THE JOURNAL

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY MAIL.

One month	$0.35
Three months	1.00
Saturday Eve. edition, 28 to 36 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.

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

W. W. JERMANE, Representative. { Washington Office, Colorado 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 Great Daily

—OF THE—

Great Northwest

Daily Circulation of THE JOURNAL

Saturday, Oct. 3...	60,786
Saturday, Oct. 10..	62,292
Saturday, Oct. 17..	63,349
Saturday, Oct. 24..	62,504
Saturday, Oct. 31..	66,600
Average For Week Ending Oct. 31	60,208

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 Journal ran 1,572 columns of advertising in October. This is 42 per cent more advertising than was carried by any other daily paper in Minneapolis and 3 per cent more than any daily and Sunday combined.

The Panama Secession.

It is announced from Panama that the independence of the isthmus has been proclaimed and that the announcement was well received locally. Even the Colombian troops favor the movement thus far. There are indeed comparatively few troops in the state of Panama subject to the central government at Bogota. Bogota is four or five hundred miles from Panama. There has been ominous talk of revolution in the south by General Reyes, who has an ambition to be dictator, and, if the Colombian government cannot mass troops very soon on the isthmus it is not unlikely that Panama will be able to get out of the United States of Colombia.

Our government, in fulfilment of its obligations under the treaty of 1846 with New Granada (now the United States of Colombia), has ordered three warships of the Pacific squadron and three from the West Indian squadron, to the isthmus for the protection of American interests and carry out the terms of the treaty requiring the United States to guarantee to New Granada, or, as it reads now, the United States of Colombia, the perfect neutrality of the isthmus, insuring the free transit of the isthmus from interruption or embarrassment, and the protection of the rights of sovereignty and property which Colombia has and possesses over that territory. Under this treaty our government is thus obligated to protect Colombian interests on the isthmus, and it is essential that the naval and military forces, which the government may call into service during the existing emergency, be instructed to make no movement suggesting sympathy with the secession movement now in progress in the state of Panama.

The procuring cause of the Panama secession movement is obviously the fatuous obstruction by the Colombian congress of the treaty providing for the construction of the Panama canal, and the adjournment of congress without any action, except to ask a ridiculously exorbitant amount from our government for the canal right of way and rental. The state of Panama people several months ago, when the Colombian congress showed its disposition to obstruct the treaty, began to talk secession, and there was some sympathy with the movement expressed by people of the adjoining state, Cauca, whose southern boundary abuts upon the republic of Ecuador. It is not improbable, if the Panama movement succeeds that the northern half of Cauca may unite with Panama and organize a new republic, which would willingly favor canal concessions of a comparatively easy nature for our government.

Panama seceded from the republic of New Granada sixty years ago and with Veragua declared independence under the name The State of the Isthmus of Panama, but soon came back into the federation. Panama and Antioquia, under a new law giving each state a right to declare its independence, with federal connection with the central government, declared independence in 1857, but when the federative republic of Colombia was formed Panama went into it.

Panama is, therefore, not a stranger to secession movements.

It is a comparatively small section of the earth, which has for nearly four hundred years occupied the attention of maritime nations, who longed to secure a short cut between the two great oceans of the world. The Spanish-American states are not able to make the cut. Our government is now ready to do it, and will no doubt make that readiness effective as against any European ambition (Germany, for instance,) to accomplish it. The present secession movement of the state of Panama, if successful, will be favorable to the completion of the great work.

Since Manager Baird got back to Ann Arbor Michigan's share of the gate receipts has been talking after the fashion of money, and there is much less complaint of rough play by Minnesota.

Tammany's Victory.

To the country at large the municipal election in New York yesterday was the only one of great interest. Good and bad citizens everywhere were watching the contest between Low and McClellan, and with the announcement of Tammany's decisive victory there will be a sadness among the good citizens and rejoicing among the grafters, the bribers, the criminal and the vicious.

Tammany's victory is profoundly disappointing.

It is a terrible discouragement to the friends of good government. It will incline them to say: "What is the use of all our efforts? Always the old enemy returns, always the people vote to restore bad men and evil organizations to power. Reform in municipal government is as hopeless as the task of Sisiphus. After we give the people good government and redeem our pledges, they deliberately vote to re-establish the government of vice, crime, graft, corruption and inefficiency."

It is not only that good government suffers in New York by this victory of Tammany—it suffers everywhere. In Minneapolis, in St. Louis, in Milwaukee, in Chicago, the men who have sacrificed time and selfish interests to promote the public weal will be discouraged and their enemies will be encouraged.

New York, we fear, is at heart a Tammany town. Its rejection of Tammany was abnormal, and perhaps every future rejection of the tiger will be equally abnormal. We must regard the normal condition of things in New York as the domination of Tammany. The deplorable fact is that the majority of New York citizens prefer the kind of government Tammany gives—the government of privileges, grafts, alliance with vice. New York does not want honest government. It wants a passable appearance of effective government allied with freedom for vice and a chance for the good fellows to make something without earning it.

New York is different from other American cities. It is the play city of the continent. Men go there either as visitors or permanent residents to escape the restraints imposed on their personal conduct elsewhere. They want the city to be a little more vicious than other cities. The natives like to think of themselves as residents of a city that is more or less abandoned. And Tammany knows how to give New York what it wants. Occasionally it gives the city too much; then there is a temporary reaction.

The city that doesn't appreciate what the Low administration has done for it, deserves nothing better than what it has got. In its present stage of civilization, or, rather, barbarism, New York is not worthy of a better government than Tammany, the very incarnation of political depravity, will give it. It is idle to talk about possibilities of good government under McClellan, for Murphy will be the real mayor of New York. It is a waste of time to speculate as to what kind of government Tammany will give. It has only one kind. Poor New York—that is, the innocent part of it.

Oahu has gone republican. O-a-hu!

Good Government Rejected.

It is as discouraging as the result of the election in New York city itself to see such a paper as the St. Paul Globe applauding the Tammany victory in New York and speaking of it as a rebuke to the Pharisee and the hypocrite.

Evidently the Globe regards advocates and givers of good government as hypocrites and Pharisees, and esteems the unspeakable Tammany as a fit body to rebuke them.

Here is a fine demonstration of the folly of too much partizanship. The Globe cares nothing about good government in New York, because it is democratic. It wants a so-called democratic government in New York, if it be the government of the devil himself.

The Globe to the contrary notwithstanding, good government was on trial in New York, and thru the leadership of Tammany the people of that city have declared against good government. Yet the Globe sees in Tammany's victory good omens for the democratic party. Is there, then, no distinction between Tammany and democracy? We do not think the case is quite so bad for the party. There were many good democrats, like Hugh McLaughlin, both in and out of New York, who hoped to see Tammany beaten yesterday. They know Tammany for what it is, an unprincipled local political organization bound together by the "cohesive force of public plunder."

The Globe knows it in that way, too. What's the matter with the Globe?

All eyes on Panama now. The rebels have begun work on the canal.

That Wyoming Battle.

That fight between some Indian hunters and the game wardens in Wyoming is a distressing affair. Ten or fifteen Indians and two white men have been killed without adequate cause. A little tact would have avoided the bloody collision between the officers and the Indians.

Much is to be said in excuse of the Indians who hunt in disregard of game laws. They should be handled carefully and gently. We suspect that if the poachers had been white men, there would have been no battle. The chances are that the old frontier hatred of the Indian asserted itself in this bloody affair.

The Indian no longer goes on the warpath, but like other groups of our independent people he sometimes resists the law with force. The Wyoming affair is comparable to the trouble at Leech lake a few years ago. In neither case was the conflict between Indians and white men as such, but between white men as representatives of an obnoxious law and the Indians as the victims of it.

Because a Carlisle school graduate led the Wyoming poachers we shall hear much about the folly of educating the Indian. It proves nothing of the sort. Education never insures good character or guarantees good judgment. This graduate is described as a natural leader. Sent back to the reservation, he naturally looked at affairs from the standpoint of his people. He objected to the Wyoming game laws as strongly as they did, and like many other educated men before him he made the mistake of resisting enforcement of the law. His mistake no more proves that education of the Indian is a failure than the fact that there are white college graduates in prison proves that college education is a failure.

The sight of the biggest ship that ever took a cargo at New Orleans flying the American flag has stirred up quite a little ship subsidy sentiment in that city. But how does it happen that there are such ships without a subsidy? And, if some, why not more?

Come and See Us.

Congress assembles next Monday. Members of the Minnesota and other northwestern delegations and all other northwestern people who have occasion to visit Washington are invited to visit and make their headquarters at the new Journal offices in the Colorado building. The Journal has provided for the chief of its Washington bureau, Mr. Jermane, and his associates, probably the finest offices occuped by the Washington representatives of any newspaper in the country. These offices are on the ninth floor of the new office building just erected at the corner of Fourteenth and G streets, NW. They furnish a splendid outlook across the Potomac down to Mount Vernon and eastward over the capitol, the navy yard and the whole eastern portion of the city. The Journal will be glad to welcome its friends there, furnish them access to the latest copies of a large number of northwestern newspapers, conveniences for writing, and books to read, and have them, in the familiar phrase, "make themselves at home." It extends a cordial invitation to all.

A New York promoter who had incorporated a company with a capital of $900,000,000 was arrested because he couldn't pay his board bill. Still there is not such a great difference between him and some other promoters we have heard of. In his case the landlord suffered; in the case of others the public suffered.

A Mistake.

The whole city must suffer by reason of the narrowmindedness of a few north-end members of the park board. But for their contracted view of things Mr. C. M. Loring might again be a member of the park board and the city might have the benefit of his superior knowledge of park affairs.

Minneapolis owes a great deal to Mr. Loring. He was the original park enthusiast in this city, and in accordance with his ideas the city adopted the wise policy of obtaining early in its history, and while property was cheap, large areas for park purposes. Owing mainly to Mr. Loring's farsightedness in this particular, Minneapolis has been saved the enormous expense incurred by some of our sister cities who awoke too late to the fact that they had forgotten to provide breathing places when they were small and must now do so at tremendous cost. Kansas City a few years ago paid nearly as much for one park, about half as big as Loring, as all our park surface has cost us. But Kansas City had no C. M. Loring twenty years ago to suggest and insist upon doing the right thing at the right time. Minneapolis needs Mr. Loring's advice and help now just as much as it did then, and is indebted to the gentlemen referred to for the fact that she cannot have it. The failure to elect him signifies nothing to Mr. Loring, but it means a good deal to the city at large.

The state of New York showed more sense yesterday than the city. It voted by a majority of 250,000 to spend $101,000,000 in modernizing the Erie canal. This great work can not be completed a minute too soon to please New York city and Buffalo.

Extermination of Criminals.

Dr. A. F. Kilbourn, superintendent of the Rochester hospital for the insane, is quoted as telling a conference in St. Paul yesterday that all criminals ought to be killed off. He went so far as to say that we have been going backward since the time when capital punishment was imposed for 250 different offenses.

Possibly the doctor has been loosely reported, and possibly he did not wish to have his remarks taken literally. As another speaker pointed out, the severity of the punishment does not restrain the criminal. There was more crime in England when men were hanged for shooting a rabbit than now. But it is not punishment, but extermination of the criminal class that Dr. Kilbourn is thinking of. Here we must proceed with caution. There are criminals and criminals, the professional and the amateur; the man who is a criminal at heart and the one who is so only in deed. There is hope for the latter kind, but none for the former.

Doubtless, if all the hopeless criminals in the country could be exterminated, there would be much less crime in the future. The criminals of today are either the posterity or the ancestry of criminals, or both. By destroying them we would cast out bad blood that has come by inheritance and we would spare the future the criminal spawn the criminals of the present will leave behind them under present conditions.

It is probably Dr. Kilbourn's idea to punish not a single criminal act with death, but criminality itself. He would have the courts determine whether an offender, no matter what the particular offense, were of a criminal nature, and if so decree his extermination.

But the world is too sentimental to take up any such plan of wholesale extermination.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

Heatwole Taken to Task for Dodging the Merger Issue—Yesterday's Results Give Satisfaction—No Congressional Fight in the First District Next Year.

Some of Joel Heatwole's colleagues of the fourth estate are having fun asking him embarrassing questions, of the same kind that Joel so dearly loves to ask. Editor Blackmer of the Albert Lea Times is far from satisfied at the answer given to his recent question, demanding a candid expression from Dunn and Heatwole as to their views on the merger.

The latter replied in the Northfield News by asking:

"If a candidate solicits contributions to his campaign funds from a railroad company, should he be honest and stay bought, or throw down the men who made it possible for him to be successful?"

The Albert Lea editor says Heatwole is dodging the issue and concealing himself behind a shower of mud thrown at Governor Van Sant. He then says:

"Mr. Heatwole in his editorial above quoted in effect refers to the fact that the Great Northern railway contributed to the republican campaign fund when Governor Van Sant was first elected in 1900, and Mr. Heatwole seems to conclude that because of this contribution to the party campaign expenses, Governor Van Sant was bought and owned by the Great Northern and that in opposing the merger Governor Van Sant failed to stay bought and went back on the interests that owned him.

"We would like to ask, is it Mr. Heatwole's idea of the ethics of politics that the individual, firm or corporation who contributes toward the campaign expenses of a political party thereby buys the candidate of that party and that the candidate if elected to office is bound in honor to administer his office in the interests of the contribution? Is it Mr. Heatwole's idea that in the case in point Governor Van Sant should have supported the railroad merger in its attempt to evade the law and bring about a monopoly of the transportation business of half the state simply because these interests contributed to the campaign fund of the party of which Governor Van Sant, Congressman Heatwole, six other congressmen and numerous other gentlemen were candidates for election by the people to offices of public trust?"

And now comes Mr. Starr, of the Lamberton Star, with this very pointed query:

"It is not to be expected that Joel P. Heatwole will answer every question put to him by his little contemporaries, but it would be interesting to know where the Northfield statesman raised the $10,000 campaign fund last year to defeat L. H. Johnson, of Minneapolis—the antimerger candidate for speaker of the house?"

And another very natural question would be, if he did solicit and receive such a fund, did he stay bought?

Results in the off-year states yesterday give considerable satisfaction to Minnesota republicans. The only bad setback was in New York, where national issues were not at stake. The Minnesotans who campaigned in Ohio looked for a big majority, but were hardly prepared for the sweeping victory that is reported. Iowa also did better than expected. Governor Van Sant, on his return from a campaign tour there, made an estimate that was higher than that of the campaign committee, and the indications are that he was nearer right than they.

The Breckenridge Telegram observes: "Dr. L. W. Babcock has announced that he has retired from politics for good, and the Minneapolis Journal suggests that now the warring factions of the republican party in the fifty-third district can 'get together' and present a solid front to the common enemy. Sure! Eastman and Verity are quite willing to do the 'lion and lamb' act, but there is apt to be a trifling argument as to which of the two will take the part of the lamb and retire to the 'interior'—of the lion."

The Albert Lea Tribune wants to know whether the "tip" in this column about opposition to Judges Lewis and Lovely came from some of the mergerites. No, the only tip so far received from merger headquarters is that "the supreme court should not be disturbed." The railroad interests have taken this ground, not because they have any grip on the court as it stands to-day, but because they are determined to prevent at any cost the elevation of Attorney General Douglas to a place on the bench.

"No senator or representative shall, during the time for which he is elected, hold any office under the authority of the United States or the state of Minnesota, except that of postmaster."

This clause from the state constitution is respectfully referred to the Crookston Journal, which insists that state senators could become eligible to the attorney generalship by resigning their seats. The supreme court has ruled that the constitution means what it says, and that members are ineligible to any other office during the term for which they were elected. Resignation makes no difference. If it were not for this little constitutional bar, some of our state senators would be pretty strong possibilities for governor.

By the way, Senator Samuel Lord of Kasson is in St. Paul preparing an argument to be presented to the supreme court to-morrow in behalf of a new trial for the Nelson boys of Owatonna. Senator Lord has done his best in a bad case, as he is in duty bound to do, and he has taken a good many roasts with his usual equanimity.

Senators Henry A. Morgan and H. H. Dunn of Albert Lea were in St. Paul yesterday disguised as lumber jacks, on their way to the big woods for moose. Senator Dunn was manager of the Knatvold campaign in the first district last year. He says there is not likely to be any opposition to Tawney's renomination next year.

Alex. McKinnon of Crookston and Minneapolis, who was the democratic candidate for congress in the ninth district last fall, entertained his successful opponent yesterday. Congressman Steenerson was on his way to Washington to take his seat and with Mrs. Steenerson spent a day in Minneapolis, being entertained by the McKinnons while here.

—Charles B. Cheney.

SCIENTIST EXHIBITED A LEPER

A leper was exhibited at a lecture to an audience of Chicago university students the other day. Dr. James Nevins Hyde, the lecturer, said that leprosy is not dangerously contagious; that it is curable, and that it is gradually disappearing from all countries. He does not believe that any drug capable of curing leprosy will ever be discovered. Cleanliness and good food, he asserts, are the surest and best remedies.

NEWS OF BOOK WORLD

The Work of the Reviewer from the Author's Standpoint—Richard Le Gallienne's English Version of Hafiz—More of the Autumn's Books.

What writers of books think of book reviewers is a question The Bookman has been trying to solve by asking these questions:

Do reviewers understand the underlying meaning of your books? Do the majority of them write as tho they had read the book? Are their criticisms well founded? How do newspaper reviews compare with the reviews in literary magazines? Do you not often find that, in order to cover up their lack of knowledge about the story, reviewers pick out certain passages in which they have found some unimportant blemishes?

James Lane Allen, in answer to these queries, says: "Some of the best—much the best—criticism is to be found in the newspapers of the country." Owen Wister thinks that "now and then a word of value is uttered." F. Marion Crawford says: "I may honestly say that the criticisms which I read, and which certainly belong to the highest class of such work, are generally conscientious and often acute." Charles Major says: "Reviewers, I believe, as a rule, are honest, and honesty, after all, 'leaveneth the whole lump.'" Other comments are not so complimentary, but such testimony is reward, in a way, for a large amount of hard work.

A question which might have been asked more directly is: Do newspaper reviewers usually place fair valuations upon your work? Perhaps modesty would have prevented frank answers. But, after all, that is the real meat of the matter. Are reviewers fairly discriminating in their effort to point out what is worth reading, or if they do not attempt to do so much, are they discriminating enough in selecting facts about and extracts from books in order to give readers fair samples of what may be expected in the reading of the books themselves?

BEULAH MARIE DIX.
The author of one of the MacMillan Company's best recent books.

Miss Beulah Marie Dix, author of "Blount of Breckenhow," "The Making of Christopher Ferringham," and "Hugh Gweyth," was born in Kingston (Mass.), Dec. 25, 1876, and was brought up in the neighboring town of Plymouth. Her father's ancestors were English Puritans, who came to Boston about 1640. Their descendants have been farming in the eastern part of Massachusetts ever since. Her mother's people were also English Puritans, but they settled in Maine, where they acquired a dash of Irish blood by intermarriage with the Machias O'Briens, who distinguished themselves by leading the Machias men into the first sea fight of the revolution. She distinguished herself in Radcliffe thru Harvard Annex, after finishing her work there settling down at Cambridge with her parents and a sister.

Richard Le Gallienne has just returned from Europe. "Since I have been away," he says, "I have written an English version of the Persian poet Hafiz—a private edition for collectors only. A public and a less expensive edition will be out in a year by American publishers. It includes the best verses of Hafiz. I do not know Persian and I worked from literal translations of his works—one made by an old Indian servant in the employ of Colonel Clarke in the British civil service ten years ago, and another by John Payne, an Englishman.

"I consider Hafiz a greater and richer poet than Omar Khayyam. He is more like Shakspere."

H. M. Hopkins' **The Torch** is a novel of decided merits. It is a story of university life; of the jealousies, heart burnings and antagonisms of a large faculty, and interwoven with this phase are love episodes, two of which were sorely disappointing to as many men. President Babington is a type not unknown in this country. He brought trouble upon himself by his discrimination in distributing favors, and, step by step, he became unpopular with faculty and students. He himself courted a rich widow and was one of the disappointed lovers. A professor whom he had antagonized won the fair dame, Mrs. Van Sant, to Babington's great chagrin. The scene is apparently located in Indiana. Mr. Hopkins' character-sketching is admirably done.

A decidedly good sea tale is Clark Russell's **The Captain's Wife.** Russell is always interesting, but what do you think of the little English maid, Phyllis Stanhope, who, turned out of the house by her father for secretly marrying Captain Mostyn, loved the latter so much that she smuggled herself and trunk on the captain's ship, against orders, and was found by him, when the ship had gone to sea, secreted in the pantry. The details of the voyage, which was undertaken for an insurance company to recover lost treasure from a wreck, are thrilling, including, as they do, such an incident as an attempt by Benson, the insurance company's agent, to abduct the captain and run off with the ship and—Phyllis!

Max Pemberton generally injects the sensational in his novels. **Doctor Xavier** is not an exception. A poor girl, Esther Venn, in despair of getting employment in London, is meditating suicide when Doctor Xavier accosts her and offers her employment as his assistant in perfecting a secret process designed to benefit all women. She is taken to his house, which is splendidly furnished and supplied with devices of luxury which seem of magical production. She lives in absolute luxury and among many mysteries. Xavier experiments upon her and makes her a surpassingly beautiful woman. Her life thereafter is brimming with curious incidents, and the reader will follow the story of her transformation into a princess with unabated interest.

LITERARY NOTES

A remarkably fine and attractive specimen of modern bookmaking for children is **Baby Days,** with its beautiful illustrations, child-fascinating text and sumptuous binding.

There is a real attraction about Arthur Gray's two little books, one devoted to coffee and the other to tea, as beverages. He tells us much about the history of the berry and the leaf and injects pleasant gossip about their historic devotees. One is confused, however, by Mr. Gray's statements of preference. In his coffee book he says: "No beverage has compared with it in the social and companionable qualities it imparts. Tea has always been and will always be, a soft, soothing, purring, gossipy decoction for gentlewomen and men of mild power and peaceful walks." In his book on tea he says: "Afternoon tea is the drink. Domestically and socially, not [illegible] the beverage of the world." Both the [illegible] bright with the literature of tea and the poetic and prose talent giving tributes to the beverages is entertainingly utilized.

THE MAGAZINES.

A Gothic Tower of Babel—Skyscrapers are not to be unsightly things always. The severity of style which marked the early heavenward reaching piles and which was necessary owing to the tremendous expense, promises to give way to something more ornate if drawings in **The Architectural Record** for November may be taken as an indication of what is to come. In the Record with an article on "The Evolution of the Skyscraper," by Montgomery Schuyler are the preliminary drawings for the New York Times building. One's first impression from these is that some architect has been giving run to his fancy in an effort to design a gothic Tower of Babel. The design was not accepted. But something very fine was, and the New York Times will have one of the finest business buildings in the world and from basement to capstone probably the tallest. The November Record is full of matter sure to attract the architect.

General MacDonald's Character—The verdict of the commission appointed to inquire into matters relating to the death of Major General Hector MacDonald, the brilliant Scotch soldier in the British army, furnishes the basis of a brief, but very interesting article in **The Caledonian** for November. The substance of the verdict is the commission was unable to find any ground at all for the charges made against the general, but believed that the charges resulted from spite and jealousy prompted by General Mac Donald's advancement as an officer.

The President and the Postoffice Trouble—A Letter—"The President and the Postal Investigation" are reviewed by the editor of the **American Review of Reviews** under the head of "The Progress of the World" in the November number of his magazine. He quotes a letter from the president which closed with this ringing sentence: "In a case like this, where the crime charged is one that strikes at the foundations of the commonwealth, I should hold myself unfit for this office if I considered for one moment either my own welfare, or the interest of the party, or anything else except the interests of justice." An article in the same number of the Review that will interest national guardsmen and lovers of guns generally is by Charles J. Leach on "The New Rifle for the United States Army." It is a brave weapon "and no mistake." The review of the military maneuvers at Fort Riley will interest the same class of readers.

Japan's Occidental Ways—Japan is becoming more and more occidental in her manner of going at things. This is shown by her recent exposition at Osaka an account of which, excellently illustrated, is given in the November **Cosmopolitan** by Count Hirokichi Mutsu. It rather surprises one who used to think he knew all the larger cities of the world to read in connection with the account of this exposition that Osaka has a population of nearly a million—820,000. Herbert George Wells begins another of his strange tales in the November Cosmopolitan. It is called "The Food of the Gods" and those who eat it grow with extreme rapidity to an astonishing size. "Those" includes chickens and insects, and in this first installment there are chickens that run off with babies or small boys and wasps that can sting thru armor plate, or if they can't it is only because Mr. Wells did not happen to think of armor plate in connection with his wasps as big as barn owls. The number contains the second installment of Thomas Janvier's "Henry Hudson."

BOOKS RECEIVED

THE TORCH. By Herbert M. Hopkins. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill company. Price $1.50.

THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE. By Clark Russell, author of "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," etc. Illustrated. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Minneapolis: N. McCarthy. Price $1.50.

DOCTOR XAVIER. By Max Pemberton, author of "Kronstadt," "The House Under the Sea," etc. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price $1.50.

BABY DAYS. A New Selection of Songs, Stories and Pictures for Very Little Folks, with an Introduction by the Editor of St. Nicholas. Three hundred illustrations. New York: The Century company. Minneapolis: N. McCarthy. Price $1.50.

OVER THE BLACK COFFEE. Compiled by Arthur Gray. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company. Minneapolis: N. McCarthy.

THE LITTLE TEA BOOK. Compiled by Arthur Gray. Illustrated by George W. Hood. New York: The Baker & Taylor company. Minneapolis: Nathaniel McCarthy.

AT THE THEATERS

"The Eternal City," as presented by Edward Morgan and his superior supporting company at the Metropolitan, is meeting with the patronage that the excellence of the production warrants. The play runs thru the entire week, with matinee Saturday.

Music is to be one of the features of the performance of Lew Dockstader and his great minstrel company at the Metropolitan the first half of next week. The entire entertainment is a revival of the old-time minstreisy.

"The Prince of Pilsen" will be the offering at the Metropolitan for three nights and matinee, opening Thursday evening, Nov. 12. The superb organization includes Trixie Friganza, Arthur Donaldson, Ruth Peebles, Jess Dandy, Almyra Forrest, Nick Long, Ada St. Albans, Walter Clifford, Idaline Cotton and Henry Taylor.

"Colleen Bawn," as presented by the Ferris Stock company at the Lyceum this week, is the best play of its class. Miss Maude Gilbert in the role of Eily O'Connor is seen at her best. The second matinee of the week will be given to-morrow.

Mark E. Swan's farce, "Brown's in Town," will be presented at the Lyceum for one week by the Ferris Stock company, commencing next Sunday evening.

Dick Ferris will appear again in Clyde Fitch's best play, "The Cowboy and the Lady," for one week following "Brown's in Town."

For the matinee to-day at the Bijou, Miss Eugenie Blair presented Sudermann's celebrated play, "Magda." It will be again seen to-morrow and Friday nights, while "Zaza" will be the bill to-night, and Saturday matinee and night.

The sale of seats for "Shore Acres," which opens at the Bijou next Sunday afternoon, starts to-morrow morning. The company this season is a strong one. James T. Galloway plays Uncle Nat and Atkins Lawrence is the Martin Berry. Miss Challis Winter will appear as Helen and Miss May McCabe as Ann Berry.

That hilariously funny extravaganza, "The Show Girl," with its elaborate scenery, exquisite costumes, funny comedians, innumerable specialties, good music and pretty girls, comes to the Bijou in the near future.

THE LOST CHILD

O, little fellow, dear little fellow,
Once, where the strange paths crossed
In magical woods of sunlit yellow,
You, lagging behind, were lost.

Just a step aside; but I know that wide
And terrified look the day you died.

When it is day I can dissemble
And cover from sight my care,
But when it is dark, in tears I tremble—
"What if he be lost out there?"

In my troubled sleep, I cower, I weep,
I am little and lost, and the dark is deep.

When the ghost moon steals down the mountain hollow
To glide thru my window bars,
I wake and pray to be dead, to follow
His stumbles between the stars.

—Fanny K. Johnson, in Harper's.

THE NONPAREIL MAN

Casually Observed.

These are busy days for our old friend General Uribe-Uribe, who was operated on for hyphenitis last spring, but who has now recovered or is dead. There is war, dark red war on the Isthmus! The little neck that joins the two Americas has revolted and is likely to get it in that very place, for the Colombian army has laid aside the cigarette and sombrero of peace and is clad in the red necktie and fierce scowl of the contumelious war. Ha! A revolution is on. Cramba!

If things keep on in this way Rear Admiral Crowinshield will have to be sent down there to run a battle ship aground somewhere.

Ann Arbor, Nov. 3.—Coach Yost declares that the Minnesota team got the burly Michigan giants down and chloroformed them before making their touchdown. An investigation has been requested.

While we were taking the screens off and preparing to slap on the double windows last Sunday, a rush line of belated mosquitoes tackled us, using loud profanity and other football tactics. This is the record for November.

Football isn't over, by any manner of means, but a few of the boys who cuff the guitar or banjo are talking of running out a glee club on a defenseless public.

The government is again threatening to complete the Chicago postoffice.

Wish some Mark Hanna would offer us $50,000 for our vote. Accept it, you ask? You insult us.

A report from the country somewhere tells of a seer who says the world is coming to an end. Let her come, the Mississippi valley will remain right here, whatever happens.

There is a remarkable parallel between the financial world of Wall street and this column. The street is said to need more money.

It is pretty hard to froth at the mouth over an election as far away as Ohio or New York.

If you feel that the world is not using you well or that the times are cut of joint, it is a wonderful restorer to arise at 6 a. m., to take the ax and to go out into the open air. Somewhere in the vicinity of your home is a dead black oak tree, ripe for the sickle. The restorative process consists in slapping this tree with the ax before breakfast. Begin steadily and firmly this most healthful process and watch the growing scarf and the stout chips flying around the landscape. It's great!

The perspiration drops from your manly brow, your heart action is a little more rapid and you know that your blood is circulating more than once in twenty-four hours. As you rest on your ax and look up at the tree there is a tendency on your part to burst into song. Then you hit the tree a few more just for luck and it falls down. It's easy!

Then you trim it up and are preparing to knock the trunk into four-foot lengths when the breakfast bell rings.

Whoop! Breakfast! The morning meal, instead of being a task, is a benediction. You eat steadily thru it, from baked apple and cream to buckwheat cakes, without turning a hair. Everything is all right. The government is not so bad. The country is safe. The administration at Washington is doing pretty well. The old ship of state is not bumping along on the rocks after all. Business is quite brisk. If we get the money we'll be all right. And if we don't get it? Oh, we'll pull thru somehow. We always have. And you'll feel good all day, too, if you don't take a big chew of tobacco and smoke four black Connecticut burdock fillers before dinner time. That will always take the edge off. When you are feeling first rate, it's a bad scheme to take a drug. We speak from the experience of a dark and deadly past that would make Jesse James shudder.

The next morning you can knock the trunk of the tree to pieces. The exercise is great, and incidentally you have a little firewood for the grate. And firewood doesn't go so bad where the fuel dealer's family is planning an extended tour in Europe, Egypt and the Holy Land and he has to make good. —A. J. R.

"TRUE GRAIN OF HUMAN NATURE"

Christian Register.

There are inscrutable mysteries in the human mind. No Jew can reveal himself wholly to a Christian, even if he tries. No western white man can ever understand an oriental. A Chinaman or a Hindu cannot open his heart so fully that an Anglo-Saxon can read its secrets. Who knows what lay in the mind of Disraeli? There are forty nationalities in Europe which every now and then assert themselves in unexpected ways. Breton with Breton, Magyar with Magyar, Pole with Pole, Finn with Finn and Dane with Dane have means of intercommunication which are instinctive, unspoken. They talk to other men without fully understanding them, and they understand each other without talking at all. The civilization and polish which rubs down all these differences and conceals them under varnish and veneer is artificial and will not last. All these peculiarities are of value. They will come to their best by development and not by repression, by growth and not by polish, by the processes of freedom and not by any rule of authority. A beautiful and dramatic ordering of human society will follow the abolishing of military rule, the cessation of war and the relaxation of the bonds of arbitrary power, because then the true grain of human nature will show itself in many noble and beautiful ways.

FAIR PLAY IN BUSINESS.

Editorial in November McClure's.

The chief value of Miss Tarbell's History of the Standard Oil company is to demonstrate the necessity of fair play in business, if we are to develop our commerce on lines of decency and dignity. There is no right thinking person who is not willing and glad to have the best man win if he plays fair. There is no right thinking person who does not feel that the most important thing in the world is that men play fair whatever the game. If they will not do it from innate decency and self-respect and a sense of the rights of their fellows, then they must be compelled by laws, by social ostracism, by all of the outside influences which society has devised to constrain them. It is evident from Miss Tarbell's story that Mr. Rockefeller has used methods from the beginning of his trust-building which, if applied on the boatball field, would cause him to be kicked, off in disgust. Why young men should be allowed to admire in business what they are taught to despise in athletics is not clear. It is of vast importance to the future manhood of this country that scorn of unfairness should be universal. Above all, let it be applied strenuously to unfairness in business. We are a commercial people. Our boys must go into commerce. Our professions are so mingled with commerce that it is often hard to distinguish if they be professions. If we are to wink at unscrupulousness in commerce, then we are doomed to become a race of tricksters and manhood is dead within us.

CENTENARIAN CHANCES

Taking a million as a basis of calculation, statistics show that at the end of seventy years there will still survive 312,000 out of 1,000,000 persons. At the expiration of eighty years there will be 107,000 survivors of the original million. When it comes to ninety years of existence only 8,841 out of the 1,000,000, or one in 115, will be living. Of the original 1,000,000 only fifty-four will live to see the ninety-nine years, or about one person out of 18,500. The century mark will be reduced by only twenty-three out of the 1,000,000.

Defective Page