THE JOURNAL

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TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

The Journal would be glad to receive by mail, or otherwise, the names of all persons who were readers and subscribers to this paper when it started, twenty-five years ago this fall, or who became subscribers during the first year of its existence, and their present addresses.

The Journal would also be pleased to have the names of men living who were newsboys in Minneapolis twenty-five years ago, and their present addresses.

A Public Official's Private Business.

Tams Bixby of Minnesota, chairman of the Dawes commission, met the charges of being interested in the buying and selling of Indian lands in the territory with the statement that he was interested in certain trust companies, but that he thought his connection with them was perfectly legitimate.

Now, Mr. Bixby's connection with the trust company may of itself be perfectly proper, but, nevertheless, a nice question is involved—a question that almost every public official, if conscientious, is called upon to settle for himself. It is not to be presumed in this country of elective and short-term offices, that a person occupying a public position must forego all opportunity to derive income from private business. Salaries are rarely sufficient to permit of any considerable savings, and even if they are, the question comes up in the form of what shall be done with the surplus. It is scarcely possible to make any use of it without creating a special interest in some business. If the savings go into a bank, a lively interest is aroused in the welfare of that bank; if they go into insurance, the official immediately has something more than ordinary interest in the company; and, of course, if they are invested in some independent business venture, the interest is still keener. Average human nature has not yet got to the point where it will not use the influence of an office to promote the private ends of the incumbent of the office. So we must expect that if any official engages in a private business venture that is in any way related to his official position, he is likely to get into trouble, even tho his intentions be the best and be sincerely convinced that his course has been perfectly legitimate.

The safe rule, then, both for the sake of propriety and for more substantial reasons, is for an official to exercise the greatest care to see that he form no business connections that are likely to benefit or suffer from his office, according to the manner in which he administers it or uses the influence and authority it gives him. Mr. Bixby's trouble can be traced to a lack of care in just such a particular. As a general proposition, it is perfectly legitimate for him to be a stockholder and a director in a trust company. But when he becomes a member of a trust company operating in the region in which he has so much influence, the circumstances demand the greatest prudence and, finally, when such a trust company is engaged in a business that brings it into very close relation with the governmental function performed by Mr. Bixby, he is, indeed, on dangerous ground. To protect himself, he must be in a position to prove that his official influence has in no case been exerted to benefit the company or injure the Indians. Very likely he will be able to do this, for, machine politician of the gumshoe type tho Mr. Bixby is, we are confident that he, as a public official, is as scrupulously honest as he is indisputably capable. But a little more consideration of the proprieties would have saved him no little annoyance and agitation.

Mr. Gorman does not suit Mr. Bryan as a presidential candidate. Bryan has just enough influence left to make his support very important to any democratic candidate who hopes to make a decent showing in the electoral college.

Banking Concentration.

Charles J. Bullock has an interesting paper in the September Atlantic Monthly on "The Concentration of Banking Interests." After showing how the Rockefeller and Morgan interests control half the banking power of New York city at the present time, he still concludes that there is no great danger that banking will ever be monopolized.

Nevertheless there are, he admits, some great dangers in the concentration of banking power which has taken place so rapidly since 1898. A central power has grown up which, tho without official recognition, has something of the real power of such institutions as the Bank of England and the Bank of France.

But our great New York banks with their chains of allied banks are not in such impartial and disinterested hands as the Bank of France or the Bank of England. Those banks realize the difference between promotion and the banking business proper, which is something that our great banks do not. The very men who are at the head of the greater industrial enterprises of America are at the head of these great banking combinations, with the result that their resources, instead of being at the disposal of general business, are apt to be reserved for a favored few. Personal and business antagonisms and friendships are apt to be potent in directing their policy. Legitimate demands for loans may be rejected in order to defeat, foil or ruin some business in competition with some great interest back of the bank.

On the other hand, the vast power of these great concentrations may be used to favor unduly some other business.

The concentration of banking interests has already reached such a point that Mr. Bullock is willing to admit that no great enterprise can be floated without the assistance of the banks controlled by Morgan and Rockefeller, and that assistance will not be forthcoming unless the project is one that promises to steer clear of Morgan and Rockefeller undertakings. Control of the banks by the great industrial leaders enables them to control for their own purpose and divert from the uses of the community at large an immense capital that belongs to other people.

We are then, as Mr. Bullock sees it, gradually evolving a system of branch and centralized banking in this country without the aid of law, but so far the central banks have not developed that independence and conservatism which must go with power and bigness if the concentration is to be of benefit to the country.

A correspondent of The Journal corrects a contemporary which perhaps unconsciously does an injustice to the teachers who have obtained leave of absence to prove up on their stone and timber claims in the state of Washington. This injustice was probably the result of ignorance and not malicious in this case, but there has been so much of the latter in the treatment of the educators of this city by that paper that what is probably an error and quite unintentional might not be so charitably regarded if it were not for this explanation.

Ireland's Better Days.

Justin McCarthy takes great hope for the future of Ireland from the recently enacted land legislation. In the Fortnightly Review he tells of his hope for a better time for the long suffering island. He sees the depopulation of the land come to an end, and looks forward to a happy and prosperous Ireland—not a minature England, but a smiling country island. Ireland has to-day only a third of the people it had in the days when the eloquence of O'Connell so thrilled his people. Her sons and daughters have left her simply because there was no hope for them in the old home they love so much.

John Stuart Mill, the greatest English political economist of modern times, said that the Irish cottier tenant was one of the few men in the world who could neither benefit by his industry nor suffer by his improvidence. It is a wonder that any Irishmen have stayed in Ireland under such conditions with the whole world throbbing and clanging with the efforts and the blows of men seizing and wielding opportunity elsewhere.

But the new land law gives promise of ownership of the soil by the men who work it. That means that industry will have its reward and that indolence will suffer. Ireland will belong to the Irish.

There is still something payneful about the removal of Miss Todd from her Delaware postoffice, in spite of the explanations made.

An Untenable Position.

We cannot believe that the labor organizations of the country will allow themselves to be drawn into an untenable position by the action of the Central Labor union at Washington in the Miller case. The president said that Miller cannot be deprived of his position simply because he does not belong to a labor union. There has been no discrimination against union labor; no man has been discharged because he is a union man. The clearly defined issue is, must a man be discharged simply because he is not a union member?

Surely, the unions are not going to take the position that the government of the United States may not employ one of its citizens, or any of its citizens, because he does not belong to a labor organization. Membership in a labor organization is not a condition of citizenship, and this government cannot discriminate between its citizens for reasons of membership in labor organizations, religious organizations, social organizations or any other forms of organization in which its members may see fit to group themselves. When it becomes possible for any organization, civil, religious, political, industrial, or any other kind, to dictate to the government of the United States, whom it shall or shall not employ, and compel it to recognize class distinctions, marked by membership or non-membership in any organization of the kind described, the government of the United States will not be worth the paper that its constitution is written on, and will speedily go out of business.

Miller was dismissed from the government service because he was not affiliated with a labor union. On appeal to the president, the president ruled that that was not sufficient ground for dismissal and Miller was reinstated in his position. Charges with regard to his moral character and with respect to his efficiency as a workman have been preferred. These will be investigated, and if they appear to justify Miller's exclusion from the public service, he will, undoubtedly, be excluded; but that he is not to be excluded from the government service simply because he is not a member of a labor organization, the president has already settled in the only way in which he could settle it as the president of the whole American people, and the American people will see that he does not suffer for having done his unmistakable duty.

The attempt to bring this question into politics and punish the president for daring to take this stand, cannot have results other than disastrous to those who are so foolish as to make of it a political issue. In the first place, it will certainly not command the respect and the support of the entire body of organized labor. Hundreds of thousands of men who belong to that organization, who have not entirely surrendered their individual judgment to their leaders, will recognize the injustice and the political crime involved in attempting to punish the president for being courageous enough to do what he believes to be his duty regardless of personal consequences. In the secrecy of the polling booth they will not sustain with their votes their unwise leaders; while, on the other hand, the placing of organized labor in this perilous attitude before the country, is well calculated to impair seriously public confidence in its usefulness and in the justice of its cause.

It seems to us that these facts must be apparent to the most intelligent leadership of organized labor, and that labor organized will be spared the calamity which would be sure to overtake it from being placed in an attitude of hostility toward the foundation principles of the government to which its members owe allegiance.

Congressman Tawney is scattering his enthusiasm with regard to Alaska around in various places. While he did not get very far into Alaska, he favors a straight territorial government, and goes the people of Alaska two better in allowing them three delegates in congress instead of one, which is all they have asked for. We are inclined, however, to sympathize with Mr. Tawney's idea of three delegates, in view of the probable difficulty in finding one who could satisfactorily represent the three different divisions of Alaska. Alaska is divided by nature and by lack of transportation facilities into three sections—southeast Alaska, central and northwestern. Mr. Tawney went far enough to meet very earnest and active championship of the cause of territorial organization, but not far enough to encounter the considerable opposition which also exists, as well as a good deal of indifference. Owing to the present lack of communication and transportation between the different sections of Alaska, a territorial organization could be formed and maintained only by considerable difficulty and at great expense. For that reason many citizens of the district are by no means enthusiastic over the idea, and yet it will probably be realized in the not far distant future.

The bi-centennial of the birth of Jonathan Edwards will be celebrated Oct. 5. While Edwards' theology is pretty well out of date, his influence, perpetuated thru his descendants, of whom there are 1,400, is still felt at the limit of the sixth generation. This fact suggests the interesting subject of speculation—what if Jonathan Edwards had not married? There is surely something in President Roosevelt's protest against race suicide when it comes to measuring the result of the perpetuation thru his descendants of a strong man's character and influence.

AT THE THEATERS

Bijou—"The Two Waifs."

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet, seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
—Pope.

In Pope's quatrain may be found the philosophy of melodrama. There is a joy even in hating and the extremes of sentiment are much more closely allied than the mean of indifference popularly supposed to lie between them. Thus pathos is akin to humor and rascality has an attraction even for the best of us, else why do good people go slumming, unarmed with either tract or hatchet?

Therefore, when the world and his wife lock up the kitchen door, and turn the cat out in anticipation of a melodramatic evening, they do so with the expectation that the villain will be deep-dyed fellow who will harrow up their feelings and fascinate them with the very exuberance of his villainy. Upon him depends the measure of their enjoyment. The heroine is interesting only as she suffers thru his machinations; the hero, because he permits himself to be duped that he may fight more desperately in the later acts. A melodrama without a hero is quite possible and we may even dispense with the heroine, but bereft of the villain the play at once falls to the ground. When villainy dies the audience dons its wraps and if the curtain is not rung down at once the play is finished to an array of empty plush chairs.

The villain, then, must have plenty of red riotous blood in his veins. He must be no namby-pamby, but a dare-devil fellow, stopping at nothing to achieve his ends and with an ingenuity in crime sufficient to enchain attention. Therefore, it follows that the playwright fortunate enough to invent a new sin would find the invention immensely profitable and might look forward with assurance to a long run for his play.

Since he first took up melodrama as a business Lincoln J. Carter has assumed responsibility for a somewhat lengthy list of plays, of which, according to the bill-boards, the greatest is "The Two Little Waifs," now playing at the Bijou. This statement, however, does an injustice to the Chicagoan, for his latest villain is a weak sort of a chap, strong on plotting evil, but lacking the nerve to execute; merely an accessory before the fact to crimes which fail of fruition. True, he contrives to stir up plenty of trouble for the heroine, but that is the result of circumstances rather than his own endeavor. His villainy will not wash; it is frayed at the edges, run down at the heel.

As for the heroine she possesses the requisite amount of womanly courage, which is fortitude, to make her tribulations interesting. The hero is a weakling also and the well-meaning friend who wishes to set all right is a pitiful blunderer. But the hero and heroine have two children and in these children is the salvation of the play. The characters are made not impossible and they are finely interpretated by Stanley and Lolita Lamb, who are virtually the stars of the company.

Miss Blanche Shirley doubles in the roles of the heroine and her twin sister and handles both acceptably, besides giving evidence of amazing dexterity in the matter of changing her costumes while the stage waits. Sully Guard, as the hero, is so bad that one wonders how he does it; and Burt L. King, as the wishy-washy villain, is only slightly better. Credit is due Robert Harland for an intelligent impersonation of a policeman.
—J. S. Lawrence.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

William H. Eustis is already being talked of as a suitable candidate for the republican nomination for congress next year. The former mayor's party services and clear-headed views on public questions commend him to many republicans. His magnanimous attitude in last week's patronage incident has added to his popularity, and some republicans who in the past have not been strenuous Eustis men now consider that he would make a strong candidate. Time has won friends for the much abused "policy" which lost him a second mayoralty nomination and cost him so many votes here when he ran for governor, and it is believed that he is much stronger with the people generally than at any time in the past ten years.

The appointment of Eugene Hay eliminates that gentleman from the congressional situation, and for the present it leaves without a candidate those republicans who are not satisfied with Loren Fletcher. Some one will be brought out shortly, and it is not at all unlikely that it may be Mr. Eustis. A battle between William Henry Eustis and John Lind, with Hennepin county for a ring, would be a big feature for next year's campaign.

Bob Dunn says in last week's Princeton Union:

"No matter who may be nominated for governor by the republican state convention next year the publisher of the Union has cause to hold in grateful remembrance his brethren of the country press generally."

No question about that. With a few exceptions, the weekly newspapers of the state have spoken kindly of Dunn, and his hold on the editorial fraternity is so strong that a majority of the republican papers and several democratic journals are already in line for his candidacy. Not all of those considered in line have made formal declaration yet, but they have given unmistakable signs of their leanings, and only wait for Dunn's own statement.

The Litchfield Review observes:

"There is not much objection to sending Senators Nelson and Clapp to the next national convention as the head of the Minnesota delegation. On the contrary there is much to commend a course that will take them there in that capacity. Certainly they will exert more influence than any other two men whom we or any one else could name."

Thomas F. O'Hair of Wheaton, a well known democratic attorney, declared while in Minneapolis yesterday that he in common with many other democrats was satisfied with the administration of President Roosevelt, and thought him a good enough democrat for anybody.

The Hills Crescent says:

"We recognize in R. C. Dunn one of the ablest men in the state, yet we have a growing contempt for his fool friends who are doing time on various country weeklies, thru which they give the impression that everybody who fails to see things as they do are fools. There are many republicans in the state friendly to Dunn who will withhold their support from him for governor until they are assured that these political frauds will not receive a place at the public crib in the way of some fat appointment which they failed to land under the present administration."

They will withhold their support a long time before Dunn will give any public assurances as to whom he intends to appoint or turn down.

However, the Wanda Pioneer Press claims that S. J. Race, county superintendent of Redwood county, will be made state superintendent in case Dunn becomes governor, and that Mr. Race will add much to the luster of the new administration.
—Charles B. Cheney.

WHAT OTHER PEOPLE THINK

Mr. Abbott's Protest.

Open Letter to Dr. H. M. Bracken, Secretary State Board of Health:

At a meeting in July, 1902, your board passed a resolution, "That all cities, villages and public institutions contemplating putting in new or extending old sewerage systems, shall submit to the state board of health plans of same, showing course and place of discharge, etc., etc."

By what authority did the board pass the above and why have you taken no means to enforce it against St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth, and all other places that have ignored it?

I made plans for a small sewer at Canby. You advised the parties to hold up till you could investigate and I was requested to confer with you, which I did by phone, and the first thing you said, and I quote your exact words, was:

"You engineers don't care what you do with sewage, so you get rid of it."

Is that true? Wherein in this state has a sewer been built that has not complied with the laws of the state?

The state law provides that bodies of water used as a source of water supply by any city or village shall not be contaminated by sewage, and in case they are, the constituted authorities, or ten legal voters, may apply to the state board of health, the board to appoint a hearing, etc., and make an order, from which an appeal may be taken to the district court.

The law also provides that you act as an advisory board for state institutions contemplating sewer systems.

The above is the beginning and end of your authority.

As far as I can ascertain, no appeal has ever been made to your board by any municipality in Minnesota under the above statute.

At the meeting of the board last month, I asked you why your board did not get proper authority from the legislature. You replied that the legislature told you you had more authority now than you knew what to do with.

By your interference you have succeeded in hanging up about every contemplated sewerage system in the state, and that under the advice of Professor Flather of the university. (You state in your letter to me that he is your adviser.)

You have recommended "septic tanks" invariably, as far as I can ascertain. I wrote you asking where a septic tank or a sewer system had been constructed under Professor Flather's plans. You replied saying that you did not know as you did not keep track of his private business.

As a matter of fact, the septic tank is in its experimental stage. I cannot find that there are more than about a dozen in the United States, none in Minnesota, and none that have been in operation more than three or four years.

I am not condemning the "septic tank," but I do aver that it is putting the taxpayers to an unnecessary expense every place so far where to my knowledge you have recommended it.

Both at Canby and Marshall a stream runs thru the town. These streams ever since the towns were started have been and are now being used as sewers. They are not the source of water supply, and the only change from the existing order of things is to relieve the people of disease breeding cesspools by emptying the sewage into the same streams at a point lower down, to the detriment of no one, and why the state board should interfere with doing exactly what has been done thruout the United States for 100 years or more, and with which no complaint is made, I am unable to understand, especially as it all has been done exactly in compliance with the state laws.

To cap the climax, the last legislature (chapter 312) passed an admirable general sewerage law placing the proposition entirely in the hands of the city council and the engineer which they might select and never mentioning or referring in any way to the state board of health.

The state board has not one cent with which to pay for engineering, legal, sanitary or any other kind of advice.
—E. T. Abbott,
Civil Engineer.

Not Fair to the Teachers.

To the Editor of The Journal.

An editorial in Sunday morning's Tribune, relating to some of our Minneapolis school teachers' going to Washington to prove up on timber claims, is so misleading and unjust to these teachers that I ask you to correct the false impression it gives.

In part the editorial states: "The Minneapolis school teachers who are proving up land claims in the state of Washington have got their leave of absence to comply with the law that requires a certain period of residence on the land. Nobody complains of this, tho everybody understands that these teachers cannot get title to their claims without evading the law and taking some liberties with the old-fashioned Puritan idea of veracity in their official declarations."

Evidently the writer of this knows very little about the different land laws. These entries were made under the stone and timber act, which does not require the applicant to reside upon the land entered. The facts are, the teachers last June complied in full, both as to the spirit and letter, with the law in their filings, which requires that a personal examination of the land should be made before filing. At the time of receiving patents for these claims, they are not even required to go on the land; far less to reside there for any period of time. The leave of absence granted by the superintendent to these teachers at the present time is not for the purpose of allowing them to reside for any period of time upon the lands, but simply to make final proof in accordance with the law in the district where the lands are located, and to make payment of $2.50 per acre to the government there.
—C. W. Little.

In an action for slander brought against a well-knawn anti-Semite, of Berlin, all the male Jews of the town of Koniz figure as plaintiffs.

Books and Authors

MORE SOLID THAN SUPPOSED

The literary statistics do not seem to show that serious reading is neglected and goes begging for some attention on the part of readers. The New York Times shows as to spring publications that, against 219 works of fiction issued, there must be placed of histories, 54; of biographies, 40; of poetry, drama, art and music, 76 volumes; of essays and general literature, 52; of letters and memoirs, 21; of travel and adventure, 40; of philosophy and science, 46; of nature books, 35, and of books on social, political and domestic economy, 35. Then this showing does not include religious and theological books and school text books. These should be counted in as against fiction. As the list stands, however, it is perfectly evident that the American reading public is not wholly given up to the consumption of literary syllabub, and does not shrink with horror from what is called "serious reading." Much of the most "serious reading" in the world is, of course, found in the current issues of fiction. The old Grimm fairy tales are much more inviting and readable. It is certainly a hopeful indication that there are more books of history, biography, poetry, the drama, art and music and essays and general literature published than of fiction.

NEW BOOKS

THE MILLS OF MAN, By Philip Payne. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.

This is a political novel containing, of course, several familiar characters who are visible daily in the play and tragedies of American politics. The women who take a hand in the game are here, too, in the persons of Mrs. Corliss and Hildegarde Brown, the former working subtly for the re-election of her father to the United States senate, and incidentally, in her husband's political interests. Here is "de boss" also—"a heavy-jowled, thick-eyebrowed man, with close-cut black hair, bull neck and amorphous countenance," who butchered the English language frightfully; and Mrs. Corliss' uncle, J. J. Jarrett, a cold-blooded, conscienceless railway magnate, who had set Mrs. Corliess' husband up in business and manipulated stocks in Wall street, and was inclined to help Corliss and Mrs. Corliss' father politically. "De Boss" was won over to help the aspirations of the Corlisses and Jarrett, and, after arranging the convention program, "de boss" lent his influence in the nominating convention, which is well described, and secured the success of the combination, which was slaughtered by the subtle Hildegarde Brown, by her handing to one of the papers an exposure, with proof, of a vicious conspiracy to bleed the public thru a corrupt combination to monopolize street railway traffic. This defeated the political ambitions of Corliss and his wife's father. Hildegarde Brown is a study. Unscrupulous, she betrays confidence, but this does not trouble her, as she regards such work as part of legitimate politics. Her love for Chris Ruggles, the reporter, who is quite a character himself, is a feature well wrought. The author has detailed many precepts and principles of political bosses, together with their methods of dealing with friends and enemies. In this case, even a boss' influence, backed with cash, seems to have met a Waterloo. It is a good story thruout.

LITERARY NOTES

The Broadway Publishing company, New York, has issued "Hagar," a dramatic poem in three acts, by Rollin J. Wells, illustrated. The author has produced a rather novel and somewhat amusing version of the biblical story of Hagar and Abraham, in which Hagar is made to have a lover who raises the mischief in the patriarch's bailiwick and brings Abraham into pitiable straits.

John Lane, The Bodley Head, New York, has published "El Dorado," a tragedy in blank verse, by Ridgely Torrence, who portrays with much force and fine imagery a romance of the ill-starred Spanish expedition thru the southwest, including the present New Mexico, 350 years ago. The expedition ended in failure and tragedy. It was sent to find gold, and none was found, and many perished in the waterless regions. The love incident is strongly wrought.

Rudyard Kipling's "The Light That Failed" has been issued in fine illustrated edition by Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York, with scenes from the dramatic version rendered by Forbes Robertson and Gertrude Elliot. This edition is complete as Kipling finally gave the story to the publishers. The first edition did not contain the essence and pith of poor Dickie Heldar's tragical life, nor the mordant woe of Maisie. The illustrations are excellent, including portraits of Miss Elliot and Forbes Robertson in their respective characters.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, have issued "Dooryard Stories," by Clara Dillingham Pierson, author of "Among the Forest Peoples," etc. Illustrated. Price $1.20. Minneapolis, N. McCarthy. The stories in this book are such as will delight the children, who seem of late years not to be able to get enough good reading about animals, insects and birds. The author has told about things that happen in her dooryard and which she has seen with her own eyes. Here are interesting and often funny stories of cats, kittens, of wrens, blackbirds and other birds, of squirrels, of wasps and tumble bugs and caterpillars. There is a particularly interesting story about a kitten named Silvertip and how she forced her way into a family. The illustrations are largely in colors.

CHANCE FOR A RECORD

New York Times.

T. Suffern Taler, who is one of the most energetic automobilists of the Newport colony, frequently acts as his own chauffeur, and invariably drops into the Casino after one of his long spins thru the country and relates all its incidents, always concluding by stating that the run was accomplished without accident. Upon one occasion, after he had given his usual detailed account and conclusion, one of his friends spoke up, saying:

"Look here, Tommy, you appear to be so much surprised at freedom from accident that it seems to me your tone of voice indicates a regret that you got thru safely without killing any one."

The following day he was back again in his old haunt rehearsing his experience, when the same friend dashed in, and in an exalted voice, exclaimed:

"Hurry up, Tommy, get into your automobile quick. There's a Sunday school parade coming up the street, and you've got the chance of your life."

A CABLEGRAM OF CONDOLENCE

Saturday Evening Post.

When the news of the assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga reached the state department at Washington there was some discussion about the propriety of sending a cablegram of condolence.

"No, no," said Third Assistant Secretary Adee, "nothing is to be done in a case of this kind. Besides, there's nobody to send it to. The king and queen are dead and the government has no head."

"Why not send it addressed "To Whom It May Concern?" asked a demure young stenographer.

GOOD JUDGMENT

John Owen's latest story is about an Irishman of his acquaintance. He avers that the following conversation occurred when they met the other day:

"I heard that you sold your hog," said Owen.

"Yis, bedad, I did."

"How much did it weigh?"

"Begorry, it didn't weigh as much as I thought it would. (After a moment's reflection) I thought it wouldn't."

A splendid marble bassorilievo has been discovered in Pompeii, in a little garden of a house on the East Side, says a Naples letter in the Paris Messenger.

THE NONPAREIL MAN

Casually Observed.

The Adrian Democrat contends that if a young cow is a calf, a young horse is a half. Why not?

The Salvation Army that faced sudden death in Breathitt county is said to be meeting with success. Murder is not an agreeable occupation to anyone. The trouble in Kentucky is that manslaughter has become a habit and like other habits is hard to break.

Steel stock is down to 17 or 18. It looks like valuable property to some of those brilliant geniuses who take the bucket shop for a savings bank.

"Making a dash for the pole" is all well enough in print. In fact it is something like making a dash from Omaha to Buffalo. There are no parlor cars on the line, either.

One of the latest songs is called "I Can Hear the Angels Calling." It is written by Philip H. Lewis, traveling salesman for an undertakers' supply house.

Tarrytown, near New York, has an evangelist whose zeal is not tempered with mercy. For some time he confined his preaching to a tent and on street corners. But of late he has made it a practice to take a position about midnight on the veranda of a handsome home and preach to the sleeping family. A watch for this energetic worker in the vineyard will be kept, and the authorities hope to catch him in the act. Several prominent citizens have been seriously startled by these sudden midnight warnings.

This being a jolly good fellow thru too long a series of dinners has its serious side when the skilful physician begins to hint that perhaps Sir Thomas has a railroad spike caught in his appendix.

A Cleveland, Ohio, dispatch says that the officers and teachers of the Euclid Avenue Baptist church were the guests of John D. Rockefeller one day last week at the money king's home, Forest Hill. The oil magnate was very affable and anxiously hospitable till he has set everybody at ease. They had a nice little dinner, nothing elaborate, at which Mr. Rockefeller took soup only. "A pleasant time was had," and the oil man told his friends that they must not believe all they read about him. It is pretty hard to believe it all.

Professor Davenport of the Chicago university spent the summer at Lake Osakis, Minn., and became deeply interested in the local legends describing fierce battles fought between the Sioux and the Chippewa Indians in the vicinity of the lake. Battle Point, an arm of sandy soil extending into the water, was pointed out by the natives as the scene of the greatest carnage. They understood that thousands of unfortunate red men had been butchered there or had been driven into the lake and drowned, and that the ridges on the shore were the graves of a part of the host that had been slain in this encounter. Professor Davenport, remembering that Dr. Harper had taken out a permit from the sultan to excavate the tomb of Abraham, secured a shovel and dug a hole about a million feet deep without getting a bone. Think of the glorious exercise the professor obtained.

The Morton Enterprise editor felt hurt at a man who wanted a notice of his family in the society column, but who didn't take the paper, but did take the Chicago Trumpet, "because he got more news for his money." The Enterprise "gets back" at the scoundrel with the following bit of condensed philosophy:

If this man was going to get married again he would probably pick out a woman that weighed 200 pounds, for he would want all he could get at the regular price. Excellence is what we aim at, not bulk, and when our friend is struck by lightning he will find that his many qualities will appear in this paper instead of in his 50-cent one.

A man may take a city paper without offense, but if at the same time he refuses to stand by his home paper, where the editor is working for the good of humanity and living on saw dust, he is worse than a scoundrel and does not merit a death notice. If he doesn't notice the paper, why should the paper notice him. We pause for a reply.

A friend in Vermont sends the following excerpts from a paper in that state showing that they are much more so there than we ever thought of being out here. The name of the paper is suppressed but the items are bona fide:

Many Measles Are Sick.

Measles are raging in town, many being ill.

Mrs. Dearborn's Manicuring.

Mrs. Rosa Dearborn recently picked a fishbone out of her thumb.

Humorous Old Hop.

The late William A. Hopkins was a good ditcher, a good churchman, and, tho an Englishman, not devoid of humor.

Mr. Simonds and His Secret Ways.

After a trip of secret itinerary, Mr. and Mrs. Simonds will make their home in Belmont.

A Lame Hen on in Town.

Bert Hennon is in town; he walks a little lame.

Doc Brown Setting 'Em Up.

Doctor Brown is treating his house to a coat of paint.

Emil Seeing Things.

Emil Affiebaum saw a fine buck deer just back of the Home stable early one morning recently.

With Red Paint, Joe!

Joe Johnson was in Haverhill on Saturday painting.

Sermon to a Fat Man.

Rev. Mr. Klopson preached to a big body at the M. E. church last Sunday.

Where Was Thursday Headed For?

Captain C. F. Goodrich passed Thursday in Boston.

Mr. French's Drop Stick Work.

W. C. French dropped a stich in his back and been laid up for repairs.

The Beads That Lead Astray.

The ladies are finding the bead work very fascinating.

Peter Liberal With Tips.

Peter Taylor cut off the tip of one of his fingers Labor Day.

A Floral Sunday.

Rev. Donald Flowers and wife attended the convention at Lyndonville. Mr. Flowers' pulpit here was filled Sunday by his brother, Rev. Howard Flowers.

Garland's Select 80c Pound.

Professor Garland has opened a select school in this village.

Uncle Jim, the Appleton Press' relative, says that there is something the matter with Teacher. She used to stand next to the preacher when Uncle was young. Her word was law and she was the final court of appeal. To-day her first ambition is popularity. Uncle also objects to her masculine following. In his own sturdy language he says:

The bouquet of Yucatan sports which she attaches to her suite on entering social circles lays her open to sassy, familiar criticism at recess. Ofttimes the dogginess of her rags appeal to the humor of the children, and they don't hesitate to give her the horse laugh. I don't see how a kid can learn anything from a skittish thing with giddy hose and six diamond rings on each finger.

Uncle Jim then tries to put his finger on the cause of the trouble. He says it is not the fault of the methods of teaching nor of the books, neither is it the fault of the normal schools, for they are the best on earth. Uncle finally decides that it must be the fault of the janitor.

But perhaps there isn't any fault, anyway. Possibly Uncle Jim is looking on Teacher with the too critical eye of age. Teacher, after school is out, loosens up a little and has a good time and Uncle cannot see anything but flippancy.

With all her faults Teacher is still human. She should be allowed to prance a little after the work is done. —A. J. R.

The wonderful growth of Zion, Dr. Dowie's city which now holds 8,000 or 10,000 people, is causing other claimants to a similar fame to spring up. The appearance of "The Book of Books," a rather humorous religious work, is now agitating the people of Perth Amboy, N. J. It is the work of a Miss Hadden, who is proclaimed in the book as "the supreme ruler of all things in the heavens and controller of all things on the earth," and whose will is declared by Charles Wesley Dean, the "instrument" thru whom the book was published. The announcement that Miss Hadden, who went to Chicago last November to direct the construction of the beautiful city of Hadden, described in "The Book of Books," has married the "instrument" has also served to mystify Perth Amboy.

Mrs. Dean writes verse, and the thoughts expressed by her in her "will," with which "The Book of Books" opens, are addressed to "the Grand Central Council and to Abraham the son of Terah, and President of the Government Maintained by the Spirit People of the Heavens." Mrs. Dean commands that the earth be made a better place to live in. She recommends more light and better soil, flowers, fruit and other good things. She wants an even temperature and directs that there be no more ice and snow. She also commands that all carnivorous animals either die or quit eating other animals forthwith. She further directs that all animals on land or in the water and the fowls and birds of the air educate themselves up to a plant diet.

She draws the color line, and wills that colored persons get into the habit of not being born. Her suggestion that to all white people be given love, kindness and justice to one another is, however, much to the point.

After Mrs. Dean's will, Abraham gets second place, with an indorsement of the "Spirit Government of Love." There are one or two flings at the present day church and social customs, and a gentle hint that all who don't at once subscribe to the bonds of the "Spirit Government of Love" would do well to order asbestos suits at once. Many nice things are said about Charles Wesley Dean, the instrument. Some of the ancients who make use of Mrs. Dean are Moses, King Solomon and King Cyrus, and the reader cannot, after reading all they have to say, repress a feeling of sympathy such as goes out to a telephone.

King Solomon gets particularly enthusiastic over Miss Hadden, the supreme ruler, saying among other things:

"She will breathe into your nostrils a new breath of life that will make you strong as the wind. She will make you all kings, and beside you the great King David will appear as a dolt. She will make you all queens, and beside you the great Queen of Sheba will appear as a nun.

"She has only to speak, and the poles of the earth are changed; the sun and moon are blotted out, all the stars of heaven are added to the old sun, the motions of the world are quickened, and there are 366 days in the year."

THE NIGHT EXPRESS

By William Cosmo Monkhouse.

William Cosmo Monkhouse was born March 18, 1840, and died at London in 1901. Educated at St. Paul's school, he became a clerk in the British board of trade (1857), visited South America (1870-1871), served in government departments, and became assistant secretary to the British board of trade (1893). Among his poetical works are "A Dream of Idleness," "Corn and Poppies," "The Christ Upon the Hill." He wrote "A Question of Honor," a novel; "The Earlier English Water Color Painters," "The Italian Pre-Raphaelites," etc.

With three great snorts of strength,
Stretching my mighty length,
Like some long dragon stirring in his sleep,
Out from the glare of gas
Into the night I pass,
And plunge alone into silence deep.

Little I know or care
What be the load I bear,
Why thus compell'd I seek not to divine;
At man's command I stir,
I, his stern messenger!
Does he his duty well as I do mine?

Straight on my silent road,
Flank'd by no man's abode,
No foe I parley with, no friend I greet;
On like a bolt I fly,
Under the starry sky,
Scorning the current of the sluggish street.

Onward from south to north,
Onward from Thame to Forth,
On—like a comet—on, unceasingly,
Faster and faster yet,
On—where far boughs of jet
Stretch their wild woof against the pearly sky.

Faster and faster still,
Drive I thru rock and hill,
Starting the echoes with my shrill alarms;
Swiftly I curve the bend,
While, like an eager friend,
The distance runs to clasp me in its arms.

Ne'er from my path I swerve
Rattling around a curve,
Not vainly trusting to my trusty bars;
On thru the hollow night,
While or to left or right
A city glistens like a clump of stars.

On thru the night I steer;
Never a sound I hear
Save the strong beating of my steady stroke—
Save when the circling owl
Hoots, or the screaming fowl
Rise from the marshes like a sudden smoke.

Now o'er a gulf I go;
Dark in the depth below
Smites the slant beam the shoulder of the height;
Now thru a lane of trees—
Past sleeping villages,
Their white walls whiter in the silver light.

Be the night foul or fair,
Little I reck or care,
Bandy with storms and with the tempests jest;
Little I care or know
What winds may rage or blow,
But charge the whirlwind with a dauntless breast.

Now thru the level plain,
While like a mighty main,
Stretches my endless breath in cloudy miles;
Now o'er the dull lagoon,
While the broad-beamed moon
Lights up its sadness into sickly smiles.

O, 'tis a race sublime!
I, neck and neck with Time—
I, with my thews of iron and heart of fire,
Run without pause for breath;
While all the earth beneath
Snakes with the shocks of my tremendous ire

On—till the race be won;
On—till the coming sun
Blinds moon and stars with his excessive light;
On—till the earth be green
And the first lark be seen
Shaking away with songs the dews of night.

Sudden my speed I slack—
Sudden all force I lack—
Without a struggle yield I up my breath;
Numb'd are my thews of steel,
Weartily rolls each wheel,
My heart cools slowly to the sleep of death.

Why for so brief a length
Dower'd with such mighty strength?
Man is my God—I seek not to divine;
At his command I stir,
I, his stern messenger—
Does he his duty well as I do mine?

HARDLY DIPLOMATIC

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mrs. Fitz-Blle—Of course, I know you do not care for me. Why, you even forgot my birthday.

Fitz-Blle—A bit of delicacy on my part, madam. I did not fail to remember that you had come to the point where your birthday ought to be forgotten.

RUMPLED BUT SERENE

Detroit Free Press.

"Why, how rumpled your shirt-waist is, Edith!"

"Dear me! and it has only just been pressed, too."

Edith was quite as self-possessed as ever. But St. John colored deeply.