THE JOURNAL

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AN INVITATION is extended to all to visit the Press Room, which is the finest in the west. The battery of presses consists of three four-deck Goss Presses, with a total capacity of 144,000 eight-page Journals an hour, printed, folded and counted. The best time to call is from 3:15 to 4:30 p. m. Inquire at the business office and be directed to the visitors' gallery of the Press Room.

Senator Fairbanks' Speech.

Following the commendable custom of having some man of national fame and distinction deliver an address at the opening of the Minnesota state fair, Senator Charles Warren Fairbanks of Indiana was chosen to make the address this year. Senator Fairbanks' address will be found elsewhere to-day, and those who read it will pronounce it an able, well-balanced, dignified deliverance—one calculated to make a deep impression on its auditors and turn their attention to those weighty problems which must be the common concern of all men in a republic, if that republic is to realize its possibilities.

On such occasions as the present, the speaker must necessarily steer a careful course lest he be accused of partisanship or impropriety. This necessity prevents, of course, that emphasis which so often is the main strength of public addresses. Yet Senator Fairbanks took a strong position regarding the economic problems of the day, and one that will command public sympathy in this part of the country, where we have long since got over the idea that the great combinations of capital can be safely permitted to run their course and create their own reasonable limitations.

Of course, as chairman of the American side of the high joint commission, it was expected that Senator Fairbanks would have something to say with reference to reciprocity with Canada. Here his official position interposed obstacles to free speech, but he said enough to indicate that he appreciates the wisdom of bettering the tariff relations between the two countries, his words on this subject being:

And the United States and Canada should dwell in international good fellowship. They must work out their destiny side by side. Their peoples are largely of the same blood, with kindred aspirations. They owe allegiance to different flags, yet their lines of commerce cross and recross a common frontier. The people of the two countries are at many points brought into continual contact, and their social and commercial interests tend to ever closer relations. We indulge the confident hope that they may find mutual strength in the cultivation of more intimate commercial and social intercourse.

The two mightiest flags upon this earth salute each other on our northern border. For their defense vast armies and powerful fleets would be assembled. Let us hope that there will never be need of fortifications upon the land frontier nor of formidable fleets upon the great lakes, to protect them against each other.

Senator Fairbanks probably understands that there is no better guarantee of peace between national neighbors than mutually profitable and satisfactory trade. Reciprocity will give us that relation with Canada, and, therefore, enduring peace.

Typical Minnesota fair weather greeted the opening of fair week. Thousands will take it as a sign of a grand week, and fall weather auspicious to farming operations.

A Fair Trial for Macaroni Wheat.

The Commercial West fears that The Journal is making a grievous error in devoting so much attention to macaroni wheat. The Journal's interest in macaroni wheat has always been based chiefly upon its apparent suitability to the semi-arid belt. Minneapolis is not so far away from that region as to be without interest in any discovery that promises to provide it with a reliable cereal.

To make a reliable agricultural country of a vast extent of territory that is now variable, producing abundantly of hard spring wheat one season and having no crop the next, is in effect to broaden the area tributary to this city.

In fact, the introduction of crops that will flourish on the minimum rainfall of the semi-arid region is of more importance to Minneapolis and the middle northwest than irrigation.

Of course, The Journal is not without interest in developments that tend to show that the adaptability of macaroni wheat to the uses of ordinary spring wheat is much greater than it was supposed to be. The more nearly it is found to approach spring wheat in utility, the more valuable it will be to the region that may have to raise it, if it raises any wheat.

If macaroni has, perchance, the qualities that will make it a rival in production and general use for spring wheat, neither The Journal nor the Commercial West nor any other medium of discussion can alter the consequences. The new wheat has been introduced, it is bound to have a trial on its merits, and is entitled to it. It will then take its proper place among northwestern and western crops. It will never supersede spring wheat wherever the latter is a reasonably sure crop, unless it has the qualities which entitle it to supersession, and if that be the case, no one can reasonably object. The Commercial West advances some apparently sound reasons as to why macaroni wheat must necessarily be an inferior milling wheat. If those reasons are as good as they seem to be, there is no reason to fear that macaroni will interfere with spring wheat production except on lands to which it is naturally better adapted than spring wheat.

Because there have been various crop crazes or manias in the past, it does not follow that macaroni is to be merely a farmer's fad. It is now on trial. Time will tell.

If Montana game wardens are as hot after all violators of the game laws of that state as they were zealous in arresting Ralph Pulitzer, son of the publisher of the New York World, the game of that state has a fair prospect for perpetuation. But possibly Mr. Pulitzer is made to suffer because he bears a great name. In such cases the advertising the official gets out of law enforcement is worth something. There is no fame in arresting Tom, Dick and Harry, especially if they be the game warden's neighbors.

Canada's Alaska Contention.

A London cable announces the arrival there of the American members of the Alaska boundary commission, the Canadian members having already arrived. The Canadian case will be set before the court by Edward Blake, a distinguished Canadian liberal and former leader of that party in the Dominion parliament and a member now of the privy council representing Canadian interests in England. On our side Secretary Root and ex-Secretary of State Foster, Hannis Taylor and Judge J. M. Dickinson appear, Colonel Foster having had a large and important diplomatic experience, and being expert in the investigation of difficult questions.

Our representatives follow the clear and explicit text of the Anglo-Russian treaty of 1825 defining the boundary between the Russian territory on this continent and British North America, reinforced by the treaty of 1867 by which Russia transferred Alaska to the United States, the same boundary line being set forth as in the treaty of 1825. The treaty provides that from a certain point at 56 degrees north latitude, the line shall follow the crest of the mountains running parallel to the coast as far as the point of intersection with the 141st degree of west longitude. As there is no regular and continuous mountain chain, the treaty-makers entered the proviso in Article IV. that, where the crest of the mountains is more than ten leagues from the shore, the line shall follow and be parallel to the sinuosities of the coast, but never more than ten marine leagues or thirty miles from it. Obviously, the Canadian claim that the line follows the coast of the main ocean and not the shores of the numerous indentations is erroneous and contradictory of the treaty, which orders the line to stand at thirty miles back of the sinuosities of the coast.

An important feature of the Canadian claim is that assumption that the important Lynn canal, upon which the towns of Skagway and Dyea are located, is only a bit of territorial water and not an arm of the sea, and that the boundary runs straight across the entrance from headland to headland, and that the waters and seaports, with all their improvements, should be surrendered to Canada. The Canadians seem to overlook the fact that, even if this claim were granted, they could not get from Dyea and Skagway to the main ocean unless we permitted them. They would be shut off from access to the sea because the lower thirty miles of Lynn canal would be American territorial waters. The chief aim of Canada is to get the Lynn canal.

A curious contention of the Canadians is that the American claim, based upon the wording of two treaties, is contrary to and inconsistent with "the improved international morality," and therefore it is "illegal." They claim that the old Chilcat Indians of the lower Alaskan coast refused to let the interior tribes have access to tidewater, and Russia maintained such "immorality" to keep her British neighbors from the sea and the Americans forfeit recognition by following the Russian example. It may well be asked if Canada thinks she is following "improved international morality" by laboring with all her might to possess two important seaports which she did not build, and an important railway in whose construction she had no part, using arguments which would disgrace the arena of a country magistrate's court, and making claims as to matters long ago adjudicated. Surely, Great Britain, who appears in behalf of her ward in this Alaskan boundary case, must laugh in her capacious sleeve at the Canadian plea in behalf of the strict observance of "improved international morality." The whole Canadian contention had its origin of recent date among land and mining speculators who would profit by Canada's ownership of the short cut to the British gold region about the upper waters of the Yukon river.

The Associated Press' London correspondent has learned that the whole Alaskan frontier controversy hinges "upon Canada's effort to acquire an outlet to the sea." This is pretty swift journalism for London.

Narrow Roadways.

All readers of The Journal interested in municipal affairs, and that ought to include all of them who live in cities or villages, found much food for thought in Mr. E. J. Phelps' admirable article in Saturday's issue summing up the arguments in favor of paved roadways adapted in width to the pressure of traffic.

Mr. Phelps makes out a good, in fact an unassailable, case for a 24-foot roadway for Minneapolis' residence streets, leaving the difference between that and present roadway widths for boulevards. The wide roadways are unnecessary outside of the business district and are, indeed, a nuisance. The narrowing of the present roadways in no way interferes with business growth, for if at any time a street changes its character from that of a residence to a business thorofare, it is an easy matter to restore the boulevard reservations to pavement. The city does not give up any portion of the street in narrowing the roadway. It simply devotes a part of it to another purpose than the accommodation of vehicles. This is not a question of narrower streets, as Mr. Phelps points out, but of narrower roadways. The handsomest sort of street is a wide one with a roadway no wider than the traffic actually requires.

Minneapolis ought to adopt a regular program of narrow pavements in residence districts. Narrow paving means more paving. The same appropriation will, as Mr. Phelps showed, go much farther with a narrow than with a wide roadway. In effect that means that the taxpayers will get more for their money.

The New York Financial Age is severe in its criticism upon the lack of public supervision of a certain class of banks in Minnesota. If the state undertakes to regulate banking at all, it ought to make a thoro job of it, and permit no institution to do a banking business unless under state or national regulation. It seems that the public examiner has no control over the private banks, half a dozen of which have recently failed in this state thru the dishonesty of owners or employes. Minnesota's state bank laws are good and well administered. Banks which are not at present amenable to its provisions should be compelled to conform or go out of business.

A Kansas City paper remarks that the corn crop has been ruined several times this year. The same remark is applicable to the spring-wheat crop. Many farmers who have had several ruins this year would, if they had been inclined to wagers, be in the predicament of the South Dakota man who bet that his wheat would not go ten bushels to the acre, and must now eat his shoes because it went seventeen.

AT THE THEATERS

Bijou—"In Old Kentucky."

"Queen Bess," the favorite, won the Ashland Oaks, on the Bijou track, yesterday, in a driving finish and after she had been pocketed at the three-quarters and apparently put out of the running. The mare carried considerable money and her victory was a popular one. Several of the "bookies" were hit rather hard and Horace Holton, who had given odds against the Layson entry, must have lost a small fortune on the result. Back of the mare's win, there is a pretty and romantic story involving her owner and a young woman, who is now a visitor at Woodlawn, Layson's country home.

This young woman is from the mountain country and Mr. Layson met her when he visited that section earlier in the season. She was the belle of the district, and, oddly enough, Frank Layson, who has been the despair of the match-making mamas for several years, succumbed at once to her charms. However, the mountain maiden had other admirers, and one of them, a moonshiner, named Joe Lorey, forced a quarrel upon the race-horse man and would, it is said, have killed him had not the girl come to the rescue. Stories of the meeting differ, but all admit that the girl saved her lover's life.

Then Layson returned to his home. Shortly afterwards Maid Madge of the mountains appeared upon the scene. The stables at Woodlawn caught fire, the blaze evidently being the work of an incendiary, and Queen Bess would undoubtedly have been burned to death had not the girl rushed into the burning barn and heroically led the high-strung mare to safety.

This, however, was not all. Two hours before yesterday's race, word was brought to Mr. Layson that his jockey was drunk and would be unable to ride. At first he considered scratching the entry, but finally Colonel Sandusky Doolittle, the well-known turfman, secured a boy who, he said, had been highly recommended to him, and Layson agreed to send Queen Bess to the post.

After the race had been won and the jockey had weighed out, it was discovered that the "boy" was no other than the little mountaineer who had twice before come to Layson's aid in time of need. The last chapter of this story of saddle and sentiment comes in the shape of an announcement that Layson and his pseudo-jockey will be married just as soon as the grand circuit closes.

All of which is merely preliminary to the statement that Jacob Litt,s "In Old Kentucky" has returned to the Bijou for its eleventh annual visit. The play has lost none of its power to please, and it is certain to do the usual big business. Miss Bessie Barriscale is one of the daintiest and most charming Madges ever seen. The others are eminently satisfactory, and the pickaninnies are great, altho most of them are something too old, now, to come under that designation.

Melodramas come and go, having outlived their popularity, but "In Old Kentucky" continues, season after season, and the public seems never to tire of seeing it. The reasons—it is clean and wholesome, contains a fair amount of sensationalism, and tells a highly interesting story in a thoroly enjoyable manner.

—J. S. Lawrence.

Foyer Chat.

"Way Down East" opened at the Metropolitan last night and a large audience was present to greet the familiar characters in this successful picture of rural New England life. A review of the play will be given in this column to-morrow.

The locale of the story of Chauncey Olcott's new play, "Terence," which is to be the attraction at the Metropolitan for the week commencing next Sunday, is Ireland at the present day, and the costuming is modern, a departure in Irish comedy drama. The company includes Adelaide Keim, Augustus Cook and Matt B. Snyder. Four new songs, "The Girl I Used to Know," "Tick, Tack Toe," "Sonny Boy," and "My Own Dear Irish Queen" will be sung by Mr. Olcott.

The Lyceum was packed again last evening with an audience which seemed to enjoy the Ferris Stock company's clever production of "Trilby." A review of the play will appear in this column to-morrow. Following "Trilby" at the Lyceum, the company will be seen in "The Sporting Duchess."

WHAT OTHER PEOPLE THINK

MARKET PRICE OF MACARONI.

To the Editor of The Journal:

As you are printing both sides of the controversy on macaroni wheat, why don't you quote the market price on it, as we are interested somewhat in that kind of wheat and are trying to get some of it for macaroni?

—Le Sueur City Miller.

Le Sueur, Minn., Aug. 27.

On the market page of Saturday's Journal two cars of macaroni wheat were recorded as having been sold for 64 cents a bushel. The prevailing price is 20 cents under No. 1 northern.—Editor Journal.

THE ROOT OF THE EVIL

Preston Times.

There is considerable smoke in the direction of Indian Territory and if proper investigation is made it would not be surprising if scandals like unto those in the postoffice department were developed. The trouble is that persons holding office are too prone to look upon public office as a private snap. Not content with good wages and short hours they immediately begin to loog around for a chance to make a "little on the side." Opportunities are not lacking and in a short time, like the hogs that they are, they have their snoot into the public treasury clear up to the ears.

MIGHT GO DOWN THE LINE

Taylors Falls Journal.

The state labor commission thinks the next legislature should provide against drug clerks working over time. While they are at it, why not make the same provision for farmers, railroad men reporters, butchers and other occupations, where work is required at nearly all hours of the twenty-four. Some men are better off at work than idle.

FRONT RANK OF NEWSPAPERS

Battle Lake Review.

One of the best dailes that arrives at this office every morning is the Minneapolis Journal, which is in the front rank in point of reliable news and market reports. There are dailies and dailies, but The Journal loses none of its popularity.

A MATTER OF BUSINESS

Des Moines Register and Leader.

Our sales to Cuba have fallen off over $5,000,000 during the year past. Cuba can buy elsewhere apparently to as good advantage, and will continue to do so until there is some inducement to trade with us. Reciprocity, from being a matter of sentiment, is likely to become a matter of business to the United States when the treaty comes up for ratification in November.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

A. N. Dare, state expert printer, comes out for Bob Dunn in a column leader in the Elk River Star-News. He declares that Bob is "a Minnesota Roosevelt in strenuosity, aggressive and outspoken with his opinions, is under no obligations to corporations, railroads, or interests inimical to those of the common people." Dare has always been a staunch Dunn man, and Dunn has reciprocated by helping him to be elected speaker of the house, supporting him for railroad commissioner, and finally helping him to his present position. The state printer takes a sanguine view of Dunn's chances, and says:

"Some of his friends are so sanguine as to predict that the preliminary contest will be all over before January, and that all opposition to his nomination will have been abandoned and that he will be the unanimous choice of the republicans for governor; and while this is putting it pretty strong, it seems quite safe at this time to predict that he will win out in the contest with flying colors. Mr. Dunn is a comparatively poor man and will have to make a poor man's campaign, but the people are with him, and that is much better than a big barrel of boodle."

According to the New Paynesville Press, Mr. Dunn has announced that "George A. Flinn, 414 Pioneer Press building, St. Paul, is looking after my interests politically." Mr. Flinn was land clerk during the whole of Dunn's service as auditor, and one of his closest friends. He is an old newspaper man, thoroly familiar with the politics of the state, and the ex-auditor could hardly find a better manager.

Speaking of the Faribault Journal's Van Sant-Lowry story, which was mailed all over the state, the Buffalo Journal says:

"That sort of political rot may win, but it is very doubtful. To all appearances Governor Van Sant is attending to his own business, but if his enemies keep up that sort of goading it would be only human for him to get his Dutch up and go after them. There are men who would prefer to see Van Sant step out and retire on his record, but these unfair attacks may change that opinion if kept up."

The New Paynesville Press sizes up the outlook in the south in this style:

"One does not have to keep his political ear very close to the ground these days to discover that A. F. Foster is preparing to give Congressman Buckman the battle of his life next year. It is said that Mr. Foster has friends at work in almost every precinct in the district, and in all cases his agents are of the quiet, easy-going kind, difficult to locate but whose influence is always felt in the political affairs of every community. Mr. Buckman has an almost perfect organization among the old politicians of the entire district, which would be invincible under former conditions, but the defeat of Young in the seventh and the scare given Buckman last year, when he had only thirty votes to the good, were sufficient to show that organizations of politicians don't count in a primary election."

Julius Schmahl, who supported Young for congress last year, commends Congressman Volstead in his Redwood Gazette for appointing Mrs. Viola Long, the widow of George M. Long, late postmaster at Walnut Grove, to the vacant place. This is regarded as a magnanimous act, since Mr. Long favored Young last fall at the primaries.

The Faribault Pilot, reorganization democrat, says:

"The Pilot, some time ago, named Milwaukee as the proper city in which to hold the democratic national convention next year. The citizens of Milwaukee are a quiet, conservative people. A national convention takes its spirit and complexion largely from the city in which it is held. The next national democratic convention should be a calm, deliberative assembly, therefore it should be held in Milwaukee."

Then, too, think of the saving in freight charges on the product which made that city so justly famous.

The Morris Sun editor starts a gubernatorial boom for one of his predecessors, E. W. Randall, now the successful secretary of the State Agricultural society. Mr. Randall might be induced to accept the office if elected, but he is too busy to talk about it until after the fair.

The Sibley Independent urges John Lind as the most available man for the democracy as a presidential candidate next year. Of course our congressman is ineligible for the presidency, having been born across the pond, but it would probably do no harm to nominate him. He might as well carry the banner against Roosevelt as anybody.

G. B. Wollan of Glenwood, second assistant secretary of the senate, and editor of the new Glenwood Gopher, was in town Saturday. He is an enthusiastic supporter of Frank M. Eddy for governor, and says that Glenwood people firmly believe Eddy is going to win. Eddy is in the fight to stay.

When the members of the Minnesota house meet at the state fair grounds tomorrow afternoon for their fall reunion, there will be also present some disinterested friends of the various candidates for governor.

The Red Lake Falls Courier says:

"G. S. Brainerd, the defaulting Montgomery banker, was a meember of Governor Van Sant's board of equalization. Tho ostensibly hailing from the country he is in reality a Minneapolis lumberman, and no doubt it was a part of his work to look after the interests of his fellow sufferers in the lumber business."

Mr. Brainerd was appointed from the fifth judicial district in 1902, and served that year. As far as the lumbermen were concerned, they made loud and long complaint against him, and declared that he was out to "do" the Minneapolis manufacturers. When Senator Lord held up his confirmation on complaints from Dodge county, no one was more pleased than the lumbermen. Senator Lord's charge was discrimination against Dodge county and in favor of Steele.

The New Prague Times is out in a rattling editorial, favoring Dunn for governor and Heatwole for senator. The question arises, is the New Prague Times *on the inside, or is it not?*

The Duluth News-Tribune is still having visions about the terrible lumber barons. Don't they raise a pretty fair article of barons in Duluth?

Speaking of the objection to Frank Eddy as out of harmony with the new capitol, the Ortonville Journal says it is fortunate the interior finish is not to be in mahogany. The fact is, the governor's apartments are to be finished in that very wood, and it may be hard to find a candidate for governor who will match it, and still be acceptable in other ways.

—Charles B. Cheney.

TABLES MAY BE TURNED.

Grain Dealers' Journal.

Macaroni wheat is grown in larger quantity this year than ever before. Under the encouragement of the agricultural department it seems that the acreage has been greatly increased. So much so that the chief inspector of Minnesota is much alarmed by the prospect of having to grade a lot of cars "rejected." In order to place shippers on their guard he has issued a notice calling attention to the necessity of cleaning elevator bins, hoppers and scales carefully, after handling rice, goose or macaroni wheat, as wheat containing such a mixture will in no case be graded better than "rejected." If the work of the agricultural department results in the public preferring macaroni wheat to No. 1 northern, as is claimed will be the result, the aforesaid inspector may find it necessary to change his rule so as to make the wrongly degraded macaroni wheat "rejected" only when mixed with some of the other varieties. The tables have been turned in cases of this character before now.

Books and Authors

ENGLISH IN AND OUT OF SCHOOL.

A writer in the Literary World, discussing the spoken English of our school children, says the public schools "turn into the world, every year, thousands of children who have no idea, at least, no practice, of the correctly spoken English language; many boys and girls are able to write with moderate ease and fair accuracy, but not one out of ten can speak with even an approach to correctness." He gives some examples of the out-of-schoolroom English which, it must be admitted, are not exaggerated. The defect, apparently in the system is the inability to impress upon the children of the schools the importance and the necessity of carrying the best English acquired in the schoolroom into the street and into the home. The idea of the children seems to be that it is perfectly legitimate to drop correct English as soon as they get out of a school building, and talk "pidgin" English, if they have a mind to.

In making such breaks, however, the children are doing exactly what many of their elders do who ought to know better. There are lawyers, judges, clergymen and others who guard their English when speaking in public, but who are guilty of most abominable lapses when off dress parade, and show no loyalty to grammar. Perhaps, if these mature sinners would be conscientious users of English and set a better example, the youngsters would do better.

NEW BOOKS

THE DIAMOND NECKLACE. By Frantz Funck-Brentano. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Translated by H. S. Edwards.

This is the story of the diamond necklace which Marie Antoinette, the queen of Louis XVI., wanted, but did not get because the king, curiously enough for him, thought it would be extravagant to pay a *million and three-quarter lives for it.* The necklace was fraudulently obtained by other parties who represented that it was for the queen and the diamonds were sold in bunches here and there. The affair bred a big scandal and Marie Antoinette, whom the French people did not love, was falsely charged with participation in the business. There is much matter of interest in the story about Marie Antoinette, and her beauty and admirable traits are well described. The fair Austrian princess deserved a better fate than the knife of the relentless guillotine.

THE FAILURE OF JESUS AND HIS TRIUMPH. Red Wing: The Argus-Press. Price $1.

This anonymous volume by a Minnesota writer is one of the many attempts of people who imagine they have discovered universal truth, and newly solved the mystery of life and have disposed of all previous attempts to do so and have even rendered the Christian scriptures entirely obsolete, to impose their views upon their fellow men. They are usually extremely intolerant and the author of this book is no exception as he developes a very vigorous enmity to what he calls "orthodoxy" and has small charity toward those differing from him. Apparently magnifying Christ as a savior, he robs him of his distinct claims to divinity and minimizes him to the level of humanity, arguing the potentiality of all humanity to attain like thaumaturgical power. The author does not seem to know that he is following the beaten track of assailants of Christian doctrine from Celsus to the brilliant Renan and his successors who have unsuccessfully stormed the citadel of truth which Paul and thousands of other logical and brainy men have thru the ages defended with signal ability. The author of this book has evidently been imbibing the Hegelian philosophy. His extreme pantheistic postulate on page 85 shows how much at sea he is in a rudderless boat. It would be more satisfactory if he could give us something really better than the Christian religion.

THE MAGAZINES

The World's Work (New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.) for September is an extraordinarily interesting number. Mr. Eugene Lyle's illustrated paper on "The American Influence in Mexico" is a perspicuous and valuable sketch of reactionary and revolution-ridden Mexico, under American influence which inspired Porfino Diaz to make the investment of outside capital in his country safe and profitable. Diaz, as Mr. Lyle says, is Mexico's only real liberator. He has made Mexico a modern nation under American influence. Valuable, too, is the paper on "Thirty Years of Italian Progress," in which it is shown that Italian unity is stronger than it was ten years ago, and that pessimistic statements frequently appearing are largely without foundation, as, notwithstanding great mistakes have been made. Italy is industriously expanding, fighting ignorance and crime with widespread educational facilities for the people, and abolishing the slum and actualizing the best sanitary principles. The transformation of Italy is shown to have been relatively greater than that of any other modern nation. The making of big naval guns by our government is interestingly described, with illustrations, by Lieutenant-Commander Gleaves of our navy. Professor Baker's illustrated paper on "The Model Preparatory School" and Mr. Thompson's comparison of railway accidents in America and Europe, making a favorable showing for the United States, are attractive features, and Mr. Israel Zangwill's paper on Zionism (he believes Judaism must be renationalized or denationalized) and Mr. Lewis' "Feats of Modern Railroad Engineering' enhance the value of this splendid number.

The Popular Science Monthly for September contains a notable paper, by Professor Wilder of Smith college, on methods of personal identification, as the Bertillon, the Galton and the palm and sole system, the latter being given special prominence and elucidation. Mr. John Cotton Dana contributes a deeply interesting paper on "Some of the Extra-Artistic Elements of Esthetic Emotion," in which he specially considers the esthetic effect of pictures upon most people. There is a paper on Mary Hallock on "Pulse and Rythm,' and Professor Stiles of Bellevue *hospital contributes an attractive discussion* of theories of sleep and mosquitoes and methods of exterminating them are the subject of a paper by Professor Underwood of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. (New York: The Science Press, Sub-station 84.)

The Booklovers' Magazine (1323 Walnut street, Philadelphia) offers some very good reading on "Rulers of American Cities," by Talcott Williams, with portraits in tint of Carter Harrison, Seth Low, Dick Croker, Tom Johnson and others. Mr. Hancock contributes an illustrated paper on the work of Herman Suderman, the German novelist and dramatist, with portrait and examples of his literary work. In "The Gallery of Modern Art" are some fine reproductions in color and black and white from the art collection of Mr. Schemm, of Philadelphia, including paintings of Jules Breton, Bouguereau, Gereme, Thaulow, Knight, Schrever, Grutzner and others. The reproductions in color are especially fine. Mr. Jennings' "Snap Shot Experiences" embody some excellent studies in photography, and a distinctly valuable feature is T. B. Browning's "A Modern Pilgrimage to Canterbury," with most attractive views.

Captain Mott contributes an interesting illustrated paper on "Work and Play of the Military Attaches." The captain is military attache to the American embassy at Paris. A notable paper is "Some Famous Judges," by Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, who is a fascinating raconteur of personal reminiscences. Edith Wharton begins the second part of her story, "Sanctuary," and there are somes good short stories by F. Hopkinson Smith ("A Night Out"); Beatrice Hanscom ("The Flowering of the Elysian Fields"); Lucia Chambmerlain ("At the High Water") and Marguerite Merington ("Toddykins").

THE NONPAREIL MAN

A Minneapolis Dramatic Event.

One of the most delightful literary and social events of the year was the Indian dinner served at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George B. Moses of Kenwood Foreside, Saturday evening last, to the members of the Split Infinitive club. Basket covers were laid for seventeen or eighteen and hot dog with beadwork sauce was served. The second course was fried buffalo robe. After the feast several rounds of killikinnick were smoked while the club listened breathlessly to a most entertaining paper by Mr. Bromley on "The First White Child Born on the Site of Chapman's Grocery Store." The paper was a historical study of great interest and importance to Minneapolis illustrated by daguerreotypes and photographs, the former dating back to 1832.

The literary piece de resistence of the evening, however, was the dramatization in five acts of Hudson's Dictionary of Minneapolis, read by the author. We understand that this play will soon be placed on the stage in New York and will, if a success, be tried in the provinces this winter. There is a possibility that the new Metropolitan may be opened with it. The double role, comprising the character of Fathers Hennepin and Nicollet, plays an important part in the dramatization. Indian Sal, who sells to the government for an Indian reservation the land on which Minneapolis now stands, is also a striking figure. Eighteen white men are scalped at First avenue S and Eighteenth street in the first act, which ends in the remarkable and soul-thrilling climax of the defense of the Glass Block against pirates. The second act is made up of the capture of the garbage crematory by hostile reds, and the carrying into captivity of Arthur Warnock. The climax of the act is his rescue by the Flambeau club just as he is about to fool the Indians who want to scalp him and burn him at the porterhouse steak.

The play is one of thrilling interest from start to finish. Other exciting scenes are the Rose Fete given by Minnehaha and Hiawatha at their suburban home at the Falls, the Discovery of Nicollet avenue by R. F. Jones in pioneer costume and a grand scalp dance performed by the grand jury led by Mr. Clarke.

At the conclusion of the reading, thru which the club sat spellbound, a round of applause was given. Everybody said "How, How," and shook hands, and a very enjoyable session broke up at midnight.

Casually Observed.

Willard Dillman and his Excelsior Record insist that Excelsior is going to be a winter resort after this fall. That's right, a whole lot of winter will be found resorting there a little later.

The board of health of Chester, Pa., has ordered the chief health inspector of that town to cut off his luxuriant whiskers on the ground that the germs fly around in them and build nests in the branches. If the man values the bunch of whiskers highly he might have a little carbolic acid spray playing on them during business hours.

Carrie Nation is assailing the president. Perhaps Carrie thinks the democratic party would put prohibition in force.

The Heron Lake News is fatally twisted on the state fair. It says that at the great state fair Dan Fairbanks will make the opening address and Senator Patch will attempt to reduce his past record. The senator will have to go some.

When the wheat bull goes out and looks at this weather he makes a noise like a ripe tomato.

The Waconia Patriot's devil was puckered up and warped out of shape last week from cucumberitis. Poor devil.

The Adrian Democrat quotes some excuses received by a school teacher from parents. They are too good to let go to waste:

Miss Blank: Please excuse my Paul for bing absent he is yet sick with Dipterry and dar doctors don't tink he will discover to oblige his loving aunt Mrs. ——. I am his mother's sister from the first husband.

Dear Teacher: Please excuse Fritz for staying home he had the measles to oblige his father. —J. H.

Teacher: Please excuse Rachael for being away those two days her grandmother died to oblige her mother.

Miss: Frank could not come these three wks because he had the amonia and information of the vowels.

Teacher: You must excuse my girl for not coming to school she was sick and lade in a common dose state for three days.

A nice little vine-clad cottage on the slopes of Vesuvius may be all right, but it might be well to run across the Mediterranean into north Africa to sleep. The volcano may be perfectly safe, but it seems to be meditating something.

Here and there we hear the wail of the press that there is nothing doing. In truth this is a sign of peace and quiet and genial repose and happy home firesides, but they don't know it. Why should we long for this excitement and change? The Spokogee Journal, in Indian territory, voices the general complaint as follows:

Why don't somebody get born, get married, or die, or run off with some other man's wife, kiss the hired girl, get drunk and shoot up the town, kill one of the valuable town dogs, burn out some place of business so as to get the insurance, or commit suicide—or, in fact, do any goldurned old thing so as to liven up matters—be metropolitan, the same as in cities, as elsewhere—gosh! but this is a dry old burg, no excitement of any kind—hasn't been a fist-to-skull encounter for so long that the boys have almost forgotten the manly art of self-protection. Gee! but this is getting to be a tame affair for the wild and wooly west! If we go on behaving in this manner, what do you suppose our dear friends in the elite east will think of such conduct out here among the wilds of the great American desert?

Yet after reading the above, it is, indeed, a sad commentary on the decay of the west when there is more homicide in Boston, Mass., than in Spokogee, I. T. Is this an indication that Roosevelt may be defeated? We trust not.

THEN THERE WAS ROOM

Brooklyn Eagle.

They stood on the corner and watched several street cars go by, each one filled to its utmost capacity.

Then there was an altercation. No one seemed to know just what the trouble was, but as a well filled car approached they were disputing and gesticulating in a most excited manner. Of course some one on the car saw them and exclaimed:

"There's a fight, sure."

There was a scramble to get a look at the disputants and various comments from various people.

"Both drunk," said one.

"I'll bet the little man can do him," said another.

"Say, but it'll be a beauty," added a third.

The car was just passing as they grappled and went down together, and half a minute later there were only two men left on the rear platform and twelve seats inside were vacant.

Then as the crowd reached the spot two men got on their feet and one cried:

"Run for it."

And the other replied:

"It never falls."

Fifteen or twenty men trailed after the fleeing fighters. And they were sore. Nor were their tempers improved as they saw the two young men in the best seats in the car and heard one of them say:

"It's a trifle rough, but it pays."

THE MEANING OF "SUB ROSA"

Every one knows the meaning of "sub rosa," whether acquainted with Latin or not, but how many are familiar with the origin of the pet phrase? says Victor Smith, in the New York Press. I learn from an interior decorator who is employed by some of the heavy swells along the Highlands of Fifth avenue that it is now the custom to paint or sculpture roses on the ceiling above dining tables in rooms where little or big confidences are exchanged. This is a return to the ancient usage. The rose is the emblem of silence. Cupid gave the flower to Harpocrates, the god of silence, to bribe him not to betray the amours of Venus. In the Middle Ages a live rose was suspended from the chandelier when friends talked over secret matters, and sometimes was placed over the door, as a sign that whatever was said must be kept sacred. The banquet-room ceiling of Haddon hall, of which we have heard a great deal, is decorated with roses.

A SAD OUTLOOK FOR THE SPINDLESHANKS

American Wool and Cotton Reporter.

Now that King Edward has set the fashion for knee breeches in full dress affairs and is being followed by many of his subjects, it is likely that they will be received ere long on this side of the water. They must, of course, be made of black silk or satin, and the effects resulting from such a dress will, to say the least, be somewhat curious. Those who favor the innovation will be the well-built, athletic class, while those who cry out most loudly against it—that they will not adopt such a ridiculous fashion—will have, no doubt, some personal reasons for not wanting to be seen in knee breeches. It will not be the first fashion adopted that has made men look ridiculous, nor will it probably be the last. King Edward is still the criterion of fashion in London. There is little question as to the style there, at least.

HER DAUGHTER WAS INDELICATE

Philadelphia Ledger.

A certain nouveau riche woman of Philadelphia, who bears the reputation of a Mrs. Malsprop and misuses her English with a fine disregard of the proprieties, was staying with her daughter at an Atlantic City hotel. One evening while seated on the hotel porch, she overheard two young men, who were unaware of her presence, discussing her daughter.

"That Miss Blank is a very charming girl," said one. "Don't you think so?"

"Yes," was the reply; "but what a pity she's so delicate."

This was too much for the mother, who prided herself on her daughter's good health.

"Delicate!" she broke in; "my daughter delicate! Why, she's one of the most indelicate girls I ever saw in my life!"

NO OTHER BISHOP IN HIS DIOCESE

New York Tribune.

An amusing story is told of Commodore John S. Chauncey, one of the "old sea-dogs" of the navy, while in command of the New York navy yard. One Sunday, at the usual religious service of the men on the training ship, the chaplain on duty at the station read a notice before the bluejacket congregation, closing with "by order of the bishop." The commodore chanced to be passing within hearing as the last words were uttered, and he quickly turned about and addressed the chaplain thus: "By whose order, did you say?" The chaplain politely replied, "By order of the bishop of this diocese." Without stopping to inquire as to the nature of the notice, Commodore Chauncey, appreciating that it emanated from some other source than his office, which was enough for him to know, in a serious and commanding tone said: "Well, the notice will not be obeyed. I'll give you to understand that I am the only bishop of this diocese."

THE CLOCK THAT STRUCK LESS THAN ONE

Lippincott's.

The head of the family, with his beloved sweetbriar and his favorite magazine, had settled back in the rocker for a quiet, comfortable evening.

On the other side of an intervening table was the miniature counterpart of himself, the wrinkling of whose 8-year-old forehead indicated that he was mentally wrestling with some perplexing problem. After a while he looked toward his comfort loving parent, and, with a hopeless inflection, asked:

"Pa?"

"Yes, my son."

"Can the Lord make everything?"

"Yes, my boy."

"Every everything."

"There is nothing, my son, that He cannot do."

"Papa, could He make a clock that would strike less than one?"

"Now, Johnny, go right up stairs to your ma, and don't stop down here to annoy me when I'm reading."

Johnny went and wondered still.

CHARTERING SPECIAL TRAINS

New York Times.

"Special trains are becoming so frequent now that they attract little attention except they make record runs for long distances, or unless there is some trouble collecting payment for them," said a veteran railroad man. "Ten years ago, when I was division superintendent of one of the big trunk lines running out of New York, a special train was an event that never failed to get mention in the newspapers. Stationmasters required ample notice to get one in readiness, and there was a great deal of fuss making arrangements all along the line. At any of the big railroad terminals in any city now a man can get a special engine and car to chase a flier almost as easy as he can check his trunk. Only a few minutes' notice is required, and right of way is obtained for 100 or 200 miles along the line without noticeably disturbing schedule runs. A man who has to keep an important business engagement, or a woman hurrying to a sick husband, pays $100 or double that sum for a special with as little concern as paying a supper check in a swell hotel. We live in a rapid and extravagant age, and grow accustomed to such thing."

Defective Page