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BRYAN'S LETTERS

Next Sunday The Journal will commence the exclusive publication in the Northwest of Mr. William J. Bryan's letters of travel. Mr. Bryan is making a tour of the world.

Philadelphia.

NEW YORK has discovered Philadelphia. For a hundred years it has been the custom to hold up Philadelphia as "slow," but when at the last election Philadelphia rose up and threw her bosses in the Schuylkill river, New York, for the first time, discovered there was such a community and that compared with New York it was far from slow. The New York investigations have unearthed these facts: Slow Philadelphia is the king-pin in baseball, football, rowing, fencing, cricket and boxing; Philadelphia business men are as smart as steel traps, their word is their bond and they keep their appointments punctually; Philadelphia is the greatest all-around manufacturing center in the world; Philadelphia has the most exclusive society in the country, a society to which dollars is no open sesame; Philadelphia has the swellest club in America and it is not composed of millionaires but was named after David Rittenhouse, who was a famous astronomer, and the first director of the United States mint; Philadelphia has the greatest street in the world, Broad street, 120 feet wide and twenty-one miles long from its start in the suburbs to its finish at the League island navy-yard.

Editorial Section. PASTOR WAGNER ON AMERICA. MRS. CRAIGIE, in her lecture here, wittily said that Tolstoy recommended not the simple life—that is too expensive—but the simplified life. There is a difference between seeking the simple life outside your sphere of existence and simplifying the life you are already leading. When Horace Greeley raised turnips for five dollars apiece and sold them for five dollars a load he may have been leading "The Simple Life" as some people in America interpret it, but it could not be said that he had simplified the life of Horace Greeley, editor. He had on the contrary immensely complicated it by adding ingredients which he did not understand and which brought him pain as well as pleasure.

Mr. Charles Wagner, in a recent article on the simple life in America, amplifies an idea quite similar to this. He admits that he found here a great deal of artificial life. But these he believes were but surface indications. The better America, he declares, is simplicity. "In what is the best of her America loves the life that is genuine and substantial, the life in which the things most highly valued are moral qualities, uprightness, energy and kindness as well as those fundamental family sentiments which are the cement of society." "The best of America" he found to be not a scattered minority lost in the midst of decadent masses, but a "countless and compact phalanx of upright men." In spite of all appearances to the contrary he concludes America loves simplicity.

The basis of all simplicity of life is the exorcism of impotent envy. There are no impassable gulfs between classes in America and therefore no reason why the poorest and humblest should eat his heart out in envy of the more powerful. By effort he may make their position his. In this country people are constantly passing from one class to another. Laborers are becoming employers, workers are becoming superintendents, pupils are becoming teachers, servants are becoming rulers. Life is a kaleidoscope. There are no fixed stars. While some who pass from a humbler to a more powerful sphere are giving unfortunate evidences of their incapacity to withstand good fortune, it is just as true that others are giving daily evidence of their love for the essentials of life to the exclusion of their frills.

There are more people living below what is apparently their station than there are living above it. True, there are no "stations" in America but there are modes of living, and when nine out of ten men who have achieved fortune choose a simple, homelike existence in preference to one of showy frivolity they justify Pastor Wagner in his judgment that the best of America loves simplicity.

The republic is in no danger from the Pittsburgh style of millionaire when it is only necessary to exploit their performances to have them despised.

The chorus girls in New York have struck for more money. Somebody must be holding the Pittsburgh millionaires.

The Attraction of Actresses.

MRS. SARAH COWELL LEMOYNE, herself an actress, has given recently the reasons why actresses are more attractive to some men than other women. They are, in short, that it is the business of actresses to look their best, dress their best and talk their best in nine parts out of ten they essay. The stage woman develops her showiest qualities and naturally she attracts the attention of men who have no taste for anything but the exterior.

While this reasoning may be attacked as insufficient since there is no evidence offered that the actress is using her own brains, her own taste in dress or her own natural manner, yet the commentary of Mrs. Le Moynes has this grain of truth that the actress studies to please. It is a good art or off on the stage. It conveys to other women, especially women who have husbands to whom exterior attractions are everything, that it is easier to hold such men and save them by using the methods of the actress than by using others. Most men are not penetrating. A good exterior impresses them and what they look for and admire in other women they are quick to note the absence of in their wives. Once the idea is formed that the wife ought to dress better, to talk in a more interesting manner, the husband considers himself ill used if his wife goes on dressing plainly and treating him "as one of the family." The wife may be serenely unconscious that she offends by plain dress or a plain manner. But no woman with a man to manage has no business to be serenely unconscious. She ought to be on the lookout for just such freaks of unreason in her husband that she is familiar with in her children.

After six years of litigation, much of which has been conducted by himself, Albert T. Patrick is nearing the electric chair for the murder of William Marsh. The execution has been set for Jan. 23, and the only thing between Patrick and death at that time is a possible reprieve by Governor Higgins. The governor has been petitioned by a number of men whose names do not ordinarily appear on such papers, to grant a reprieve. Patrick, according to the evidence, was not the actual killer of Marsh. It was charged in the indictment that he hypnotized one Jones to commit the crime in order that he, Patrick, might benefit by the will Marsh had made in Patrick's favor. The old man died, but it was never absolutely determined that Jones killed him by poison as alleged. But Jones having turned state's evidence and having testified to the conspiracy, Patrick was convicted as principal and sentenced to death. The case presents so many unsatisfactory points that a petition containing the names of the most eminent men in the nation was easily secured.

The recent bank troubles in Memphis, Tenn., are due to a "boy Napoleon of finance," one Felix T. Pope, who began his meteoric career in 1902. At the age of 27 Pope had old, gray-bearded bankers of Memphis dancing to his music. It was a case of financial hypnotism. He stood old banking institutions on end, organizing trust companies over night and amalgamating banks after closing hours until it seemed certain that he would accomplish his announced design of amalgamating all the banks in Memphis. There were mergers and subsidiary mergers and the paying of "three for one" for stock, etc., till one day something happened. It makes little difference what. Things toppled over and Memphis is now sitting up, holding its head and asking "what did it?" These Napoleonic affairs are exciting while they last, but when they collapse the "biff" is heard for miles.

President Roosevelt is anxious to have the senate say either "yes" or "no" to his Santo Domingan policy. A traveler once found a venerable old fellow fishing. "Have you fished long in this stream?" he asked pleasantly. "Twenty-three years," was the laconic response of the fisherman, who scarcely looked up. "Get many bites?" was the next question. Still gazing intently along the rod he held, the old angler replied: "Two years ago in this very spot I had a fine bite."

The Cost of Insurance.

The legislative investigation of the insurance business naturally has roused people to ask "What do we get out of it?" If the investigation of abuses results in the abolition of those practices complained of in what way do the people benefit thereby aside from the moral satisfaction of seeing rogues punished? The only way the people at large could be permanently benefitted would be in a reduction of the cost of insurance. If insurance has been too high as a result of extravagance and corruption, then a result to honest methods should result in a reduction of the cost.

Is insurance too high? A recent discussion of the subject between Mr. Miles M. Dawson and Rufus W. Weeks, a high officer of the New York Life, has been held in the Independent. Mr. Weeks reached the conclusion that while company expenses might be diminished as a result of recent exposures, an anticipated decline in interest rates would fully offset this saving and that premiums cannot be reduced.

Mr. Dawson, on the other hand, is of the opinion that participating rates are too high. If straight or non-participating contracts represent, as they must, the actual cost of insurance then some of the more fancy kinds of insurance are absurdly high.

The difference between them is supposed to come back to the insured in dividends, but in the three New York companies it never did. This was largely because the trustees squandered the surplus in inflated salaries and expense accounts, in feeding campaign committees and in buying legislators. It must be understood that all the mysterious payments thru Hamilton and others were defense measures. The officers of companies knew they were playing fast and loose with trust funds. They knew that the legislators knew it and they bought their acquiescence in the game.

So the difference did not come back in dividends nor in any other way, and the buyers of fancy insurance have the satisfaction of knowing that McCall, McCurdy and Hyde had good times with their money.

The problem of a reduction of rates is not one that the state can take hold of. The companies are private and the state cannot arbitrarily say what shall be a premium rate. The state can, however, throw such safeguards about the investment of trust funds and make such examinations from time to time as will disclose what is the actual condition of each company. Competition between companies will do the rest.

If rates are not reduced on paper they will be reduced in effect by the return of much larger sums annually in dividends. This will be particularly true if the tontine gamble is prohibited and the laws against rebating are enforced.

Before Poland was overthrown and divided up, the government was particularly weak because the native diet, or parliament, was at the mercy of any one man. No legislation could be enacted without unanimous consent. A single noble was able to prevent the adoption of the most important measure. The result was a feebleness of government, an inability to meet emergencies, that helped to leave Poland at the mercy of foes. The United States senate is now at the mercy of any obstructor.

The Irish Literary Revival.

THE UNHAPPY political experiences of the Irish people have occupied so much of her attention in the past one hundred years that some of the greater things about Ireland have been forgotten. Her folk lore, which is particularly rich, has been neglected, her music nearly forgotten and her language had about joined the Latin and the Greek when a frenzied and sympathetic movement for its recovery was begun. A Gaelic league has been organized in Ireland and people are being induced to speak the ancient language, even urged to patronize only those stores where the Gaelic is spoken.

The language of the ancient Celtic peoples was represented by two groups, the Gaelic spoken in Ireland, Scotland and Man, and the Cymric in Wales. The Welsh have retained to a great extent in the rural localities their pure Celtic speech, but it has largely disappeared from Scotland and in a scarcely less degree from Ireland. The Scotch do not appear to care what becomes of the highland speech if the highlander can get the "baubles" of the tourist, but the Irish are intensely in earnest in their demand for a revival of the mother tongue at home.

There is now in Ireland a Gaelic league with a membership of more than 50,000; the language is taught in 1,600 schools and nearly every newspaper in Ireland takes a fling at printing a column in Gaelic. The literary revival has been quite marked. Dr. Douglas Hyde, the president of the Gaelic league, has made some excellent translations of Gaelic poetry, a number of American platform speakers, including Sara Cone Bryant, are telling the rare old Irish stories; President Roosevelt has become interested in the movement and has made translations of Irish poems for private circulation.

Whether the revival of Irish is a cause or an effect is hard to say, but there is a certain interdependence between the revival of Irish language and Irish industries. Wherever the literary revival has been the most marked there has been a revival of national spirit and with that a quickening of national trade and manufactures.

It is estimated that \$60,000,000 leave Ireland annually, much of it for things which could as well be bought at home and that employment might be given to 100,000 heads of families if the Irish people would but support home industries instead of importing their clothes, their blankets, their soap and even the matches with which they light their pipes. These things are mentioned because they are all made in Ireland and importation is not a necessity. All that is needed to make certain local industries flourish is a little national spirit and this the enthusiastic study of the Irish language and literature is rapidly supplying. The literary revival is seen then to have a practical side, but it is claimed that it has no political affiliations.

Evidently the Standard Oil crowd is annoyed by the persistence of the Missouri attorney-general's attempts to obtain information about the greatest trust in the world. Being not only the greatest but the most secret trust it naturally is indignant at this brazen effort to violate its privacy. But Attorney-General Hadley is a brave man and he has a brave fighter behind him in Governor Joseph W. Folk. Between them they may be able to bring the Standard Oil gang to time. The entire people will cheer them on their way if they can do nothing else.

Mr. Menz's stone devil was sold for \$40, which was dirt cheap, considering how many fulminations from pulpits it attracted. The gate receipts, after the statue was fenced in, amounted to \$200, which probably measures the number of fools in Detroit. The city is to be congratulated.

J. D. Rockefeller, Socialist.

MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER has not obtained many pats on the back from his fellow laborers in this vale of tears. Whatever attention he has received until recently was more in the way of holding the fist under the nose or sly kicks from behind. But now John has found defenders. A recent publication devoted to the proposition of socialism claims Rockefeller as the advance guard of the on-coming reform and demands for him sympathetic treatment among socialists. It is wrong, says this pamphlet, to treat a man who has destroyed competition in one great staple and thus cleared the way for socialism to be looked down upon and despised. Rockefeller should be appreciated by the social propagandists.

As a matter of fact, this is correct. Rockefeller has done more for socialism than all the long-haired men and short-haired women who have preached it from the curbs or addressed frowsty upstairs meetings in its behalf. Karl Marx years ago "discerned in competition the germs of monopoly." He foretold the coming of the trust. Rockefeller, knowing nothing about Karl Marx, brought the trust with him.

But if the socialists hover about Rockefeller as a "demonstration," what should be Rockefeller's feelings toward the socialists? Here is a band of persons who totally approve of his methods. They want competition destroyed; he has destroyed it. They want the individualism annihilated; he has annihilated it so far as oil is concerned. On ethical grounds they have no grouse against him. Socialists manage to subordinate ethics to the "great evolution." Truly, here is a noble partnership. The socialists have theory; Rockefeller has the demonstration. There are only two steps omitted. Rockefeller must get the rest of the earth and the socialists must "get" Rockefeller. Then the world will be in that happy state when everybody works the government and the government works for everybody.

The increase of the cases of appendicitis is thought by many physicians to be due to the adulteration of foods, the poisonous ingredients setting up a disturbance along the intestinal canal. Yet there are said to be eight senators who are especially opposed to the national pure food bill, the inference being that they are "caring" for some special interest.

A girl in Indiana with some business sense started a millinery store when she was 12 years old. That was thirty years ago. Today she is 42 years old and has \$500,000 in the bank. "Hubby" knows where she got it.

The virtue of a great name hovers over those who bear it. It is worthy of comment that Decatur was acquitted of hazing at Annapolis, while Coffin was convicted and sentenced to dismissal.

What Henry H. Rogers does not know about the oil business is developing rapidly. Yesterday he was able to testify to his name on information and belief, but otherwise his mind was a blank.

This is Sunday, and several good men did not go to church "because there are so many hypocrites in the churches." So they stayed out in the world—where there aren't any!

Andrew Carnegie is giving away a bunch of church organs. The church has to raise half the money, however. But the organ factory men do not mind this.

Ben Long Ear ran away with the wife of Crooked Arm, but as neither was connected with the steel trust they may yet move in good Indian society.

Mr. Morales, having been chased out of his capital and defeated in a battle, offers to resign. At that he displays more good taste than Dewey.

The Kansas City union depot (date about 1835) came so near burning the other day that everybody in that town had a happy half hour.

Chairman Odell's assumption that Theodore Roosevelt is jealous of him entitled Odell to a life membership in the humorists' society.

Judging by the descriptions of the lonesome affair in the New York papers, Mr. Yerkes could not have enjoyed his funeral very much.

THE SANTA CLAUS MYTHUS.

(Cleveland Plain Dealer.) "Do you believe in Santa Claus?" they asked the Boston child.

He looked up a little wearily and carefully wiped his glasses.

"Your question is not a compliment to my powers of discernment," he answered. "I am a realist, not an idealist. If I carry the impression that I have faith in this Santa Claus myth you will understand it is for purposes of revenue only."

And he winked slightly with his least nearsighted eye and returned to his Euripides.

"SQUARE DEAL" IN HISTORY.

Philadelphia North American. A clergyman remarks that the "square deal" is a twentieth century flower with a first century root. It might have bloomed sooner, too, had it not been for experiments in grafting.

WHAT THE SICK TEACHER HAD.

(Salem Journal.) Miss Clark, one of the high school teachers, has been sick, and was compelled to give up teaching during the first part of the week. She has the history department.

"NO FAIR" TO GO BACK.

Detroit News. Reduced to plain English the Michigan Central's claim in the back tax case is that its fraud was successful for so long that it shouldn't be disturbed.

UTTERLY FORSAKEN.

Boston Globe. A sad case of destitution has come to the attention of the Globe. There is a man in Arlington so friendless that nobody has given him a calendar.

RATHER HUMILIATING.

Kansas City Star. The new president of the New York Life, it will be observed, is expected to worry along on the salary paid the president of the United States.

DRAFT BLEW ON HIM.

Kansas City Star. Another theory is that David B. Hill's illness was brought about by "exposure."

INSULT TO LINDLEY MURRAY.

Harvey, Iowa, News. Joe Garrington has went into the Belgium hairy business.

LYING BY INNUEUDO.

Chicago News. Many a man who smiles and says nothing is a liar.



Extremes Candor of the Newspapers Regarding Mr. Yerkes' Beautiful Life—Things Hidden Are, as Usual, Shouted from the Housetops.

There extreme candor of the New York papers regarding the late unlamented Mr. Yerkes, his wives and his possessions, shows that the hard commercialism of that great exponent of Special Privilege rendered his memory exempt from the old, kindly feeling in favor of saying nothing about the dead unless it is something good. Mr. Yerkes' case seems to be a particularly strong sermon preaching the old doctrine that we cannot conceal ourselves. What we are shouted out from the housetops. We think we are pretty carefully concealed from our neighbors but they have us "sized up" without fear and without favor.

If you do not believe this, take some man of your acquaintance and see what you think about him yourself. Note how other people, his friends as well as his enemies, estimate him.

"We are spirits clad in veils" and the veils are so gauzy that even people he not deceived in the long run. The hypocrite thinks he is concealing himself and the thieves, big and little, think they are getting something by getting it away from their brethren and piling it up somewhere, partly out of sight. Sold again! And the same old thirty pieces of silver.

A susceptible gentleman in Pittsburg has been poisoned by a streetcar strap. Many people will distinctly recall youthful friends who were severely poisoned by sections of trunk straps in the hands of indignant mothers.

Mayor Thompson of Miller, S. D., would never do for a life insurance president. One of the societies of which he was financial head attempted to raise his salary, but the mayor indignantly refused to be a party to the affair. South Dakota papers are showing considerable excitement over the matter.

Miller also bids for fame in a new weather prophet, John Fletcher, who proves by his correct forecasts that he understands the sky signs even better than Hicks. Millerites are laying the warm weather to him.

Editor Satterlee of the Annandale Advocate recalls a colored church row in St. Anthony, before the war, made up of some very dark trouble. He says: "The peace-makers were the white clergy and Aunt Hester's case, which outweighed a blackthorn and was about four feet long. On one occasion Aunt Hester settled the church janitor with her walking stick and then announced, 'I done giv 5 cents and two toll-bridge tickets to dis church, and I done goin' to warship de Lord right here.' And Janitor Steben Hall had a cut across his 'forward' that looked as if a mule had tried to scarp him at one kick."

Ashley, N. D., has a quick whistle, on its flour mill. It became bent in some way or other when the engineer let it go the other day he couldn't pull off the noise again. There was a steady stream of whistle for so long that the people thought the town was on fire and began to throw their crockery out of the second story windows.

William Jones, William Evens, Frank Richards, Collin Nurse, Harvey Slader and Homer Luellen, pupils at the Seventh ward school of Washington, Pa., have been arrested and it serves them right. These boys secured a bunch of small pox signs somewhere, in ways that boys have of nosing around questionable places like the health office or the morgue, and placed them on the residences of a fine street in Washington. The whole street was terrorized. Residents returning late in the evening feared to enter their own homes. The boys were overjoyed and stood around winking with unpeepable delight various reputable residents suddenly became transfixed with horror, when the police nipped the whole bunch of boys and put them in the trunk for the night. —A. J. R.

JOKE ON THE INSURANCE CO.

Denver Republican. Hades popped in Cactus Center, when, jest like a catapult, The life insurance question hit us on the 19th ult.; It began when Gila Hawkins said insurance men was thieves. Said the hull caboodle of 'em would stuff aces up their sleeves.

He was took up by Slim Johnson, who's been writin' risks in town, An' before we cleared the barroom there was three men lyin' down; Slim went shootin' to his office, an' he got four on the way, While Old Gila, trailin' after, winged a few with shots astray.

So we laid siege to the office, an' we punctured Slim's tough hide, An' laid him an' Gila Hawkins, with their wounds dressed, side by side, An' old Hawkins got to laughin', lyin' stretched out on the bed, But at last he checked his snickers, an' before his last breath, said:

"I apologize, most humble, Slim, as far as you're concerned, But I just can't help a-laughin' at the trick that you have turned; Per you've dealt your graftin' bosses quite a hard financial blow— The joke is on you, Johnson—I'm insured with you, you know."

THE ORIGINAL GRAFTER.

Teddy in Cleveland Leader. ("And Croesus lifted up his voice and cried 'Solon! Solon!' And King Cyrus ordered that the fire be extinguished and the captive released."—Herodotus.) There's a basis for a thesis in the history of Croesus— Mr. Croesus, Greece's captain of finance; It contains an excess on the clipping of the fleeces Of the lambs, when Wall Street's breezes are not tempered, and the gess's Ravished feathers pay the piper for the dance.

"In the days of old Ramesses, this here story had paretis!" So says Kipling, and what he says goes with me. But old or new, it pleases me at times to save the pieces Of the stories of the glories and the grandeurs that were Greece's, When they prophesy a modern case, you see.

The capture of old Croesus was a stunt of the police's That for up-to-dateness seizes me with joy. He was roasted like a cheese is, out there on the Chersonesus, Where for his lawyer—"Solon!" Ay, that's where the squeeze is—"Technically"—trial ceases—"vindication"—this release is

WHAT THE GRAFTERS COUNT ON NOWADAYS, MY BOY!

George Herbert. Give me a look, give me a face; That makes simplicity a grace; Robes loosely flowing, hair as free; Such sweet neglect more taketh me Than all the adulteries of art; They strike mine eyes, but not my heart