

THE JOURNAL

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James J. Hill at getting caught when he has been telling from the housepots that he obeys the interstate commerce law, tho it is odious to him and prevents him from properly developing the country tributary to his railroad.

These are quiet and subdued days for Cleveland, Ohio. The American Press humorists are in session there, and the boys, after their hilarious year, feel like kicking a man who smiles on his vacation.

Reading every day, in these prosperous times, some account of new business enterprise and expansion, and seeing the westward and northward march of the vast army of newcomers and the train of shifting Americans following, we are likely to be filled rapidly.

A writer in Cent per Cent for September has figured out what this would mean. Should the United States ultimately reach the density now existing in the United Kingdom, there would be a population here of 1,244,170,496.

While the riot situation in Japan may not be so serious as to menace the ratification of the peace treaty, it has already assumed proportions which must make the thinking Japanese blush for their country.

What mind can measure the commerce of the country a hundred years from now; what intellect try for an approximation of the grand totals of finance? Who can say how our government shall shape itself to meet the great questions that will be born with increasing growth and power?

The reductions in premiums recently made by an eastern insurance company have been heralded as the opening gun in a great insurance reform.

According to the story put up by Chairman Knapp of the interstate commerce committee, James J. Hill has been found guilty of rebating. The circumstances relate to the hauling of several thousand tons of water pipe from Philadelphia to Winnipeg.

There are two aspects of this story, which, if true, will strike the public as pathetic. The first will be the rage of

lie in the fact that they know how to do business and have the disposition to do it honestly. The investigation of the insurance companies by the New York legislature will undoubtedly bring out a great deal of evidence regarding the way insurance companies are managed.

The insurance system of these companies is sound, but they have become so incumbered with dishonest business methods that they are a disgusting sight to the public. The public will learn a lot more about insurance methods in New York unless these powerful corporations succeed in heading the investigation in whole or in part.

It seems that while Daniel D. Harris of Clayton, N. J., was in the habit of carrying a big stick he forgot to speak softly. He would bring the big stick to the breakfast table and notify Mrs. Harris that if she did not keep quiet he would knock her brains out.

Omaha has a dollar gas fight on, with a majority of the council lined up for an unconditional extension of the gas company's franchise. We may be pardoned for saying that there is no such thing as the unconditional extension of a franchise.

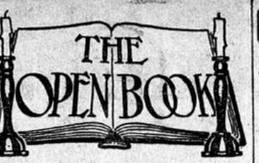
The Indianapolis News prints two-thirds of a column of argument to show that Mr. Loomis "can no longer be a useful public servant." There is suspicion abroad that Mr. Loomis' usefulness for some time past has been as a private servant. This is what the asphalt letters appear to show.

A man who has been connected for forty-eight years with the editorial department of the Boston Transcript has just died. He is likely to surprise the angels with his fund of information. The shah toasted the czar expressing the hope that "his luck would never change."

Business was seriously interrupted in Evansville, Ind., this week by the explosion of the peanut roaster. The corn crop this year is going to be worth about a billion. This beats the soda fountain trade.

After the last riot the composing room of the Tokio Ring Bling was found to be out of sorts. What, rebates on the Great Northern? The pillars of financial stability are out of plumb.

One of the democrats' newspapers of Ohio announces that if the election were held tomorrow the democrats would carry that state. This has a time-worn and familiar sound. The reductions in premiums recently made by an eastern insurance company have been heralded as the opening gun in a great insurance reform.



WHOLESALE MORALIZING FOR PROSPECTIVE BRIDES AND BRIDEGROOMS AND FOR MARRIED FOLK.—It is an astounding fact, proved by the published statistics of the government bureau of labor, that in a period of twenty years in the United States nearly a million men and women applied to the courts for divorce, and that of that number 650,000 were granted their petitions. Some moralizing for those about to enter the married state and those already in it, therefore, seems justifiable.

McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. There were 15,000 people at Wonderland park last night, making a total of 75,000 for four days, with the probability that the 100,000 mark will be passed by Saturday night.

A NAME THAT FITS.—Noah Lott, "an ex-relative of Noah Webster," has written The Silly Syncope. Seldom has the author of a great work chosen a name so aptly. Here are a few samples: A Flat-A people coop. Seven rooms and a landlord, with hot and cold gas and running water. It is the most modern of college students surrounded by ambulances.

DIED "BEYOND HIS MEANS."—Andrew Lang in writing to the New York Evening World, from the little words "god-like" in the July number of The Critic, which casts a doubt upon the death of Oscar Wilde and intimates that he still lives and will come again, says: "The doctors attending this unhappy patient believed to have passed away, were talking, and said to the other: 'I think we shall not be paid for this.' 'No,' said the patient, 'I am dying, my my,' and expired. This, also, I think, is a myth.

Kaiser Rides an Electric Broncho.—Emperor William of Germany, when he goes a-yoying in his palatial yacht, is frequently in a very merry mood, says a writer in Leslie's Weekly of Sept. 7. He usually has on board, as guests, a number of prominent men with few of whom early rising is a fad.

OLD PICTURE IN A NEW LIGHT. Lafayette, Ind., Courier. There's an old picture which belongs to the past, entitled "The Big Stick." It is the picture of the man whose face is marked by cold and hard lines. But the old picture has been eclipsed. There is a new one now and all the world is looking at it with admiration.

THE SPEED MANIA. Baltimore American. Two hundred and eighty persons have been killed in automobile accidents in the United States since Jan. 1. That is the record for eight months of the year. Your God! We learned of you, to trust each vehicle and each single one. From vastest world to globe's dust, Not one, from love could be extirpated.

OPINION SOMEWHAT MODIFIED. Evansville, Ind., Courier. We have never had an exalted opinion of Roosevelt. His bark seemed worse than his bite. But on this occasion he has secured a notable victory, impossible for any other statesman. He has brought an end to the war in the far east. He has accomplished what the best officers of the newspaper men at Portmouth regarded as impossible. He butted in and with his great resourcefulness he has brought about peace. All honor to Theodore Roosevelt.

WHAT OTHER PEOPLE THINK

The Sunday Saloon. Please permit a word of comment on W. C. Edgar's letter relative to the enforcement of the laws affecting the saloon business. It is clear that Mr. Edgar neither understands the Home Protective League, nor appreciates all of the bad results from the saloon business.

Amusements. Foyer Chat. Altho hundreds have been turned away unable to get seats for the performances of "Ben Hur" at the Metropolitan every night this week it was stated by the manager today that the law on one day still held for the performances tonight and tomorrow afternoon and night.

Wagnerian Program. Banda Rossa's Magnificent Program at Auditorium.—The Rheingold Ride of the Valkyries, Song to the Evening Star and Other Masterpieces.

THE MAGAZINES. Kaiser Rides an Electric Broncho.—Emperor William of Germany, when he goes a-yoying in his palatial yacht, is frequently in a very merry mood, says a writer in Leslie's Weekly of Sept. 7.

IN MEMORIAM. Henry M. Simmons. (Published by Request.) Across the bar, brave soul, across! So near the light, how long. We will not speak of pain nor loss, Nor freight with sadness any song.

SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME. As my dear old mother Taught her children singing, Songs that from her eyelids, There so oft were brimming, So often for my children, These old songs recalling, Often flow the tear drops, On by brown cheeks falling. —A Gypsy Melody.

LIFE'S SPAN. The period of life is brief— 'T is the red of the red rose leaf, 'T is the blue of the blue sky, 'T is the flight of a bird on high; But one may fill the space Between the dawn and the night, That the red will tinge all time, And the gold thru the age shine, And the red be bright and straight To the portals of God's own gate. —Anon.

CASABLANCA OUTLINE BY A JOURNAL MAN

Thrilling Experience in the Vortex of Port Arthur's Fall at the Fair—Cannon to Right and Bombs to the Left of Him.

Behind the scenes at "The Fall of Port Arthur!" A Journal reporter became a war correspondent last night, and passed thru the most thrilling and exciting experience ever undergone by a Richard Harding Davis or an Archibald Forbes. After he had escaped unscathed he dreamed all night of crawling about in a shell, of nitro-glycerine, lyddite, shrapnel, dynamite and sulphur and potash, of sinking warships and whole cities in flames.

Far back of the scenery, on the opposite side of the racetrack inclosure, are kept the great fireworks shells. The mortars from which they are fired are bored deep into the ground. The huge bombs themselves are intricate contrivances, made in all sorts of shapes and sizes. Many of them are loaded with heavy borax, like the top is a long fuse which is carried down the outside of the bomb to the bottom, where it explodes with its known as the driving force of the dynamite. It sends the huge bombs hurtling high into the air.

Portraits in Fire. The set pieces are all designed and made by Emil Capretz. Not a little skill is required in making the portraits of the flames. They are nightly shown. The likeness of Mark Twain displayed in flaming outlines last evening was recognized in an instant from the grandstand, and the expert seldom fails to catch the correct expression. The fire portraits are made with a photograph for a guide. The picture is measured off into cross-sections, and these are then carefully reproduced on a gigantic scale with "match" upon the wooden framework.

Wet Nights Dangerous. Thus far there has been no accident to mar the pleasure of the spectacle at the fair, but the life of the fireworks men is a dangerous one. "When it's bad is on wet nights," said Capretz last evening. "Then the operator goes up to touch them off a second time he gets it. Sometimes they will not go off at all, and then long after the show is over the stubborn piece will suddenly blow up, perhaps while a man is standing on top of the box containing them. But it's all in the business."

Contrary to the belief of many, there is almost no gunpowder used in the great spectacle. The explosives are all chemicals, carefully compounded by men who have made pyrotechnics the study of their lives. Every night 100 pounds of dynamite is touched off, but the heaviest of all the explosives is the mixture of sulphur, charcoal and saltpetre that mischievous men and boys experiment with on the Fourth of July. "It's worse than dynamite," says Capretz, the expert.

Mortars Sunk Deep. The dynamite—100 pounds of it—is in sticks, not unlike huge sticks of candy. It is a soft, moist substance, resembling putty. The sticks are of three feet in length, and are fastened at intervals of three or four feet on long wires suspended horizontally four feet above the ground. The wires are fastened to the ground, it would blow a hole deep enough to bury a house in, for the force of dynamite is always downward, unlike any other explosive. As it is the ground, the regular fireworks strings shows deep depressions and the grass is withered and parched. The dynamite is exploded by means of an electric current sent thru the wires on which it is suspended.

Most of the scenery, on the opposite side of the racetrack inclosure, are kept the great fireworks shells. The mortars from which they are fired are bored deep into the ground. The huge bombs themselves are intricate contrivances, made in all sorts of shapes and sizes. Many of them are loaded with heavy borax, like the top is a long fuse which is carried down the outside of the bomb to the bottom, where it explodes with its known as the driving force of the dynamite. It sends the huge bombs hurtling high into the air.

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