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Notice to Tourists.

Subscribers leaving the city for a period during the summer can have the Daily and Sunday Journal mailed to any address in the United States or Canada without extra charge. The address will be changed as often as desired. Both telephones 238.

Democrats who would fully realize the part they played while in the lead of Mr. Bryan should read the platform upon which Samuel J. Tilden was nominated and compare it with that of Mr. Bryan.

It must weaken the faith of Mr. Bryan in human nature to see his bosom friend, Charles A. Towne, forget all about expiring liberty and the crumbling foundations of the Republic and go off with an octopus.

The story to the effect that the owners of the church in which a young woman committed suicide have abandoned it reads like a fake. It is not possible that a community in Indiana is so weakly superstitious.

Senator Mason, of Illinois, is very anxious to be considered good by Illinois Republicans, and to make everything lovely he presents the name of Senator Cullom for President. Mr. Mason's case comes before the people at the next election.

Senator Depew, as he receives his daily batch of clippings, must conclude that he has entirely mistaken the sentiment of the Republican party about a third term. As the Chicago News says, the tendency of sentiment is rather to one term than to three.

The National Medical Association, in session in St. Paul last week, seems to have courted the abuse of those persons who denounce all who believe that the canteen at army posts is conducive to sobriety and discipline as being in the pay of the whisky-producing evil.

A leading life insurance company, it is stated, upon the petition of a number of its prominent policy holders, has made a special and more favorable rate of insurance for those who are total abstainers from the use of alcoholic beverages. British companies have favored total abstainers for some years.

The outlook for wheat in Kansas and Missouri is not so favorable as a month ago, but, unless something unforeseen should happen, winter wheat will be a good crop. While this encouraging report is made for this country, the intelligence from both France and Germany is that the crop will be unusually light.

It is safe to say that a large majority of the people of this city would be pleased to have voting machines tried in the election to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Councilman Higgins. The trial can be made an easy one by putting two precincts into one. When familiar with voting machines three precincts as now formed can easily vote with one machine.

Those who are reading many papers find numerous complimentary notes of Sheriff Merrill, of Georgia, because he had the nerve to defend a prisoner from a mob, even to the killing of one and wounding of three of the would-be lynchers. Many sheriffs have not attempted to protect accused persons, but no paper has had the gall to defend them in a resolute manner.

Ohio is one of the States to be pitied because it must have a political campaign every year. In the years when other States, or most other States, are having a rest from political contentions, Ohio is in a fight over State officers and a Legislature. Doubtless a limited number of people delight in the excitement of annual State elections, but it is safe to say that more do not.

The bank clearings in this city last week, $9,631,331.96, cannot be expected to be repeated often for some time, since certain local changes and conditions caused an unusual movement, but in ordinary times the volume of bank business of Indianapolis in future will be much larger than in the past, because it is one of the growing cities of the country. Indeed, there are cities that would announce a boom if they were making the progress that Indianapolis has been making the past three years.

The account of the workings of the Charity Organization in this city, given in the Sunday Journal, brings to public attention a system which, if it were the invention of other cities, frequent attention would be called to it. This organization is the plan of citizens of Indianapolis, the chief credit being due to the late Rev. Oscar C. McCulloch. He was suported by prominent citizens from the first. At the present time it is the only effective system of caring for the poor. It is effective in the first place because it tends to reduce pauperism to a minimum. It is safe to say that the dependent class is smaller in Indianapolis than in any city of like population in the country. While the city has grown in population more than 100 per cent., the cost of supporting the indigent is not one-seventh as much as it was thirty years ago under the old methods. Very naturally, a system of relief which is based upon the theory of extending relief only when it is found to be absolutely necessary, and which involves the compelling of those who can earn a dollar to do so, is open to criticism, especially by those who take no part in the work. Pauper-making is most easily encouraged. An easy-going township trustee, as the records of the State show, can increase the dependent so that they soon become a large percentage of the inhabitants, while the officer who realizes the evil of pauperism in a community can reduce it to a low figure if he does not care for abuse. In dealing with the dependent class there is nothing so harmful as indiscriminate kindness and ready assistance for all who will ask, without rigid investigation.

RECENT GROWTH OF WEALTH.

A few years ago so many predictions were made that the gold standard would certainly turn back the world's progress in enterprise and industry that the story of the recent growth of the world's wealth would be something of a surprise if we had not seen the prosperity of the past few years on every hand. The story of the recent growth of wealth as told by Mr. Charles A. Conant, assistant secretary of the treasury under President Cleveland, published in the World's Work, would seem a tale of the order of Monte Cristo did he not give the cold figures to prove his assertions. The saving of capital in recent years is at a rate too immense to comprehend. The issue of securities to carry on the world's enterprises amounted to more than $2,000,000,000 during 1900. In 1894 less than half that amount of capital was required or could be found, so that the increase of the world's capital employed in enterprise was more than doubled in six years. This means that the capital invested in 1900 represents the earnings of four million men at $500 a year each, or, if one laborer represents a family of five, the saving of capital to float new enterprises is equal to the income of 20,000,000 people. These figures simply represent the amount of which public record is made by stock exchanges, and takes no account of capital invested in private enterprises.

Bank deposits furnish further evidence of the recent growth of wealth. From the close of 1894 until Feb. 5, 1901, the resources of the national banks rose from $3,423,474,873 to $5,435,906,257—an increase of more than $2,000,000,000, or 60 per cent., in six years. In the summer of 1895 the resources of state and private banks and loan and trust companies were $4,138,990,529; in the summer of 1900 they were $5,841,658,820—an increase of more than 40 per cent. in five years. The loans and discounts of the national banks were $1,811,686,891 in 1890; in 1901 they were $2,706,534,643. In 1875 the individual deposits of these banks amounted to $682,846,607; in 1901 they were $2,623,997,521. In little more than a generation the deposits of the banks of Great Britain have increased 1,000 per cent., and 50 per cent. within twenty years. The deposits of all the great banks in the world have increased 300 per cent. since 1875. During the last ten years deposits and loans of the world's great banks have increased 100 per cent.

It may be said that this growth in wealth is confined to capitalists and corporations, and is not shared by the masses. In 1870 the deposits of savings banks in the United States were $549,874,358, owned by 1,630,846 depositors; in 1900 the amount of such deposits was $2,384,770,849, owned by 5,875,456 depositors—more than four times as much as in 1870. During the same period the deposits of British savings institutions increased three-fold.

It will be asked, to what agencies is this wonderful increase of wealth due? The answer is, to labor-saving machinery, the chief of which is the railroad, which has, not until recent years, brought together the great centers of production and exchange. "Every new invention which has increased the efficiency of labor has not only resulted in definite saving," says this writer, "but this new saving has added to the funds for making new machines, which in turn have added to the capacity of saving."

EFFECT OF TRUSTS ON PRICES.

In the May number of the North American Review Mr. Thurber had an article designed to prove that the tendency of combinations in production is generally to reduce prices. In the June issue Prof. Jenks, of Cornell University, considers the subject rather as an investigator than a champion of combinations or an opponent. Prof. Jenks takes his figures from those collected by the United States Industrial Commission, and he arrives at the conclusion that prices have been made higher by combinations. The fact that prices of manufactured goods are lower now than when combinations were made proves nothing either way, since the one question is whether the margin between the cost of raw materials and the market price of the finished product has increased since the combinations were formed. While it may not be infallible, the size of the margin between the raw material and the finished product is the most reliable test that can be applied.

Prof. Jenks compares the margins of profit of a number of articles, month by month, and even year by year. The Sugar Trust, as the American Sugar Refining Company is called, has been in existence thirteen years. The quotations given show that whenever the trust has been able to suppress competition it has increased if not doubled its profits. When the company, or trust, was formed, it increased the profit margin from two-thirds of a cent to 1.32 cents a pound. Then came Claus Spreckels with his immense refineries, whereat the margin between raw and refined sugar fell to seven-tenths of a cent. As soon as the American company bought out Spreckels the margin was raised considerably above the margin of the time of competition, and so continued five years, until 1898, when the war with Arbuckle over coffee set in and the plant of Doscher began refining. With these eager competitors in the field the margin between the price of raw and refined sugar narrowed considerably. About a year ago the rivals came to an understanding and the profit margin was increased.

Prof. Jenks, who is a most candid investigator, says that profits may be increased by combinations in three ways—by beating down the price of raw materials, by improving the method of manufacture, and by exacting more than a fair price from the consumer. He finds that trusts have resorted to the first and third methods as well as the second. He puts forth the opinion that wherever combinations claim anything like a monopoly they use it more or less to the injury of the consumer. Benefits have come from consolidation, but thus far they have not reached the public. The chief benefit has been retained by the capitalist, and employes have secured a small part. In some instances the consumer has received some of the benefits, but in others no part of them. "The general tendency, however, through the beneficent influence of competition, either actual or potential," says the professor in his closing sentences, "seems to be in the direction of giving to consumers a large part of the benefits of concentrated industry in the future." But, in his judgment, the more important question is that of "the ultimate result upon society of the changed distribution of wealth coming from the influence of industrial combinations on prices."

THE PAROLE LAW OF 1897.

While there may be a difference of opinion in regard to the ultimate effect of the law creating indeterminate sentences and parole for those sent to the Reformatory and State Prison, no candid person can escape the force of the figures which Secretary Butler has given the press as to the workings of the system for the four years which ended April 1, 1901. It is a striking fact that during that period 1,141 men were paroled—833 from the Reformatory, 308 from the State Prison—and that only 156 were returned for violating the conditions upon which they were given their liberty. Critics and doubters cannot hereafter condemn off hand a system under which the conduct of 971 of 1,141 paroled convicts has been satisfactory. They may predict something direful in the future, but they must, at the same time, admit that the experiment of a four years' trial has been eminently successful. Some of these men now on parole, or who have been set free under the plan of indeterminate sentence, may drift back to criminal ways and again be sent to prison, but if one-third of the paroled become permanently law-abiding citizens it will be a great gain, turning mere punishment to reformation.

If the matter is considered from a financial point of view the new system commends itself. With a law which prohibits prison officers from selling prison labor under contract, Indiana, but for the indeterminate sentence and parole law, would have in its Reformatory and State Prison more than 2,000 men whom the taxpayers would be supporting in an idleness which would preclude the possibility of reform. The paroled men have not only relieved the State of their support, but they have earned for themselves $184,083.87. Thus men who would have been a public burden became, under the law of 1897, self-supporting and wage-earning. Instead of going out of prison at the end of a considerable period of imprisonment with a suit of clothes and a few dollars of the State's money, each man is paid a sum of money which he has earned.

Another fact which should not be lost sight of as having a beneficial effect upon the paroled men is that they go forth under much more favorable conditions than those who have served a full term. They have the confidence of the prison officials and a certificate which commends them to people who would employ men, but who would hesitate to take men who had served a full term, and who have had no opportunity to show a desire to be restored to society by a period of good conduct in prison and a certainty of keeping out if they are law-abiding and self-sustaining. Nor should it be forgotten that the industrial conditions the past four years have been favorable to the success of the parole law of 1897. There has been an abundance of employment for those who would work. The showing might not have been so favorable if there were more labor than employment.

The New Albany Ledger reports a Republican as saying that "a tariff for revenue, with such incidental protection as it may afford to American manufactures," used to be the slogan of the Democratic party. If he knows what he is talking about the Republican referred to is joking. Beginning with 1844, every platform of national Democratic conventions has either been silent in reference to protection or denounced it in positive terms. The Tilden platform of 1876 demanded that "all custom-house taxation shall be only for revenue." In 1880 the platform declared for "a tariff for revenue only." The platforms of 1884, 1888 and 1892 declared against a protective tariff, specifying that duties should be imposed for revenue only. Because the Democratic party was swamped in 1894 on its tariff legislation, Mr. Bryan kept any allusion to the tariff out of his platforms.

FROM HITHER AND YON.

But Nobody Else.

Chicago Tribune.

Theorist—You believe in giving credit to whom credit is due, don't you?

Practical Man—Y-yes, but I make everybody else pay cash.

The Element of Charm.

Detroit Journal.

The Bearded Lady—Why is it that snake charmers always bleach their hair?

The Iron-jawed Person—Well, you know, snakes are mostly from the country.

Regret.

Puck.

First Bunco Man—What is the matter? Something on your mind?

Second Bunco Man—I was just thinking what a pity it is that all the fools are not rich.

The Difference.

Chicago Record-Herald.

"Pa, what's the difference between notoriety and fame?"

"Well, there is not necessarily a woman in the case of the man who becomes famous."

Corrected.

Judge.

Johnny—Oh, ma, I did the chimney sweep—

Mother (correcting)—Don't say that. Say "I swept the chimney—"

Johnny (interrupting)—I swept the chimney sweep out of 10 cents at marbles.

Displaying His Caution.

Chicago Post.

"I noticed he was unusually formal and circumspect in his behavior," she told her dearest friend, "and I thought at first I had offended him in some way."

"Had you?"

"Oh, no. As soon as Brother Willie came in and got the phonograph he had inadvertently left on the table everything was all right again."

Doubtful Texas Oil Companies.

New York Telegraph.

Within the last three months over 400 Texas oil companies have been organized for the development of the Beaumont field, having a total paper capital of nearly $500,000,000. Many of the companies are legitimate, and stand for real property and honest enterprise, but a majority are tinctured with rank fraud.

Attorney General Bell, of Texas, announces his intention of at once instituting a rigid investigation for the purpose of locating the fraudulent concerns and bringing the swindlers to swift justice. The decent persons of Texas find that they are being directly damaged by the operations of the venders of stock in worthless oil companies. New York is the central seat of the wickedness, so Mr. Bell alleges, and he will ask the co-operation of the local authorities.

It is reported in the financial quarter that former Governor Hogg will be dispatched to this city to secure the necessary help in weeding out the swindlers. Governor Hogg is widely and favorably acquainted in New York official circles, and he will without doubt get what he comes after. Many millions of dollars worth of worthless oil stock are alleged to have been floated by concerns having headquarters in New York.

INDIANA EDITORIAL NOTES.

Senator Fairbanks has been named as a presidential candidate in 1904. There could be no safer man at the presidential helm, and Indiana will present a solid front for him.—Corydon Republican.

Doctors now take out men's stomachs without hurting them, but no one has yet learned how to painlessly extract the voices of some of our leather-lunged Popocrats.—Plainfield Progress.

Mr. Gorman has reorganized the Democracy of Maryland into a big row, and the split is extending. The Democratic party is divided and only a battle can decide which faction is paramount.—Shelbyville Republican.

Isn't it about time the newspapers were giving the unspeakable Professor Herron a rest? If any one has earned oblivion for himself, this distinguished brute certainly has, and the sooner he is swallowed by it the better it will be for society. Such men and the ideas they parade are dangerous to public decency.—Crawfordsville Journal.

The way to rid the world of Dowie and Dowieism is to pay no attention to them. The Chicago man is prominent to-day because he has been persecuted by a portion of the people and the press who think, like Dowie, that they have "sacred missions" to perform in suppressing him and his sect. —Fort Wayne Journal-Gazette.

It is proposed that Manila be governed as Washington, D. C., is governed, without any municipal politics. The carrying on of public affairs in the national capital by the national government has been so conspicuously successful that there are even some cities in the States that look longingly in that direction.—Marion News.

The floating debt, a legacy of the Democratic party, is about paid off. This debt was provided for years ago, but the extravagance of the commissioners spent it in other directions and was not used for the purpose intended. What the people want is for the commissioners to get the county out of debt and stop paying interest.—Tipton Advocate.

In declaring by a vote of 101 to 7 that Booker T. Washington was not one of the greatest negroes in the world the Philadelphia Conference of the African M. E. Church declared that it was not one of the world's even moderately wise organizations. Booker Washington is doing more to teach the negro how to be a useful member of the community in which he lives than any other individual in this country is doing. —New Albany Public Press.

SENATOR FAIRBANKS.

He Made a Favorable Impression on Missouri Republicans.

Kansas City Star.

In view of the fact that Senator Fairbanks, the guest of honor at the meeting of the Missouri Republican Club last evening, is an avowed candidate for the presidency, his address was listened to with more than ordinary interest. While Senator Fairbanks did not commit the error of making a comprehensive political speech at the end of a long programme, he addressed himself effectively to the immediate gathering. His speech rang with party loyalty and Republican enthusiasm. What he said was what his audience was most eager to hear. It was fine dessert for a love feast. So far as it went, it was the kind of a speech that promotes the party candidacy of an aspirant, for its theme was the glory of the party. There can be no doubt that Mr. Fairbanks has left a most favorable impression upon the minds of the representative Missouri Republicans who banqueted last night.

Senator Fairbanks has had much to do with the success of his party in the State of Indiana. He has not held any public offices except that of United States senator, to which he was elected in 1897, but he has been active in political organization for a number of years. Although only four years in the upper house of Congress, he has achieved conspicuous and honorable distinction. He has displayed a high order of statesmanship. Personally he is a man of striking appearance, commanding dignity and popular address. Remembering his attainments and the State he represents, his candidacy is not to be passed by as inconsequential.

Nothing is more uncertain than New York politics, and so far as that State's preferences may be made to control the next Republican convention, all is problematical. From the present outlook the State is as likely to instruct for Odell as for Roosevelt. Should New York, rather than choose between Roosevelt and Odell, instruct for some outside man, and should its choice fall on Fairbanks, he would secure the nomination. For that matter, he might succeed regardless of New York's action. It may be assumed that he would have the support of Ohio, for he was an Ohio lawyer before he was an Indiana politician.

Of Presidential Size.

Kansas City Journal.

Senator Fairbanks may or may not be the next President of the United States—the election is too far away to speculate profitably on candidates, and probably the Indiana statesman is not giving the subject a great deal of thought. But Senator Fairbanks is of presidential size. He is a man of high abilities, of high character and of national reputation. He has studied carefully the great problems of government with which the country is now confronted and he is able to talk upon them intelligently and impressively. This was shown in his address last night to the young Republicans of Missouri. He is one of the men to whom Republicans everywhere point with pride as one of the big men of their party. The Missouri Republicans and Kansas City were honored by his presence and oratory upon this occasion.

The People Are Supreme.

John Marshall, June 10, 1788.

The honorable gentleman has asked if there be any safety or freedom when we give away the sword and purse. Shall the people at large hold the sword and purse without the interposition of their representatives? Can the whole aggregate community act personally? I apprehend that every gentleman will see the impossibility of this. Must they, then, not trust them to others? To whom are they to trust them but to their representatives, who are accountable for their conduct? * * * It is the people that give power and can take it back. What shall restrain them? They are the masters who give it and of whom their servants hold it.

The American Constitution.

Edward Everett, July 4, 1828.

In other countries it had been thought necessary to constitute some one political center, toward which all political power should tend, and at which, in the last resort, it should be exercised. The framers of the Constitution devised a scheme of confederate and representative sovereign republics, united in a happy distribution of powers, which, reserving to the separate States all the political functions essential to local administrations and private justice, bestowed upon the general government those, and those only, required for the service of the whole.

Mr. Pettigrew's Chance.

Vermilion (S. D.) Republican.

We are ready to welcome Mr. Pettigrew back to the Republican ranks again, but notice is hereby given that in the event of such enrollment he will be assigned a place in the primary department, from which the avenue to promotion will be open to him the same as to all new beginners and reclaimed backsliders.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Reviews of Some of the New Books from the Pen of Mary Dean.

The Story of Germ Life.

This book, published by D. Appleton & Co. and written by a man named Conn, tells what is known at present about germs. The gradually accumulating knowledge of the subject of course keeps ahead of any book. No plants or animals are so universally found in nature as the bacteria. They exist almost everywhere on the surface of the earth. They are in the soil, especially at its surface. They are not below four feet of soil. They are in all bodies of water, are more numerous in running than in standing water. They cling in great quantities to the surface of the body, to the hands, clothes and hair. They do not, however, appear in the tissues of a healthy individual nor in any organ. Wherever there is dust there are bacteria. They are a universal power in nature, usually held in check. Their numbers are incalculable. Bacteria are plants, not animals. Most bacteria are useful; only a few are injurious. We could not live on the earth without them. They are the cause of the decay of plants and animals. The flavors of tobacco, cheese, butter and many other things are caused by bacteria. Perfect cleanliness preserves us from injury by the hurtful bacteria to a great degree. In Europe the fine butter is made by buying and using the butter bacteria that give the finest flavor. The common bacteria are killed by heating the milk before churning. Some bacteria are scavengers and very necessary. They make continuous life possible on the globe. The farmer depends on bacteria, bacteria produced coal, bacteria produced peat. Only a score or two of bacteria are injurious parasites; all the others are beneficent. The bacteria which cause diphtheria, lockjaw, typhoid fever, consumption and other diseases produce poisons in the human body of a very violent nature. The poison of the lockjaw germ, if inoculated into a wound, produces well-known terrible symptoms. The poison of cholera is a similar poison. The bacillus of consumption is able to attack almost any part of the body, but other dangerous bacteria are generally confined to one part of the body. The poison of malignant pustule, when this bacteria gets in anywhere, soon infects the whole body. Bronchitis is a germ disease, caused by bacteria; so are measles, whooping cough, pneumonia and many others. Habits of cleanliness are our chief defense from these bacteria or germs. People who spit about the streets and roads and those miscreants who sweep their sweepings into the streets are poisoners of the world, murderers and assassins. The best thing to do with sweepings and spittings is to burn them. Catarrhal and consumptive folks should always use paper handkerchiefs and burn them. The Chinese have always done this. Colds inflame the mucous membrane and let in dangerous bacteria to the system. The bodies of healthy people produce substances which serve as antidotes to the poisons produced by the bacteria in the body. These antidotes are called antitoxins. Antitoxins are great things; they are now artificially manufactured, and sometimes cure people poisoned by bacteria. Anybody who puts a catarrhal or consumptive handkerchief in the wash or who spits on the ground commits a cruel and selfish crime.

Some diseases produced by germs are caused by animal, not by vegetable, parasites. The germ of malaria is an animal; yellow fever is a sort of malarial fever. It is now pretty certain that the animal parasite of malarial fevers is introduced into the blood by mosquitoes alone. The malarial parasites can be killed by small quantities of quinine, given at the right time—that is, at the moment when the parasites are set free from the blood corpuscles. Large quantities of quinine are useless. Medicines are mostly quackery and rubbish, useless and injurious. Raging epidemics are caused by dirt in water and elsewhere. The neatness of surgeons nowadays enables them to operate without fear of pus. The bacteria that get into wounds and make them suppurate come from surgeons' hands and clothes, not from the air. They are got rid of by extreme cleanliness. When inflammation follows an operation it is due to the surgeon's carelessness. If all the world were neat there would be an end of the most terrible of germ diseases. There is no such thing as an antitoxin for consumption. Germs are hard to kill; nothing but burning them up will destroy them. Boiling does not kill them and disinfectants are useless in rooms. The antitoxine for hydrophobia was a great discovery. Well-bred people have good reason for teaching their children not to touch their hair, not to stick their fingers into their mouths and so on. Fingers, finger nails and hair are nests of germs.

There is no germicide known for bacteria. Anything that would kill a germ would kill a human being, save as to quinine for the animal parasite of malaria, and some local disinfectants in wounds are thought useful. Drugs are useless for germ diseases, and large doses are damaging. Medicine cannot destroy a disease. The use of antitoxin gives hopes of getting rid of some of the germ diseases.

Cutcliffe Hyne's Books.

"Adventures of Captain Kettle" (International Book and Publishing Company) and "A Master of Fortune, Being Further Adventures of Captain Kettle" (G. W. Dillingham, publisher), both by Cutcliffe Hyne. Now we will sit down to a treat, now we are going to forget breakfast, dinner and supper, and whether it is morning, noon or night. Cutcliffe Hyne writes books for boys, but grown folks can read them. Captain Kittle's adventures open well; you are interested in them the first minute. The troubles begin at once; you are plunged into nautical toils and labors on Page 1. Ships are being unmoored from the bollards on the quay, winches are clattering and bucking, cargoes are roaring down hatches, the halo of coal dust makes day into night at once, for these are sea tales about steamships, not about sailing ships. The captain and his mates kick the drunken sailors into sobriety, and off they go for the Cuban revolution, and at eight bells the gray water is all about; the channel spindrift is blowing over the ship and over the officers in their oil skins. The captain is poisonous when he spreads himself in bad language; he quells a mutiny simply by calling names.

"Hard over, you bung-eyed Dutchman. Starboard as far as she'll go, you gallows ornaments! You cattle!" "You blessed split-trousered mechanics, away down to your engine room, or I'll kick you there, by James III!" "Out, you blitherer, and save your mangy life!" "You gluttonous, careless brutes!" are specimens of the style in which the cool, profane captain and his two mates lash and bite the sailors into obedience in times of insubordination and danger. The profoundly respectful fashion in which the officers address each other, always as "Mister," gives contrast and variety to the ship jargon which you relish. Whenever the carpenter is sent for there is an extra explosion of lively dialogue, for then something is in danger. "Show me a master who is popular in the forecastle, I can show you a man who's letting his hands shirk work and not earnings his owner's pay," says Captain Kettle. Then there is the dignified sea talk of the crusty old captains assembled on shore, in the seaside inn parlor, all calling each other "captain" over their grog and discussing adventures in Africa and South America and in all the seven seas. You are interested not only in the wild adventures of Captain Kettle, but also in the doings of Mrs. Kettle and the "kids" at home, whose fortunes go up and down with the captain's. These adventures range from danger in the blanket-like fog of northern seas to being staked down for roasting alive in central Africa, and include various wrecks on the hot Red sea, on the south Atlantic and on various little-frequented waters of romantic strangeness, where hurricanes prevail, and during all these adventures you fall into the frame of mind of the ship master who is looking out for a passenger steamer at sea, broken down and requiring a tow, or for a richly-laden merchant ship, disabled and needing assistance; these are the plums of the ocean that bring salvage enough to make a captain's sudden fortune; if he can tow these half wrecks ashore his fortune is made. Through all his flocking adventures Captain Kettle is constantly dressed in snow-white ducks, if in the southern seas, or speckless uniform in the north, and his sewing tackle is perpetually at hand for repairing his clothes after any particularly terrific scuffle. Every species of interesting weather is encountered in this book. Velvet black tropic nights, when you hear a sullen ground swell and then see reefs ahead in a blaze of phosphorescence, where the swell breaks into thunderous surf and the ship seems to be steaming towards the glow and din of a marine volcano; Oriental dawns, where the sun shoots up suddenly into brilliant, staring tropical day, great ocean swells that ride the steamer between reef ends that boom like a salute of heavy guns, through the roar of breakers and screaming of sea fowl into calm, coral-floored, still pools—these are examples of Captain Kettle's varied weather. Then there are gales in the bay of Biscay, where you meet in the darkness of the stormy night, with a Cardiff ore steamer without any lights, going it blindly, full steam ahead, slap, slop, wallow, trusting that other people will keep out of the way, showing nothing but two stumpy masts and a brine-washed smokestack; and next you meet with a big, white-painted Cape liner, lighted like a theater and defying the gale, though half her time masked like a rock by the waves. At times you steam through the reaches of great beer-colored rivers opening into endless vistas, one after another, showing at rare intervals the white roofs of a factory amongst the tropical greenery of equatorial countries, where a drop of five degrees of temperature can bring earthly bliss of a quality almost unimaginable. Not the least interesting is the adventure of finding yourself at sea in an overinsured vessel that is expected to sink. Luckily there is nothing about making love and getting married in these books. The general tone is that note of arbitrary power and instant obedience so grateful in a world of conceited disrespect and rebellion. The Americans in the book say "Amurrican," and "vurry" for "very." Well, out West we never heard any but Boston people do that.

The tales constantly improve in interest as they go on toward the end. The exquisite pride of race that makes the Saxon victorious keeps Captain Kettle ahead in continually fresh escapades, from which, now and then, he gets back to Mrs. Kettle and the "kids," "in the Wharfe valley, above Skipton," among the moorland sheep pastures. These books are printed on good, soft, rough paper, not shiny, and very agreeable to the eye.

The Life of Nelson.

The style of this renowned biography, "The Life of Nelson," by A. T. Mahan (Little, Brown & Co.) is so confused and so full of "former" and "latter" that it is laborious reading, and you wonder at its game, at first, until you discover that the charm of the book lies in the author's appreciation of the exalted genius of Nelson; before you finish the biography you adore, you worship Lord Nelson yourself. Captain Mahan is great at introductions; the introduction of "The Life of Nelson" and that of "The Sea Power" are splendid, delightful reading, and occasionally Captain Mahan sweeps into a sonorous, Miltonic diction, while writing the biography, but mostly his style is slow and heavy; yet, after once reading the book, the name "Nelson" will always suggest a great force and a great era concrete in a single man. The value of Nelson transpired through the simplest intercourse, and amid the commonplace incidents of service. His power of winning confidence and inspiring attachment was one of the strongest elements of his success, alike as a subordinate and when himself in chief command. Nelson's judgment was sound, and an accurate guide in a profession whose prizes are bestowed upon quick resolve. His praise of others sprang from the most heartfelt appreciation and admiration. There was something irrestibly pleasing in his address and conversation, still he showed instant resentment at any slight. This genial sweetness and cordial good will were shown to his subordinates; he shared the hopes and dangers of his seamen, quickened them with his own ardor, molded them into his own image, until vessel and crew were one living organism. Nelson's personality made itself felt throughout its entire field of action. Nelson had a great deal of accurate knowledge, and he pondered, studied and reasoned, and had, besides, real genius and insight. He made predictions so singularly accurate as to excite curiosity concerning their source. He sometimes fought with his old crippled ships more successfully than other admirals fought with their new ones. The strange sympathy that made him a leader of men enabled him to keep the entire crews of his fleet in health, even when they were unable to land for periods over a year in length. While still a young man he showed that he had a head, and was early made an admiral of the blue, and then stood the test of being able to cope with any emergency. Concentration of purpose, untiring energy, fearlessness of responsibility, sound and instant judgment, boundless audacity, promptness, intrepidity and endurance beyond words were Nelson's traits. His courage caused him to be well battered; he lost an eye, and an arm, and was wounded in various ways, and was killed at Trafalgar at the age of forty-six.

The book gives large, clear impressions of the great movements and designs of Napoleon against whom Nelson was pitted; the object of the campaign in Egypt is plainly set forth. Nelson received a present of a vast sum from the East India Company for heading off Napoleon on his way to India, at the battle of the Nile.

Captain Mahan is great at stating large movements in history, and pictures the old naval battles between sailing ships in good fashion. The sailing, the anchoring, the fresh winds, the blowing up of ships, the carnage, are well told, and interest our national love of war, which some folks think we can abolish. The episode with Lady Hamilton is plainly related. It is interesting to see how the wicked, beautiful woman twirled the honest seaman about her fingers. He gave her his gold to gamble with, he publicly humiliated his wife for her sake; he was ridiculous in the eyes of the world on account of her; his friends, the old admirals and commodores, gave him good scoldings about his behavior with her, and he had to put up with their reproofs. The portrait, one of George Romney's numerous pictures of Lady Hamilton, presented in the book, is lovely, and its loose hair and graceful drapery make the stiff, hideous fashion of 1830, in which the portrait of Lady Nelson was given, look ridiculous. Besides, Lady Nelson's was taken when she was old, and she was one who evidently stuck to the fashion, whatever it was, and was respectable, through thick and thin, and never picturesque or artistic. Well, Lady Hamilton was a beggar after Nelson died, and Lady Nelson was an honored woman always. Urgent recommendation can be given to a reader to take up Captain Mahan's "Life of Nelson."

Robert Orange.

This is the latest novel by John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie.) How money is sunk in tedious books in this world! Waste is waste. If the labor and money wasted on the paper, ink and printing of dull books could be put into something useful it would be well. How is this for a description. "Her mouth, uneven in its outlines, had a scarlet eloquence more pleasing than sculpturesque severity. Her tapering fingers shared their characteristic with her nose, which also tapered, with exquisite lightness of mold, into a point." When novelists begin to talk about soul one wishes to stop reading. The talk about soul begins early in "Robert Orange." The thread of the story is broken by pages on pages of stupid moralizing, not half-way readable—dull mooning about nothing. Who wants to read such stuff as this? "The recurrence of familiar sentiments on the essentials that make up the condition known as happiness would neither convince nor inspire the powers of an imagination which, with all its richness, was apart from the purely artistic faculty, analytical and foreboding." It is impossible to be interested in "Robert Orange." The book has a cloud of foolish characters. The heroine is tiresome and unreasonable; you would not like to be acquainted with her. Whenever the characters begin to talk the reader groans, "Oh, here they go again!" This is a specimen of the talk:

"Old reminiscences crowd around me. They are very beautiful, although they are so sad."

"What is one to do," said Robert, "in the presence of fate and facts?"

The ladies in the book have sapphirine eyes; one is named "Pensee." Their temples throb, their eyes ache, their "nerves are barbed wires," their souls are manacled, the fever in their veins is not to be quelled, the one agitating relief to their sufferings is the perusal of love letters, which they press to their hearts again and again, and they weep tears of joy over these letters, tedious letters though they be; they pace the floor with swift and desperate steps. The men have dark, sinewy and powerful hands, and their fingers tremble; they spring at each other like wildcats, their eyes roll, their faces are convulsed. Moreover, the novel is loaded down with preaching. There is plenty to skip in "Robert Orange."

The Sea Power.

"The Sea Power" (Little, Brown & Co.), by Captain Mahan, is a great book, almost exhilarating, like astronomy, by reason of its large, sweeping statements of historic facts. There is scarcely such a noble book to be found. It is written, occasionally, in a dreaming, musical style, one would say, and then changes to the slow, heavy diction of the author's "former" and "latter" fashion of writing. All the old admirals and captains—Hawke, Hood, Bart, Benbow, Sir Cloudesley, Shovel, and so on, are "formers" and "latters," and their ships and the seas, too, are "formers" and "latters," so that, in the cloud of "formers" and "latters" one is lost. People who think that war can be stopped ought to read "The Sea Power" and learn something about the great instinctive movements in war of the ruling races of the earth.

Sons of the Morning.

"Sons of the Morning," by Eden Phillpotts (G. P. Putnam & Sons), is one of the books which convince you that human beings are better off if they do not know how ings are better off if they do not know how to read. Not a thought, not a stroke of humor, not a fact, not a touch of life, can be found in this book. Long-continued Devonshire dialect conversations about nothing, endless descriptions of weather, of sunshine, of clouds, of trees, of weeds, of grass, pages of catalogues and lists of natural objects, birds, flowers, leaves, fill the book. It is all about a woman who was in love with two men at the same time, and who married them both, one after the other, so there is one novel with two weddings in it for the heroine.

Current Periodicals.

In Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for June A. G. Wallihan tells how to hunt wild beasts with the camera, a number of striking photographs of animals showing his own experience in that line.

Stories in Little Folks for June have to do with a dog hospital started by a small boy, with a remarkable pie, with what little girls found to do at grandmother's, with the adventures of little Janey, who "made believe," etc. Little Folks is sure to please young children.

From Dillingham & Co. comes an illustrated booklet containing a poem by the unnamed author of "Joy Bells," which bears the title, "An Answer to the Man with the Hoe." It is not very good poetry, but its sentiment—the glorification of labor and the laborer—is sound.

Under the title of "The Youngest Soldiers in the World," in the June Cosmopolitan, Allen Sangree throws light on the make-up and life of General De Wet's commandoes. The naive, simple letter from fourteen-year-old Deneys Reitz to his father, the secretary of state of the Transvaal Republic, is an unusual document of war interest.

The opening number of the American Illustrated Methodist Magazine for June takes up the life history and significance to the world of Jonathan Edwards, under the title, "The Sage of Northampton." A tablet recently erected to Edwards's memory, in the church which he served for so many years, forms the occasion for the article, which is well illustrated, and careful in its estimates and its phrases.

For more than fity years an Englishwoman, who is still living, has cherished a little sheaf of letters written by Charles Dickens. These letters show the novelist in a new part—that of the successful matchmaker. They tell the story of another man's courtship and show how the writer spurred a faint heart into winning a fair lady. They will be printed, for the first time, in the Saturday Evening Post for June 15.

An illustrated paper in the June number of the Magazine of Art (Cassell) is descriptive of the beautiful "butterfly ballet" now being given in a London theater. It is really a work of art, and the account has proper place in this periodical. Some striking portraits of Emperor William appear in this issue. The frontispiece is a fine photogravure reproduction of "A Lady Carving Her Name," a painting by Fragonard.

Hamilton W. Mable begins in the June Bookman a character sketch entitled "John Foster." It is a descriptive story dealing with the life of a man of poetic nature, with the gift of imagination, who ripens in close companionship with nature into a beautiful and rare character, but without the faculty of expression; whose genius is, in the end, interpreted and expressed by one who enters into his experience and gives his thought form and shape for the world.

Besides the installments of Kipling's "Kim" and Max Pemberton's "The Giant's Gate," Cassell's Magazine for June contains five short stories—a goodly share of fiction. A description of the Brooklyn bridge, an illustrated paper on Cambridge, England, an account of what American women have done in the way of inventions, a sketch of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, and the Atlantic steamship record are other features of an interesting number.

Boys who read tales of adventure are apt to think that in these days there is no longer an opportunity for bravery and daring, but the series of articles running in St. Nicholas discloses to them the frequent need for manifestations of courage and heroism in the common occupations of everyday life. The chapter in the June number tells of the lives of firemen on railroad trains. Among other readable matter is a clever little story by Josephine Dodge Dasham about a runaway boy.

Capt. L. G. Billings, of the United States navy, has written for the August number of Recreation a description of the great earthquake which occurred in Peru in 1868, and in which a whole city was destroyed, and the 12,000 inhabitants swallowed up in the ocean. The U. S. S. Wateree, to which Captain Billings was attached, lay in the harbor near Arica, a town which has recently attracted much attention because of the adjacent nitrate fields now in dispute between Chile and Peru.

Something out of the common can always safely be looked for in the Strand Magazine. One such article in the June number tells proud parents how they may judge the heads of their babies, in order to tell what are to be their predominating traits. Another describes several of the "biggest things" on record—the biggest knife and fork, the biggest cooking stove, the biggest basket, the biggest bee-hive and so on. The Strand can be depended on to furnish readable short stories in each number.

In its department giving proper pronunciation of words in common use, the International Magazine (Chicago) has this concerning an Indiana city: "Terre Haute: one of the principal cities of Indiana. Of the people who have occasion to use this name frequently the great majority north of the Ohio call it Terry Hut. In the South many persons say Terra Hawt. Both of these are unpleasant to the ear, as well as incorrect. The name in French means "high land" and the correct pronunciation is "Tairreh Hote," the "au" being like the long "o" in "hotel."

The Independent of June 6 contains an article by the late Maurice Thompson which an accompanying editorial note says is the last that paper will ever give from Mr. Thompson's pen. The writer adds: "Of all the articles contributed to the Independent during his long editorial connection with it we do not remember to have printed a more beautiful one. It is thus fitting that his last words in our columns are so truly characteristic of his genius in its choicest field." The paper, which is entitled "Rocked in the Wind's Cradle," is an account of an outing of two weeks, during which he spent the nights in a hammock swung at a height of fifty feet above the ground.

The Cosmopolitan Magazine for June opens with an account, by Gustav Kobbe, of the artists' models and their work in New York. Frances Trevelyan tells how to choose a child's pony. An illustrated article on "The Well-dressed Woman" will afford the curio hunter a hundred years from now a good idea of the costumes of this period. Harry Thurston Peck discusses the typographical technicalities of the printed page. Other contributions are "A View of Pierpont Morgan and His Work" and "A Girl's College Life"—the latter giving a good idea of the way the college girl spends her time. Among the contributors of stories are Ian MacLaren, H. G. Wells, Richard Le Gallienne and Egerton Castle.

"American Historians of To-day" is the title of a well-written paper by Alfred Mathews in the June Criterion. So much is heard about novelists that the authors of more serious and lasting literature are in danger of being left too far in the background, but the names of John Fiske, James Ford Rhodes, Goldwin Smith, Justin Winsor, John Bach McMaster and James Schouler will be known when the multitude of present-day story writers has been forgotten. Other contributions to the number are: "The Two Salons of Paris," by Vance Thompson; "Alma Tadema at Home," by John D. Barry; "Some Literary