THE JOURNAL

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Horisons Broadening.

The work of the anthracite strike commission, between the date of its organization and its adjournment for the holidays, suggests that more than any other commission appointed in recent years, it is doing the duty it was expected to do by the public, the party of the third part to the controversy under consideration.

There is no dallying with theories but a piercing of facts, and the virtue of impartiality is dominant. The horizons of observers are broadening. The public is understanding more clearly how it is distinctly the party of the third part and has a large stake in every dispute or physical collision between labor and capital. It is understanding very decidedly that it is directly interested in bringing about a modus vivendi between labor and capital under the industrial revolution which is taking place; under the concentration of production in fewer hands, which is the conspicuous feature of that revolution, over which the socialists gloat as the indication of a rapid drift to a realization of their cherished social state, wherein labor and production, transportation and commerce will all be under the direct control of the state.

The danger of an organization of the social state in this country is somewhat remote, but the country is manifestly confronted by the equally dangerous system of monopoly controlled by private greed.

In pursuance of is duty as investigator and arbitrator, the anthracite commission is showing something of the real meaning of this system and concurrently it is revealing the weaknesses and injustices of organized labor in its struggle to right its avowed wrongs and gain a larger share of the product of its toil. The operator is discovered to be not the sole sinner in this controversy and it has been shown that both organized labor and capital will have to mount a higher plane of morality before they do justice to the actual interests of the public in the maintenance of permanent industrial peace. The course of this investigation has been liberal enough to cover the case of the despised "scab," or the non-union workingman, whose rights cannot, under our system of government, be annihilated by the decrees of irresponsible labor unions. The non-union man has been given a chance to state his grievances. He is a party to the controversy, whose case should have a hearing.

It is to be regretted that a considerable number of labor leaders, expressing their gratification over the appointment of the anthracite commission, like the electoral commission of 1877 an extraconstitutional body, have further predicted that, as the strike has proven a weapon of sufficient power to alarm the country and compel a resort to extraconstitutional means to prevent possible physical conflict and the rigors of a coal famine in the winter months, it will be resorted to in the future for the exaltation of labor interests, on the verge of important general elections. Men who take this view do not know the temper of the American people. Liberal in their sympathies with labor where conditions justify sympathy, they will not suffer the strike to be used as a convenient political weapon for bulldozing purposes. The strike has been condemned through the strong national approbation of the action of the president promoting the existing tentative settlement. The more intelligent labor leaders wholly indorse the arbitration commission. We may be in a transition-period, but it is a transition from brute force as a mode of settling industrial disputes, to the rational and humane method of conference, conciliation and arbitration.

At the time the Philippine export duty was made to discriminate in favor of hemp exports to the United States The Journal called attention to the fact that it was in conflict with the open door which we had promised in the Philippines. The Philippine import tariff makes no distinction between American and foreign goods, but by making the export duty on hemp less if sent to the United States than when sent elsewhere, American hemp manufacturers have been given a positive advantage over those of other countries, and the discrimination has tended to divert the trade from Europe to the United States. Just how far the open door promise is binding is hard to say. It ought not to have any effect upon our traditional tariff policy if we should choose to make the Philippines a part of the United States in the same sense that Arizona is. There would then be free trade between the United States and the islands, and a high tariff for trade between them and other nations.

IN A NUTSHELL.....

When Alcohol Is Really Beneficial to the System—A Medical Opinion.

Ever since Professor Atwater of Wesleyan University reported that in certain circumstances alcohol may be regarded as a food, the dispute over the use of the stimulant in medicine has been very warm. A writer in a recent number of the Hospital attempts to distinguish between the cases in which alcohol may be used legitimately as a medicine and those in which it does only harm. To begin with, the writer says that the idea that a stimulant gives strength must be abandoned; it certainly does not contribute muscular force or nervous energy. The action of alcohol causes a temporary general acceleration of the circulation, and increased afflux of blood to the brain and viscera, "and of this the physician may take advantage." Such action may permit the evolution of energy, but only at the expense of the blood and tissues; the energy itself is not supplied by the alcohol.

The writer quoted goes on to say that alcohol has no place in the treatment of weakness in childhood, and that the most treacherous use of stimulants at any period of life is in their administration for the relief of depression, even though accompanied by weakness of the pulse. The immediate effect in such cases is distinct and agreeable, but reaction is inevitable. Diseases of either liver or kidney may be regarded as almost a bar to stimulants. In tuberculous diseases alcohol used as a medicine has great value. The value comes from the increased amount of food which may be taken with its aid. In acute fevers stimulants are now generally given with moderation and judgment in later stages.

When stimulants promote sleep and diminish restlessness and agitation, they are doing good. On the other hand, should they cause excitement or sleeplessness or increase the frequency of pulse, or set up gastrict or intestinal derangement, they are doing harm.

Business vs. Nationalism.

How far the interwoven threads of commercial interest, stretching across national boundaries in these days as never before, will tend to reduce nationalism is an interesting subject for speculation. As the majority of business enterprises are adversely affected by war, business men have ever been strong opponents of war, even to the extent sometimes of preferring national dishonor. Patriotism is partly based on self-interest; an emigrant removes from one country to another and gives up his allegiance to the old and transfers it to the new because he has made up his mind that his individual interests will best be served in the new country. Being there he considers that whatever benefits the country of his adoption benefits him. So strongly does this reasoning appeal to him that it often makes him a more intense patriot than the native-born. It is a matter of common knowledge that some of our most uncompromising Americans are foreign-born.

The interests of a majority of mankind are in the neighborhood of their residence, and will always be so. The improvements of means of communication, however, is now bringing it to pass that the chief material interests of thousands and hundreds of thousands are at a distance from their homes.

Without pursuing this general discussion farther, take as a concrete illustration the case of the Pillsbury-Washburn flour mills of this city. The property is here, but the corporation that owns it is an English corporation, and holds its meetings in London, and a majority of the stock is held by British subjects. Now, all these stockholders are interested in "pushing" the sales of an American product, even if its successful marketing does tend to injure an English industry. To some Englishmen the American invasion is objectionable, but not to these gentlemen, if it means the sale of more Pillsbury-Washburn flour. But as every accretion to American foreign trade brings so much nearer the time when England will have to play a second commercial fiddle to the United States, are these gentlemen not in a sense unpatriotic? At any rate, their patriotism is not of the kind that will make them view with favor a war between England and the United States. So far as they might be able to influence English policy towards the United States they would make it at least nonaggressive. To some extent their interest is in promoting the growth of a foreign country even at the expense of their own.

After reading about the misfortunes of Mascagni we cannot say that our esteem for the trust principle has appreciated to any great extent. It is a sort of national disgrace that a distinguished foreigner should have received such treatment in our country, but the porcine instincts of the trust stop at nothing.

The House Is Sensitive.

President Roosevelt hoped that by putting the reciprocity arrangement with Cuba into effect through the form of a treaty, instead of proceeding by concurrent legislation, as last session, the desired end could be reached with a minimum of delay and friction.

The president was not ignorant of the sensitiveness of the house of representatives as to exclusive action by the senate on any treaty that has to do with the revenue laws, but he had been assured that the house would keep its peace in this instance. Those who gave the president these assurances probably thought that in view of the unpleasantness caused by the Cuban matter last session both factions in the house would be quite willing to let the matter be settled by the senate in virtue of its treaty-making power. We now find that the president was not correctly advised, and that the house will insist on having the treaty submitted to its approval.

It does not appear that this determination proceeds from opposition to the treaty, but rather from the resolution of the house to assert what it believes to be its constitutional rights. It is impossible to read the following constitutional provision without concluding that the house has, at least, a case in court:

All bills for raising revenue shall originate in the house of representatives, but the senate may propose or concur with amendments as on other bills.

The dispute as to whether this delegation of exclusive authority to the house affects treaties with a fiscal aspect is an old one. So long ago as the administration of John Quincy Adams it was raised even regarding the appointment of commissioners to confer with the new South American republics. The house then refused to appropriate money to pay for the commissioners' expenses, because it had not been consulted about sending them. There has never been any adjustment of the disputed question. Each particular dispute growing out of it has been compromised. The senate has passed upon such treaties exclusively, but has waited until it found out whether the house would pass the auxiliary legislation necessary to make the treaty effective.

Now that the house members are "showing fight" the Cuban reciprocity treaty will be disposed of in the same way. The principle at stake is not such a grave one as to call for a final decision now. The fact that the senate may propose amendments to revenue bills really nullifies the value to the house of the right to originate them. The nature of an appropriation bill passed by the house may be radically changed by amendment in the senate, so much so as to amount to origination of legislation.

The mob of murderers at Pittsburg, Kas., deserve hanging or imprisonment, every one of them. Here is a chance for the Kansas authorities to make a name for themselves. This crime is fully as atrocious as any of the horrible lynchings of recent years. The situation calls for some such prosecutor of lynchers as Mr. Folk has been of bribers in St. Louis. A wholesale conviction of mob members would discourage lynching more than all the moral suasion and education of a hundred years.

The Fascination of Mining.

Persons who have never been affected by the widespread interest in mining, find it difficult to understand the eagerness with which many rush into undertakings that are more than doubtful, though every day we hear of the failure of promising mining enterprises, and it is well-known that the fake promoter is more active in mining schemes than in any other. Part of this eagerness is due to the inherent gambling tendency, the human love of a hazard, the delight in taking a chance, the ancient belief that something may be obtained for nothing.

Part of it is due to the wonderful success of some great mines, which by reason of extensive bodies of rich ore so placed that they can be advantageously mined and worked, have been as reliable and as steady in their dividends as the most commonplace business. We hear much of these mines and little of the dismal failures, and men are willing to risk something in the fond hope that they may strike a winner.

There have been Comstocks with their yields of more than hundred millions in a few years and there are Homestakes and other big producers. Such an account of a successful mine as that of the Homestake, published in The Journal yesterday is enough to prompt many men to take their chances on mining ventures. The Homestake has been paying dividends for a great many years, and does better from year to year. This Black Hills mine has put out between $70,000,000 and $80,000,000 worth of ore and has paid dividends to a total of $17,000,000. Persons hear of the Homestake who have never heard of a single mining failure in the Black Hills.

They can't get even a small part of the Homestake, they know; but who knows, they think, but what a little stock at 3 cents a share will yet make them part owner of some Homestake of the future.

A Pleasant Discovery.

Reports from benevolent persons who searched for opportunities to do good on Christmas Day prove that the good times are substantial and not a sham. The searchers found very little real destitution or suffering from poverty to relieve. This does not mean that there are not many very poor people, very many for whom gifts have made life more comfortable and cheerful. But there have been years even here in Minneapolis when the number of actual sufferers from helpless poverty was very great. Now, however, prosperity has been laid on so liberally that while it may be over thick in places, there are scarce any bare places. There may be drifts of wealth in some spots, but the frozen ground of poverty shows scarce anywhere. This Christmas discovery is the best answer to the claim and the fear that the higher cost of living had offset the increased income. That this is true of certain classes we know, but the community as a whole seems to be getting more benefit out of industry to-day than for a long time.

DAILY DIVERSION

Dickins Meets Weller.—Captain F. W. Dickins, of the United States navy, who has recently returned from the orient, where he was in command of the cruiser Brooklyn, tells with much enjoyment of his visit to Westminster Abbey while in the British metropolis on his way home. After a hurried inspection of the interior of the historic structure an attendant asked if there was any particular object of interest which he could show.

"There is just one thing more I would like to see," said the captain, "and that is the bust of Charles Dickens. The fact is I am a sort of namesake of his, only my branch of the family spells the name a little differently."

"Ah, is that so?" replied the attendant with interest. "Well, do you know Dickens has also immortalized the name if my family?"

"Really?" said the Captain. "And what is that name?"

"Weller," was the reply. The two men silently shook hands.

THE UNSPOKEN

Our speech is but a surface foam; below
Broods the unspoken, and her caves are rife
With turbulent powers and passions, to and fro
The veiled vitalities of under life.

We meet and part, we say and straight unsay,
Nor tell our midsea longings to our mates;
But all the while, deep down and put away,
The unsaid sways our fortunes and our fates.

—Richard Burton in Munsey.

The Nonpareil Man

Casually Observed.

Ice boating may be all right, but give us a nice, cozy corner in cold storage.

The drinking water at Chicago is said to be so bad that it gets up and sticks out its tongue at you. What good has it done to turn the Chicago river inside out if the water is worse than ever?

The silver dollar is said to be worth intrinsically 33 cents. Out upon these money sharks' ideas! We will freely pay 75 cents for all the old silver dollars they want to bring in to us.

Next thing we know Kipling will rush out in a poem and pound the High Exalted Patriarch of the Grand Order of Mighty and Imperial Potentates. The man has no respect for dignities.

At this Christmas season of love to all men and peace on earth, the Rev. Dr. Dixon of Chicago took the opportunity to make a rancorous and bitter attack on our callous but touchy old friend Dr. Dowie. The doctor always carries a verbal ax, so we may expect an exchange of civilities suitable to the season. There may be touches of the millennium around in spots, but we sometimes fear that some of the more strenuous of our clergy militant need a renewal of the spirit. We may be wrong.

To his bondsmen Doc Ames is said to have sent a picture of "Daniel in the Den of Lions," a cut glass cigar holder and a motto card, "Remember Me."

County Attorney F. H. Boardman found in his stocking yesterday a fine library chair, the gift of his "esteemed friend and co-worker in the cause of reform, Al J. Smith." And when Mr. Smith got up in the morning and looked in the chimney corner, there was a beautiful gold loving cup all carved and cut with engraved wiggles and bearing the inscription: "To Al from Fred. In Memory of the Many Pleasant Hours Together in the County Building."

If the soul of the late William Q. Judge, one of our former leaders in Theosophy, is incarnated in Kittie Tingley's dog Spot, as our revered Point Loma leader claims, it seems rather hard, to a person who is not versed in the esoteric mysteries, that a man so "advanced" and so versed in the inner, deep and occult mysteries of antiquity may indeed in the person of the dog Spot be annoyed by fleas or by getting a sand burr between his little pink toes. The Point Loma sands are notoriously infested with dog fleas, and it is difficult for an ordinary pup of no pedigree whatever to reside there in much comfort. Of course, Mrs. Tingley may keep careful watch of Mr. Judge's fur but, do the best she can, it is inevitable that now and again a good, vigorous flea will get a nip at Judge.

We repeat, if a man so deeply versed in the mysteries of the ancients, may after death have his hide the prey of an insistent flea (referred to in Scripture, we believe, as "the wicked flee") why go so deeply into the esoteric? To what purpose?

We wish the genial Colonel Olcott would take this point into consideration. Here is his old comrade Judge "putting on dog" in his reincarnation and fleabitten to make a theosophic holiday! It ain't right.

—A. J. R.

AMUSEMENTS

Foyer Chat.

Two audiences that tested the capacity of the Metropolitan witnessed "The Prince of Pilsen" yesterday afternoon and evening and prolonged the performances by demands for a repetition of the various musical numbers. Manager Savage's big organization will close a prosperous week with performances to-night and to-morrow afternoon and evening.

The chariot race in "Ben Hur," to be seen at the Lyceum all of New Year's week, commencing Monday evening, is the most effective reality ever seen in a theater. Its development may be considered the triumph of stagecraft. Horses and chariots will be shown apparently racing at break-neck speed, the animals galloping with all their power. Four horses, the two blacks and two whites, are driven by Messala and the Arabian bays by Ben Hur. Messala leads; Ben Hur smashes the wheels of Messala's chariot; the Roman falls beneath the feet of the crazed horses and Ben Hur wins the race.

"Happy Hooligan," full of amusing scenes and situations, is pleasing large audiences at the Bijou this week. Ross Snow has the title role and makes the most of the opportunities.

Music, laughter and sightly surroundings have been freely supplied in the new musical comedy "Busy Izzy," in which George Sidney will be introduced at the Bijou next week. The piece promises to be more than a passing show—something that lovers of good, bright fun do not want to miss. In the supporting company are such able entertainers as Annie Martell, Fred Wyckoff, Florence Ackley, Edward Clark, Lisle Bloodgood, Daniel Sullivan, Grace Dare, Frank Gibbons, Evelyn Granger, Will J. Hagn, Vesta Bergea.

"The Plunger," which is the offering of the Ferris stock company at the Lyceum this week, is giving excellent satisfaction, both as to its scenic effects and dramatic strength. Next week, at the Metropolitan, this company will produce that popular play, "Graustark."

ANOTHER MILLION FOR "CHARITY"

Boston Herald.

Perhaps no clearer instance of the monstrous greed of monopoly and its absolute indifference to the welfare and even the suffering of the people could be exhibited than the statement in Saturday's news that the Standard Oil company has raised the price of kerosene another cent a gallon. This is the greatest advance ever made at one time. By this and two or three preliminary advances made since Sept. 1, the price of oil has been increased 2 cents a gallon above what it was during the summer. Under the conditions prevailing of shortage of supply of the usual fuel of the country, and the substitution of oil for coal to a large extent, this action of the Standard Oil company appears as one of the most selfish and wicked exactions known in our national life. There is no shortage of kerosene, the supply is practically unlimited. It is being exported in large quantities, and it is probable that the increase of price is limited to American consumers, while the foreigner is getting his American oil cheaper than we can, just as he is getting his American steel manufactures and many other things cheaper than the American citizen at home can get them.

Books and Authors

HEROINE OF MARY'S LITTLE LAMB

The real heroine of "Mary Had a Little Lamb" died at the age of 83 on Dec. 11, 1889, and was buried in the famous Mount Auburn cemetery, where lies the poet Longfellow. In 1835 she was married to Columbus Tyler, and subsequently she spent thirty-five years as a matron of a retreat for the insane, where her kind heart and good nature were called upon daily to minister to suffering people.

ORIGINAL OF MARY OF THE LITTLE LAMB.

The latter part of her life was spent in Somerville, near Boston.

The portrait of the "real Mary" in her old age that we are able to print in connection with this information, is taken from "The True Story of the Real Mary and the Real Lamb, as Told by Fannie M. Dickerson and Mary Herself," and will have a strong interest for all those familiar with the famous rhymes—and who is not?

An amusing occurrence following upon the publication of this little volume is the expression of resentment by the English press because America has claimed Mary for her own, the implication being that she was, or ought to have been, an English girl! The proof of her identity, however, is overwhelming as presented in "The True Story," is accompanied by affidavits and by reproductions of photographs of Mary's home and of the various scenes near the schoolhouse where the lamb went to school.

NEW BOOKS

OHIO AND HER WESTERN RESERVE. By Alfred Mathews. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The admission of Ohio as a state in the union was an occasion for considerable political controversy in congress. The federalist legislative enactment, making the eastern boundary of the state the boundaries of Pennsylvania and Virginia along the Ohio and the western on the Scioto and the line drawn from its intersection with an Indian boundary line northwesterly to the west corner of the Connecticut reserve, was presented in congress Jan. 20, 1802. These boundaries would have made Ohio about half the size of its present dimensions. A heated political campaign followed between the federalists and the republicans, or Jeffersonians, which finally resulted in the passage of the enabling act, April 30, 1802. Under that act a constitutional convention was held, and on Feb. 19, 1803, congress passed an act for the execution of the laws of the United States within the state of Ohio. This is the nearest approach to an act of admission taken with respect to that state. The legislature first assembled on March 1, 1803, and the Ohio Historical Society officially declared that day to be the proper one of the state's origin, so the existence of the state is counted from that day. This book, however, begins its story much earlier than that. It recites the facts incident to the establishment of the Western Reserve of Connecticut and the influence of that colonization upon the future of the state and the northwest. Some account is taken, too, of the ordinance of 1787, the ordinance of freedom, which protected the northwest from invasion of slavery and ultimately saved the union. Ohio, in war and in national civil life, occupy considerable space in the book. Ohio has contributed generously to the public service of presidents and leading men in both the senate and the house, in the cabinet and in other branches of the national service. The book is a valuable contribution to current literature and a useful side light upon our national history.

FROM THE BOOK OF MYTHS. By Bliss Carman. Being one of five volumes called "Pipes of Pan." Boston: L. C. Page & Co. For sale by McCarthy.

As the mountain twilight stole
Through the woods from hole to hole,
A dumb warder setting free
Every shy divinity,
I became aware of each
Presence, aspen, bass and beech;
And they all formed voice and made
A green music in the shade.

So sings Pan on the pipes supplied by the dear young poet of Grand Pre, Bliss Carmen, in his new book, tastily printed, with an apropriate title page with a touch of red on it, so dear to the heart of the book lover. The book is a proof that Pan, the genius of wild nature, is not dead yet, as the heathen oracles claimed, for when the fires of spring burn in the bush here Pan is seen again in the poets' lines chasing the shy nymph and seeing her vanish as of old, among the reeds like a passing strain or like the footfalls of the wind. The poet appeals to Pan again in "A Young Man's Prayer" for the gift of the strength of nature:

O, pipes of Pan,
Make me a man
As only your earthly music can;
And create in me
From your melody
The strength of the hills and the strength of the sea.

But in the poem "The Tidings to Olaf," where the king has to choose between Thor and Christ, between the Hammer and the idea of universal love, the king's cold, gray eyes change to the blue of the skies.

And so from the dark, sweet mould of human heart will arise,
To enmoring the world with light and this life emparadise,
The deathless young glory of love. And valley and plain
And fields and cities of men, they shall not sorrow again.
For there shall be freedom and peace and beauty in that far-away spring,
And folk shall go forth without fear and be glad at their work and sing.

And with this note to close we ought not to call the poetry "Pagan."

OUR NOBLEST FRIEND, THE HORSE. By Francis M. Ware. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Price, $1.20, net. For sale by McCarthy.

Even in these days of automobiles, the horse has his champions who are just as loyal as ever, just as appreciative of his character and devotion and usefulness. This beautiful book discusses the horse in all his relations to man, speaks of his "mental qualities," his faithfulness and affection, treats of the best methods of horse education, tells how to choose and use a horse, what should be done for his health and comfort and how he should be housed. The writer recognizes individuality in horses, as in human beings, and insists that individual traits should be taken into account in the treatment and use of these noble animals just as carefully as one would regard the characteristics of the people with whom he has to do. The book will undoubtedly meet with many interested readers.

HAND BOOK OF BIRDS OF THE WESTERN UNITED STATES. By Florence Merriam Bailey. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, $3.50, net. For sale by McCarthy.

The study of birds becomes increasingly popular from year to year. The public schools have done a great deal to stimulate interest in nature study. Such a hand-book as this by Mrs. Bailey, who is well known to bird lovers under her maiden name of Florence A. Merriam, will be of special value, particularly in this western country. The book is quite liberally illustrated and will be serviceable in aiding amateurs to identify birds of their respective localities. The book is well indexed, thus enabling the student to arrive readily at the particular information which he seeks. The work is thoroughly scientific and yet not so technical as to be difficult of comprehension by the unscientific. Mr. Bailey, husband of the author, contributes directions for the skinning of birds and the preparation of eggs. Dr. T. S. Palmer furnishes a paper on "Bird Protection," and lists of the species found at various localities in the west are supplied by competent ornithologists. The work also treats of the subjects of migration, note taking, etc.

MOLIERE. By Leon H. Vincent. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. For sale by McCarthy. 85 cents, net.

This small volume presents a critique of Moliere as playwright and actor, beginning with his "l'Etourdi," a comedy of intrigue in the Italian style, which appeared in 1665, and which Victor Hugo declared to be the best of all his comedies. Moliere led a checkered career in the enjoyment of popular favor one hour and suffering popular disapproval the next. No critic of his own time was more incisive or effective, none exposed the follies of his own day and tore the mask from hypocricy more completely. "Tartuffe," one of his most famous productions, carried moral courage to the point of sublimity. Two kinds of enemies were aroused, men who make a cloak of religion to hide their true nature and those who themselves sincere and worthy held the view that religion should never be involved in a jest, even when the jest was directed towards spurious devotionalists. The long struggle over the interdiction of this play lasted five years, after which it was given the freedom of the public stage. The book contains a personal description of Moliere, tells something of his habits of life, literary methods, and family history up to the time of his sudden and tragic death, which overtook him in the impersonation of one of the characters of one of his own plays.

AMERICANS IN PROCESS. A Settlement. Study by Residents and Associates of the South End House, edited by Robert J. Woods, Head of the House. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, $1.50, net.

"Americans in Process" is a study by a group of experienced settlement workers of life in the two principal emigrant districts of Boston. Twenty-five different nationalities are represented in these two districts. The social history of one district is traced from pre-revolutionary days, showing the striking background of American sentiment on which the present drama of assimilation is being carried out. The efforts of the cities to cope with the sanitary evil of these crowded quarters is traced. There are chapters upon industrial conditions, local politics, criminal tendencies, the amusements of the people and the important work done by religious societies, the public schools and the entire scheme of organized charity and philanthropy. Different chapters are written by different persons and the whole constitutes a valuable report of experience and observation on municipal life and the priblems it presents.

OUR LITTLE CUBAN COUSIN. By Mary Hazelton Wade. Illustrated by L. J. Bridgman. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. For sale by McCarthy. Price, 50 cents.

This book is intended to give children a good idea of life in Cuba, not child life alone, but a knowledge of the island and its people. The period covered by the story includes the time of the last revolution and the liberation of the island by the United States.

MAKING A LONG STORY SHORT.

Judge.

Irate author—What did you do with that article of mine on the American forests?

Editor—Well, sir; to make a long story short, I cut it down.

Reformation at Blizzard Camp

By FRANK H. SWEET

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Half a dozen unshaved, red-shirted miners were gathered about the dingy counter of the one store at Blizzard Camp. It was Christmas eve, and they wanted something extra for their dinner on the morrow—just to keep them in mind of the day, they said. But there was little novelty in the forlorn remnant of cans upon the shelves or in the half empty barrels and boxes under the counter and massed in the corners of the room. One man found a stray box of sardines and took possession of it, with the remark that, while it was not "Christmasy," he could have the satisfaction of knowing that he was eating the only sardines in camp. Another drew out a can of Boston baked beans from behind a squadron of tomatoes, while a third, of a more investigating mind, hunted among the boxes and barrels until he actually discovered a can of Cape Cod cranberries.

This brought the entire group of Christmas hunters into a compact, envying circle, and while they were anxiously debating the pro and con of a division of spoils, the door opened apologetically and a stoop-shouldered, watery-eyed man entered.

"A STOOP-SHOULDERED, WATERY-EYED MAN ENTERED. 'HAVE YOU GOT ANY TOYS?' HE ASKED."

"Have you got any—toys?" he asked hesitatingly.

The storekeeper stared, and unanimously, as though by preconcerted arrangement, the group around the canned representatives from Cape Cod turned and stared also.

"Any—what?" the storekeeper asked blankly.

"Toys," the man repeated, looking at the encircling faces with abashed embarrassment; "things to play with, I mean, like children have at Christmas. You see," with a curious mingling of apology and pride in his voice, "my little 10-year-old boy come in with a party from Circle City just now—clean from his grandma's back to Missouri. I've been sendin' for him ever since I come, but couldn't seem to get to it till I struck gold last month." He lurched heavily against the counter, and his watery eyes began to fill, partly through his condition and partly through some long dormant tenderness which was beginning to reawaken. "The boy's considerable childish," he went on, rousing himself a little at the consciousness of being listened to by men who usually passed him without recognition, "an' sets store on things to play with. So, bein' it's Christmas an' he just comin', why, I thought mebbe I'd better hunt some toys."

"Of course!" cried Dobson, the sheriff, heartily, and "Of course! Of course!" came promptly from the rest of the group.

And then they looked about the store inquiringly, eagerly, in search of something that would please a 10-year-old boy who was childish. But there was little they saw; only huge miners' boots and pyramids of picks and shovels and blankets and barrels of flour and beans and pork, and on the shelves tobacco and canned goods and a small assortment of earthen and tinware, and then, at the far end of the store, a bar for the accommodation of those who were thirsty.

There were no dry and fancy goods and notions upon the shelves, no show cases upon the counter, no display in the one dingy window. Such things would only begin to make their appearance with the coming of the first woman, and that was not yet.

"Ruther a slim show for playthings, Dobson," said the owner of the cranberries, after a fruitless search with his eyes from one end of the store to the other. "Don't s'pose a pack o' playin' cards would do?" as his gaze paused hopefully on an extensive assortment of that popular article. "They has pictures on 'em."

"Wouldn't do at all," answered Dobson decidedly. "They ain't moral, an' the first kid who patronizes us has got to be brought up moral. Say, you!" to the watery eyed man, who was edging toward the bar at the far end of the store. "None o' that!"

"None o' what?" asked the man querulously. "I ain't steppin' on your toes."

"No, but you are on the kid's. See here!" an incisive ring in his voice which had made many stronger men trmeble. "You ain't walkin' the same line you was twenty-four hours ago. Then you was a poor, no 'count drunkard who'd a right to dig his grave without opposition from nobody; now you're markin' out a trail for that kid to foller. See? Me an' my friends here ain't no call to interfere between father an' son," dropping his voice to an easy, familiar tone and placing his hand encouragingly upon the tremulous shoulders, "so long's the father makes a good deal, but when he slumps"—his voice still soft, but the steely glint returning to his eyes—"then me an' my friends step in. Sabe? Bein' the first kid in camp, we've constitooted ourselves his guardians—just like every man in the place will do soon's they hear o' his bein' here. S'long."

He turned back to his companions, and the watery eyed man, after one long, wistful, farewell glance toward the bar, resumed his fruitless search of the goods. There was nothing now to divide his attention. He knew the men with whom he had to deal and realized that henceforth the bar was to be as far removed from him as though a wall of granite intervened. But to his credit be it said that even with the realization came a new firmness to his lips and a new steadiness to his eyes.

"What's that on the top shelf?" he asked suddenly.

"That? Oh, that is—I dunno," hesitated the storekeeper as he took down the object in question and examined it critically. "It got in with some goods a year ago, an' has been up there ever since."

"Why, you chump," cried the cranberry owner derisively, "not to know a jumpin' jack when you see one! I've bought lots to home for the children, See?" And he pulled a string which sent the acrobat tumbling up over the top of his red pole. "Just the thing for the kid!"

"Just the thing," repeated the watery eyed man, drawing a small bag of gold dust from his pocket. "It'll make the boy laugh.

As he was going out the owner of the cranberries stepped to his side.

"Here, take this along with you," he said, relinquishing the can to which he had been clinging so fondly. "It will help to make out a Christmas for the boy."

"And this too! And this too!" added the owner of the sardines, and the owner of the baked beans, and then Sheriff Dobson pushed before them and slipped something bright and heavy into the hand which held the jumping jack.

"It's a nest egg for the kid," he said gravely. "Now, you better go home an' fill up his stockin', an' tomorrer you may tell him merry Christmas from all o' us."

REED'S WITTY SAYINGS

One of the most cutting things the late Thomas B. Reed ever said was of McKinley. "I had but two enemies in Maine," he said. "One of these the president has appointed collector in my own town, and the other he has pardoned out of the penitentiary."

"A statesman is a successful politician who is dead."

"In the days of my first congressional session I often felt like a fly in a bowl of molasses—there was plenty of sweetness, but no light."

When William M. Springer of Illinois, closed one of his thundering orations in congress with the words, "I believe this is right, and I would rather be right than be president." Mr. Reed brought down the house by retorting—"You will never be either."

After overwhelming an antagonist with a flood of argument, Mr. Reed placidly went on: "And now, having embalmed that fly in the liquid amber of my remarks, I will proceed."

"When you read what is written the power of the written word depends much upon your mood. When you hear a man speak, his power depends much on his mood."

"You must forget the real lives of those whom Bossuet so lovingly praises in death if you are at all to be moved by the hope of triumphant glory which he depicts for those whose reverence for the ten commandents could have begun only after their death.

"Perhaps the difference between nations which causes us to make the greatest mistakes in our estimate of all nations but our own, arises not from the difference in thinking or in principles, but from the difference in habits. Our habits go on automatically, and so do theirs. When we come in contact with their habits, we have to do thinking and that is a disturbance, and we insensibly regard their ways of doing things as bad, because habit has made our own way easy."

HE WAS EXTRAVAGANT.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

"There was a young man out in Michigan," said Senator Burrows, "who was deeply enamored of a beautiful young lady in my town. He lived in Detroit, and one day decided that the only thing for him to do was to propose. So he went to the telegraph office and sent this message:

"'Will you marry me? Twenty-word answer paid for.'

"An hour later he received this reply:

"'You are extravagant. Why pay for nineteen words too many? No!'"

POVERTY

The people call him rich; his lands
Stretch very far and very wide;
They call him rich, yet there he stands
Ill-clad and bent and hollow-eyed.

The people call him rich, but where he dwells
The floors are bare, the walls are bleak;
They call him rich; he buys and sells,
But no fond finger strokes his cheek.

They call him rich; he does not know
The happiness of standing where
Sweet winds across the meadows blow
And toss the verdant billows there.

They call him rich, but he is blind
To beauties of the earth and sky:
Distrustful of all mankind,
They call him rich—I know not why.

—S. E. Kiser in Harper's.

A Russian tenor at Warsaw has insured his voice for 25,000 rubles.