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THE JOURNAL

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

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Parker's Trust Busters.

The trust busters whom Judge Parker has selected to manage his campaign or who have selected him for their candidate, it doesn't matter which, are De Lancey Nicoll, a prominent corporation lawyer of New York; August Belmont, the New York banker and railroad man; J. M. Guffey, leader of the Pennsylvania democracy and a petroleum king; John R. McLean, the Cincinnati millionaire; ex-Senator Smith of New Jersey, a man of vast corporation interests, and Senator Martin of Virginia, identified with large corporations. When this bunch gets busy the trusts and the favored interests will know it.

But there is more of terror to evildoers yet. The New York state committee is closely associated with the national committee and the chairman of that organization is Cord Meyer of Brooklyn, one of the most important men in the "'sugar trust," while the chairman of the democratic state executive committee is Patrick McCarren, a state senator and interested in two or three of the biggest trusts and combinations in the country.

It can readily be seen how nervous the trusts must be over the bare possibility of the election of a man who comes into the presidency under the influences which surround Judge Parker, and to which he will owe his election if he should happen to be elected. Possibly the judge has taken with these gentlemen named the same position toward the trusts that he assumed toward the tariff in his speech of acceptance.

Tammany, with whom Judge Parker has succeeded in establishing satisfactory relations, has a special campaign committee of its own, the members being conspicuous as a rule for their connection with large financial and business interests, so that the Review of Reviews is prompted to say of the whole democratic situation that "all of a sudden, from being the poor man's party, the democracy has become the most dazzlingly plutocratic political organization any country has ever known."

A young man who lives in Minneapolis has beaten the girls of the northwest at their own game. He has taken the first prize at the fair for "fancy work," a term which includes all kinds of tidies and doilies, and centerpieces, and pincushions, and embroidery, and every other kind of dainty work with the needle. There is an element of retribution in this. The girls have been beating the boys in school and in the university, and taking their jobs away from them in all kinds of business—it serves them right to have a boy get even with them on their own ground and beat them all hollow at their own game.

A well-known surgeon in Berlin, Dr. O. Rosenbach, has written a book to prove that the bacteriologist with his germ theory has overdone it. In Germany the movement started by Lister, which has revolutionized the whole practice of the surgeon's art, has become a fad, and as one authority explains it the German surgeons in their eagerness for germ destruction have poisoned the tissues and paralyzed nature in her efforts to restore and upbuild.

"Water and soap," says Dr. Rosenbach, "will be reinstated in their place of honor as cleansing materials." You can overdo almost anything. The man with the fear of germs ever before his eyes is a most depressing person.

Political Apathy.

This is a rather dull political campaign. It ha been a long time since there has been a presidential election which is looked forward to with so little interest by the masses of the people. The politician is always interested in politics and is apt to think that everybody else is. It takes a person who is not a politician to know whether the people are really interested.

There are two or three obvious reasons why there should be so much apathy. One is that there is no issue on which it is possible to arouse enthusiasm or stir up bitter opposition. The money question is settled, or, at least, the people think it is, and there is nothing to take its place as a political stimulant. Men could be stirred up to the point of personal enmity on the money question. The vital connection between money and daily life is understood of all men. It was easy to arouse men by a political issue that seemed on one side to promise more money, and on the other to threaten less money for every man who worked.

What is there in this campaign to take the place of the money issue? The people, it seems, are not yet ready to be aroused again on the tariff question. They have settled down into a state of indifference regarding it. They even accept without indignation arguments designed to prove to them what an excellent thing it is for the foreigner to buy American goods cheaper than the American can get them.

Imperialism—who is really bothering himself about that? Hardly anybody regards it as a vital question. The people have accepted the fact that we are in the Philippines, and it does not occur to them that the time has yet come to discuss the question of getting out.

The trusts—there is nothing here to make any man's blood boil. Neither party has "gone after" the trusts with a pitchfork. The republicans are more radical in their utterances than the democrats, but there is nothing in either platform to stir the people to frenzy.

Finally, everybody believes in his heart that President Roosevelt is going to be elected. So, why bother about it? What more do you want?

Yet if he should not be elected it will be precisely because so many think he should be.

A New York business man has offered to put up $100,000 in bets of any size that Roosevelt will carry New York and be elected. This is bringing out a little democratic money, but it comes slowly. A man who makes a bet on the election knows as much about the outcome as anybody else probably, but no more. His opinion carries weight, however, because he is ready to risk something on it.

The Art of War Exemplified.

The fighting of the last week has shown, both at Port Arthur and along the way to Liao-yang, an impetuosity on the part of the Japs which might suggest that they had adopted Danton's prescription for the success of the French republic—"Audacity! more audacity!! still more audacity!!!" It is true that audacity planted the French flag in nearly every capital of Europe, but Napoleon had audacity and recklessness without the advantage of strategic ability which the Japs have, as shown in their movements in Manchuria, since the crossing of the Yalu river. The Russians made their first blunder in permitting weakness in their defenses at that most important point. It is, indeed, likely that they lacked the troops then. Lying about their military and naval resources and their ability to "drive the Japs into the sea" was their besetting sin before they had a tactual experience of the fighting qualities of the men of Nippon.

The Russians have fought under the direction of a man who held the portfolio of war minister when he was sent to the front by the czar. Kuropatkin was exploited as the most finished tactician in Russia and he himself believed that he would have a mere season of child's play in Manchuria. But he has been on the defensive ever since he took charge. Port Arthur is near to capitulation; the Liao-tung peninsula is in possession of the Japs; the control of the sea termini of the China-Eastern railway is in the hands of the Japs, who are utilizing the port of Niu-chuang to rush in munitions of war for the use of the troops in the vicinity of Liao-yang. Kuropatkin, preoccupied with the adroit maneuvers of the three Jap armies between the Yellow sea and the China Eastern railway, allowed this invaluable point to be occupied by the Japs. He has been outgeneraled. He is now trying to recover from the disadvantage resulting from his own bungling tactics.

There is no doubt of the desperate character of the Russian defense. They show a better artillery practice than heretofore, for hitherto they have been overwhelmingly distanced by the Japs in this arm of military service. In the Russo-Turkish war, the czar's artillery was, in the opinion of the best experts, wretchedly ineffective. Since then, many schools of instruction have been established, but, at present, the Russians seem to be learning how to handle artillery from the Jap practice. Modern field artillery has at a thousand yards a greater velocity than the old nine-pounder had at its muzzle. The war in the east is fought with modern implements on the sea and on the land.

Daylight robbery, at the point of a revolver, on the streets, almost in the business center of the city, and solicitation from doors and windows and even on the streets in the daytime, as well as at night, by lewd women, are features of this municipal administration, which will cause it to be remembered for a long while with anything but pleasurable recollections by all decent citizens.

Protection for the Shade Trees.

It seems almost incredible that the superintendent of parks would tell an employee of a telephone company to cut trees wherever it was necessary in order to facilitate the stringing of telephone wires, and furnish the men to do it, but that is the superintendent's admission in court yesterday.

There is something wrong about this matter of the control of shade trees planted on the streets. Most of these trees are planted by the property owners. They pay all the expense of having them dug up in the woods in winter and planted in the grass plats between the sidewalk and the curb. They naturally feel that those trees belong to them. They take care of them, water them and fertilize them, and generally see to the trimming and sometimes get them neatly shaped up, when along comes some employee of the park board who seems to take a sort of fiendish delight in spoiling them, and, without the knowledge of the houseowner, proceeds to cut the life out of them. The man who planted them and has nursed them for years is naturally and properly mad, and he makes an awful roar about it, only to find out that the law gives the park board jurisdiction over the trees standing outside the sidewalk in the street and that he is without remedy.

It is bad enough for the householder who has taken pains to keep his trees in good condition to see them slashed and mutilated on the dangerous theory that the park board men have any care about how they do it, and know how the trimming should be done, but when the superintendent of parks goes so far as to authorize the trimming of beautiful shade trees to accommodate a telephone company "wherever necessary" to serve the convenience of the linemen engaged in stringing telephone or telegraph wires, it is time to change the superintendent or the law or both. We would like to see some man or a dozen of them, if need be, go to the legislature this year for the express purpose of securing legislation to protect what shade trees the tornado has left us from the superintendent of parks and the wire-stringing companies and the house-movers.

Do we hear a second to the motion?

The weather bureau promises fair skies for tomorrow. Tomorrow is Minneapolis day at the state fair. The business houses have generally indicated their intention to close during the afternoon so as to permit their employees to go to the fair. There is something there worth going to see and Minneapolis should break all records tomorrow in point of attendance. This city owes to the fair management a large obligation of loyalty and support and to make tomorrow the greatest day in the history of the fair will be well worth our while as a city.

The regatta at the state fair's race track today ought to be a pleasant affair.

The coal man threw a trump today. It's your play now.

AT THE THEATERS

Foyer Chat.

Following the Cherry Blossoms at the Dewey theater come Frank Carr's Thoroobreds, an aggregation noted for its big singing chorus. Among the vaudeville numbers of note are the Dancing Mitchells, Mlle. La Tosca, premier contortionist, and Washburn and Flynn in a singing and talking act. The ladies' matinee tomorrow will prove a drawing card for fair visitors.

Two large audiences enjoyed the thrilling incidents and entertaining features "In Old Kentucky" at the Bijou yesterday. On Saturday afternoon the only remaining afternoon performance will be given.

"Tilly Olson," a new Swedish-American comedy, will hold the boards next week at the Bijou. The offering will abound in clever specialties and musical numbers and will be presented by an excellent company, including Miss Gertrude Swiggett in the name part.

"Way Down East" is proving a potent drawing card at the Metropolitan this week. Four more performances, including a matinee Saturday, will terminate the engagement.

Next Sunday evening a fine revival of "A Romance of Athlone" will be made at the Metropolitan, with the favorite actor, Chauncey Olcott, as the star. The songs written by Mr. Olcott are a feature and include the popular ballad "My Wild Irish Rose." There will be Monday and Wednesday matinees of this play. The latter part of the week Mr. Olcott will be seen in "Terence."

The S. R. O. sign was out early at the Lyceum last evening. Miss Grace Hayward and the Ferris players are seen to good advantage in "Thelma." Next week the company will appear in "Pudd'nhead Wilson" with a special matinee Monday, Labor Day.

HE LOVES THE GOOBER

Representative Griggs of Georgia is the greatest patron of the American goober in congress. His average consumption is five or six small bags a day. But as the house has no peanut counter, the Georgian goes for his supply to a vender in the senate restaurant. Every morning a page from the democratic cloakroom appears with a handful of nickels and purchases peanuts enough to last Mr. Griggs during the afternoon and until the meetings of congress the next afternoon.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

John Lind Means "No," and Democrats Will Have to Fill His Place on the Judicial Ticket—Reynolds of Duluth and Hall of Red Wing Favored—Lind Says Roosevelt Will Have 40,000 in Minnesota —Congressional Filings Complete.

John Lind is tired of being everlastingly placed in the attitude of refusing office and then giving in to the popular clamor. The recurrence of such a circumstance has created an impression that it is done for dramatic effect, and this is distasteful to Mr. Lind, who understands it perfectly. For this reason it is not likely that he will reconsider his determination announced in The Journal yesterday. A strong effort will be made when he returns from the coast to get him to accept the supreme court nomination. The democrats are not willing to take his no for an answer, but it seems likely that they must. He gave fair warning before going to the coast that he would not accept any nomination, and so cannot be blamed.

The vacant place will have to be filled by the democratic state committee. The names of Joseph Ward Reynolds of Duluth and O. M. Hall of Red Wing are most frequently mentioned. The one chosen will go on the ballot in opposition to Judge Jaggard. There is a possibility that Judge W. B. Douglas, who was defeated for the republican nomination by Judge Jaggard, may be put on the democratic ticket, but democrats consider that in the nomination of Brown and Lovely they have made sufficient concession to the non-partizan principle. Judge Brooks would be a popular selection, but he has filed for the district bench again.

The democratic state committee is likely to be called together in about a week for organization. W. H. Harries, chairman of the convention, has to name six members-at-large in consultation with the candidates. The committee will be called together by Judge Buck, chairman of the last committee, and the outlook indicates that he will be selected to serve as chairman again. He was a leader of the anti-Parker forces in the late unpleasantness, and was the only man they succeeded in electing as a delegate-at-large. His selection would please that element of the party, and is understood to be satisfactory to John A. Johnson. If the committee has any vacancies to fill, this work will have to be done soon. The certificates of nomination must be filed with the secretary of state by the fifth Saturday preceding the election, which means that the ticket must be made up by Oct. 8.

John Lind was interviewed by a Journal correspondent at Portland, Ore., when on his way thru that city. He said:

Minnesota will give Roosevelt a majority of 40,000 votes in November, but I strongly believe that a democratic governor will be elected. Minnesota is a republican state, but Mr. Dunn is decidedly unpopular with many of the best republicans in the state. He has a strong opposition and I do not believe that he can be elected.

The Pioneer Press, which is doing its duty nobly as the official organ of Candidate Dunn, is devoting a column or so daily to telling how united republicans are in the various counties and congressional districts. "Those articles make me suspicious," said a well-known local republican, "that there is really serious trouble in the air. Of course, I know from my own inquiry and observation that a very large per cent of republicans do not intend to vote for Dunn, but if I had never heard of such a thing, my suspicions would be aroused. If all is serene in the republican ranks, and the voters are all united on the candidate, why waste so much space and energy in telling it day after day? It ought to be sufficient to tell it once and quit."

Republican and democratic candidates for congressional honors in the state have filed as follows:

First District—Republican, James A. Tawney, Winona; democrat, H. C. Nelson, Hayward.

Second District—Republicans, James T. McCleary, Mankato, and H. J. Miller, Luverne; democrat, George P. Jones, Jackson.

Third District—Republican, Charles R. Davis, St. Peter; democrat, J. W. Craven, Norwood.

Fourth District—Republican, **Fred C.** Stevens, St. Paul.

Fifth District — Republican, **Loren** Fletcher, W. T. Coe, A. H. Hall, **A. A. Ames** and H. E. Fryberger; democrats, W. H. Williams, George R. Robinson, C. H. Kohler.

Sixth District—Republicans, C. B. Buckman, Little Falls, and A. F. Foster, Litchfield; democrat, Cleve W. Van Dyke, Alexandria.

Seventh District—Republican, Andrew J. Volstead, Granite Falls; democrat, J. H. Driscoll, Madison.

Eighth District—Republican, J. Adam Bede, Pine City; democrat, Martin Hughes, Hibbing.

Ninth District—Republican, Halvor Steenerson, Crookston.

As the books were closed yesterday, no more primary election filings can be made. Unless candidates are nominated by petition, there will be no opposition at the polls to Congressmen Stevens and Steenerson. The populists may take advantage of the situation to bring some one out in the ninth, but it will be merely perfunctory. The same is true of nearly all the democratic candidacies. The men named will make campaigns, but with little or no hope of success.

The opponents of Judge Baxter in the seventh judicial district have executed a flank movement. The judge is an independent candidate for re-election, with John W. Mason of Fergus Falls as the republican candidate. At the last minute W. T. Valentine of Long Prairie filed as the democratic nominee. He will go on the official ballot, and so get many democratic votes away from Judge Baxter, who is himself a democrat in belief.

Edward Fanning of Stewartville, sergeant-at-arms of the house at the last three sessions, has ambitions for a seat elsewhere in the hall and has filed for one of the republican house nominations in Olmsted county. Messrs. Fraser and McCoy, the members at the last session, are candidates again, and James Spencer, another Stewartville man, has filed.

The last rumor of the slatemakers is that Adjutant General Libbey is to give place to Major H. V. Eva of Duluth, in the event of Dunn's election. General Libbey was for Dunn, but was a little bit slow in saying so.

—Charles B. Cheney.

ROUGH RIDERS WELCOME THERE

Senator Bard of California had an experience illustrating how a rough rider is given precedence of all other callers at the White House. He went there with a constituent who had been in the president's regiment. They were shown in and the senator said: "Mr. President I want to present to you one of your former soldiers——" "Why, hello, Jim!" shouted the president. "I'm glad to see you." Then there was ten minutes' talk of Spanish war experiences, in which Senator Bard took no part. As the rough rider turned to go the president said: Come up to dinner with me tonight. Don't bother to dress. And, by the way, bring Bard with you."

HADLEY WAS ABSENT-MINDED

President Hadley of Yale has the reputation of being an absent-minded man, but his father, who was also a professor at Yale, was even worse in that respect, if possible. Professor Seymour, the head of the Greek department, still tells of the morning when old Professor Hadley, seeing him in a street car, shook hands with the conductor and offered his nickel to Professor Seymour.

THE NONPAREIL MAN

Invention of a Practical Design for Milking "a Walking Cow"—Struggles with an Animal that Desired to Stroll at Milking Time—Contests that Have Led to the Valuable Discovery of the Cow-Milking-Bicycle Plan.

A neighboring family with a large and generous love for live stock has just added to the cowfold what is known as a walking cow. This animal is part Jersey and the other part just live stock. She has a low brow, two stunted horns and the unpleasant habit of strolling about to look at the landscape at milking time. Did you ever try to pail a perambulating cow? It requires diplomacy, aplomb and a calmness of disposition that few people are able to muster up. For this reason the master of the stables has allowed his wife to milk this particular animal.

Some cows make it a point of honor to swipe the milker on the forehead with the brush end of their tails, but the walking cow disdains any such simple artifice as this. She simply moves on. You might think you could drop the anchor overboard or snub up to a wharf somewhere and milk her before she knew what was going on, but the walking cow is wise to these little games.

At present the lady is said to be practicing bicycle riding. She proposes to learn to ride alongside the cow without using the handlebars and to pail the cow during the ride. It's an idea worth looking into.

Think of the sensation the farmer with a bunch of whiskers under his chin would make riding hands off and pailing the cow at ten miles per hour! And what a triumph of brain over beef!

Dr. Johnson of Fairmont, not the dictionary man, had a mishap with his motorcycle the other day. He was in the country north of town and striking a fine piece of road he pulled the throttle wide open and gave her sand, with the result, an onlooker says, that he struck a pace approximating thirty-five miles an hour. Suddenly there was a snap of something, the machine made a lurch, jumped sideways and quit, while the doctor went on and up, "ever onward and upward," as the graduation mottoes say. He came down all right and a farmer brought in the motoannoyer with its handlebars fatally twisted.

The other morning at Granite Falls, about 4 o'clock, before the sun was up, W. W. Stoppe was annoyed by his yellow pup making a great to-do, barking, clawing and whining. Mr. Stoppe was sleepy and paid no attention to the beast until he broke into the room and nipped W. W. sharply on the hind leg. Then Mr. Stoppe arose in anger and was about to pound that dog right down flat to the floor, when he discovered that the house was thoroly on fire. The dog saw it first. Twice he had attempted to awaken the family, but not until he nipped the leg of Mr. Stoppe did they realize the danger of cremation. The family grabbed clothing and only had time to get out before the whole house seemed to be on fire. The family lost clothing as well as furniture, including a liberal amount of silverware and cut glass. The afternoon before a lawn fete was given by Mrs. Stoppe, who had borrowed silverware somewhat extensively of the neighbors to outfit the tables. All of this met the same fate.

The fire company did a heroic stunt in the excitement. The two hosecarts were taken across the footbridge and to the hydrant in front of the residence of J. A. Weaver, where coupling was made, but all the hose together did not reach within 200 feet of the fire. So the company had its run for naught, except that the hydrant was tested and a little water squirted around on the highway.

Mr. Stoppe's opinion of his dog has risen considerably.

Horace Hudson's Dictionary of Minneapolis is out. We are now able with some care to discover the location of the postoffice.

First they looped the loop, then they looped the loop with a gap in the top, then they tried to loop the loop without any loop, in other words, to turn a flip-flop in the air on the bicycle. To make it real interesting, we suggest that a squad of sharpshooters be detailed from Fort Snelling to shoot at the looper while he is in the air; any one who fires at him before he leaves the track to make his dazzling and perilous turn in midair to be fined 25 cents. This looping business is getting altogether too easy. Too few loopers are being killed to suit the popular taste. It would be a great attraction, if the above plan is carried out, to see the looper fall to the ground, pierced by several bullets. The way things are going now, no deaths or accidents at all, makes a disgusted populace turn with a sigh of relief to football for recreation. There is always something deadly doing there. You can hear the pop, pop of collarbones and tibias as far as the grand stand, to say nothing of the deep public joy that wells up when one of the boys is carried off bleeding and unconscious. O, mighty and deep-welling joy!

But this loopyloop business is deteriorating. Even the balloon entertainment is deadlier, a man being killed usefully and gloriously at St. Cloud last week.

Viva la popular sacrifice and hurrah for sudden death! —A. J. R.

MUSCLE RAYS

There would appear to be no longer any doubt that rays are given off by active muscles and nerves. Dr. Hugh Walsham and Leslie Miller point out that experiments are remarkably easy to perform and are absolutely convincing as to the actual existence of the rays. The fluorescent screens are prepared with hexagonal zinc blende, which is placed in the form of a very thin film on thin paper, goldbeaters' skin, or thin celluloid. The screen is excited and the fluorescent light allowed to die away until it has reached the steady stage. At this point if a muscle in a state of contraction be placed underneath the fluorescent screen it will be seen to brighten perceptibly.

THE ONLY MISSING $10,000 BILL

Nearly fifteen years ago a man entered the First National bank of Denver and walked into the office of David H. Moffatt, the president of the bank. He had a bottle in his hand that he said contained nitroglycerin, and threatened to blow up the bank unless he was given a large sum of money. Mr. Moffatt sent for the money, and among the bills was one of $10,000 denomination. Recently the government called in all $10,000 bills, and the one given by Mr. Moffatt is the only one that has not been presented for redemption. No trace of the man who got the money was ever found.

THE GUILLOTINE IN SWEDEN

Who would have supposed during the reign of terror, writes a London paper, that a day would come when the guillotine would be used for a laudable purpose? Yet this has just happened in Sweden, for a guillotine has been erected in the market place at Gothenburg, where it is used daily for the purpose of decapitating chickens, ducks and other domestic animals. The local Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is responsible for this novel step.

MADE ROPE THAT HANGED BROWN

Jordan D. Scott, the negro who made the rope that hanged John Brown, is dead at his home in Tippecanoe county, Indiana. He was 82 years old. It was while in slavery, near Harper's Ferry, Va., that his master ordered him to make the rope to be used in the execution. Scott with unwilling hands constructed the hangman's noose and witnessed the execution. He asserted that he kissed Brown while he was on the way to the scaffold.

NEWS OF THE BOOK WORLD

Story of the Emotions Which Make Up the Life of a Musical Genius in "The Diary of a Musician"—How He Felt When Women "Raved"—Some New Books About to Be Issued.

The Diary of a Musician is the story of a string of emotions. Each emotion for the time possesses X—, the musician—possesses him in the sense that devils possessed people of old—to the extent that he for the time is the emotion, nothing more, nothing less. If he falls into a rage, he smashes the furniture, attempts murder, or does something else equally abnormal according to the circumstances and the opportunities. If he conceives an admiration for a woman he simply falls at her feet in worship; that is his first step; the next is much worse. If he is in need of money, he cuts a piece of fur out of his coat and goes to a broker and sells it. In any case for the time he is the emotion.

Very naturally such a creature has little moral sense. There is no room for it. Even if there were the sense of obligation would be smothered in his feelings and lost.

Such is the musician whose diary, real or fictitious, has been edited by Dolores Marbourg Bacon. Some have been attempting to guess who the musician is, and the name of Kubelik has been mentioned. If he is the author or the subject from whom the study is made we are sorry for him, for then he is something of an emotional monstrosity. Someone has called the book "nasty"; another has said that "the public will lap it up as a cat does cream." There would be no great inconsistency in both statements being true.

X— is the son of a peasant living not far from Prague. His father is a 'cellist of some ability. The boy plays the violin and longs to go to Prague to study. His desire unsatisfied threatens to drive him insane. Finally his father says he shall go in the fall if the pigs bring in sufficient money. After that he writes in his diary:

I hear a symphony in the squeal of the swine. In every pound of fat upon them, I behold a paradise.

He goes to Prague, studies, shows a strange power in his music, is engaged for a series of concerts at Vienna and elsewhere, and begins to see the world and do strange things. For example, his manager is too solicitous about the young man's health, and keeps him too closely confined. X— resents this. His manager, according to their contract, must pay all expenses. X—, remembering this, decides that he will end his hotel imprisonment then and there, and fails to smashing the furniture in the rooms. The bed was the only thing left when the hotel proprietor and the musician's manager effected an entrance a little later. After that X— had five rooms at the hotel and was allowed to come and go at his own pleasure.

Lack of space will only permit more than mere mention here of the youth's heartless, utterly selfish, treatment of the little invalid friend who had encouraged him in his studies at Prague, and of his relations with the Countess Kornlioff, to touch whose hand, he says, he would give of his life all but the single moment of that touch, and whom afterward he tries to strangle for not going to her son when he was dying of diphtheria.

What X— has to say of his first night's performance in this country is interesting and should give those who frantically throw themselves at the feet of foreign musical geniuses who come to this country something to think over. Here is a part of it:

Last night the women ran down to the front. At first I thought the house attacked with epilepsy. I could only stand and look at their queer antics, as those human waves undulated before me. I used to help my father buy cattle by live weight, standing in their inclosures. Unconsciously I began to lump together all those naked foreshoulders before me and to calculate their value as they stood. * * * Then they clasped their hands or waved them, and reached up onto the stage. I felt as if their arms were the feelers of the devilfish that I used to be told of in my childhood, and I backed out of reach.

It was wonderful.

I felt the blood rush over my face; my shame for these strange women was almost suffocating.

We have heard of the raving of American women—some American women; for, Laus Deo, all are not so foolish—over such geniuses, and we should think that such words would sting. They would if the ravers were capable of feeling the sting. Altogether the life's picture is repulsive, naive tho it is and interesting as a study of an emotional nature bordering on insanity.

PORTRAIT AND REALITY.

If on the closed curtain of my sight
My fancy paints thy portrait far away,
I see thee still the same, by night or day;
Crossing the crowded street, or moving bright
'Mid festal throngs, or reading by the light
Of shaded lamp some friendly poet's lay,
Or shepherding the children at their play.
The same sweet self, and my unchanged delight.

But seeing thee in truth, I recognize
In every dear familiar way some strange
Perfection, and behold in April guise
The magic of thy beauty, that doth range
Thru many woods with infinite surprise
Never the same and sweeter with each change.
—Henry Van Dyke in September Scribner's.

Randall Parrish, who succeeded so remarkably in striking the public fancy with his first book, "When Wilderness Was King," will publish thru A. C. McClurg & Co. this fall another romance which has all the qualities that brought success to his first work. This new romance, which will be called "My Lady of the North," tells the love story of a "gray-jacket," and the close of the civil war has been used as a background for some extraordinarily stirring scenes and situations.

A new book by Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart, "The River's Children," is in preparation for issue early in the autumn. This is to be illustrated by Harry C. Edwards. Fanny Y. Cory has just made the pictures for an illustrated edition of "Sonny," by Mrs. Stuart. This is probably Mrs. Stuart's most popular book. It was printed for the thirteenth time in February last.

Jay Hambidge has been engaged upon a series of illustrations in tints for Alfred Henry Lewis' forthcoming novel, "The President," which will be published this month by A. S. Barnes & Co.

—The Uneasy Chair.

THE MAGAZINE SAMPLER

Minnesota Iron That Gave Us Leadership.—The economic results of the discovery and development of the Mesaba range of ore form one of the most important industrial facts in the past half century, says F. N. Stacy of Minneapolis in the World's Work for September. Since the first shipment from the Mesaba in 1892, the iron ore production of the United States has increased from 16,000,000 to 35,000,000 tons per annum; the pig iron product from 9,000,000 tons to 18,000,000; the steel output from a little more than 4,000,000 tons to 15,000,000; while the iron and steel exports of the United States have grown from about $25,000,000 a year to $120,000,000. During these dozen years we have become the greatest iron and steel-producing country. The Mesaba was the greatest single factor in this achievement, and without the vast resources of the Mesaba, the present dominance of the United States in iron and steel would have been delayed perhaps for decades. A sixth of the annual iron ore product of the world—which is more than a third of the yearly production of America—comes from an iron range that was unknown in 1890.

Other features of the magazine are a hint to future world's fair makers in "Possible Exhibits of Model Homes," by George Iles; how good books are being carried into the backwoods, in an article on "The Growth of Traveling Libraries," by Miss Helen E. Haines; "Backward Country Schools Near Big Cities," by Miss Adele Marie Shaw; "International Control of Immigration," J. D. Whelpley; "What Production Engineers Do," by Hrolf Wisby; "Into Mysterious Tibet," Chalmers Roberts; "The Cowboy of Today," Arthur Chapman, and "A New Ireland," Seumas Macmanus.

The Discovery of a Satellite.—A new satellite has been discovered, or, rather, rediscovered. Saturn's ninth satellite, called Phoebe, which was first noticed by Professor Pickering of Harvard in 1899, and has sinc ebeen lost to the astronomical world, has recently been found again on some photographic negatives made at the Harvard subsidiary observatory at Arequipa, Peru. Professor C. A. Young of Princeton, in an article in the Aug. 20 issue of **Harper's Weekly**, describes the finding of the satellite and its history so far as astronomers are concerned. The first discovery of Phoebe remained long unconfirmed because Saturn is now very far south, while all the great telescopes are in the northern hemisphere. Then, too, Saturn has been passing over the region of the Milky Way, which is so crowded with small stars as to render exceedingly difficult the detection of such an object as Phoebe. The satellite is believed to be about two hundred miles in diameter. But the data at hand now leave no doubt as to the existence of Phoebe, and a formal bulletin to that effect has just been issued from the Harvard observatory.

BOOKS RECEIVED

THE DIARY OF A MUSICIAN. Edited by Dolores Marbourg Bacon. Pictures by H. Latimer Brown. Decorations by Charles Edwin Hooper. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

WHAT OTHER PEOPLE THINK

Liquor Drinking and Disease.

To the Editor of The Journal:

One of the St. Paul rectors is quoted, in a recent hearty indorsement of Bishop Potter's dedication of the New York Subway tavern, as saying some very kind words for beer as a drink for the workingman. Most of us are willing to give Bishop Potter credit for good intentions, even if we doubt the wisdom of attempting to throw the mantle of religion around an institution which we believe to be essentially vicious, but the effort on the part of the clergymen to boom the liquor habit by eulogizing beer is a little too late in the history of the world to be entitled to much consideration. Most of us had supposed that the beer, wine and whisky-guzzling clergyman had become a reminiscence of a vicious time long passed, but I was told lately by a clergyman that a western theological student going to certain eastern seminaries, had found a decided prevalence not only of smoking, but even of drinking on the part of the students. God pity the churches and the young people who come under the influence of such ministers.

Aside from the universally acknowledged evil influence of such habits, especially upon the young, science has long since determined that the excessive use of either tobacco or alcohol exercises destructive effects upon the tissues and functions of the body. Our best informed physiologists and practical physicians have been very skeptical of the conclusion drawn from Professor Atwater's finding that about two ounces of alcohol could be burned up in a man's body in twenty-four hours and so contribute force as a food; and probably most of them believe that alcohol is a poison whose only legitimate use in the human body is as a drug to be used in emergencies, and at all events under a physician's direction.

The fact that even good and skilful physicians use tobacco and drink whisky cuts absolutely no figure; some of them also use morphine and other narcotics, but no intelligent man would argue from that fact that the latter habits are to be accepted as useful and praiseworthy.

It has been a common superstition for years that whisky was good for consumption and as a preventive in case of other contagions. It is now well known that alcoholics are especially liable to become tuberculous, as they have long been known to be susceptible to pneumonia. Recent investigations have shown why alcohol not only does not prevent contagious diseases, but, on the contrary, renders the subject more liable to attack. Physiologists have determined that white blood corpuscles or leucocytes are probably the active agents which have to do with the greater or less power of resistance to infection in each individual. If in the presence of bacterial infection increase of the leucocytes (leucocytesis) takes place, a greater or less degree of resistance or immunity will come about thru the power of the leucocytes to destroy the bacterial or other cause of infection.

The Journal of the American Medical Association for July 30 has an editorial on "The Relation of Alcoholism to Natural Processes of Resistance." Mention is made of investigations by Rubin which show that rabbits under the influence of alcohol, ether or chloroform suffer a decrease in the number of leucocytes, and when infected with bacteria a simultaneous increase of the latter. The editorial concludes as follows:

"In order to follow up these results leucocyte counts were made on sixty of the inmates of an inebriate hospital, and the average number of leucocytes was found to be 5,300. According to the best authorities the average of leucocytes is 7,500, or 2,300 more than was found in these inebriates. * * * It would seem, therefore, that alcoholics have a smaller number of leucocytes in their blood than is normal, and, in view of the frequent failure of leucocytes to develop in alcoholic pneumonia, it may be that the structures that form leucocytes are impaired by alcoholism."

That would seem to be a very conservative statement. The opinion is probably becoming more prevalent every year with scientific men that alcohol is to be regarded as a poison in any amount whatsoever. One thing is certain—science, morality and religion run in parallel lines, and any individual, whether clergyman or layman, who finds his scientific opinions in conflict with what is obviously true in religion and morals, had better revise the former before giving them too wide currency. —Edward J. Brown.

Aug. 12, 1904.

"CHERRY RIPE"

(An Old Favorite.)

There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.
There cherries grow, which none may buy,
Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do inclose
Of Orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rosebuds filled with snow.
Yet them nor peer nor prince can buy,
Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still;
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill
All that attempt, with eye or hand,
These sacred cherries to come nigh
Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry.
—Thomas Dekker.

Defective Page