and the west, but should be assured of a warm welcome here for the future. The reception yesterday was surely not lacking in warmth or cordiality. The particularly dramatic scene at the close of the third act after the signing of the contract, in which the Chinese, completely captivated the audience. Several curtain calls failed to satisfy, and Mr. Shea was finally forced to make a short curtain speech.

Mr. Shea's stock is virile and natural. Endowed with a strong personality, he dominates every scene he enters. Judgment, common sense and perfect taste are always apparent. There is nothing superior or extravagant. As Mathias he appears with little artificial make-up, yet he effectively brings out the changes wrought by the fifteen years of secret suffering, and in the latter part of the act suffering of tears and emotion. In relief is the pleasing, contrasting comedy of the two friends, Father Walter and Hans, played by two exceptionally able supporters, Spencer Charters and G. Gilbert. These rarrulous, silly, gossiping old characters are played with real art. Mr. Charters' difficult recital of the story of the death of the noble Jew is carefully done, and the excellent make-up of Mr. Southard as the Jew was more effective in the visions than in the natural scenes of the first act.

Charlotte Burket is sweet and maidenly as Anette. Catherine, wife of the minor parts that were nevertheless carefully handled, showing a rare attention to details. The staging, while not elaborate, is effective, the lighting effects being in the most commendable manner.

Mr. Shea will appear as follows during the week: Monday night, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Tuesday night, "Othello." Wednesday matinee, "Cardinal Richelieu." Wednesday night, "The Bella." Thursday night, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Friday night, "Napoleon the Great." Saturday matinee, "The Bella." Saturday night, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Orpheum—Modern Vaudeville. The Orpheum Road show holds the boards at that playhouse this week and the entertainment fulfills almost every promise made for it. It is the strongest bill offered for this season, splendidly arranged without overlapping, and each act, save one, is finished. Campbell and Johnson, premiers in the line of acrobatic cycling, open the show with their usual hair-raising stunts on the wire, and in the evening, the show is followed by Edgar Blyth, comedian, and his act falls far short of the quality of the evening. He has a good voice, but his act is of the broad, hard-door form. His act, which goes like a tornado up stairs, but gathers fire in the lower section of the house.

Jules and Ella Garrison have staged a new act, "An Ancient Roman," with a wealth of Egyptian settings, and a bow-legged supers, used to good advantage. The travesty on the legitimate is complete and the climaxes come so fast and keep thinking to keep up with them. Winona Winter has a pleasing voice, which she uses in high soprano and ventriloquism. She is a clever entertainer, but puts too complete a finish into her imitations.

Marlan's dog acts, in the "Faithless Wife," constitute one of the best exhibitions of animal training on the stage today. The entire absence from view of the trainer and the work of the animals creates storms of applause.

The sisters and brothers Ford are splendid dancers, and individually and collectively, give the dances with a finish rarely attained by workers in the line. The Colonial Septette is a beautifully staged act, and the ability of the performers as musicians makes it one of the greatest acts ever attempted in vaudeville. The cornet solo work of Rolfe is a feature, and the French horn trio in ballad work is pleasing.

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