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SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1905.

CIRCULATION DURING OCTOBER.

W. B. Carr, Business Manager of The St. Louis Republic, being duly sworn, says that the actual number of full and complete copies of The Daily and Sunday Republic printed during the month of October, 1905, all in regular editions, was as per schedule below:

Date.	Copies.	Date.	Copies.
1 (Sunday)	128,100	17	102,300
2	102,290	18	101,820
3	103,900	19	101,860
4	104,060	20	102,850
5	102,160	21	102,640
6	101,910	22 (Sunday)	129,450
7	102,730	23	101,840
8 (Sunday)	129,870	24	101,970
9	102,130	25	102,200
10	104,310	26	103,120
11	104,060	27	103,320
12	104,860	28	102,150
13	101,990	29 (Sunday)	130,100
14	102,130	30	102,640
15 (Sunday)	128,540	31	101,740
16	101,710		

Total for the month	3,316,810
Less all copies spoiled in printing, left over or filed	100,559
Net number distributed	3,216,251
Average daily distribution	103,750

And said W. B. Carr further says that the number of copies returned and reported unsold during the month of October was 12.14 per cent. W. B. CARR.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this first day of November, 1905.
WM. SOMMERFIELD,
My term expires July 28, 1909. Notary Public.

VALUES OF CREEK LANDS.

There is good land to be had at very reasonable prices in the Creek Nation by any enterprising person who goes after it in the right way. The Indians readily sell their surplus land at the appraised prices put upon them by the Government, and in many instances would sell for less if the Interior Department would approve the transactions.

In the last two years there had not been an [illegible] until Friday, in which the allotee refused the price offered it it came up of the appraisement. This one fact indicates that the Indians are getting wise to the value of their holdings.

Delia Casey, who at the last weekly land sale in Muskogee refused a bid of more than $12 an acre for her 120 acres, doubtless has a true vision of what is coming in that country. Other land was going for less and some for more, some even for $25. Delia Casey, if she has patience to hold on, may get $40, and not have to wait very long either.

SHREWD BRICK OF A BOY LOR

Walter Jay discusses in a literary career. Conan Doyle wanted to graduate to be a doctor and was graduated with distinction at the age of 21. And then he discovered that he wanted to be a novelist. Things happened and he became the creator of a highly distinguished English personage. He wanted to see the world, but he was [illegible] for the [illegible] in a steady job. Instead of settling down for a steady job, he crossed the Atlantic and [illegible] in South Africa. In the Arctic [illegible] he crossed and recrossed Greenland, fell down and learned life in West Africa. He was a roving cuss. But he was rolling toward a goal of which he was not aware. Finally, expressing his desire to be a novelist, he started. It [illegible] to be a [illegible] of doctor. Less [illegible] he [illegible] it. He did not look [illegible] and he started his typewriter [illegible] from its hooks in front of the doctor's office. Doyle took up his hat, [illegible] called in handcuffs [illegible] and left, [illegible] through the house supporting the shaded [illegible] in an attitude of [illegible] despair which would [illegible] the fright of an old master. The [illegible] people rushed to the parlor and said: "Dey [illegible]!" Dey flowed in the practice was established, and the doctor sighed.

The consequence of that [illegible] was larger and more business than that of a Southsea [illegible]. Mr. H. J. W. Dam calls Conan Doyle "the most successful novelist of our time."

Says Mr. Dam: "When the [illegible] of our time, at the [illegible] of his undoubted masterpieces, [illegible] skills for more than passing comment [illegible] all who write and of all the world [illegible] fixed upon the career of Sir Arthur [illegible] Knight by grace of King Edward [illegible] the people the first story [illegible] in the world today."

Preceding Doyle's masterpiece, "Sir Nigel," which is to be published exclusively in serial form in coming numbers of The Republic's Magazine, an article next Sunday by Mr. Dam will sketch the great detective. On the following Sunday the initial chapters of "Sir Nigel" will appear.

You will be interested to learn that Doyle's ancestors were famous painters; his grandfather a caricaturist, his uncle the celebrated "Dicky" Doyle of Punch, and his father the quaint and original artist in water colors.

In next Sunday's Magazine, of which Mr. Dam's appreciation is but one of several distinctly alluring features, will be found a fascinating love story by Bruce Fitzgerald, "The Friendly Untangler," plausibly relating the adventure of a young man who seriously found himself in love with two girls at one and the same time.

"The Little Girl in Black," by Wright Kaufman, is a story of a golf course, a popular novelist, and an exceedingly attractive young miss in a dark costume.

Tudor Jenks contributes a good story to next Sunday's issue—"Peter O'Toole and the Fairies."

And "The Arncliffe Puzzle," which has absorbed the interest of many thousands of readers, deals in next Sunday's number with exciting incidents relating to the young doctor who is such a prominent but mysterious figure in the story.

Nixon Waterman, W. J. Lampton, Felix Grundy, Carolyn Wells and other well-known literary specialists contribute generously to the excellence of the number, which you should be careful to procure and read, if you have a connoisseur's taste in periodical literature.

WHERE THE IMMIGRANTS GO.

In an interview published in a Chattanooga paper at the time of the Southern Immigration and quarantine convention, Mr. Frank P. Sargent, United States Commissioner of Immigration, gave much interesting information and some significant suggestions with respect to the destination and distribution of alien immigrants of various races and nationalities coming to this country from Europe. In his statements of destination the South as well as the Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast regions appear with insignificant percentages because heretofore conditions in those regions have not been such as to invite foreign immigration.

For the South, whose booming enterprises require a constantly increasing supply of bone and muscle, there is more than usually instructive suggestion in Mr. Sargent's showing that the new arrivals instinctively seek the centers in which settlements of their own nationality and language have preceded them. If their friends are in Illinois, to Illinois they go. Most of the aliens from the Scandinavian countries, says Mr. Sargent, go to the Northwest, where they find many of their old friends and neighbors. The Germans go to the Middle States, while the Italians flock to the large cities, where they find colonies of their own people. The greater part of the Jewish immigration stops in New York in order that they may be in close touch with their own people, while most of the Hungarians go to Pennsylvania, which has already a large population of that nationality.

For the South, which invites foreign immigration of the right kind and declares that it does not want any other, the lesson in this is that future immigration will be largely determined by that which comes in during the next few years. If the South can get some thousands of the pinched and overcrowded population of England, the future immigration will be largely English. If, by the exhibits of products at Ellis Island and the information bureaus which Mr. Sargent recommends to the favorable consideration of Congress, the Southern States can divert to themselves a considerable portion of the German and Scandinavian immigration, people of those nationalities will follow. It is people of these kinds that the South most desires next to newcomers from the States of the North and West.

The largest number of alien arrivals in this country in any twelvemonth were the 1,026,499 who came during the fiscal year ending with June 30, 1905. Most of them stopped in the densely populated parts of the country, while only insignificant numbers were destined to those States which have large areas of vacant land, where the growing demand for labor in industries other than agriculture offers rare opportunities to all capable and willing to work.

Of the immense immigration of the last fiscal year 777,718, or 76 per cent, were distributed in 8 States, as follows: New York, 315,511, or 31 per cent of the whole; Pennsylvania, 210,708, or 20.3 per cent; Massachusetts, 72,150, or 7 per cent; Illinois, 72,770, or 7 per cent; New Jersey, 57,258, or 5.5 per cent, and Ohio, 49,551, or 5 per cent.

The rest were scattered in various parts of the country, the entire South receiving only 46,343, or 4.5 per cent. Louisiana received 5,000, Texas 4,000, Arkansas 372, Indian Territory 438 and Oklahoma 290. Kentucky received only 618 and Tennessee 782. Missouri's quota does not appear in the list.

These figures show that the immense additions made to the population of the South and Southwest during the last ten or twelve years have consisted almost wholly of Americans from other sections. They also show the immense supplies of incoming labor upon which the South can draw at will through the agency of well-organized immigration machinery.

DISMEMBERMENT OF RUSSIA.

Something of the difficulties which confront Russia in the present crisis may be inferred from the semi-official Berlin suggestion that Germany may be willing to cede Lorraine to France in exchange for Kaiserwerth and the Cameroon Hinterland, which form the Kaiser's possessions in Africa.

Germany has had no end of trouble in trying to govern the two Provinces she acquired from France thirty-two years ago, and seems now in the humor to get rid of a bad bargain on the Rhine in barter for what she thinks a better one in equatorial Africa. Lorraine has been provokingly contrary and persistent in resisting Germanizing influences.

It is the old story of racial instincts and aspirations, of racial prejudices and antipathies, that make the map of Europe today practically what it was when Julius Caesar led his army into Gaul to turn the barbarians away from the Italian peninsula. There is no Germany south and west of the Rhine in that day as there are now. In spite of the Celtic invasion of Germany, the Frankish and Norman invasions of France, the wave after wave of migration and conquest that have swept Europe, the boundaries of France are today about where Cæsar found them.

William the Conqueror annexed England to France, and Henry the Fifth annexed France to England, but the English Channel rolls between a separate and independent country as it did when Cæsar first saw the chalk cliffs of Dover. The Pyrenees still separate Spain from France, as they have done ever since there was a France or a Spain. The Roman Empire fell apart into its original fragments, as did the empires of Alexander, of Charlemagne and of Charles the Fifth. The Empire of the Russian Czar seems to be taking the first steps on the road to dissolution.

If Germany and Austria are wise they will not lend a hand in the bloody work of holding the diverse parts of Russia together with the sword. They had better let their Poles go than enter upon a task which all history proves to be in the end impossible. The moral is the same from the captivity of the Jews in Egypt to the case of Lorraine; the plagues of Egypt descend heavily upon every nation that essays to hold an unwilling people under its control.

Russia is ripe for dismemberment. The same love of local self-government, the same instinct for racial laws and institutions which have resisted the consolidation of Western Europe, which have long harassed Austria-Hungary, are energetically at work among the Slavs of Holy Russia, the Poles of the west, the Finns and Scandinavians of the north, the Cossacks and Circassians of the Black Sea and Caspian regions.

Reactionary forces in Russia, aided by Prussian and Austrian allies, may hold the Czar's conglomerate Empire together for a while longer; but it will be bloody work and it will not last. The racial instinct for separate autonomy and local self-government is stronger than armies. In the end it wears out all conquerors. No autocrat can subdue it.

MISSOURI AT THE FRONT.

The election of President Jesse of Missouri University to be president of the National Association of Presidents of State Universities is a well-merited, but not at all unusual, recognition of Missouri excellence.

When good men are wanted at the head of important affairs Missouri is apt to be called on. When Boston wanted a head for her famous School of Technology she came to Missouri by way of Washington and got Professor Pritchett. When he left the Coast Survey he got Tittman, another Missourian, to take his place there.

When a man is wanted to wage exterminating war on the stegomyia and suppress the yellow fever, the Missourian, Walter Wyman, head of the Marine Hospital Service, comes forward and does the work with neatness and dispatch.

When the best man is wanted for the Interstate Commerce Commission, Cockrell of Missouri is called, as a matter of course.

The first Congressman to volunteer for the Sequoyah statehood fight in the House is another Missourian, Murphy of the Sixteenth District.

The man who raises a revolution in the Isle of Pines and wants to annex a new Territory to the United States is, as anybody might i[illegible] .. a Missouri product, a lineal descendant of those other Missouri products who tramped the Santa Fe Trail to annex New Mexico and California.

No doubt Mr. Anderson has with him in the Isle of Pines an ample supply of that other Missouri product, indispensable in all enterprises of peace and war, the Missouri mule, whose muscle moves the world and whose bray is heard in every continent.

Missouri is everywhere and always at the front and increasing her lead all the time.

There are fifteen millions of people in the five States of Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota and Wisconsin, and by the last census they turn out more than 25 per cent of the manufactured products of the United States. They want cheap water transportation. They need in their business a channel of at least fourteen feet in the Mississippi River from the mouth of the Illinois to Cairo, and Congress this winter should not be allowed to forget it.

That fast mail train over the Frisco road from St. Louis into the Southwest is a little slow in coming, but it will get here after a while. One of the first duties of the Missouri delegation upon arriving in Washington will be to remind Postmaster General Cortelyou that we need it, and keep on reminding him.

At this time of year a good many knockers and grumblers work overtime in anticipation of having to lay off Thanksgiving Day.

RECENT COMMENT

Wanted—A Better Ballot.

Collier's.

Ballot forms win elections. Most of them are constructed to win elections for the ignorant, and their leaders, the boss politicians. Some are so arranged that the man who can read, who knows what he desires, and is master of himself, has the advantage, but ballots such as those are few. You can count the States with right ballot laws on your fingers, even if you have lost one arm. Here is something that all organizations for improving our politics can turn in and work for with some hope of immediate progress. They ought to be able to kill the blanket ballot by a short, decisive effort; the ballot that turns a man's brains over to his party organization and puts a premium on his subserviency and dullness. The wave of independence now rising throughout America is impeded by ballot laws and forms created in the days when machine government was more absolute than it is to-day. Some time we shall vote by actual machinery, in such a way that cheating in the count is impossible; but an even more important and pressing reform is that we shall vote on a ballot which gives independence an even chance. We want a ballot designed to facilitate the people's will, not one designed to keep them in slavery to the professional politicians, whose autocratic rule we are restive to shake off.

Lesson on President McKinley's Assassination.

Everybody's.

A few hours after the assassin's bullet had struck the President, the masters of the "Standard Oil," grasping the dangers, as well as the possibilities, of the tragedy, took prompt measures to mold events to their advantage. They had quickly concluded that a panic must follow the death of McKinley and that the prices of securities would drop with a crash. To dispose of the stocks they had on hand was the first essential step; the next, to sell the market "short" so as to make the disaster yield a tribute of gold. To execute these moves it was necessary to restore stability temporarily, so that the market could be put into condition to absorb the millions of securities that must be sold before the inevitable crash occurred. At once the superb machinery of the great institution was put in motion. Its most distinguished emissaries were stationed around the fatally wounded President. These had their instructions—to be optimistic; to see that no unfavorable news got out of the invalid's chamber; to make the world believe that recovery was possible—even certain. In the meantime, the financial kings would take advantage of the respite.

Help Convicts Support Their Families.

Leslie's Weekly.

A speaker before the State Federation of Labor, at Trenton, N. J., the other day made the excellent suggestion that, "when a man of family is imprisoned the work which he does in an institution should go to the support of his family." Convict labor directed to such a purpose would serve several good ends. It would keep the convict from idleness, one of the worst possible evils of prison life, and it would also help to prevent those dependent upon him from falling into pauperism, or something worse. Under the system of imprisonment which prevails in many parts of the country, and particularly in jails and other institutions where criminals are detained for brief periods, the wife and children of a criminal often suffer a heavier punishment than is meted out to him. He is well fed, clothed and sheltered, and maintained in idleness, while they are left to struggle for a livelihood as best they can, with the additional handicap upon them of a dishonored name. Neither would this plan be open to the objection usually urged against the employment of convict labor—that it introduces an injurious element of competition with free labor. We have had no sympathy whatever with this opposition, but it has prevailed in many quarters with the result of keeping large numbers of convicts in idleness for a part of the time.

The Science of the Game.

Puck.

The Freshman: "Our star half back, 'Biff' Gouger, broke four toes and sprained an ankle in yesterday's game. Gee! But the captain roasted him to a turn!"

The Bartender: "What for?"

The Freshman: "Rotten judgment. 'Biff' tried a kick for the stomach, but the guy ducked and blocked it neatly with his head!"

Hard on Bosses.

Yonkers Statesman.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak: "I declare! There's more hard luck! Nothing has gone right with me this year!"

Mr. Crimsonbeak: "Well, wife, you know everybody is saying it's a bad year for bosses."

Not Keeping Her Place.

Smith's Magazine.

Mistress: "Don't be so familiar, Mary. You must keep your place, you know."

Mary: "Faith, Oi won't! Oi'll lave yez to-night, begorra!"

A SERMON FOR THE DAY.

Prepared for The Republic by H. F. Cope, Editor of Ram's Horn.

IMMORTALITY'S CROWN.

"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them that love his appearing."—II Tim., iv, 8.

There are many cherishing the hope of immortality who are yet innocent of the expectation that another world will hold in store for them the benefits which they did not receive and probably did not merit here.

The passionate yearning of the living to be assured of life beyond the grave is based on something deeper than the desire to get something for nothing. They are seeking no crowns unearned.

Men no longer delight in the felicities of a fancy paradise. We are little concerned with golden streets, with wings and harps, and all the other uncomfortable furnishings of the cruder pictures of the blissful future state.

We have ceased to wonder whether we shall be perfectly happy there. Men are not won to bear their burdens and do their work by the promise of a place where neither burdens nor toils are known.

Neither do men hope for heaven because they are eaten up with the dread of hell. Few to-day are much influenced by that fear. Terrorizing men into piety is no longer practiced. We know the effects of love last longer than those of fear. It is better far to lead men to wish to do right than to force them to fear to do wrong.

Why, then, should men seek immortality, seeing they think little either of a heaven to be won or a place of torment to be shunned? We want to know whether we shall live and what that life shall be because no one is satisfied to lay down a piece of work unfinished. The passion for immortality is the desire to complete things, the longing to set upon all effort and labor the crown of its own completion, its perfection and righteousness.

No man ever saw his work fully rounded out here. None ever looked over the tasks of life's day without wishing he might attempt them once again. So many imperfections, so many things that could be done better now that the hands have acquired the skill of experience and the heart its enriching of wisdom. As soon as we have learned how to live we get ready to die. This is a strange school; sons to use?

Where and when shall we put all its lessons? If this is the place of training, somewhere the workshop must be. What worth were all life if its accrued wisdom never can be used? Is it strange that man cherishes the hope of a time and an opportunity to carry out the best he has planned and dreamed, to finish all that he has but begun or drafted out here?

Imperfection, incompletion is upon all things here. The riches of friendships, of human love never reach all their ripeness; it seems as though we but begin to know our friends ere they are gone. Is it strange we long for a summer time long enough to ripen our friendships to perfection? Strange would it be if we could let these joys lie where death has cast them.

Most of all is this true of the pursuit of character. The good man dies full of honors, but emptied of all self-satisfaction. He knows how great are the glories yet unattained. While men think he has earned the crown of righteousness, he knows he is as a beggar in rags. His great hope of the future is that it may afford the opportunity for him to be the good, the great, the pure, the godlike he has seen and longed for in his best moments here.

Somewhere there must dawn a day fairer than this, in a land where all things shall fulfill their promise. The longing for that day and land is not the desire for ease, for the gross pleasures of the Oriental paradise. It is the fruitage of our passion for progress, our longing for right, our dissatisfaction with our imperfect selves, our discontent with anything short of the royal life of righteousness.

We would live where visions shall be clearer, where right and truth shall ever be regnant, where we shall have overcome the dragon and shaken off the mire, and we shall be what God meant us to be, the sons of the kingdom.

HYMNS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

O, WORSHIP THE KING.

BY SIR ROBERT GRANT.

(While the circumstances of the composition of this hymn are not definitely known it was probably written in India about 1836. From that land it has journeyed into all others and is now a universal favorite in all church services. When sung to the tune "Lyons" it makes an appropriate and inspiring opening hymn. Its author, Sir Robert Grant, born in England, 1785, was a Scotch Episcopalian. He became member of Parliament for Inverness and later a Privy Councilor. In 1834 he was appointed Governor of Bombay. His literary activity, which resulted in several books, including two on India, and a number of good hymns, belongs to this period. He died at Dapoorie, India, July 9, 1838.)

O, worship the King all glorious above,
And gratefully sing his wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

O, tell of his might, and sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

O, measureless Might, Ineffable Love,
While angels delight to hymn thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to thy praise.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Paralysis and piety are not the same.

A silent saint is an eloquent sermon.

Helping men is the best way of honoring God.

He who serves self is paid by Satan.

Laziness is the costliest thing in the world.

No man's religion ever got worn out by working it.

An ounce of the oil of good humor may save many a ton of pill.

There is always a blessing to be found in the other man's burden.

This rough world makes short work of all veneer virtues.

It is better to smile with a man than to slap for him.

The preacher who works for hire is seldom invited to come up higher.

Folks who are too anxious to save their bacon lose their beef.

The man with time to waste is a bigger fool than the one with money to burn.

You do not take the sin out of your hatred of a man by calling him honey.

Some people think that a weakness for rest gives them a right to wear wings.

It is not always the man who nods his head at everything the preacher says who is doing most for the glory of God.

They who are effervescent in meeting usually have nothing left in their bottles when they get to the thirsty world.

A man of mixed honesty is about as good as an egg of mixed antiquity.

When the roots of riches strike into the heart they kill the flowers of charity.

Business honor is a matter of a just balance of the heart as well as a right balance on the books.

It's not much use for a man to set up as a social reformer when his children drive the neighbors to profanity.

Richest harvests come from the seeds that lay under the snows of sorrow.

Thrasher's Human Grist.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Bellefonte, Pa., Nov. 18.—Ambrose Gill met a horrible death while assisting with the thrashing on the farm of Henry Gentzel. He was thrown in the jaws of the thrasher and his right side, arm and shoulder were literally ground to a pulp.

MENTAL CHAOS PREVAILS IN FASHIONABLE ENGLISH SOCIETY

BY MARIE CORELLI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

To look at our fashionable garden parties of to-day, to see the invited guests wandering aimlessly about over lawns and terraces, commenting on one another's looks and running down one another's clothes, is a strange sight.

It reminds one irresistibly of a "charity" fete in the grounds of a lunatic asylum, where the patients who are fairly sane are allowed to walk about.

But in the grounds of the lunatic asylum there are strong keepers ever on the watch, and if any one of the poor mad personages should develop a desire to "knock balls about" he or she would be promptly withdrawn from the scene in case homicidal mania should develop under the influence of the mallet or the stick.

Lunatics are not expected to converse. Indeed, it is a matter of stern necessity that they should be kept away from conversation as much as possible and "amused."

Are we, therefore, to draw an inference from this fact that fashionable society in general is insane, or on the verge of insanity? Because most assuredly at garden parties it is unquestionably the rule to keep people away from conversation altogether.

And if any adventurously minded person should start a subject of talk, whether concerning government, finance, art, literature or science, he or she must be prepared to be looked upon as "eccentric, my dear—quite strange, you know! A little mad; reads so much—no social tact whatever!"

A pleasant and highly intellectual clergyman of our acquaintance, whose particular leaning is toward books and not balls, was asked to a picnic on one occasion (balls being played while the hampers were unpacked), and there comported himself as is usual at picnics, quietly making himself generally useful handing around the plates, pouring out the ginger beer, boiling the kettle for tea (to be taken on top of the ginger beer) and getting scarcely anything to eat for himself by way of reward. The worthy "mamma" of the occasion regarded him with bland approval.

"He is really quite sane to-day!" she remarked in a confidential whisper. "As a rule he talks art and literature and is absolutely mad!"

It is necessary to add that the gentleman in question is a well-known contributor to three or four of the leading London magazines, but the good "mamma" had never heard of any other magazine than the "parish" one, and her knowledge of literature was entirely confined to ladies' penny papers.

Ah, yes—the country is very beautiful, and it would be still more beautiful and enjoyable if the people who reside in it would take a few lessons in the whole art of entertaining, the grace of conversation, the elegance of good manners.

It is not good manners, for instance, to ask people to your house, and then entertain them out on the lawn like sheep on a pasture land, there to graze on "balls" without end, till the mental digestion revolts at the monotonous fare.

It is unfriendly to invite persons whom you do not introduce to each other. It is downright rude to interrupt a conversation between two persons. It is distinctly objectionable to put your guests around a long table at a sit-down tea to which you escort them in relays, the last lot being always the most dejected in appearance, because they know that they will be the worst served.

Of course, this sit-down tea is unknown to London hostesses, but it is a common form of repast in the country and one that with the most good-humored intentions may be called only doubtfully pleasant.

You are placed opposite people you don't know and don't wish to know, they never speak to you nor you to them, and to any one possessing a sense of humor it requires a strong effort not to laugh outright at the resolute demeanor of each woman (for there are rarely any men except cheap curates who will consent to be wedged in round such a board) who sits sternly watchful of the particular dish opposite to her, and only unbends her Spartan countenance for the purpose of moving her jaws in the act of eating and drinking.

If there is a pretty or lively woman at such a table, all eyes are averted from her as a "strange" person; and if she slips away quietly and flirts with a stray man around the corner in the next room, who shall blame her?

If there was ever any excuse to set forth for downright wickedness, an English garden party, with balls in the horizon, will amply serve. Everything is so outrageously dull, so full of hopeless boredom, so senseless, so irritating to body and brain. It makes some people feel absolutely reckless if they have a spark of life or "dash" in them. They long to do something to upset utterly the bovine equanimity of stout country magnates and rout the self-satisfaction of the persons who play with ball and mallet, ball and stick and ball and racquet.

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TAKE A LOOK AT SATURN, MOST WONDERFUL PLANET

BY GARRETT P. SERVISS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Unique and most wonderful of worlds, without mate or counterpart in the whole universe, it hangs above the Southern horizon in these evenings—to the eye simply a bright star; to the telescope a marvel of marvels!

Even if you have no telescope, look at it, and as you look recall what it is that your eyes are fixed upon. It is easily located about 8 o'clock, for then it lies almost due South. It is higher in the sky than the star Fomalhaut, of which we were speaking the other day. An imaginary line drawn from Fomalhaut about eighteen degrees northwestward will meet Saturn.

There it is in a field of small, faint stars belonging to the Constellation Aquarius, majestically moving eastward in his great thirty-year journey around the zodiac.

There is no hurrying in the footfalls of the father of the gods. He will take two whole years to cross the single Constellation of the Waterbearer (Aquarius). Perhaps it was the stately deliberation of its march that won for this great planet in ancient times the name of Saturn.

As you look at it remember that through all the ages of Egyptian, Chaldean, Greek, Roman, and Arabian astronomy and astrology, Saturn marked the uttermost known limit of the solar system.

The more distant planets, Uranus and Neptune, awaited the invention of the telescope for their discovery. But during all that time that Saturn was watched from the Pyramids on the Nile, and from the Babel Towers of Mesopotamia, and while the astrologers were spinning their legends around it, no one suspected the real wonder of the great planet.

Until Galileo invented his telescope yesterday, only 300 years ago—the vast ring system of Saturn remained hidden from human eyes.

There is, to be sure, a theory, based on certain sculptured symbols, that in old Babylon the priests had seen Saturn's ring, with some early form of telescope, or had heard of it through some tradition handed down from a vanished civilization of Asia, and kept the secret to themselves for purposes of mystification, and such a theory would be hamensely interesting if it could be proved.

As you look at it, with its pale, steady light—after all merely a bright point on the sky—remember that it is a globe, a world, 700 times as large as this one on which we have made history, and that if you were using a telescope (even a very small one) you would plainly see surrounding it a system of broad, flat rings, looking generally like a single ring, placed with its thin edge toward the planet, and measuring 43,000 miles in circumference—long enough to wrap twice around the earth, and then extend from the earth to the moon and back again!

And yet this enormous ring or system of rings, one within another, suspended around the planet Saturn, has a thickness not exceeding a hundred miles. Moreover, it has been proved that the rings are not solid, but are composed of innumerable minute satellites crowded together in endless swarms.

Can such a world bear inhabitants? Certainly not inhabitants resembling those of the earth in physical attributes.

The substance of Saturn is so light that it would float in water. It has been thought possible that Saturn is chiefly a fluid planet. But whether fluid or solid, there it is before our eyes, with all its vast bulk and its magnificent entourage of shining satellites and rings.

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CONCENTRATION IS FIRST STEP TO REAL SUCCESS

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Do you possess the power of concentration?

Can you focus your mind upon upon any subject for any length of time?

If you believe you can, put the matter to the test.

Sit down for five minutes (just five minutes before the clock strikes the hour and try and think of only one things.

Take the word Light, or the word Strength, and try to think of the meaning; or take the face of anyone you love, and think of its features, excluding all other thoughts; or imagine the earth before any sign of life existed upon it, with only verdure, water and the wind, and think of that as a symbol of the word serenity.

If you succeed in holding your mind resolutely to any one of these ideas for even one minute, without the intrusion of twenty other thoughts, you may believe yourself well prepared for any mental effort.

And you may know that you are the exception to the rule of intellectual humanity.

Not one mind in 100 can do this simple thing.

Not one mind in 50 in America.

Mind scattering is almost universal here. Our public schools, with all the good things they do for the masses, weaken the power of concentration in the majority of pupils.

The average normal child, born with good health and a vigorous body, possesses the ability to hold its mind to one thought.

It is after the mind begins to be crowded with a multiplicity of ideals that the thought scattering process sets in.

Many people imagine that concentration means to think of only one subject all the time.

But the person who does that becomes a monomaniac and a bore, however he may succeed in his chosen line.

The successful musician, and actor, and writer, and inventor, is often a being of this kind, and heaven preserve us from his society.

He not only thinks of one subject continually, but he talks it continually, which makes men and women with a repertoire of ideas fly at his approach. There is no necessity of this kind of concentration to insure success.

All that is needed is to think of one subject at a time; to put all your mental machinery in action on that subject.

If you have selected music as a profession, think, talk and dream music for a certain period of time each day.

Drive away all other thoughts while you are working on those lines.

Stop when you finish your allotted task, and the time you have set apart for this study expires, then concentrate upon whatever subject presents itself with equal persistency.

If some friend talks to you of books, fashion or current events do not let your mind roam back to music and give but half attention to his conversation. That is the way thought scattering begins with many of us. And thought scattering is twofold more wasteful and wicked than time and money scattering.

Nothing in this life is so precious as our mental forces.

Upon our use of them depends our spiritual development, our usefulness to humanity and our physical well being, to a great degree.

I am not discussing this topic (or any topic) from a lofty altitude of one who claims to be a model of achievement in that particular line. I discuss it rather, and all kindred subjects, as one who has learned the need of such discussions from personal experience, and innumerable mistakes, and consequent regrets.

Originally I know my own powers of concentration were strong, and wholly under control of my will.

Because they were, I misused them.

To do two things at once, to write a letter and hear a book read aloud; to lay out an itinerary of travel, and carry on a conversation on an entirely different subject, to entertain callers and hear all they said while planning mentally a week's business affairs, seemed a sort of delightful mental calisthenic exercise.

But gradually the conviction was forced upon the overtaxed mental powers that concentration, absolute, was becoming more difficult.

That it was growing next to impossible to give complete attention to the conversation of another without the intrusion of a half dozen foreign and irrelevant ideas, or to keep the mind upon a book when reading.

When we find such symptoms occurring we may as well realize the necessity for immediate remedies.

The one remedy for this tendency to idea scattering is to put the check of Will upon the mind; to practice listening with attention, no matter how slightly interested we may be; make the interview short, if the topic discussed is boring you, but while you listen is seeming, listen in fact. Think of nothing but what you are hearing. Pay absolute attention. No matter how trivial the duty you are performing, devote your whole mind to its performance.

Then, when it is accomplished, turn your mental powers in some other direction with equal steadiness.

Let your mind be the searchlight, and your will the hand that turns it from one point to another.

But while it falls in any one spot, keep it steady.

That is what concentration means.

That is what the first step to success means.

It is slow work to regain this lost power. It is like regaining lost health. But it can be done.

Think of only one thing at a time. Focus all your faculties on that one while it is the matter under consideration.

Practice of this kind, steadily followed, will make you master of your own mind, and master of whatever subject you may choose to consider.

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TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO TO-DAY IN ST. LOUIS.

From The Republic of Nov. 20, 1880.

Solon Humphreys of New York, president of the Wabash Railroad, arrived to preside at a meeting of stockholders. It was decided to issue bonds to the amount of $1,000,000.

Secretary Renshaw of the Missouri Immigration Committee issued a statement concerning the work of the body and the number of settlers brought to Missouri.

In a fire which wiped out the St. Louis Smelting and Refining Works at Chouteau's Island, John Williams, the engineer, was killed after he had rushed back into the burning building in an effort to save some of the company's property.

Sheriff F. B. Morgan of Winnebago County sailed at the Four Courts for William J. Tanner, a prisoner.

Continued cold weather crowded all the city institutions with destitute persons and necessitated the postponement of work on the Mill Creek sewer.

Charles W. Streib, a well-known blacksmith of No. 1801 North Broadway, hung himself in his room.

In a fight between two waiters at the Union Depot Restaurant, Charles Beatchant, one of the participants, was badly stabbed.

Doctor Frank, the Coroner, held an investigation into the death of a negress, Mary Williams, and decided that she came to her end by natural causes.