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Durum Wheat Finds a Market.

Elsewhere in today's Journal appears a news item reporting the sale of another cargo of durum wheat to Europe, and carrying an estimate of 6,000,000 bushels as the quantity disposed of so far on the crop. In view of the controversy over durum or "macaroni," waged so furiously a few years ago, this is highly interesting. The department of agriculture undertook to push durum wheat in the northwest. The main contention was that it would grow in the semi-arid regions, where ordinary spring wheat could not be depended upon, and farmers in the drier sections farther west were urged to try it.

The trade split at once. Good opinion had it that the durum wheat propaganda would injure the northwest by cutting down the production of spring wheat, such as the flourmills use. Many other arguments against it appeared, some of them not unreasonable. On the other hand, the advocates of durum wheat based their belief in it on the broad, general and economically sound proposition that if it would increase the productivity of the northwest, and add to the outturn of new wealth every year, it would be a good thing, all minor arguments against it notwithstanding.

When all had been said on both sides and sound, legitimate argument had been mixed with much of the bitter sort, which questioned even the wisdom of the department, and saw only the bad side, exhaustion of the theory left one great question still open. What were we to do with it? Admitting that the farmer could raise it in sections where spring wheat would likely fail, and that the yield per acre would run heavier than spring wheat, where was there a market for it? Indeed, for two years this was the great thing working against durum wheat, for prices were relatively much lower, and farmers were disappointed by the money returns, notwithstanding their yields were large.

Today it would appear that a good foreign market for durum wheat has been established, which disposes of this last objection, and leaves it an open field.

Ananias could not have been such a star prevaricator as his friends claimed for him, since life insurance had not been invented when he lived and lied.

Patriotism and Poetry.

Presumably it is the part of patriotism to try to heal up the wounds of the war of the rebellion, but need the healing process go so far as to confuse the destroyers with the saviors of the republic, to put Robert E. Lee on the same pedestal with Grant, because both were valorous? To do so is to make the fighter greater than the fight, the cannon superior to the cause.

Ethically and morally considered, there never was a more causeless war than that precipitated by the southern states. In effect they fired upon the flag of their country because they had been beaten in the presidential election. After dictating the presidency for more than half a century, they jumped the track at the first defeat. Abraham Lincoln was as much the president of the south as he was of the north. The south voted and voted against him. Had it succeeded in carrying the election for Douglas, would Abraham Lincoln have rebelled and shot down the flag to express his disgust with the lack of political perception of the people? If one can imagine this and still imagine Lincoln a great statesman, splendid philosopher and ardent patriot, then it is possible to assume Jefferson Davis to have been a great patriot, mistaken in his views, but still a great patriot. It must chagrin the men who wore the blue to learn even at this late day that there was no clearly-defined path between right and wrong, that they just happened to meet the men of the south going in an opposite direction, and that not having room to pass, they knocked the Johnnies into the ditch. In this view of the case the northern soldiers prevailed, because there were more of them. By the same topic had they been outnumbered and whipped, they would have had no sympathy from history.

There is this consolation, however. The men who talk about the blue and the gray being just about the same thing, and the one being just a little more to be admired than the other, do not mean it literally. They are making use of a poetical and polite fiction which helps to make the reunion of the north and south easier. The fame of the federal soldier is safe in the hands of historians, however curiously it may be toyed with by poetical politicians.

King Oscar finds it rather more pleasant if less exciting to drive his single-footer, Sweden, than it was to guide the late team Norway and Sweden.

Gorman and Bonaparte.

Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte, secretary of the navy and chief fulminator for the purification of politics by the application of the bright themes of Euclid to the applicant for the position of waste-paper chaser for Uncle Sam, is opposed to the inquisition of an educational test for voting in Maryland. On the other hand, Arthur Pugh Gorman, who never believed that knowledge of the Data of Ethics was essential to the holding of office, is making the welkin weary with his insistence that it is dangerous to permit people who cannot read, write, spell and punctuate, or who split their infinitives, to vote in his Maryland.

Logically Mr. Gorman should be for the people, for the free ballot and for as many of them as a man can conveniently cast in a single day's work, while Mr. Bonaparte should be where Mr. Gorman is, contending for the educational qualification of voters. If washwomen, messengers and chauffeurs are made more expert in their service to their country by acquaintance with the height of Mount Everest and the nodes of the moon, then the voters of Maryland, by the same token, will cast more beautiful ballots if they cast them in the full knowledge that the yarn about the gulf stream's effect on the climate of England is a fake. Culture's garland should as surely decorate the brow of those who hire the scrubladies (i. e., the sovereign "peepul") as it should dangle over the nose of the scrublady herself.

In order to make Maryland politics more intelligible to the outsider, Gorman and Bonaparte should change places.

The Oregon land cases may be expected to proceed now to the appeal demurrer, defective indictment non-pros-equi-never-touched-me stages.

State Life Insurance.

What is to be the outcome of the insurance investigation? This is the question a great many interested persons are asking themselves and one another. They are reminded by recent events that ten years ago the New York Life was put on the gridiron by the New York Times and President Beers was forced to retire. The newspaper pursued him after his retirement and compelled him to relinquish a pension the company had agreed to pay him, perhaps as the price of his giving up the presidency.

It is evident that the same spirit of reckless disregard for the rights of policyholders was in the company then and that the investigation which threw out Beers stopped short of what it should have accomplished. It should have made a recurrence of the conditions under which Beers ruled difficult, if not impossible. But the old investigation seems to have been directed merely against a grasping official. It did not recognize the existence of a system of waste.

The present investigation has opened the wound deeper and found the track of the poison. Its chance, therefore, of effecting a complete cure is greater.

The facts thus far developed show wastefulness, extravagance and a callousness to moral restraints which are perfectly astounding. One insurance president goes on the stand and impiously thanks the Deity that he had the hardihood to deliver the money held by him in trust to a political committee. Another smirks in the presence of the evidence that his father's salary is three times that of the president of the United States, and comments that there should be no limit to the pay of the president of an insurance company; he should be paid in proportion to the accumulations of money in his charge. Another high official confesses that he sold bonds one day and bought them back two days later for the purpose of having them off the books when the state inspector made his rounds.

All of these acts show a distressing depravity on the part of men who are continually prating about their fidelity to the interests of widows and orphans. The moral obliquity of the McCalls, McCurdys and Perkinses demonstrates the need of a change of men. Whether it decides the need of a change of system is another question.

There are those who are demanding national supervision of insurance as a cure. It is a doubtful prescription. National supervision would take the place of state supervision, and once passed by the national department, the company would have a clean bill of health. But passed by one state department, it is still amenable to some other state department, and where one fails to discover the real character of a company another may. The complaint against state supervision has been that it did not supervise, but this is scarcely true. The state departments have done immense service to the public. They have by their insistence established the principle of the annual valuation of policies and made the companies hold assets for the redemption of these values. They have condemned so severely the practice of appropriating the entire value of forfeited policies that it has been abandoned. They have vigorously attacked the tontine system, which is at the root of the present scandals in life insurance. Such men as Zeno M. Host, the Wisconsin commissioner, have been fighting the people's battle for sound insurance conditions and have fought it well, considering the limited means at their command and limited jurisdiction in which they work.

The second and more radical cure is the substitution of national or state insurance for private insurance. National insurance, we may be sure, will not be undertaken easily. But state insurance might be undertaken tomorrow.

The state of Minnesota, for example, today has charge of all the insurance business done in the state. It pays an expert to see that the companies do business according to law. The state of Minnesota could as well employ that man to superintend an insurance business of its own. It could offer policies of the same kind as the private companies and it could invest the premiums in its own securities, which are perfectly safe. It could cut out all, or nearly all, of the tremendous expense of getting business and the abnormal salaries of office men would disappear. The state should be able so to conduct an insurance business as to give the public all that the private insurance companies give, besides earning for them larger dividends and making a home market for its school, state and municipal securities.

Happy Oregon has clapped a congressman into jail.

Male and Female Lobbyists.

The Illinois state federation of women's clubs has been taking stock of its legislative experiences and they boil down to this: "The best way to get legislation is to stay away from Springfield and to get the legislators at home to promise to support the bills." Lobbying at the capital, the women have found, has done them little good. The legislators listened to their talk and then turned them down. This action was at least partly the result of the senators and representatives becoming irritated with the manner in which the ladies went at them. The reflex effect upon the women themselves was unfortunate. Mrs. Bacon, a former president of the federation, expressed it tersely when she said: "The good taste of the federation is likely to be offended by the woman lobbyist at Springfield. The aggressiveness demanded of women who go to Springfield is a trait we want our members to avoid."

The profession of lobbying makes men inexpressibly coarse, disgustingly sly and discouragingly pessimistic on the subject of human character. No man can be a lobbyist without being all things to all men. With the religious humbug he must affect a sanctimonious demeanor. With the rake he must be ready to exchange luscious jests and prurient stories. With the dull, pragmatic purist he must be the sly, sleek hypocrite until he lands his thick-witted victim. All these activities are severe enough upon the character of the lobbyist, but when he knows that they are perhaps only preliminary to cash payment, it is scarcely to be wondered at that the professional lobbyist becomes a sickening reptilian spectacle in the eyes of honest men.

The woman lobbyist must follow somewhat in the lines of her male competitor. While she must use more care and circumspection than the man wheedler, she is conscious all the time that the "aggressiveness" necessary in her work is rubbing off the bloom of her womanly character.

The bane of legislation today is the lobbying spirit. It is not all corrupt, but that which is not corrupt is an intolerable nuisance. The assumption of the lobbying spirit is that legislators do not know a single thing about what they ought or ought not to do, and that they can be either bought or cajoled into doing something for somebody who has the nerve to organize a campaign of appeal either to their cupidity or their weakness for flattery. There is scarcely a more indefensible practice in all our politics, and it is encouraging to see the best sentiment of our women turning against the whole depraved system of influence.

When he was asked to make a campaign contribution nine years ago the president of a Massachusetts life insurance company wrote:

"I cannot advise any subscription by the company to the republican campaign fund for any purpose. The money held by the insurance company in trust for its policyholders cannot be used for political, educational or religious purposes, and any vote by the directors authorizing a subscription would be beyond their authority, and for any money paid under such vote the directors would be personally liable, and at the suit of any policyholder the court would require them to reimburse the company."

If this is good law it may simplify matters in New York.

The father of the Oliver family, cheered by the president the other day, says:

"It is not an unusual thing for American parents to have eight children. My father had ten and my uncle fourteen. The reason the president noticed us was that there were few children among the visitors on the day we called, and we must have looked numerous gathered in a bunch. It was not until I had this bevy of young ones to care for that my real prosperity and happiness began."

With eight children the "Everybody Works but Father" song becomes a good deal of a mockery.

Negroes at Jacksonville, Fla., wanted the president to address them, but the committee of arrangements made no provision for them. The Jacksonville committee, it appears, had been asked by the president to make some recognition of the colored citizens and refused. So the president made an opportunity himself. "The committee feels," we are told, "that the action of the president has relieved them from all embarrassment and responsibility in the matter." It has.

An attorney with a legal mind has been nosing into the acts passed by the last Michigan legislature and has discovered a law that every person who should not fish in a certain prescribed place in the Great Lakes, before July 15, last, would be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor.

Jimmie Beck complains that Mr. Hughes' questions tend to put Mr. McCurdy in a bad light. Mr. Hughes retorts that it is Mr. McCurdy's answers which make not only a bad light, but an indifferent odor.

Miss Gordon, president of Mount Holyoke college, says there is too much marrying. Some good college president ought to hold Miss Gordon's hand and show her wherein she is wrong.

Lawson begins to see the time when he will walk down to McCall's office with a sack of proxies, and ask John to make room for the people. John may have flitted before then, however.

Mr. Bryan's arrival in Tokio is considered by some "extremely timely." But after all is there any period of Mr. Bryan's arrival, which would not be subject to the same comment?

The Missouri Mule Shoers association has been discussing whether mule-kick comes under accident or life insurance. You could hardly call it accident. The mule intended it.

The Carnegie Technical school has opened with 120 earnest young men, but without an appropriate yell. Even great wealth cannot supply such spiritual needs as this.

Pittsburg is also rejoicing in a car shortage, tho the roads are making every possible effort to meet the demand. It is clear that the country is doing business.

The Negro Baptist association of Texas has declared that Mr. Rockefeller is an "inspired giver." Some of the oil of gladness must have flowed Texasward.

Jamie Hyde is encouraged by the faith that he cannot possibly prove such a bum witness for himself as the amalgamated Mcs. have shown themselves.

In the Missouri lead district the ore now sells for $64.50 per ton. This shows why the lead pipe kleptomaniac works nights in empty houses.

Mr. Bryan, says the cable, will speak in Tokio. How familiar!

AMUSEMENTS

Foyer Chat.

The dramatic event of the week will be the appearance of Francis Wilson, long identified with musical comedy, at the Metropolitan for three nights and Saturday matinee, beginning tonight, in two new comedies. Mr. Wilson has already achieved marked success in his new line of work.

Of all the Henry W. Savage offerings, the Korean comic opera, "The Sho-Gun" by George Ade and Gustav Luders is one of the most creditable. "The Sho-Gun" with its wealth of scenic and costumes investiture will be seen at the Metropolitan next Sunday night. There will be a matinee on Wednesday.

Joe Welch, in his successful play, "The Peddler" is being received with much favor at the Bijou this week, and playing nightly to crowded houses.

Commencing Sunday afternoon, the Bijou will present a new melodrama by Theodore Kremer entitled "A Race for Life." One of its features is a real race track struck by a terrific rainstorm. A competent cast, headed by Edwin Walter, has been provided.

The engagement of Charles S. Laird, ballad singer at the Lyceum this week, has met with the flattering approbation of the public. The beautiful gowns worn by Mrs. John T. Powers in the comedy sketch are the delight of the ladies.

Musliner's trained sheep and hogs are delighting large audiences at the Unique this week. The Baby Irma Wickoff company in a little play; Phil and Carrie Russell, German character comedians, and "Bicycle Bill," the amusing trick rider, are prominent features.

Rose Stahl and company in "The Chorus Lady," Burton's dogs, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Voelker in violin and piano numbers, the Howard brothers with their flying banjos, Lynn Welcher in monolog, Susie Fisher's phenomenal barytone and Neff & Miller's eccentric and acrobatic dancing, are pleasing large audiences at the Orpheum each afternoon and evening.

AUDIENCES BY CITIES

New York Press.

Jefferson De Angelis has traveled widely and with both eyes open. His knowledge of American theaters and theatergoers ought to be accurate, whether it is or not. Mr. De Angelis tabulates his opinion of audiences in the various big cities of the country as follows:

New York	Wise
Chicago	Hearty
Boston	Conservative but loyal
Philadelphia	Staid
Washington	Intellectual
Baltimore	Hesitant
Pittsburg	Fond of the obvious
Milwaukee	Phlegmatic
Cleveland	Cold
New Orleans	Spontaneous
Houston	Enthusiastic
Cincinnati	Slow but sure
San Francisco	Independent
Kansas City	"From Missouri"

NEW DEFINITION OF GOLF

Brooklyn Eagle.

"I have heard many definitions of the game of golf," says Superintendent Harry Kerr of the Highland Golf club, "but the one given by a workman on the Highland course while a witness in a case at the Flushing police court recently, is, I think, the best yet.

"The man, who was a foreigner, was giving his testimony, when Judge Connorton asked him where he worked. His reply was:

"I work on a farm where the rich men play pool on the grass."

WHY A TIME LIMIT?

Kansas City Journal.

As President Roosevelt boarded the Oyster Bay train for Washington twenty young women sang, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again." A noble sentiment. But why limit the time?

MAY HAVE EARNED MORE

Rochester Herald.

The wonder is what the New York state superintendent of insurance has been doing during the last half dozen years to earn his salary.

A PARENT'S PLEA

My little boy is eight years old,
He goes to school each day;
He doesn't mind the tasks they set—
They seem to him but play.
He heads his class at raffia work,
And also takes the lead
At making dinky paper boats—
But I wish that he could read.

They teach him physiology,
And, oh, it chills our hearts
To hear our prattling innocent
Mix up his inward parts.
He also learns astronomy
And names the stars by night—
Of course he's very up-to-date.
But I wish that he could write.

They teach him things botanical,
They teach him how to draw,
He babbles of mytnology
And gravitation's law;
And the discoveries of science
With him are quite a fad,
They tell me he's a clever boy,
But I wish that he could add. —Life.

THE OPEN BOOK

By W. P. Kirkwood.

A MILLIONAIRE ELOPEMENT.—Elopements are good material for romancers. They offer for the ingenious endless combinations and complications of a kind extremely diverting to him, or her, who reads for amusement and entertainment. George Barr McCutcheon, realizing the value of the elopement for entertainment purposes, has made excellent use of it in his latest book, **Nedra.**

GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON,
Author of "Nedra."

"Nedra" is the story of lovers who elope from an aversion. There is no angry papa nor ogre of a guardian to escape; just the aversion of two very wealthy Chicago young folk for the "doings" that precede a "high society" wedding. Knowing that, if they stay home, they cannot escape the show, they decide upon flight, and at the end of that a quiet wedding. The flight will have to be a long one because it is yet "one month and twenty-eight days" until the young lady will have reached the age fixed in her father's will as the minimum for her marriage. They decide upon Manila, and promptly begin the execution of their plan. Almost as promptly, complications begin. They decide to be known as brother and sister on their flight. Grace Vernon, the girl, on shipboard attracts the attention of a young Indianan going out to Manila to take a government office. According to the illustrations and the story, Grace is a charming creature, and one doesn't blame the Indianan, who, in ignorance of the true situation, is attracted so far as to tumble head-over-heels in love. Hugh Ridgeway, the prospective bridegroom, is plunged into gloom, for the Indiana man is a handsome fellow, "with a way." The situation, aided by the elements, solves itself to the satisfaction of the characters involved, if not quite to that of the reader.

Mr. McCutcheon has told his story well. He gives the reader no opportunity to become drowsy. Indeed, the book is one of the kind that increases the gas company's dividends, for one taking it up is not likely to lay it aside until it is finished It is like a stirring play—one wants it all at one sitting. The illustrations by Harrison Fisher are an attractive feature.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.50.

AN IMPORTANT DRAMATIZATION.—It is reported that Booth Tarkington's novel, "The Conquest of Canaan," now running as a serial in Harper's Magazine, has already been snapped up by the enterprising dramatist. Mr. Tarkington is said to have given permission for its dramatization to Genevieve E. Haines, author of "Hearts Aflame." Mrs. Haines is also at work on a stage version of "The Beautiful Lady." "The Conquest of Canaan" is generally conceded to be Mr. Tarkington's strongest piece of work so far.

Minor Poet—And when you had read my poem weren't you all on fire?

Editor—No, I wasn't, but the poem was.—Translated for Tales from "Meggendorfer Blatter."

"THE AMERICAN FAMILY."—Sociological questions are of the highest practical import, and no department of sociological study is of higher import than that of the family. At this present time, in the confusion of our laws on marriage and divorce, it is of special moment to have a careful statement of foundation principles on which the family is built. Such a statement we have from the pen of Frank N. Hagar, A.B., LL.B., in **The American Family.** There is hardly a question touching the economy of the family that is not treated of. The author does not dogmatize, but briefly and lucidly states his case, and leaves much for the reader to do in filling and rounding out the argument or exposition. It is not a book for a lazy man or woman, but for those who are real readers it is a fine piece of work. It deserves careful reading—study.

The University Publishing Society, 41 Lafayette place, New York.

Readers of Arthur Stanwood Pier's latest novel, "The Ancient Grudge," will not have much trouble in identifying the "Avalon" of the story as Pittsburg. Mr. Pier is himself a native of Pittsburg, but was educated at St. Paul's school, Concord, and at Harvard college, where he was graduated in 1895. He has been for several years on the editorial staff of the Youths' Companion. He is very fond of tennis, and in Boston is known as one of the leading local players. His new novel deals with American life today, and is full of humor, vitality and romance.

"RANDY'S LUCK."—The sixth volume of the "Randy Books," by Amy Brooks, is a story of the same fine companion for girls who meet her for the first time, or who have learned to know and love her in previous volumes. Her power for winning and holding friends is so marked that some envious companions in the country village where her home is say that it it simply Randy's "luck" that so many are fond of her.

Lee & Shepard, Boston. $1.

THE MAGAZINES

Appalling Cost of Militarism.—Few of even the most intelligent Americans realize fully the fast-increasing cost of keeping their great country in a state of preparedness for war. In the current number of **Leslie's Weekly** Clyde Hambright presents statistics showing that during the next forty years the United States will expend on its army and navy (including pensions and interest on its big war debt) the astounding aggregate of some $10,000,000,000.

How Ants Keep and Milk Cows.—One of the most interesting and wonderful facts about ants is that they keep "cows," that they herd them, feed and care for them, milk them, and altogether behave toward them about the same as men behave to the cows kept by the human race. Under the title "Insect Herds and Herders," Dr. Henry C. McCook, the ant specialist, and president of the American Entomological society, tells how the ants herd and milk their cows. The author selects the mound-making ants of the Alleghanies (Formica exsectoides Forel) as his theme, and reveals the fact that the so-called cows kept by these insects are no other than the aphides, or "plant lice," which infest rosebushes, and from which the ants obtain, by an actual milking process, a transporent fluid very valuable in their food economy. The article is to appear in **Harper's Monthly** for November.

The City of Spokane.—The city of Spokane, with a population of 73,853, which increased a little over 8,000 in 1904, is the gateway to and the distributing and commercial center of all this vast and rich territory, says L. G. Monroe in an article in the **New England Magazine** for October. Spokane is now the second city of the state in population and commercial importance. It is the greatest railroad center west of St. Paul, and the Missouri river, and has the greatest water power in the west.

Another article of interest to northwesterners in the same magazine is "Matters in Alaska," by A. G. Kingsbury, who tells many interesting bits of news about the land of gold.

The National Review for October contains: "Caesar and the Sentimentalists," by "Ignatius;" "Franc-Parler," by Paul Deroulede; "The New Balance of Power in the Far East," by Lieutenant General Sir Edmund Barrow, K.C.B.; "The Clergy and Commercial Morality," by Rev. James Adderley; "The Case of Sweden," by Professor Eden of Upsala university, and other articles of like importance.

A MOMENT WITH "TEDDY"

Frank Putnam in National Magazine.

Of a sudden the door of the executive chamber swung open with a bang, and before I could get squared around in my chair, or out of it, T. R., with a motion something like a cross between the gaits of a grizzly bear and a panther, was across the room and had my baseball fingers wrapped in the tightest grip they ever knew. As they say in the prize ring, he didn't give me time to get set, wherefore the little handful of conversational nuggets I had planned out for him never got delivered. All that I could think of to tell him was that, in common with my folks out west, I was entirely satisfied with the way he was running things. He expressed his appreciation in a grin that was half a laugh, and told me he was glad to hear it. I bade him good morning but before I got thru the door I saw him pumping the right hand of my friend the priest, heard him tell that gentleman to come inside presently and saw him make what it is not, I trust, improper to designate as a running jump at the six black bishops over in the far corner.

When I got outside, in the road, I said to myself: "Good Lord! If we democrats only had a man like that!"

AS LONG AS HE GETS THE MONEY

A man may laugh at abuse and hate
As long as he gets the money,
And a man may go at a lively gait
As long as he gets the money;
The wise may scoff and the good may scold,
And men may shrink from his tainted gold,
But the world is seldom unkind or cold
As long as he gets the money.

A man may do what he likes to do,
As long as he gets the money;
He can purchase honor and buy love, too,
As long as he gets the money.
We snarl at the pale old millionaire,
And we talk of the troubles God makes him bear,
But he probably isn't inclined to care,
As long as he gets the money.
—Record-Herald.

REPUBLIC OR KINGDOM QUESTION IN NORWAY

Political Parties Lining Up on That Issue—If the Michelsen Government Forces Thru the Perpetuation of the Monarchy, It Will Sow Seeds of Unending Political Dissension.

By W. B. Chamberlain, Managing Editor of The Journal.

The critical moment for Norway is now at hand—perhaps the most critical of all that have passed since the eventful 7th of June. Hitherto a united Norway has faced Sweden and the world, a Norway intent on one thing—independence. In the white heat of the events of last June all parties in Norway were fused in one. There were no conservatives, no liberals in the country—there were only Norwegians.

But now Norway has attained her independence and the shackles of the riksakt have been stricken from her. She is free to pursue her own way and work out her own destiny as an autonomous member of the family of nations. There no longer exists the necessity for solidarity that existed when the storthing sent its respectful but firm address to old King Oscar. Already the political parties are forming again for the eternal struggle that goes on between parties in every free country.

But the line of cleavage is different now from what it was in the old liberal and conservative days. The question that threatens to become paramount in Norwegian politics—unless the leaders who make up the Michelsen government prove wiser than now seems probable—is the question of republic or monarchy.

It is a question that has many angles and many sides. Much depends upon the decision, but far more depends upon the manner of decision. If the mandate comes direct from the people, if the monarchy is continued or a republic set up by vote of the Norwegian people, the question will then be settled for good and all. But if the present storthing—which has no mandate from the people for the settlement of Norway's form of government—assumes to settle the question, it will become an issue in politics likely to cause unending trouble and bitterness.

The situation is peculiar. The Michelsen government has made a brilliant success of its management of affairs all thru the crisis. It possesses the confidence and admiration of the people to an unusual degree. Herr Michelsen, the premier, is the most popular man in the country, while Herr Loevland, the minister of foreign affairs, is relied upon by the conservative element to furnish the solidity necessary to restrain the dashing premier from indulging in too radical action. While the government has not openly committed itself on the question of monarchy vs. republic, there is every reason to believe that it favors a monarchy. Not only that, but it favors a monarchy by the shortest possible route—to wit, the immediate election of a king by the storthing. The theory of this proceeding would be that the monarchy of Norway has never gone out of existence for a thousand years; that there is now simply an interregnum, and that under the constitution the storthing has full power to elect a new king.

Just what has brought the Michelsen government to this decision—if, indeed, it has arrived at such decision—is a mystery. Its apologists declare that the position taken is not only legal and constitutional, but wise and prudent. They say that to refer the question to the people would be to stir up the biggest kind of a political row, which would not be settled for nearly a year. This assertion is based on the theory that a referendum could not be held properly until the parliamentary elections of September, 1906. They add that what Norway needs now is peace and an end to unrest. And, of course, they believe a democratic kingdom a better form of government for Norway than a republic, whether modeled on the Swiss confederation, the French republic or the United States pattern. They use the oft-repeated argument that Europe is monarchial and that Norway must do as her neighbors do if she is to prosper. It was Minister of the Interior Arctander who said to me: "There is a trades union of kings in Europe—we must belong to the union."

But, after all, why should any ministry in Norway hesitate to let the people vote on the form of government they want established? If Norway is a true democracy—and I believe it approaches nearer the ideal than almost any other country in the world—why should not the people decide this most important question? Why not forever put to rest all factional dispute on this question by a plebiscite? Why not lay once and for all the ghosts that would hover around a throne established and a dynasty founded without the explicit approval of the people?

The latest advices are that about a third of the storthing members have enrolled themselves in the republican ranks. That is a large number—too large a number to be safely ignored. If the people want a monarchy, why should the royalists fear to submit the question to a vote? The real fact is, I believe, that a referendum would result in the establishment of a republic. This opinion is based not only on my own observation, but on what most of the public men and cabinet ministers in Christiania told me. Norway really cannot afford the luxury of a royal family. When one reflects that there are only a few more persons in Norway than in Minnesota, one wonders how the poor farmers of the old country can possibly afford to maintain a king and queen and their princelings.

It is entirely probable that the hand of England is in the apparent purpose of the Michelsen government to force thru the perpetuation of the monarchy. England wants a king in Norway and she wants Carl of Denmark, with his English wife, elected to the throne. At a critical moment in the negotiations at Karlstad King Edward is supposed to have brought influence to bear on Sweden in behalf of an agreement, and this service the Michelsen government is under some tacit obligation—if, indeed, there was no explicit understanding—to requite.

If Herr Michelsen and his colleagues commit Norway to the royalist idea and if they lead the storthing into perpetuating the monarchy without securing a popular mandate, I fear they will sow the seeds of a dissension that will last many years in old Norge.

HOME IN THE DESERT

The Woman Is the Beast of Burden and General Utility Slave.

Scribner's.

At last we are to be admitted to the home life of an Arab. Doffing our slippers, we were ushered through the low, dark doorway into a little court with a room on either side. The wife was seated on the ground in a most picturesque costume of dark colors, without a veil, preparing the evening meal. Hanging on the mud walls were various pans and cooking utensils, some of which were bronze, others terra cotta. On the floor was a brass mortar and pestle used for pulverizing the coffee. Over the fire was a large earthenware dish in which a flat cake was being cooked. Both husband and wife were so grateful to the great magician who had cured their son that all conventionalities were discarded and we all sat en famille and enjoyed couscous, dates, figs, native bread and delicious coffee.

After dinner the whole party indulged in cigarette and more coffee. The wife was really pretty and had more expression than most women of the desert, especially when she gazed at her son and heir with a mother love ennobling her dark but handsome features. Had it been a daughter, all would have been different, for they are an unwelcome increase in the family, neglected and ill-treated until they are sold in marriage, a condition still worse unless they bear male children.

The woman is the beast of burden, the drudge and the general utility slave as well as the banker for the lordly husband, who could not be degraded by such a thing as labor.

RISE OF MODERN TRILBY

American Artists Have Done Much for Elevation of the Model.

Margaret Henderson in Public Opinion.

Those who suppose that an artist's model is a passive creature of poses, not over respectable, to be found in maximum numbers at minimum prices, are as badly mistaken as newspapers and Bohemian fiction can well make them. From the time and environment of Trilby in the Latin quarter to the Gibson girl and Phoebe Snow in New York is a far cry, and about the only thing they have in common is that they furnish motives for artists to put pigments on canvas. Nowadays the model is a special artist in a special profession; she is a girl with a wholesome and whole-hearted pride in her work; she has a name which she jealously guards, and while not likely to compete with millionaires in rearing gargoyle palaces on Fifth avenue, she is independent and able to live in the coslest of apartments. In Paris, the model is the synonym of the demi-mondaine. Not so in New York. Here she is a girl who is earning her own living or doing the work for the work's sake. Often she is posing because she thinks she is beautiful, or her friends have told her so; and cases are known where members of the fashionable world have consented to lend their charms to illustrations for books that for months were rated among the ten best sellers. More than likely, however, the model is not already independent, but is working her way unaided, using her occupation as a stepping stone to an artistic career with brush or chisel.

A man's wife should always be the same, especially to her husband, but if she is weak and nervous, and uses Carter's Iron Pills, she cannot be, for they make her "feel like a different person," so they all say, and their husbands say so, too!