THE JOURNAL

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

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

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.

The Great Daily

—OF THE—

Great Northwest

Carried more advertising from Jan. 1 to Sept. 1 than any other Minneapolis or St. Paul paper, daily or daily and Sunday issues combined.

RECORD FOR SEPTEMBER.

In 22-inch columns.

	Cols.
Journal (26 issues)	1,435
Tribune (daily, 26 issues)	1,028
Tribune (daily and Sunday)	1,404
Times (daily and Sunday)	939
St. Paul Dispatch (26 issues)	1,301
St. Paul Pioneer Press (D. & S.)	877
St. Paul Globe (D. & S.)	652

Daily Circulation of THE JOURNAL

Saturday, Oct. 3... 60,786

Saturday, Oct. 10.. 62,292

Saturday, Oct. 17.. 63,349

Average For Week Ending Oct. 17 59,430

Only 2-CENT Daily in Minneapolis.

REMEMBER, all this circulation is the 5 o'clock edition, which is delivered directly to the homes. All the members of the family have time to read it.

The sample canvass of the residence portion of Minneapolis (two blocks of which The Journal published daily for the past year) shows 7,076 residences canvassed—

Journal subscribers	5,642
Tribune (evening) subscribers	1,514
Tribune (morning) subscribers	832

The canvass of NINETY-THREE apartment and flat buildings showed:

Journal subscribers	1,322
Tribune (evening) subscribers	206
Tribune (morning) subscribers	183

The canvass of NINETEEN leading office buildings showed regular subscribers to the daily papers receiving their paper either at the office or their home:

Journals	2,153
Tribunes (evening)	398
Tribunes (morning)	480

The canvass of the two afternoon trains to Lake Minnetonka on the Minneapolis & St. Louis and Great Northern railroads showed:

Journals	451
Tribunes (evening)	46

Not Civilized Methods.

Shortly after leaving Minneapolis Mr. Kidd, vice president of the American Federation of Labor, was quoted at Chicago to the effect that if organized capital did not stop its attempt to attach the savings of members of trade unions to satisfy damages incurred by the boycott, the union men would withdraw their savings, amounting, he said, to $300,000,000, from the savings banks. This, he thought, would bring on a financial panic, and the employers, he believed, would not wish to see this done. Of course not.

The effort to attach, thru the courts, the savings of members of trade unions who impose a boycott upon the product of the manufacturer is an attempt to reimburse the manufacturers for the loss sustained and to do it in a legal, constitutional way. It simply makes the labor union liable for its acts. Labor unions have declined to accept such responsibilities by refusing to be incorporated bodies, but if the courts should decide that the individual members may be held liable for the acts of the organization, the question of incorporation of the labor union is not so important.

Whether the members of trade unions would be willing deliberately to do something which would bring on a panic is exceedingly doubtful, notwithstanding Mr. Kidd's easy assumption that it would be done. Labor organizations might bring on a panic and paralyze the industry of the country, but if they did, who would be likely to suffer on account of it so much as they? The probabilities are that Mr. Kidd is nat duly authorized to make this statement; for the fact is that labor and capital, employe and employer, are all in the same box, so to speak—all mutually interested in a fair deal all around. The strike and the lockout, the boycott and the blacklist, are weapons too savage and too barbarous for civilized men to use.

J. J. Hill rubbed it into both Minnesota and western Canada in his Bismarck speech. He said that he thought the latter was overrated agriculturally and the former behind the times. The reason of these remarks may be that Minnesota does not always let Mr. Hill do its thinking and that he has no railways in western Canada at present.

Tugging at the Bonds of Empire.

Canadians both in London and at home are expressing great indignation at the British government in consequence of the Alaska boundary decision. They feel now the limitations of being a nation within an empire.

The talk of Canadians everywhere seems to indicate that the British bond is dissolving. Here is Mr. Aylesworth, one of the Canadian commissioners, saying in London that the decision marks almost the parting of the ways between England and Canada.

Here is another Canadian who declares that Lord Alverstone was merely the agent of the British government and asserts that the award of the commission marks the most serious epoch in the relations between Canada and the mother country.

Here is Raymond Prefontaine, Canadian minister of public works, talking secession. Here are Canadian officials and members of parliament saying that hereafter Canada will settle her disputes with the republic directly—and that would be rebellion. Here are the newspapers asserting from one end of Canada to the other that Great Britain has sacrificed Canada's interests as a sop to the big republic.

We are really sorry for our Canadian friends. They have lately swelled up with national pride and yet they are not a nation. They resent Great Britain's handling of their case, and yet they could not have done better if they had stood alone. They find the British connection galling, and yet independence would lead nowhere but to union with the United States. Writing in the North American Review, Frank B. Tracy dwells on the anomalous position of Canadá—a colony that thinks itself a nation and that is prejudiced against the nation a part of which it is her destiny to be in God's own time. In view of the fact that Mr. Tracy wrote before the Alaska commission announced its decision, the present irritation in Canada gives a prophetic value to these words:

But this Alaskan boundary settlement can not be final or sufficient. Canada cannot continue to be half-free, half-slave; half-nation and half-subject colony. The intricacies into which her anomalous existence is leading her grow more labyrinthal day by day. It is idle for her statesmen to talk and dream of growing to be "the greater half of the continent." The trend of history and precedent, aided as in this case by the inertia of democracy, cannot be checked. Canada belongs to the United States, and by the will of her people she must some day be a great, proud and welcome addition to the United States.

The union of the two countries is not a live issue now, and the idea is distinctly distasteful to the majority of Canadians, but nature will find a way.

The new reorganized Consolidated Lake Superior company will be capitalized for $40,000,000. The old company's capitalization was $115,000,000. There is water enough squeezed out to raise Lake Huron.

Timely Generosity.

Our Toronto correspondent asserts that since the Alaska commission has formally announced its award and it is discovered that even the entrance to Port Simpson is not fully controlled by the islands awarded to Canada, a wave of anti-American feeling has swept over the Dominion and all classes are now animated with a desire to use the tariff as a means of getting even with the United States. The program is said to be to push the tariff up to such a point that it will be prohibitive of American goods.

We suspect that this dispatch is partly inspired by the anger of the moment and partly by the influences set at work by the Canadian Manufacturers' association. At the same time there is no blinking the fact that there is something of the same resentment in Canada over the award that there would have been had the United States refused to adjudicate the dispute and announced that it intended to hold by force of arms the territory it has so long looked upon as its own. The anti-American party in Canada is taking advantage of the decision to stir up feeling against us. The result may be to postpone indefinitely the negotiation of a reciprocity treaty, tho we can hardly believe that the Canadians are willing to injure themselves in the hope that they may inflict a little vengeful injury on the big republic.

A correspondent writes to suggest that now that the essential correctness of the American claim has been sustained by judicial process, the United States should act generously with Canada. He proposes that we voluntarily cede to Canada the two islands the award gives us off Port Simpson, thus giving the Canadians complete command of that potentially important port. He also suggests that we present Canada with the "rocky hinterland of the Lynn canal." By this we suppose he means that Canada shall have a strip of territory reaching down to the waters of the canal.

Let us see about that. The Canadians assert that we are hoggish: a gift of a substantial nature would go far to demonstrate that all we seek is justice. Such a gift would dissipate the hostile feeling towards us that exists in some classes and parts of Canada, and might smooth the way for a reciprocity treaty.

Except on the theory that we shall some day be at war with Great Britain the two islands we hold at the mouth of Portland canal are of no use to us. Commercially they are of no importance. The danger of war is so slight that it may be disregarded. And in the event of war there are places enough at which to attack Canada without controlling the entrance to Port Simpson. On the other hand the islands are of no use to Canada except in the event of war with the United States, but it would be a little more soothing to national or colonial pride not to have the stars and stripes waving right in front of the terminus of the much vaunted "all-Canadian transcontinental route."

American public opinion would probably not tolerate the cession to Great Britain of any land at the head of Lynn canal, but we believe that in view of the great store Canadians have set on free access to their Yukon country, steps might properly be taken to insure it to them. At present Canadian customs representatives are accorded such facilities at Skagway that the traveler bound for the Yukon practically enters Canadian territory when he leaves the steamer at Skagway. These courtesies should be continued. When the joint high commission attempted to settle the boundary dispute, the Americans proposed to make Pyramid a sort of neutral port, so that the American customs would have nothing whatever to do with shipments of goods to the Canadian hinterland. The British commissioners refused this offer because the sovereignty of the port was to remain in American hands. What they insisted on was a strip of British territory reaching down to Lynn canal. As the Canadians have now got less than they then refused, a new tender of a neutral port on American soil might be gratefully received by them. It would have to be Skagway, of course, as that port is the terminus of the White Pass railway.

Henceforth the Minnesota football slogan is to be "Never let up!" That is well enough for use against Michigan, but not against poor little Beloit.

Ship Subsidies Again.

There are evidences of new life in the ship subsidy agitation, and there is no doubt that in some form or other it will again be brought to the attention of congress. American shipbuilders and owners are contending for it on the ground that they must have it or perish so far as the foreign shipping trade is concerned. A movement has also been started to enlist the support of working men. The Brotherhood of Boiler Makers and Iron Shipbuilders of America have memorialized the president in favor of national assistance to the American marine engaged in the foreign trade. They argue that if American foreign commerce were carried in American ships, there would be work for 100,000 instead of 50,000 men in the shipyards and employment on ships for 367,000 men instead of 184,000. The brotherhood asserts that unless congress acts favorably there will be a falling off from the present number of men employed in shipyards, with a reduction in wages for those who are retained.

The Journal has consistently opposed direct subsidies for the purpose of encouraging American shipping, but it is possible that changing conditions may yet force us to extend national assistance to our merchant marine, distasteful as the word subsidy has become to our people. The situation has not yet developed to such a point that it can be asserted that a subsidy policy would now be a wise one, but it can do no harm to speak of the changes the situation has undergone.

The purchase of a large portion of the British mercantile marine by the International Mercantile Marine association, controlled by American capital, has led the British government to plunge into a generous subsidy policy. The Cunard company has received from the British government a subsidy that will amount to $21,190,000 in twenty years. The International association has been tied up with a twenty years' contract of such a nature that even the American government could not buy one of its vessels without the consent of the British government. This makes it impossible for Morgan to Americanize his fleet for twenty years, even if congress would permit him to do so.

Thus, while vessels owned by Americans cannot be used by the United States in case of war, the British portion of the Morgan fleet cannot in any way benefit from American subsidies.

In view of the fact that it costs more to build and operate American ships, it seems to be tolerably certain that there is no hope for a great expansion of our ocean-going merchant marine, when, in addition to these natural handicaps, we are confronted by immense British subsidies. The question to be decided is whether we desire a merchant marine or not under the conditions that are imposed. It begins to look as if we cannot have one without national assistance. But perhaps the game is not worth the candle of saddling the nation with another infant industry. Besides, we have got to give the rest of the world a chance to earn a living. Our protective tariff has shut out foreign goods to a large extent, but we have kept only 8 per cent of our foreign carrying business for ourselves. If now we take that business away from the foreigner, his purchasing power in the American market will be reduced. What will be the use of a big merchant marine with no freight to carry? Still American pride would like to see a goodly share of American trade in American ships.

A Policy of Extortion.

Colonel Arciniegas, bearer of special dispatches to Dr. Herran, the Colombian minister at Washington, states that his government will not take less that $25,000,000 for the Isthmian right, while it will insist that the canal strip shall remain "a part of Colombia," which probably means that Colombia will insist upon jurisdictional powers and interfere with the necessary American police control and guardianship of the right of transit from sea to sea.

Arciniegas declares that the sentiment in Colombia is that the United States will gain more out of the control than Colombia and, therefore, "we must look out for our own interests," which means to the Colombian statesmen that the gouge game begun last spring will be continued progressively. They now demand nearly five times as much as they at first intimated they were willing to accept for the canal strip rights.

This is an extraordinary example of greed. If our government declines to be gouged, the Colombians say they will wait and when the French company's franchise expires six years hence, they will utilize that to get a liberal whack at Uncle Sam's gold.

The Colombians are gracious enough, while indulging in dreams about getting their hands in our treasury, to say that the offer of any other country to build the canal would not be considered, for the reason that the United States is "about the only one which would stick to its treaty after it made one."

The isthmian canal is a commercial necessity. The day is coming when the Pacific ocean will be the arena of very strong trade competition, with the United States, thru its extensive coast line thereon, and insular possessions at intervals, reaching within a few hundred miles of the Asiatic coast, holding the preponderating influence. Water as well as rail communication with our western coast is a present necessity. The circuitous water route round Cape Horn does not meet the modern necessity. The isthmian canal will do so. The work has been commenced and would be today under rapid progress had not Colombian statesmen repudiated a treaty negotiated by their own government and blocked the enterprise by a miserably selfish game of extortion.

Columbia is a country of many revolutions, and it is always possible that a change of government may occur, bringing a change of policies. Yet we might wait ten years for such a turn in Colombian affairs which would lead to acceptance of the rejected treaty. That treaty has been pronounced as embodying the ultimate concession of purchase money our government will make. Let the Colombian government and people be made to understand that extortionate demands for money are utterly useless; that not a dollar more will be given, and it is very likely that there will be a change of heart at Bogota.

This is not such a bad world after all. Not only the public, but the well-to-do grandfather and uncle of the Peacock children have come to their assistance, and the uncle has answered the prayer of the little children that they be kept together by announcing that he will take them all to his farm in Manitoba. That's the kind of an uncle to have.

Mr. Elliott, the new president of the Northern Pacific, came up from the ranks on merit. He pursued the policy of always doing just a little more than he was actually required to do and of doing it well. No boy who adopts that policy will have to hunt for a job; the jobs will always be hunting him.

Just as was foreseen, the color line has been raised in the army's maneuvers. The Tenth cavalry (negro) and a white Texas regiment can't get along at Fort Riley. This case shows that there is such a thing as drawing the color line too much.

Wall street reports that the public which was timidly peeping into the street again has been scared away by the shipbuilding merger scandal. What a foolish public to be scared by such a little job!

At Vancouver they are saying that Canada will never achieve her greatest possibilities until she becomes a part of the United States. Right.

It will now require some sort of a ferret to find the man who is in favor of tax ferrets.

CANADIAN PRESS ON THE BOUNDARY DECISION.

Toronto World—The practical feature of the award is the commercial advantages which it confers on the United States. Canada has held the trade of the Yukon by her enterprise and by virtue of customs courtesies extended to us by the United States government at Skagway and Dyea. These customs facilities were afforded solely for the reason that the sovereignty of the ports was open to doubt. Now that Skagway and Dyea have been formally conceded to the United States, all kinds of customs barriers are likely to be raised against us. Canada has only one instrument to protect her interests, and the government will not employ it. That instrument is the tariff. In no other way can we obtain civil treatment from the United States. * * * A presidential election will be held shortly in the United States. Did anyone suppose that President Theodore Roosevelt would go to the country burdened with a millstone like the surrender, just or unjust, of the claims asserted by the United States in Alaska? President Roosevelt had no thought of this jeopardizing his chances or he would have fulfilled the requirements of the reference and would have appointed to the board of arbitration three jurists who were entirely free, as Canada's jurists were free, from political entanglements.

Winnipeg Tribune—That Lord Alverstone was with the Americans seems to have been known from the outset, and deny it as he may it will be difficult for his lordship to remove the impression that he did not let the Americans know in advance how he was going to vote. The Canadian commissioners seem to have been treated with studied contempt. The Americans and Lord Alverstone were the whole "push," and they seem to have settled things to suit themselves quite regardless of the Canadian representatives. Without knowing how Lord Alverstone was going it would have been impossible for the Americans to act as they did. There is certainly food for reflection in connection with the whole matter.

Manitoba Free Press—The decision will not cause much surprise in Canada. Most Canadians, who have followed the matter, have been pessimistic over the prospects since the composition of the tribunal was announced; nor did the splendid presentation of Canada's case by her counsel change their impression that the verdict would, in all probability, be hostile to the claim put forward by this country.

Toronto Star — As to Canadians, the opinion may soon take hold upon us that in any such dispute with the United States our best course would be to negotiate direct, so that we could trade the fringes and margins of our territory which we cannot keep for substantial advantages to ourselves, rather than have Great Britain trade it off for illusory good will on the part of America towards herself. This country could do better for herself, understanding as she does the spirit of dickering as carried on from Washington.

At such a feast as that held in London it was evident to Canada that two is company and three is none.

OCTOBER

Elf and fairy may be seen
In the woods at Halloween;
Fay and goblin, witch and sprite,
All come out to dance that night.

And the black cat prowls
And growls and yowls;
And her eyeballs glare
With a mystic stare.

As she joins the rollicking witches' ring,
And round the fire they dance and sing.
—Carolyn Wells, in the Bookman.

NEWS OF BOOK WORLD

The Magic of Books; From Babel to Woodland with a Wave of the Hand—"Life With the Bark On"—Is Wealth a Measure of Success?

A glowing grate fire, an easy chair, a book (In Babel, by George Ade). Soon fire and easy chair are forgotten and one is away amid scenes not so comfortable as that he left in thought when he opened the book. But the beginnings of the stories of Babel are luring, and the reader rushes on from one to another quite content to forget his own restful quarters in order to see Babel thru Mr. Ade's eyes. So he exchanges the luxury of the associations he has taken years to gather about him to wander off where there is a "smell of poverty," perhaps, and a general air of squalor-strickenness, or into some dismal lodging-house wearing the name Narcissus, possibly, or again into some "family" hotel "where the women have no employment except to investigate the new-comers, and the head clerk is an encyclopedia of scandal, and they move the chairs out of the dining room every two weeks and have a 'grand hop.'" But anywhere he goes there is the city sense, that composite of sights, sounds, tastes, smells and touches—touches, sometimes of two kinds—that comes with being immersed in the atmosphere of a great city. This Mr. Ade gives in his book of sketches, first published in the Chicago Record, now the Record-Herald. Too much of it stifles.

GEORGE ADE.
Author of "In Babel," Stories of Life in Chicago.

But a motion of the hand and one is back in his easy chair by his fireside, as tho he had turned his wishing ring, and wished his return from Babel. Another motion and a moment later he may be away off among the fields by joyful brooks, with the birds for companions—that is if he has at hand Bradford Torrey's **The Clerk of the Woods.** If he remembers the thrills with which he set eyes on his first rose-breasted grosbeak, his obliviousness to surroundings, whether of fireside or Babel, will be complete when he reads that the first sight of a rose-breasted grosbeak is to the young woman or the boy "like the sight of an angel from heaven." Extravagant, is that? Perhaps you who say so have forgotten your first grosbeak and the impression he made upon you. And possibly you may not remember the first time, when, trooping along thru the woods with other boys—boys usually go in troops—you came upon a stranger, "not fishing, nor digging, nor eating an apple, nor picking berries, but sitting still. It was almost like seeing a ghost"; or you may have thought he was crazy. He was not, tho; he was just out loving nature. This power to call up one's own almost forgotten emotions is the strength and the charm of Mr. Torrey's book. If communion with nature has ever been a pleasure to one whether in boyhood or later years, or if it has brought solace to him in the bitterer experiences of life, it will do so again thru the medium of this little book. So it is a book for the library, a book to be read when night has fallen and the rain beats at the window, a book to be read when the snow hides the flowers and icy winds have driven the birds southward, a book to help keep summer always with one.

Mr. Torrey's studies were first printed in the Boston Transcript and the New York Mail and Express.

"Life with the bark on" is the way one reviewer characterizes **The Red Keggers,** by Eugene Thwing. It is a book telling of life in the Michigan logging region and it tells of that life in a way that makes one for the time being a part of it. Sam, a villain cast in heroic mold, becomes a Christian, and the change is one to attract attention, to say nothing more. A shingle-sawing contest and the breaking of the roll-way are incidents told with considerable power.

Charles G. D. Roberts includes some of his best animal stories in his **Earth's Enigmas,** which are characterized by details of nature-life, flavored with his fine poetic instinct, as in "Do Seek Their Meat from God" and "The Young Ravens That Call Upon Him," which is about the predatory flights of eagles, and is a prose poem. Others embody unsolved mysteries and others, as Mr. Roberts expresses himself, "are almost literal transcripts of dreams which seem to me to have a coherency, completeness and symbolic significance sufficiently marked to justify me in setting them down."

A useful book for amateur gardeners is George Gordon's **The Book of Shrubs,** which is full of excellent suggestions for the treatment of shrubs as adjuncts in the improvement of garden scenery. The author points to the great variety of forms from which to select. Chapters are devoted to the culture of shrubs, the different kinds of which—nearly two hundred—are enumerated. The book is well illustrated.

THE MAGAZINES

Wealth Doesn't Measure Success.—That wealth is no true measure of success is shown by Francis Bellamy in the November number of **Everybody's Magazine.** The prevailing opinion is quite to the contrary. A leading lawyer voiced that opinion not long ago in these words: "Brains may be more important than money, but nowadays the best way to convince the world that you have brains is to make money." This proposition is refuted by Mr. Bellamy. There are still a "select few" who have put ideals ahead of money-getting. These are enlightened and gifted people, too. Mr. Bellamy points out, too, the loss the money-getter often sustains, tho he may not know it. He quotes this comment upon a certain wealthy young man: "He is rich and clever all in one line, but he is awfully incomplete as a man." Everybody's table of contents is long and attractive.

BOOKS RECEIVED

IN BABEL, STORIES OF CHICAGO. By George Ade. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. Minneapolis: N. McCarthy.

THE CLERK OF THE WOODS. By Bradford Torrey, author of "Footing It in Franconia," "Birds in the Bush," "A World of Green Hills." Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Minneapolis: N. McCarthy. $1.10 net.

THE RED KEGGERS. By Eugene Thwing. Illustrated. New York: The Book-lover Press. Minneapolis: N. McCarthy. Price $1.50.

EARTH'S ENIGMAS. By Charles G. D. Roberts, author of "The Kindred of the Wild," etc. Illustrated. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Price $1.50.

THE BOOK OF SHRUBS. By George Gordon, V. M. H., editor of the Gardener's Magazine. John Lane, The Bodley Head, New York.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

Shall the Primary Election Law Be Set Aside and a Congressional Candidate Be Indorsed by the County Convention—A Prominent Dark Horse Is Omitted from the List.

The proposition to nullify the primary election law by indorsing a candidate for congress at the first county convention next spring is being discussed pro and con by Hennepin county republicans. The idea has met with a good deal of favor, but it is also being severely criticized. It has been pointed out that the active advocates of a convention indorsement are well-known supporters of Loren Fletcher, and that the intention is that he shall be the beneficiary of the plan. It may be that no other candidate will appear for the nomination, but most of the leading party workers feel that it is too early to commit themselves to such an idea. By next spring there may be a lively boom for William H. Eustis, Frank Nye, M. H. Boutelle or some other prominent republican, which would crowd the Fletcher men off the boards.

Regardless of the personality of candidates, there is a strong feeling that it would not be good politics to evade the primary law. A candidate indorsed by a county convention, even if he had no opposition, would be known as a "snap judgment" candidate. It would be a good thing for party harmony and an omen of success if the congressional candidate was unanimously nominated, but it would look much better if he were nominated as the free and deliberate choice of the voters at the primaries.

This topic will be a fruitful theme of discussion for the next six or eight months.

The St. Cloud Journal-Press says: "The Minneapolis Journal flashes a long list of dark horses for the gubernatorial race. The well-known favorites are throwing plenty of dust in the warming-up canter. A crowd at this time is mighty uncomfortable. Clear the track for the regulars."

Of course, that dark horse list was not complete. A postal card from Morris reminds me that the name of Edwin J. Jones of that city, former state senator, was omitted. It was purely an oversight, as Senator Jones' name has been mentioned in that connection in this column and he is well worthy a place in the gallery of notables around which the gubernatorial lightning is playing. It may be proper to say that the postal is not in Senator Jones' handwriting.

—Charles B. Cheney.

THE LATE HENRY D. LLOYD

Kansas City Times.

In the same line of investigation as that which led him to produce his "Strike of Millionaires Against Miners," Mr. Lloyd turned his attention to an inquiry into the facts of the methods of the American trusts and combinations. As the product of several years' hard work in document rooms of courts and legislatures he brought out his great work, "Wealth Against Comonwealth," declared by Edward Everett Hale to be as much an epoch-making book as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It portrays with the hand of a Zola the cannibalism in which the commercial world still lives. So terrific is the moral shock of encountering its disclosures that many a reader has thrown the book down unable to finish it from sheer agitation. It is as well known to the man in the workshop as to the student in the library, and it has gone around the world printing on the minds of the people its revelation of some phases of modern money making. Aside from its purpose it is a remarkable piece of literature and justifies what Robert Louis Stevenson said of Mr. Lloyd's work to George Iles in a letter which, with other letters of Stevenson, Mr. Iles has put in the library of McGill university. Wrote Stevenson: "I was exceedingly interested by the articles of Mr. Lloyd, who is certainly a very capable, clever fellow; he writes the most workmanlike article of any man known to me in America, unless it should be Parkman. Not a touch in Lloyd of the amateur; and but James and Howells, and the aforesaid Parkman, I can't call to mind one American writer who has not a little taint of it."

EVEN WORSE THAN A GOLD BRICK

Russell Sage recently boarded a Sixth avenue elevated train at Rector street. He carried under one arm a sample brick wrapped in a newspaper. It was one that the builder of the Emma Willard seminary had taken to the financier's office. Repairs to Sage hall are to be made, and Mr. Sage wanted to see the brick that is to be used. It was worth perhaps 2 cents. At Twenty-eighth street a sporty-looking youth, who evidently knew the great man, reached down, seized the brick, dashed to th door and was downstairs and away before Mr. Sage, much annoyed, could get to the door and breathlessly explain to the guard what had happened.

"I felt sorry for him," said the witness, when he told of the experience. "He looked real sad at losing that brick, but I'd have given a dollar to see the face of the other fellow when he cut the string."

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

Columbus Junction (Iowa) Safeguard:

W. D. McGee, the night operator at this station, went away with the intention of joining his fortunes with a Missouri girl, who was to meet him at Burlington. He was to have entered into the state of matrimony (also Missouri) a week ago, but the heartless corporation for which he works would not relieve him. In this state of affairs he was justified in not returning Tuesday night as agreed. As nearly as we can learn the name of the fortunate young lady is Abby Carpnell. If we have married him to the wrong girl, we are willing to be forgiven.

MR. PEASE'S "HOT TIME."

Anoka Union.

Brother Dare of the Elk River Star-News wants to know what it cost the Union man to visit the state fair. Something like sixteen, but if he had met Brother D. it would have cost from a quarter to a half more—for soft drinks. Items, hotel, $4.50; meals, $3.80; care fare, 70c; cigars, $1.00; admissions, $2.05; treats, $3.60; balloon, 10c; peanuts, 10c; buttermilk, 20c; fruit, 25c; shines, 30c; gum, 15c.

THE UNSUNG

(Laureate bard in orthodox way,
Local triller of spineless lay,
Music-hall star and guttersnipe,
Sociable souls over bowl and pipe,
Boudoir warbler and alehouse lout,
Sing and recite, and scribble and shout,
Praises of soldier and sailor.)

Who sings of the farmer?
Grand old player of uphill game,
Spurred by no prize of wealth or fame;
Game which calls for a soldier's will,
Game which demands a sailor's skill;
Single-handed facer of woes,
Deeper than buffets by human foes;
Wager of ceaseless, stubborn fight,
All the year, every year, day and night;
With ill-timed drought and drench and cold,
With the wasted crop and the stricken fold
With prospects of plenty rudely nipped,
With the garden bared and the orchard stripped;
Disappointed and sick at heart,
Weary of playing a victim's part,
Weary of promises unfulfilled,
Of shattered plans and of projects killed;
Still he plays on; still day by day
Girds himself bravely to the fray,
Pays up the loss and takes the blow,
Grimly smiles at each overthrow;
Hopes against hope to the creed he clings,
End must come to the worst of things;
So the years pass. Then the Final Call
Bows the brave head, and back to the wall,
Facing his world of sorrow, not shame,
The grand old player yields the game!
Yet—nobody sings of the farmer.
—H. F. Abell, in London Spectator.

THE NONPAREIL MAN

Casually Observed.

There has been so much rain in Nebraska this fall, that we have applied for membership in the Lincoln, Neb., yacht club.

Poultney Bigelow and Professor Small have declared for a war with Germany. We do not know just why, but—well, there is that imported cheese as a casus belli, now you mention it.

John the Baptist, who formerly held forth in Minneapolis, has showed up in New York and has "denounced" Elijah. "Seems if" these prophets ought to get along without denouncing one another or somebody. Nothing makes us shy at a prophet like his getting up in meeting and dealing damnation around the land.

The ice man and his family are now studying the routes of winter travel in Egypt and the Holy Land.

It is said that there are but few Macedonians in arms now. Judging by the vast number of Turkish massacres in which the inhabitants were "completely wiped out" there aren't Macedonians enough left to holler for help.

A layer of thick cream and a dash of sugar on a baked apple doesn't go so bad for little boys "with curvature of the spine."

The people of Dawson cannot bathe in our ocean without a permit.

Maine reports another prohibition invention hailing from Biddeford. It is called the uno cocktail and is made up of a finger of alcohol in a glass of beer. No wonder the death rate fluctuates widely in the pointed fir country.

Grover Cleveland can never draw the Chicago vote. He neglected to go out to the stock yards during his recent visit.

Mrs. Gertrude M. Barlow of Kansas has secured a divorce from her husband, Joseph W. Barlow, on the ground of "extreme cruelty." For the cause of the action of divorce and as an instance of this extreme cruelty, Mrs. Barlow set up the plea that when she was advised by her physician that nothing but a trip abroad would "free her from the worry, excitement and distress which home environments produced, the defendant refused to pay the expenses, and she would have been compelled to remain at home but for the beneficence of her father." The brute! Can Mr. Barlow ever hold up his head in that community again?

The Woman's Home Companion, in its "Beauty Hints" or something of that kind, says that the scalp needs constant airing. If that is the truth, we bald-headed dudes are pretty close to nature after all.

The sixteen-inch gun installed at Sandy Hook hurls a ton of metal twenty-one miles. The man who attempted to field in that kind of a hot liner would have to be a whale.

A writer in the Woman's Home Companion says that by applying electricity to the roots of plants and by other means strawberries will soon be grown as large as fine apples, and raspberries and blackberries will be produced of such dimensions that one will suffice for the fruit course of each person. Cranberries, gooseberries and currants will be as large as oranges. One cantaloupe will supply a large family. Melons, cherries, grapes, plums, apples, pears and peaches will be seedless. All varieties of summer fruits will be of such a hardy nature that they will be capable of storage all thru the winter, as potatoes are now. Cheap native rubber will be grown, and will be harvested by machinery all over this country. Roses will be as big as cabbages. If strawberries get as big as this, there will not have to be anything in the box but the top layer. It is also to be hoped that the same proportionate increase will apply to the ton of coal.

When the Custer County Clarion started out its Vol. 1, No. 1, the editor, after stating, of course, that his object was to make money, added: "We shall aim to tell the truth as near as is consistent with good health, except in wedding and funeral notices. When a couple get married, no matter how homely or frowsy the bride may be, she will appear in these columns as a model of beauty, style and female loveliness and a general social favorite; and the groom, who really cuts mighty little figure at a wedding any way, will be mentioned as a capable and promising young man, etc., altho he may not have money or credit enough to buy the necessary flannels for the first baby. When a man dies he will always have been a good father and kind husband—unless he happens to be a bachelor—a pillar of the community and one whose loss will be irreparable."

A paper conducted on those broad and generous lines is bound to succeed.

We do not know when we have enjoyed anything more than Doctor Parkhurst's letter to Doctor Dowie. In substance Doctor Parkhurst says:

"I do not want to be presuming, dear Dr. Dowie, but I must say that you are a low-browed, cheap skate and that your language is very bad. I attended your service last night and found you about the worst ever. It was abominable. You are, dear brother, a mountebank and a religious stiff. I hope you will take this in the kindly spirit in which it is offered and that it will be blessed to you."

Claire has detected a terrible crisis in her life. It came about in this way. One evening when we were sitting by the library table and somebody had been angel white enough to bring out the chocolate creams, Claire said that for the last three months she had noticed that that wild and glorious flutter of excitement at the heart, that catching in the throat, had been absent when the candy or the ice cream was mentioned. From these sad symptoms she had come to infer that her girlhood was changing into womanhood; that the embers were slowly dropping away into gray ashes; that the past, strange as it may seem, was indeed irrevocably past, and that all was changing, fleeting, uncertain.

"It's the sure sign," said Claire, pathetically, "this growing distaste for the pleasures of the palate and for the gay social life of the world that I am passing into the lean and slippered overskirt; that life has little more in it for me."

As Claire dwelt on this sad and somber autumn of her career, she managed to eat up a pound and a quarter of chocolates, a slab of peanut candy, a slice of chocolate cake and to worry down two glasses of water. And it wasn't so long after dinner, either. It is indeed a sad moment when we began to feel age creeping insidiously upon us. —A. J. R.

WHEN MARY LED THE HYMN

I used to go to church and sit,
Entranced, to hear the singing;
My soul upon the waves of it,
Seemed ever upward winging.
I did not hear the organ's peal,
The bass, or tenor slim;
The alto's voice was but a squeal,
When Mary led the hymn.

Her pure soprano, high and clear,
Seemed like a song-bird thrilling;
It fell on my enraptured ear,
My very heart strings thrilling.
The world and all its load of care,
Seemed far away and dim;
The pearly gates of heaven were there,
When Mary led the hymn.

But now, when Mary lifts her voice
To lead, I must dissemble,
The sound that made me once rejoice
Now sets me all a-tremble.
I sometimes beg of her to cease;
She will not hear my pleading;
At such sad times I know no peace,
For I'm the "him" she's leading.
Brooklyn Eagle.

Defective Page