THE JOURNAL

LUCIAN SWIFT, MANAGER. | J. S. McLAIN, EDITOR.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY MAIL.

One month	$0.35
Three months	1.00
Saturday Eve. edition, 20 to 26 pages	1.50

Delivered by Carrier.

One week	8 cents
One month	35 cents

All papers are continued until an explicit order is received for discontinuance, and until all arrearages are paid.

THE JOURNAL is published every evening, except Sunday, at 47-49 Fourth Street South, Journal Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

Mgr. General Advg. M. LEE STARKE, { New York Office, Tribune Building. Chicago Office, Tribune Building.

W. W. JERMANE, Representative. { Washington Office, 45 Post Building.

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.

The Peace of Europe.

At the final session of the conference of the interparliamentary union for international arbitration yesterday at Vienna, a Bulgarian delegate commended to the consideration of the delegates the twenty-third clause of the treaty of Berlin which requires the "concert of Europe" to place and introduce home rule under the protection of the powers. The powers having neglected this duty for twenty-five years, it was certainly appropriate for the delegate from Bulgaria to introduce the subject in a conference where all Europe was represented in order to remind the public that the powers are themselves to blame for the present terrible condition of affairs in Turkey. The conference seems to have adjourned without action on the suggestion made.

The "concert of Europe" is apparently as oblivious of its duty under treaty obligations as it was when Abdul-Hamid was amusing himself with the massacre of some 120,000 Armenian Christians, even Russia, which has made her duty to protect Christian subjects of the sultan from injury the pretext for several invasions of Turkey, being on that occasion as stolid as a stone image.

It is reported from Sofia that the Macedonian insurrectionary committees are preparing a statement announcing that the Turks have slaughtered in that district 65,000 men, women and children, and have burned 120 villages, and that the insurgents intend to resort to reprisals for Turkish atrocities. This, however, the insurgents have been doing all thru the revolt. The struggle has now become, on the part of the Turks, a war of extermination of Christians, and it is not surprising to note that the example they set in Europe is increasingly followed in Asiatic Turkey, and it is possible that massacres like those in the Lebanon district in 1860 will occur at any time. On that occasion France landed a force in Syria and put a stop to the disturbances and secured guarantees of the safety of the people. A significant incident, showing the disposition of the Turks, is the action of Turks in one of the Macedonian districts urging the sultan to unfurl the standard of the prophet and declare Jehad or "Holy War" against the "infidels," and arouse Mohammedan fanaticism against the Christian world.

In 1878 the sultan seriously considered bringing out this flag, which is reputed to be made of a curtain which hung before the door of the tent of Ayesha, the favorite wife of Mohammed, and is regarded as a very sacred relic. It was brought to Constantinople by Amurath III. in the sixteenth century and deposited in a chapel in the interior of the seraglio, where it is closely guarded by several emirs who offer prayers over its continually. The tradition is that the waving of this flag by order of the sultan will bring out the whole Mohammedan world in defense of the Mohammedan faith, but it is doubtful if it would have such effect now, for Abdul Hamid's claim to the caliphate is not recognized by millions of African and Asiatic Mohammedans. The African Mohammedans for several years have been looking for the manifestation of a new Messiah or Mahdi, who was long ago prophesied to come about this time and assume the headship of the faith. Pretenders to the Mahdiship have instigated some of the bloodiest wars with England in northeastern Africa in recent years.

Whether the sultan waves the Sanjak-Sherif or not, there is going to be a serious time in the Balkan region and Syria with Mohammedan fanaticism, if the powers do not change their tactics and intervene. At their door is the responsibility for the growing anarchy thru their stupid folly of shirking treaty obligations and telling the sultan to go in and maintain order in his own way, which is a way of blood and rapine.

Belief in the ability of Turkey to reform herself is found among few British statesmen now. Formerly they persistently held to it. The intelligent statesmanship of the world now perceives that Turkey cannot be reformed from within or without. Said Count Chaudordy: "One can improvise institutions, but there is one thing one cannot improvise; that is men."

Three French savants are thinking of coming to America in a balloon. Their obituaries will have to be prepared at once.

Municipal Civil Service.

The charter commission will soon resume its sessions, and will ere long have to take a definite stand on questions it has heretofore merely discussed. One of the most important of these is the introduction of the merit system into the municipal civil service. In our opinion, such a system is relatively even more important in a municipal than in a national government, yet it has not been introduced into the Minneapolis government in the slightest degree in form, tho to some extent it has been observed in practice.

So far, the commission appears to favor the introduction of the merit system of tenure of office into the fire department. There is no question that it is right in doing so. Tenure of office during efficiency and good behavior is, possibly, more essential to the general efficiency of the fire department than to any other department of city government. Besides, the fire department has to a large extent been a sort of political stamping-ground, the fact that it is controlled by the council making it a fine field for patronage—tho it is only fair to say that in practice the changes wrought by the annual fight over the appointments have not greatly affected the rank and file. But the fire department ought to have at its head a man brought to his position by merit and not by dexterity as a political wire-puller.

But it is illogical to put the fire department on a permanent basis as to tenure of office and leave the police force at the caprice of each new mayor, with his swarm of political backers demanding recognition. The charter commission ought to have no difficulty in deciding that the police force, except the chief and one or two other members, should be taken out of the sphere of personal appointment.

In fact, all of the routine offices of the city which are not elective and are not potent in shaping municipal policy, should be put on a permanent basis. No clerk ought ever to have to give a thought to politics except in the way any good citizen should. To make him curry favor with politicians to get his place, and then make him contribute to campaign funds to keep it, is not in harmony with the way in which a big city should be administered.

If the Brooklyn and the San Francisco do not get a chance to fire a gun at Beirut there will be dense, dark gloom in plenty round about those ships, tho the Syrian sun may pour down its burning rays unchecked.

The Late Judge Flandrau.

One of the most notable of the pioneers of Minnesota has been removed from the activities of the great modern commonwealth in the building up of which he played such a conspicuous part, in the late Judge Flandrau.

During his residence of half a century in the territory and in the state of Minnesota, Judge Flandrau progressively won the confidence and profound respect of his fellow citizens, and showed himself in every crisis of the commonwealth a man of robust public spirit. At the bar, on the bench or in the storm and stress of battle, he proved himself a worthy citizen and to those less fortunate than himself in material things, he showed himself a ready helper in many ways, of which he never spoke, but which were known and appreciated by the many beneficiaries. Kindly and helpful in his relations to the poorest, Judge Flandrau won the love and admiration of all.

It may be said of him that he could boast of being a "democrat of the democrats." With his ability and his power to win men, he could, in political life, have made himself conspicuous, had he chosen to transfer his political allegiance to the republican party of the state, but he was deeply rooted and grounded in democratic principles (not, indeed, of the latter-day democracy, with its free silver and fiat money heresies), and once when a friend suggested to him the political advantage to him of identifying himself with the dominant party, he admitted it, but affirmed his undying devotion to the party in whose cradle he had been nurtured. Men like Judge Flandrau are not found "round the corner," so to speak. We need more of them. Minnesota is, indeed, fortunate in her Sibley, Flandrau, Ramsey, Pillsbury and other honorable early promoters of her wonderful and illustrious career.

Lipton has had a hard time in America. He couldn't take the cup but his guests took his silverware, and now the Swift and Armour interests in Chicago have been taking his money.

Bratnober on Alaska.

Mr. Bratnober of Oakland "takes a fall out" of Alaska in the dispatches to-day. Mr. Bratnober is very sweeping and extreme in his statements. He can see no good in that country and denounces it as a fraud. We have heard such things said about other countries. The time has been when Minnesota and the Dakotas have been declared by unwise and disappointed men to be worthless, and it is the testimony of such men, evidently, Mr. Bratnober relies upon for his impressions of Alaska. He refers particularly to the Tanana stampede. Any country is likely to get a black eye when men come into it unacquainted with its resources or the conditions of life there and unprepared to meet the demands that may be made upon them. Men who were in the Tanana stampede have also testified that undoubtedly there is there a great deal of good ore which machinery and capital will some day handle profitably, but that it is no place for the poor man with the pick, shovel and pan. The first difficulty is the cost of transportation of all food supplies. The chances for the poor man in Alaska to-day are certainly not as promising as they were in the Yukon in the early days of the Klondike excitement or in the Seward peninsula when the first strikes were made at Nome; but this is no evidence that Alaska has been worked out, or that it will not continue to be a profitable field for mining operations carried on economically, as in some of our western states.

As for the agricultural possibilities of Alaska, it has never been claimed that Alaska was likely to become a grain exporting country, but that it has agricultural possibilities to the extent of being able to produce large quantities of vegetables, forage, meat and dairy products there is abundant and well-founded opinion, and some experience to support it.

Shamrock won yesterday at Detroit—but it was an American Shamrock.

Higher Education Vindicated.

English brawn and sinew have had their turn of "knocking" by the English themselves. Now comes the turn of English brains. England has been running down at the heel and falling behind in the industrial race, we have been told, because the English workmen has been getting too fond of a good time and too much inclined to lose time seeing that he does not do a stroke more of work than he is paid for in full.

But now Sir Norman Lockyer, president of the British association for the advancement of science, says that British brains must be indicted. There is not enough brain power in England, he says, to keep running up to the maximum of efficiency the great industrial machine of the empire, which is entered in the world's sweepstakes for the world's leadership against the industrial machines of the German empire and of the American republic.

American progress is fed and stimulated by 134 state and private universities; Great Britain has 11. From our numerous universities, many of them having dollars to spend where the English universities have cents, there come forth every year ten men of developed brain power to one that England puts out. We spend fabulous sums for the development of industrial power, but we spend equally fabulous sums tot develop the power that will direct the material power.

Education has always been the watchword of American progress. Now the solicitude of the preceding generations for the education of the people is bearing fruit, and we are doing far more for the generations to come. Our higher education is "making good" in a very practical way. And yet there are, and there always will be people, who will sit around and wonder whether a university education is a good thing or not; for this or that individual there is room for speculation, for the people as a whole there is no question.

It is significant that modern nations are taking their places in the contest for supremacy in the order of their devotion to the higher education.

A Colorado court has decided that all timber that is not down is dead, if big enough to cut. That sustains the contention, it is thought, of some Minnesota loggers as evidenced by their operations.

Kentucky's Leading Industry.

The gubernatorial campaign in Kentucky is bringing out either a cause or a symptom of the cheapness in which human life is held in parts of that state. It seems that the governors of Kentucky have acquired a habit of emptying the prisons of homicides as fast as they are put in by the courts.

The republicans have published the fact that Governor Beckham has granted in all 183 pardons, ten of the recipients having been convicted of murder and thirty-three of manslaughter.

The democrats have retorted that while Bradley, republican, was governor, he pardoned 74 murderers and 104 men convicted of manslaughter. To this the republicans have replied, keeping up the tu quoque argument, that Brown, democrat, in his term of office, pardoned 45 murderers and 101 persons convicted of manslaughter.

Evidently, however much Kentucky governors may differ in politics, they are all true Kentucklans. Between them they have done honor to the time-honored sport of Kentucky gentlemen—of killing each other—by restoring to the open air 127 murderers and 238 other homicides. Altogether they have contributed to the cause of law and order in Kentucky by releasing 894 men whom Kentucky juries, Kentucky juries mind you, had found guilty.

Now, if in three gubernatorial terms 365 takers of human life have been turned loose, we begin to get some conception of the banality of murder in Kentucky. There must still be some murderers in prison, and a large number were either found not guilty or else were never brought to trial.

It would be hard to say whether the appalling number of murders is due to the frivolousness with which the pardoning power is used, or whether the large number of pardons is due to the Kentucky opinion that murder is not one of the grave crimes. Very likely there is an interaction here. Governors pardon because they know so many murderers are outside the prison that it seems an injustice to keep a few within, and murderers ply their trade because they know the chances are good that they will never be seriously punished, between the opportunities they will have in the courts and before the governor.

After studying these figures, we are free to say that of all the lynchings we have heard of, one in Kentucky came nearer to being justified than any lynching we have had in America since the days of the frontier vigilantes. That was the case of the wealthy white man who, after committing a most atrocious murder, was still unsentenced at the end of two years, tho twice convicted. At last his neighbors, fearful that he would finally be turned loose among them, took him out of the jail and hung him. That crowd of lynchers, considering the general administration of justice in Kentucky, and their own affair in particular, certainly had cause to lose faith in formal justice in old Kentucky.

The net earnings of the railroads of this country increased during the first half of this year nearly $20,000,000. Nearly half of this is on the anthracite roads, but with $11,000,000 left for all the other groups it is manifest that the roads are not doing business at ruinously low rates yet. The increase in gross earnings was $90,232,528. This satisfactory showing with regard to the railroads is undoubtedly due in large part to a piece of legislation which some railroad men and more favored shippers opposed—the Elkins law; but it is no doubt the fact that rates have been so much better maintained under this law that it has had an important effect on railroad earnings.

The labor organizations certainly have a right to feel proud of their street demonstration last Monday when the turn-out here is compared with that at other places. At Philadelphia, for example, where there are so many workingmen of all trades, the number in line was only 15,000—and here 8,000 men. Philadelphia has seven times as many people as Minneapolis.

George E. Roberts, director of the mint, says silver has seen its worst days. At any rate it can't see any worse days than it has seen.

A VENERABLE PEDESTRIAN

Joseph Snyder, an athlete of 92, who lives in Aetna, N. Y., challenges any man of 75 or older to walk from ten to fifty miles. Mr. Snyder says: "I'll walk him either with or without canes, tho I prefer to carry one just for company. I walk at least ten miles every day, and the fellow who takes up my challenge will have to scratch gravel mighty lively to win."

MADAME CALVE'S PLAINT

Mme. Calve is singing brilliantly as ever at Covent Garden just now, but probably gets less enjoyment from her art than any one else. Indeed, she has seriously thought more than once of leaving the stage. "When I am at work," she says, "I don't live. I want to have plenty of exercise, to see all the museums and picture galleries, and to enjoy myself, and all these things are impossible if I am to sing and act well. It is a life of constant sacrifice and I am tired of it." Not unlike Sarah Bernhardt, who is always accompanied by her coffin, Calve has had her sepulcher prepared and her tombstone carved.

WHAT OTHER PEOPLE THINK

Library at the City Hall.

To the Editor of The Journal.

In your issue of yesterday appears an article headed "Library at City Hall," containing a statement regarding the proposed plan of locating a reading room in the rotunda of the courthouse, which is scarcely just, either to board of courthouse and city hall commissioners or to the library board.

As a matter of fact no formal offer of this room has been made to the library board for the excellent reason that it is impossible for the commission to ascertain at present whether or not they will have funds sufficient for the proper finishing of this room, nor until the estimates and bids are all in for other and most necessary work at the courthouse can this be determined.

On the part of the library board, I think it may be said that it will be ready at any time to take up this matter and deal with it as liberally as its means will allow, appreciating thoroly the generous offer of the commission. It certainly has no ground of criticism of the commission, who appear to be acting wisely and with a desire to serve the best interests of the public in the matter.

—Jacob Stone.

The Macaroni Campaign.

To the Editor of The Journal.

The thousands of people who have sampled the bread made out of macaroni wheat during the last few days have invariably pronounced it good.

There are a number of millers and bakers who show much interest from a business standpoint. A great deal of investigation is now going on in regard to macaroni wheat and its products, and when the new crop of this wheat is ready for the market there will no doubt be a good many ready to buy it.

There is now a disposition to look at this question much as one expressed himself: "The situation evidently is that this wheat is here to stay and we might as well accept this as a fact and be governed accordingly. If we are to handle it and offer the products to the public we can not afford to run it down, and as soon as we have familiarized ourselves with its merits we will not be slow to inform the public."

Such a position the raisers of macaroni wheat are satisfied with. All they ask is that prejudice be laid aside and the wheat bought on its merit. In fact, they are so confident of its intrinsic worth that they would much prefer to see its product sold on the open market under its true name rather than have it go into mixtures.

—L. A. Neland,
Chairman of Committee on Macaroni Wheat of Grain Growers' Convention at Fargo.

Edgeley, N. D.

CANADIAN-AMERICAN RELATIONS.

Review of Reviews.

The new statistics showing the trade of the past fiscal year illustrate this development in a striking manner. Thus, our exports to Canada last year amounted in round figures to $123,500,000. It has been just six years since Canada began to discriminate again us in favor of England, and in that time our exports to the Dominion have almost doubled, having increased from $65,000,000 to the present volume. Our imports from Canada in the recent fiscal year amounted to about $55,000,000. While this is the largest amount we have ever purchased from Canada in a single year, it is not nearly as large as it ought to be; and it is desirable, both for the Canadians and for ourselves, that there should be a readier access to our markets for some of the more important Canadian products. The statement was current last month that Sir Wilfrid Laurier would confer at some time in the present month of September with American members of the joint high commission, with a view to arranging for an early session of that almost forgotten body. Our own northwest is deliberately working for closer trade relations with Canada; and now that the Alaska boundary question has been referred to a specially created tribunal, it is hard to see why anything important should stand in the way of a serious and good-tempered effort to draft a mutually beneficial reciprocity treaty. One may venture to guess that it will be a long time, indeed, before Canada will get any practical results from the proposal to provide protective markets for her products in Great Britain; but it is among things easily possible that Canada will within a year or two find a great outlet open to her products by virtue of an arrangement with her nearest neighbor and her natural commercial partner.

The chambers of commerce of the British Empire held their fifth congress last month at Montreal, under the presidency of Lord Brassey and under the special auspices of Lord Strathcona, who is Canada's chief representative in England. It was natural that this body should in a general way applaud the Chamberlain idea of closer relations of trade, as well as of defense, thruout the empire. But the delegates from England were quick to rebuke the petty Canadian jingoism that blustered against the United States. Everybody in the world outside of the dominion knows well enough that Canada owes nine-tenths of her security, as well as of her prosperity, to the combined strength and neighborliness of the United States. While nothing is so popular in Canada nowadays as to say disagreeable things about this country, such remarks need not be taken very seriously. This Canadian attitude is more like the sectional grumbling of the west against the east, or of the south against the north, in our own country, than like the deeper antipathy of really hostile peoples. If the Canadians have shown themselves somewhat resentful and petulant in their attitude toward the United States, they have had some excuse in the stupidity and shortsightedness with which American public men have as a rule dealt with all questions involving our neighbors on the north,—neighbors who were entitled from every point of view to the most careful consideration and the most libreal treatment.

PAINTED PRESIDENT'S HORSE

New York Evening World.

District Attorney Jerome has a brother, "Larry" Jerome. This brother started his eccentric career while still at Princeton by an undue love of art. Robert Bonner had given President McCosh of Princeton a magnificent snow-white horse, of which the old president was inordinately proud, and which he was wont to drive in triumph thru the streets. One day, as the president was about to drive on a hurry call to Trenton, his hostler failed to bring the white steed to the door on time. Going to the stable to investigate, the president found that young Jerome had painted the horse a vivid and patriotic red, white and blue. Then he had permitted the Old Glorious horse to roll in the grass, adding a Galway green to the general effect. As the president had no circus to advertise, he missed his drives for the next month.

GENERAL LOGAN'S RETORT

Brooklyn Eagle.

A man who knew John A. Logan in southern Illinois before the civil war recently told me that on a certain occasion young Logan found it necessary to doubt the veracity of a man considerably older than himself, and told him so without any circumlocution.

"Don't you call me a liar, sir," said the man, excitedly. "I have a reputation to maintain, and I mean to maintain it if I have to do it at the point of a pistol."

"Oh," said Logan, calmly, "that won't be necessary. You maintain your reputation all right every time you tell a lie."

BARD OF AVON ILL

Lamont, Iowa, Patriot.

Will Shakespeare has been on the sick list for the last week.

FARM STRAYED AWAY

Heidelburg, Minn., Leader.

Ed Dahlky of Jordan was looking after his farm in this vicinity.

Books and Authors

BENEFICENT BIBLIOMANIACS

The individuals who are spoken of by some people in a somewhat contemptuous tone as "bibliomaniacs" and "book cranks," should be recognized as benefactors and patriots. Your bibliomaniac or book crank must be credited in many cases with preserving from utter oblivion books which are of very great historical value, national and state. Sometimes in the collection of a book crank are found old books whose contents embody historic facts which can never be duplicated and prove of very great value to historians. A man who, with patient research thru many years has assembled a mass of historical, legal and literary documents, bearing upon the early history of his state, which would have been sent to a paper mill and into the pulp vat or consumed by fire is performing a real service for the public. Such service has been performed by William Nelson of Paterson, N. J., whose valuable finds bearing on early New Jersey history are detailed in the current issue of the Literary Collector. Certainly Dr. Gate, who, in his enthusiasm as a book collector went into the damp and unwholesome cellars of the monasteries in lower Egypt and rescued from torn and rotting pilese of Greek and Coptic manuscripts of very ancient date, valuable texts of the gospel and epistles and Greek classics, performed a service of no small importance for modern scholarship. The book crank should be honored; he should never be sneezed at.

NEW BOOKS

THE LAW OF LIFE. By Annie McClure Sholl. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price $1.50.

This novel deserves a better and more taking title. "The Law of Life" does not give a hint as to the fine quality of this story of American university life. The author unfolds a phase of the social side and includes a real tragedy of a soul, distressing in the extreme. The heroine, Barbara Dale, a girl nurtured in a literary atmosphere; isolated from social pleasures; a strong intellect, is sent to Hallworth University to be the ward of Dr. Penfold, an eccentric professor of mathematics who has little thought for anything except his abstruse studies. Penfold is a bachelor of 45. After a little while, ere Barbara is broken into the routine of study, he proposes marriage to her and she, just beginning to show her fine genius in the classrooms, at first demurs, but like many another young woman, promises to marry him out of pure pity for his loneliness. "The girl soon deplored her own folly. She had known few men and was inexperienced in life," but her woman's heart saw the folly of her self-sacrifice, yet she was too weak to break off the pledge, thru sympathy with the loneliness of her dry-as-dust fiancee. She marries and finds Penfold isolated by preoccupation with his studies. Her whole woman's nature hungers for what a woman must have—love, and she starves in bitterness of soul. A baby is born, but dead, the husband absent during the trying period of accouchment solving some mathematical problem. Life thereafter is to Barbara a dark tragedy. She contemplates getting a divorce, but lacks courage to inform Penfold. Her heart moreover turns to a most agreeable young man who had paid her much attention before her marriage and whom she liked. But thru fear of hurting Penfold's feelings, she resists the temptation to break with the man and resigns herself to hopeless despair and becomes a warning to women against loveless marriages on the basis of pity. Incidentally we have disclosures of the lights and shadows of university life; its shams and verities; its weak and strong characters, male and female. The author has included a character worth studying and certainly recognizable, in Helena Dare, whom the students called the "Emperor," a junior, worldly-wise, formidably sophisticated and an authority on university manners. The chapter describing the love-making of Penfold, sudden and precipitous as a cloudburst, and the way Barbara was caught to her own undoing by a gust of pity for the man, is well done.

CENTRAL EUROPE. By Joseph Partsch, Ph. D., professor of geography in the University of Breslau. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price $2 net. Minneapolis: N. McCarthy.

This is a notable volume in the publishers' "Regions of the World" series, edited by H. J. Mackinder, reader in geography in the University of Oxford.

Central Europe, according to the author's delimitations, includes the German empire, Belgium, Switzerland, Netherlands, Austria-Hungary, Roumania, Servia, Montenegro and Bulgaria. Enclosed by other nations, this region has been, in the past, harassed by the interference of neighbors and the peace of all Europe is essential to its well-being. Even Germany's limited maritime position is naturally comparatively unfavorable, but German enterprise has built up a merchant service only second to that of Great Britain. The author enters into detail as to the physical, climatic, ethnical, political, industrial, social and geographical features of each of the countries within the 626,000 square miles of central Europe, upon which live 131,000,000 people. In addition his examination extends across the borders into portions of France, Denmark and Russia. The last chapter on "Conditions of National Defense," is of special importance and is a good lecture on the importance of maintaining peace in central Europe and avoiding the making of that region a battle ground of all nations, as it has been. A map of the strongholds of defense of central Europe is included. The text is well provided with maps and diagrams. The portion of the book relating to the Illyrian and Balkan countries is of special interest now that the peace of southeastern Europe is again menaced by another struggle of the Turk for existence and of Christian people oppressed by his cruelties for liberty, and by a rush of European eagles for the body of the "sick man."

THE MAGAZINES

The New England Magazine for September contains a thrilling account of the terrible Lowell explosion of last July and of other calamities in New England of recent date, with illustrations. Mr. Willey's paper on "The Changed Status of American Labor" embodies some interesting facts, and in "The Unforgotten Whittier," by J. W. Buckham, will be found a fine appreciation of the poet and attractive illustrations of the old Whittier homestead at Haverhill. A noticeable paper is Clifton Johnson's "The Geographies of Our Forefathers," with reproductions of the old, coarse wood cuts which adorned those text books.

The Open Court [Chicago: Open Court Publishing company] contains a tribute by Editor Carus to the late C. C. Bonney, a distinguished lawyer and reformer of Chicago, who presided over the World's Parliament of Religions in 1893 and was a poet of no small merit. There is a paper on the historical significance of the Moabite stone, the inscription on which refers to historical events mentioned in the Bible. Photos of the stone and inscription are given. Christina Albers contributes an illustrated paper on the beautiful mausoleum known as the Taj Manal, in India.

THE DEAD

I think about the dead by day
I dream of them at night;
They seem to stand beside my chair,
Clad in the clothes they used to wear,
And by my bed in white.

The commonplaces of their lives,
The lightest words they said,
Revive in me, and give me pain,
And make me wish them back again
Or wish that I were dead.

I would be kinder to them now,
Were they alive once more;
Would kiss their cheeks, and kiss their hair,
And love them, like the angels there.
Upon the silent shore. —E. H. Stoddard.

THE NONPAREIL MAN

Casually Observed.

Mr. H. J. W. Dam has a long and able argument in a New York paper on the subject, "Can Thought Move Matter?" Mr. Dam should try to wiggle his toe and find out.

Jerauld county, S. D., teachers have organized and decided not to teach in Jerauld county unless they get $40 per month for the first and second grade certificates, and $35 for the third grade. If teacher walks out on strike we know a few hundred Jerauld county kids who will be standing on their little heads for joy.

President Northrop came out with a large corkscrew and opened the university Monday. Nobody was hurt.

There is talk of turning Mr. Bassett's creek into the chain of lakes. At present this celebrated stream is dammed at Sixth avenue N by a large ripe tomato can, a barrel hoop, a dead cat and an old shoe.

Bro. Morrill puts himself down as "opposed to hell on the East Side." Our pastor in this case may be forgiven for desiring to raze hell.

A man at Waterloo, Ill., a man, mind you, talked himself to death. The dispatch does not say whether he said anything worth hearing or not, but we can guess.

The Illinois country press is discussing the emancipation of woman and deploring the tendency of the wife to "gad about" and leave her home to the care of others. The Mount Morris Index caps the climax of the discussion by insisting that the gad-around habit is becoming so chronic among some women that pretty soon the baby will have to be born in the night in order to find its mother at home.

Some of the towns in the black belt in Alabama are now inhabited exclusively by negroes, some of whom it is said still suffer from chicken kleptomania.

Our Trip to Europe—Madrid, July 17.—Dear Ones at Home—It is the first thing we have seen since leaving home—a bull fight, a genuine bull fight. Wasn't it glorious that we obtained the opportunity of observing it. The sight was so disgusting that Mary H. is down with a headache and Margaret had to leave the building because she said she felt sick at her stomach when the blood ran.

Madrid is a beautiful city, full of Spaniards and other ruins. The Alhambra is a nice, easy trolley ride from somewhere. After dinner we are going out to find the grave of Henry Irving, who wrote the "Life of Columbus," "The Student of Salamanca," and other novels.

But I must tell you about the bull fight. We had a good seat, nicely elevated above the arena and quite near to that of the young king. The arena was full of matadors and toreadors and was just one blaze of color. When the cow came in he pawed the ground with his front foot a few times and shook his head. They waved a red cloak at him and threw things. His tail stood straight up in the air like an inverted letter U, and he made a series of violent rushes that made our hearts leap into our throats, he looked so dangerous. All the matadors, etc., side-stepped very quickly and several of them, in the language of little brother at home, had to "shin the fence." It didn't seem to us that the Spaniards fought fair, for they did not give the cow a chance, but attacked him when his back was turned. Anyhow, the sight made Margaret so sick that we all had to leave the building, and I'm glad we did. We asked an American tourist in the hotel that night if the Spaniards finally managed to kill that cross cow, and he laughed and said that he believed they did.

They tell us Spain, and more particularly Madrid, are delightful old places, with no end of romance and story connected with them. Perhaps they are. But Margaret was so shaken by the stirring events of the day that we decided to take the train back to our comfortable hotel in Paris. As Mary H. says, we must not overdo this sightseeing and get ourselves all tired to death before we are near the end of our trip.

Lucile is thinking of writing a book on Europe. Lovingly,

—Lucille, Margaret and Mary H.

The prominence into which Canada has been brought of late owing to the influx of Americans into the Canadian northwest and owing to the revival on this side of the line of the reciprocity idea in all its original beauty and splendor recalls to my mind very vividly the attempt made by Washington in 1784 to bring all the English possessions in America under the United States flag. The project failed at that time owing to the malignant opposition of the Massachusetts Adamses.

I was at this time the Washington correpondent of Ben Franklin's Philadelphia paper, the Evening Post, and was very close to George Washington himself. I knew perfectly what was going on under the surface,for General Washington trusted me implicitly and often discussed with me the possibility of a coup d'etat that should bring under our flag every foot of land from the Gulf of Meico to the Arctic ocean. I had given some hints of this plan to Franklin but the old philosopher would have none of them, for he considered that Washington was too much of an imperialist. He would not print anything on the Canadian question at all and I soon ceased to speak of it in my dispatches.

The Massachusetts Adamses, as I have said, were also strong opponents of General Washington, for Boston then as now was a center of anti-imperialism. There was Samuel Iceberg Adams, John Quincy Arctic Adams, Charles Francis Refrigerator Adams and Josiah Icehouse Quincy, all active anti-imperialists and all actively at work in politics against the Washington-to-Jefferson-Madison cabal, as it was then known. Besides this the Massachusetts mugwumps had an idea that the Adams family ought to have the presidency anyhow and they were opposed to having Washington's name connected with a great world policy like the one I have outlined.

So much for the general situation at the time of the historic cabinet meeting of July 8, 1784. I had asked the president for the privilege of attending the meeting but he had remarked:

"My boy, it won't do. Jefferson as you know is touchy about reporters and Monroe is sore because we don't jump on Spain and take Cuba away. No, you'll have to stay outside.

"Why couldn't I get up in the ventilator. They would never find it out."

Washington tapped his teeth with his eyeglass.

"I reckon that would be all right."

The president and myself stood up on two chairs and pulled out the ventilator. I wormed myself into the orifice and the president pushed the ventilator back in place, leaving me comfortably fixed for hearing all that was said. John C. Fremont, secretary of the interior, was the first arrival. "John," said the president after they had shaken hands, "Lewis and Clarke were in to see me this morning. They claimed that they discovered the northwest before you were born.

"They're a pair of skates," replied Fremont with some warmth. "They couldn't discover the Mississippi river if they lived at Memphis. Why, I was picking up the Arctic circle just north of Saskatchewan with my expedition when they were out looking for the Ohio river. When Willard Glazier claimed to be finding Itasca lake, they were lost in the big woods at Oshkosh, Wis."

"I reckon you are right, Captain," said the president smiling. "Did you find the far northwest ready to come over to us?"

"They are ripe for it," replied Fremont impressively. "The Boston Adamses have been stirring up some opposition at Edmonton and Dawson, but it is not much.

"Those Adamses are giving me a good deal of trouble," replied the president, "All I ask is to get Samuel Antarctic Adams on the antifederal ticket and to go before the country. I figure I could make Samuel look like 28c and a ripe tomato in any kind of a fair election."

At this point the conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and Andrew Jackson, the two latter arm-in-arm. After the greetings of the day General Jackson said:

"Well, Washington, do the heroes of Valley Forge make a dash for Hudson bay this week?"

"That might be the Tennessee method," replied the president calmly, "I propose to buy Canada."

Albert Gallatin, secretary of the treasury fell out of his chair with a thud. As he recovered his feet he said:

"Mr. President, there was $87.30 and an old shoe in the treasury last night. If the interest on the national debt came due this week, our bondholders would be in the position of a ripe egg."

"Let us hope," said the president with a smile, "that the interest is not due this week, for their sakes."

"No, sir; it is not," said the secretary.

"My plan," said the president, "is more astute than you figure. I propose to go in debt for Canada and let the Canadians pay for themselves later on."

At this point a violent sneeze was heard and Jefferson, leaping to his feet, pulled the British ambassador out from behind a large red velvet chair where he had been concealed in a corner. In the excitement that ensued the cabinet meeting broke up without result. The election of one of the Adamses shortly after this put the federalist party out of power and lost us Canada.

I was under pledge at the time to the president not to reveal these details but as the parties concerned have largely passed off the stage of action, I cannot see any violation of the proprieties in giving these details to the world.

—A. J. R.

ENGLISH SOLDIERS

In his letter to the London Times on the physique of the British army, which made a very considerable stir in England, the Duke of Wellington gives some interesting statistics as to the British recruits. In 1900 the average height was 5 feet 5.4 inches; weight, 124.4 pounds; admissions to hospital per 1,000, 655.1; constantly non-effective thru sickness, per 1,000, 34.85; death rate, per 1,000, 6.62. The percentage of rejections in 1900 was 27.4; in 1901, 29.04, and in 1902, 32.22. The last figures Germany published were for 1887, when the percentage of rejected was only 16.3, and that from the total number of conscripts, not from men who had been accepted by recruiting sergeants

A SOCIAL SUCCESS.

She had fifteen million dollars,
Placed in bonds, and shares and rents;
He had fifteen million dollars,
So they merged their sentiments.
Now they've raised a son who's valued
At exactly thirty cents.
—Chicago Tribune.

PAT McBRIDE & COMPANY

This poem was written by Otto F. Pearre, a lawyer, who died in Pontiac in 1897. We do not know that it is to be found in any compilation of poems, but the lines, as taken from a scrapbook, are as follows:

Stretching away on every side
A fair domain you see;
A part belongs to Pat McBride,
A part belongs to me.
I own the golden light of morn,
With all its tints that play
Upon the springing grass and corn—
Pat owns the corn and hay.

I own the cathird, thrush and jay,
The larks that sing and soar—
Pat owns the barnyard fowls that stay
About his stable door.
But where the shadows on yon stream
Are changing every hour,
I own the right to float and dream—
Pat owns the waterpower.

Mine is the murmur of this rill,
Whose sweet tones never cease,
But all the air with music fill—
Pat owns that flock of geese.
I own yon creamy summer cloud,
That o'er the meadow floats
Like some pure angel in a shroud—
Pat owns those Berkshire shoats.

Mine are these drops of dew that shine
And fill my wild rose full;
These tiny violets are mine—
Pat owns that mighty bull.
Where such things can be got for pelf
Pat buys the finest breeds,
I hold communion with myself—
Pat holds the title deeds.

Pat rises when the morn is new,
And so, sometimes, do I;
I see he has enough to do
As I am passing by.
His muscles seem to be of steel,
But mine sometimes relax;
While he so sturdy seems to feel,
I let him pay the tax.

My golden profits ne'er escape;
I hide them in my breast;
Pat takes his gold in different shape
And sticks it in his vest.
I count my treasures o'er and o'er
As higher still they mount;
Pat's go with those that went before
To swell his bank account.

Pat owns that clover field in fact,
And so I sadly fear
That love of gain will make him act
Just as he did last year.
The crimson blooms I prized so high
He cut without remorse,
And sold the seed off by-and-by
And bought a Norman horse.

No man has wealth enough to buy
My part in this domain.
I would not sell my clouds and sky,
My shadows on the plain:
I would not sell this golden light,
These tales the breezes tell.
Gold has no power to buy my right—
For money Pat would sell.

I gaze at ease on every hand
At our possessions fair:
Pat plows and sows and reaps the land
And keeps it in repair.
So Pat does me a world of good,
While I do Pat no harm,
And on these terms, well understood,
We both enjoy the farm.

ON THE TREATMENT OF PAVEMENTS

They took a little gravel
And they took a little tar
With various ingredients
Imported from afar.
They hammered it and rolled it,
And when they went away,
They said they had a pavement
That would last for many a day.

But they came with picks and smote it
To lay a watermain:
And then they called the workmen
To put it back again.
To run a railway cable
They took it up some more;
And then they put it back again
Just where it was before.

They took it up for conduits
To run the telephone;
And then they put it back again
As hard as any stone.
They took it up for wires
To feed the 'lectric light,
And then they put it back again,
Which was no more than right.

Oh, the pavement's full of furrows;
There are patches everywhere;
You'd like to ride upon it;
But it's seldom that you dare.
It's a very handsome pavement;
A credit to the town;
They're always diggin' of it up
Or puttin' of it down.

Defective Page