

New Ulm Review

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E. J. BUENNER, EDITOR.

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Official Paper of New Ulm.

Our estimate of others should always be tenderly made, always made with the remembrance that we know others only in part.

If in all cultured Christian lands the skill and energy, the lives and wealth, now devoted to the building up of armies and navies, were devoted to training in friendship, not hate; in doing, not destroying; in peace, not war—what might this old world not become.

A Dream of the Future

By Henry T. Jones.

I am looking into the future and I see a nation not having one case of poverty—not one.

I also see a race of humans perfect morally mentally, and physically.

In that new world I see tens of millions of happy smiling faces among the men, women and youth; I hear the merry laughter of children, the songs of birds, the chirping squirrels. The deer, antelope and dogs fraternize in joyous companionship; the huntsman's bullet no longer brings a dread. It is plain to the observer that the savagery of the spectre of apprehension has long been unknown to man or beast. On all sides I see harmony of action, harmony of relation and harmony of intention. I see ladies and gentlemen without exception who would disdain to accept a service they could not return in kind.

And there are some things I do not see. I do not see one hovel or one cloud or one woman working in the mills, mines, factories, offices or fields. The modern twentieth century spectacle has been changed to model places of industry, million-acre farms, magnificent spacious homes, and the world's work of the production of material things is being easily and speedily done by the harnessed forces of nature manned by man.

Neither do I see one case of tuberculosis, typhoid, nor any of the other numerous preventable ills which now afflict the earth.

Prisons, jails, police, soldiers, insane asylums, poor houses, charitable institutions, slums, red-light districts, saloons, courts, dirty streets, shoddy clothing, bankers, grafters, money-lenders, politicians, intemperance, disease, bums and all the other beauties of present day civilization are only matters of history in this new world.

In place of all this the face of bountiful nature is dotted with spacious homes and magnificent public buildings whose harmony of design and color is in perfect contrast with the beastiality of those things now seen in our modern coke-towns in the shape of hideous sky-scrapers, crowded business blocks, and rows of houses unfit for shelter.

In this new world work is a joy, not a brutal struggle; life is a pleasure, not discomfort. There I see life with art and life with industry. Life without joy and pleasure there is known to be savagery, and life without art is known to be brutality. Art in this new world I can see is of man's joy in his labor.

And what a perfect race of men I see. I see a race that is so complete as to be incapable of an impure thought to say nothing of temptation to commit an impure act. I can see also the observance of a code of ethics so different from the modern standard that many things we now regard as wrong are there recognized as right, and many things we now accept as right are known to be wrong.

I see a world ruled by science and love.

And does this ideal world contain a race of satisfied people? Is the human mind of this more perfect man content? No, the human mind as long as the world survives will never be content. The mind of the man in this new world is constantly striving for greater and better things. Man having been permitted to become perfect morally, mentally and physically strives to make the world better and brighter than he finds it. To seek higher, nobler and better things is the incentive that is moving this world.

Man should ever reach a plane of complete satisfaction and contentment. The world would go back into night, and do not fear. Human nature is all right not all wrong. We do not need change human nature. It is climbing the heights towards truth and it will not—cannot fail. That new world is coming as sure as it has a right to come.

Turner Theatre Offerings.

Here are a few sentiments drawn from Chicago papers by "Paid in Full," which comes to the Turner Theatre next week: Tribune—"Vital and Significant;" Record Herald—"An absorbing story;" News—"Laughing with rich comedy;" Journal—"No wonder it strikes home;" American—"A great play greatly played;" Inter Ocean—"One of the strongest dramas that has been given to the contemporary stage."

"It's only the virtuous heroine," says Rose Stahl, "that gets the money at the box office. Ask Pinerio, ask Jones, ask anybody. Vice doesn't pay in this country, no matter how artistically it is gilded. The real people, the true people, love virtue. They dote on it—even if they haven't it. They go to the theater to get heart and bone and courage. They don't care a rap for your 'psychology or your 'criticisms of life' or any of that stuff. They care only for the big, primitive, elemental decent things that stir the heart and cleanse the imagination. The only unclear heroine that ever got away with it was Camille, and she had to cough herself to death to beat the game. She had to die to live. If she had said in the last act, 'Me for Rectors,' the last curtain would have fallen in this country only once."

"The best play of the season," Such is the united opinion of New York critics regarding the merits of Joseph M. Weber's novelty drama, "The Climax," which is scheduled for an exceptional production at the Turner Theatre on Sunday evening, April 30th. "The Climax" is a song play by Edward Locke, with incidental music by Joseph Carl Brill, and there is no question but that it is charming and refreshing, a most welcome departure from the ordinary stories one finds in plays. There is no woman with a wicked past, no domestic vows broken, but a story to set off with appealing humor and prettiness that it finds a responsive chord in the hearts of its auditors. The piece will be presented by a splendid cast of New York players.

Hugo Koch, who made such a hit here in the first New Ulm production of "The House of a Thousand Candles," will soon give New Ulm theatregoers another treat in his new play, "The Port of Missing Men," by Meredith Nicholson. Mr. Koch opened his season in this play in one of the leading theatres of the national capitol and his success since then has added greatly to his fame.

Minstrelsy will be heard in New Ulm in May for the first time since the Johnson-Barnes-Epple aggregation put on their famous black-face stunt some ten years ago. The Richards-Pringle company, a big organization of Georgia artists, with fine band and orchestra, will hold forth at the Turner Theatre on the 20th of May.

Next season the Turner Theatre will open with one of the most popular attractions on the road—J. E. Dodson's famous play, "The House Next Door." Manager Johnson has every assurance that the season will be the most satisfactory that the theatre has known.

Chas. B. Hanford, who gave "The Taming of the Shrew" here some years ago, is now playing in Vaudeville. Another demonstration of the decline of classic drama.

The new lounging room, adjacent to the Turner Theatre, will be completed by May 1st. It will be one of the prettiest in the state and will be opened to the public after every performance.

Walker Whiteside, a New Ulm favorite for several seasons, is still winning unusual favor with his powerful Zangwill play, "The Melting Pot." It is some satisfaction to know that when Whiteside was struggling for a "reputation" New Ulm gave him one of the finest audiences he ever received in the state.

Denman Thompson, who played "The Old Homestead" for more than a quarter of a century and who died only a week ago, and James A. Herne, the author and producer of "Shore Acres," are two characters that will live in America theatre annals long after we have forgotten meteors that flash brightly for an inconsequential moment.

The "Country Churchyard." Those who recall Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" will remember that the peaceful spot where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep" is identified with St. Giles', Stoke Poges, Buckinghamshire. In the prosaic pages of a recent issue of the Gazette there appears an order in council providing that ordinary interments are henceforth forbidden in the churchyard.

The Travels of a White Rat.

By Mitchell Russell.

(The following by Mitchell Russell, a tenth grade pupil of the public schools, shows considerable literary inclinations and an imaginative turn of mind on the part of the young author.)

One evening last summer as I was sitting in the barn at home I heard two rats come into the oats box. Now one of these rats was an old white fellow; the other was a young one about half grown.

"Well," said the old fellow, "I told you that I would tell you of my travels and some of my adventures."

"When I was about your size I was the same color as you are now. How I changed I will tell you later. Yes, when I was about your size I became dissatisfied with the quiet life of my father. I wanted something to make life worth living, so one night I started out and in the morning found myself under a sack of beans on the wharf at St. Paul.

"I was tired after my walk so I cut a hole in the sack and went to sleep. Suddenly I was awakened by some loud talking and heard some one using some strong language because I had cut this sack. He patched the hole in the sack and threw it onto a wagon, jerked it to the side of a boat and threw it in.

"This sack with a good many others was packed in the hull of the vessel, bound for New Orleans.

"That night I wanted to explore the ship I was on, so I cut thru my sack again and also thru a good many others before I once more could stretch my legs. That night I had a feast in the kitchen and slept under the cook's bunk in the day time. This is the way I spent the whole trip.

"The ship pulled up at the wharf one night in New Orleans and I went ashore at the first chance. As soon as I had landed, I fell in with an old tramp rat. For a year we ran about the city, having a very good time.

"One day we started with a whole drove of rats to board a ship that was to sail to China. When the sailors were not at work we went into the ship and established ourselves for the voyage.

"It took us six weeks to make the trip and most of us were very sea-sick almost all the time, so I can't say we had much fun. But some of my companions who had crossed the ocean before, did have fun, and they made all sorts of fun of us for being so glum.

"Well, at the end of the six terrible weeks we landed in China. When we had landed, one of the oldest rats who were there before took us to a place where he said we would be safe. For he told us that many Chinamen eat rats and we must be careful. This almost scared the life out of me and I wished myself back in America again.

"For two years we lived in China. We traveled a good deal and saw much, but I never could forget that Chinamen ate rats. This worried me so much that I determined to go back to America or at last to some civilized country.

"Well, that night I left the rest of the drove and started out to find a ship to take me away. After two months travel I arrived at the sea shore and started on the hunt for a vessel. At last I found a strange looking thing that the people said was going to New York, so I determined to go aboard and wait. The gang plank was down so I ran up and found myself in the ship's kitchen.

"I was looking about and helping myself to everything eatable in the kitchen, when all at once I felt a strong hand grasp me about the neck. I squirmed around and saw the yellow face and slanting eyes of a Chinaman. This was enough to make a strong rat's hair stand on end, but it turned me white, for I imagined that the Chinamen ate us raw, and I thought I could feel his teeth in my back.

"This Chinaman must have been of a superstitious nature for, as soon as he saw me turn white, he dropped me and rushed from the ship and, falling on the ground in a fit, he lay there for a long while.

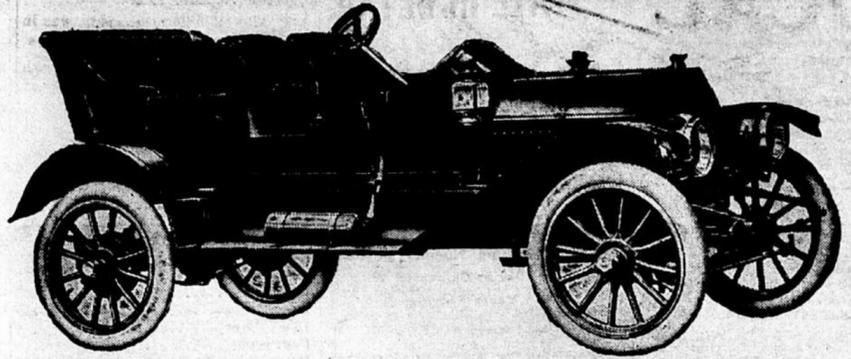
"After this I hid in the ship and was finally landed safely at New York. Here I wandered for many months, but I was not satisfied and decided to go west. I took one of the freight trains and got as far as Cleveland. Here I heard that there was some baggage to go to St. Paul, I found it and, after some hard gnawing, I managed to get a box of dry goods.

"I was thrown onto the train and safely landed at St. Paul. From St. Paul I managed to get to New Ulm on another freight. I had heard so much about New Ulm that I stayed in that city for a long while. I lived under the Star Hall for two years. At last I got tired and once more started west. After two days traveling I found this barn, and here I am now. I don't know how long I shall stay here, but I never want to see China nor a Chinaman again."

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Program for Examinations.

FOR COMMON SCHOOL CERTIFICATES

May 4, 5 and 6, 1911.

Thursday, May 4th.

(First Grade Studies.)
A. M.—8:00 Enrollment.
8:30 Geometry.
10:15 Physics.
P. M.—1:15 Algebra.
2:45 Physical Geography or General History.

Friday, May 5th.
(Second Grade Studies.)

A. M.—8:00 Enrollment.
8:30 Professional Test.
9:30 Spelling.
10:00 Arithmetic.
P. M.—1:15 Geography.
2:45 Composition.
3:45 Reading.
4:40 Penmanship.

Saturday, May 5th.
(Second Grade Studies, Continued.)

A. M.—8:00 U. S. History.
9:45 English Grammar.
11:30 Music.
P. M.—1:15 Physiology - Hygiene.
2:45 Civics.
4:00 Drawing.

The above examinations will be held in the High Schools at New Ulm, Sleepy Eye and Springfield. Examinees will please furnish themselves with pen, ink and pencil.

R. B. KENNEDY,
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The Best of the Season.

That's what "The Climax" is, and it's a play you will feel all the better for having seen. The company is perfection and the incidental and interpolated music are a treat to all music lovers, more especially "The Song of the Soul," which is sung by the character Adelina Von Hagen. Take the Review's advice and see "The Climax."

County Commissioners Special Session.

The Board County Commissioners of Brown County, Minn., met last Wednesday for the purpose of discussing the necessary repairs on some county bridges.

The committee on the Windhorn and Iberia bridges reported in writing in what conditions these two bridges were found, and recommended that these repairs should be attended to at once for the safe use of the public.

The committee was authorized to advertise for bids for the repairs and submit the plans and specifications of same to the next meeting of the board. The committee on the Burns bridge also made their reports in writing as to the necessary repairs on that bridge and the committee was authorized likewise to advertise for bids and make their reports at the next meeting of the board.

To Mothers in This Town.

Children who are delicate, feverish and cross will get immediate relief from Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. They cleanse the stomach, act on the liver, making a sickly child strong and healthy. A certain cure for worms. Sold by all druggists 25c. Sample Free. Address Allen S. Olmstead, Le Roy, N. Y.

For Sleeplessness.

Lack of proper ventilation often causes sleeplessness. Many ills of mankind have been blamed on the "draught" and while, to mothers, it seems a bad policy to bring up a child with the draught-of-air fear always present in mind, it is not advisable to sleep with the air blowing directly over the body. But there should be plenty of air in the room. Wear a nightcap, if you are afraid of a cold in the head, and place a screen in front of the window. That will protect the body and yet allow a free current of air through the room. If you are sleepless, fill the lungs with fresh air, breathe deeply and rhythmically, air, breathe deeply and rhythmically, air, and soon you will fall asleep. A cup of hot milk and long, deep breaths of fresh air are better sleep inducers than drugs.

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