The Times-Dispatch

DAILY—WEEKLY—SUNDAY.

Business Office ....916 E. Main Street.
Washington Bureau ....501 14th St., N. W.
Manchester Bureau ....1102 Hull St.
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BY MAIL. POSTAGE PAID	One Year.	Six Mos.	Three Mos.	One Mo.
Daily, with Sunday	$6.00	$3.00	$1.50	.55
Daily, without Sunday	4.00	2.00	1.00	.35
Sunday edition only	2.00	1.00	.50	.25
Weekly (Wednesday)	1.00	.50	.25	...

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	One Week.	One Year.
Daily, with Sunday	14 cents	$6.50
Daily, without Sunday	10 cents	4.50
Sunday only	5 cents	2.50

(Yearly Subscriptions Payable in Advance.)

Entered, January 27, 1903, at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter, under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

HOW TO CALL TIMES-DISPATCH.
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1906.

I am of opinion, and always was, that the law of God does exactly agree with the law of nature.
—Milton.

Subtle Influence of Paternalism.

Secretary Shaw has come to the relief of the money market by depositing government funds in the banks. The government had been taking out of the channels of trade large sums of money for which it had no need, and there was accordingly a surplus accumulation in its vaults, while the banks were straining every resource to procure funds with which to supply their customers. If this demand for money was for speculative purposes, none but speculators would be concerned, but it is for legitimate trade, and good mercantile paper is being shaved at 6 and even 7 per cent. The abnormal demand is due to abnormal business activity. We have had no dull season this year. The factories have been driving at full speed all summer, the railroads have had all the traffic they could handle, and commerce has been booming accordingly. The wealth of the country has increased beyond the dreams of avarice; yet the whole country is pinched for ready cash. Our prosperity is threatening to overwhelm us.

It is truly an anomalous situation, and it is a reflection upon our intelligence as a nation. If this were a first experience we might be excusable. But the same sort of crisis has arisen time and again, and there has been warning after warning that unless our currency system should be reformed, disastrous panic would soon or late overtake us. Yet Congress has paid no attention to the warning, and even the great majority of business men have apparently given themselves little or no concern. Why? Because whenever the pinch has come the Secretary of the Treasury has run to the rescue with some sort of a makeshift which has luckily saved the country over the crisis.

But suppose the Secretary did not come to the rescue in the time of trouble, suppose the state of the Treasury should be such as to make it impossible for him to do so, what then? What then?

At best the Secretary's relief is but a temporary makeshift, and it does not go to the root of the evil. Moreover, this way of turning to the government for relief whenever we find ourselves in a predicament is mischievous and dangerous, for it is tending to destroy that spirit of self-reliance upon which American character and American success are founded. Whenever any of the wheels of our commercial and industrial machinery get out of gear or become clogged, we turn to the government. We are doing it more and more, and it is time to inquire if it is not becoming with us a national habit. It so, we are losing our character and are well on the way to paternalism, to socialism. It is so easy for the individual to shift his responsibility upon the government; so easy for the citizen to let the government do for him what he should do for himself, when the task is difficult.

In 1835 Alexis de Tocqueville wrote a book on "Democracy in America," and the title of one of his chapters was "What sort of Despotism Democratic Nations Have to Fear." This chapter has lately been reproduced in the columns of the New York World, and it will be found elsewhere in today's Times-Dispatch.

We commend it to our readers, especially this concluding paragraph:

"The will of man is not shattered, but softened, bent and guided; men are seldom forced by it to act, but they are constantly restrained from acting; such a power does not destroy, but it prevents existence; it does not tyrannize, but it compresses, enervates, extinguishes and stupefies a people, till each nation is reduced to nothing better than a flock of timid and industrious animals, of which the government is the shepherd."

He is speaking of the subtle growing of paternal government. By such influences, [illegible] the American character. Are we losing our manhood and self-reliance and surrendering our power and our prerogatives to the government? Are we? Is it? But the question forces itself upon us and commands our attention.

Causes of the Atlanta Riot.

The newspapers of Atlanta have filled columns of editorial space in discoursing on the whys and wherefores of the recent riot in that city, and opinions vary more or less. The Fulton county grand jury, however, has reached a conclusion radically different from the theories advanced by any of these contemporaries. The grand jury has made the following presentment:

"Believing that the sensational manner in which the afternoon newspapers of Atlanta have presented to the people the news of the various criminal acts recently committed in this county has largely influenced the creation of the spirit animating the mob of last Saturday night, and that the editorial utterances of the Atlanta News for some time past have been calculated to create a disregard for the proper administration of the law and to promote the organization of citizens to act outside of the law in the punishment of crime;

"And believing further that the distribution by the Atlanta News of sensational extras on Saturday night among excited men and boys greatly inflamed the crowd and promoted the formation of the mobs; therefore

"Resolved, That the sensationalism of the afternoon papers in the presentation of the criminal news to the public prior to the riots of Saturday night, especially in the case of the Atlanta News, deserves our severest condemnation, and we trust that in the interest of law and order in Fulton county there may be a cessation of such journalistic methods."

The News is controlled by Colonel James W. English, Jr., Governor Terrell's chief of staff. Not long ago it printed a flaming editorial applauding and glorifying the mob in South Carolina which lynched a negro in the presence of the Governor and in defiance of his plea for law and order, and then offered one thousand dollars reward for the apprehension and lynching of such a criminal in Atlanta. It had employed both its editorial columns and its news columns in such a way as to arouse the mob, and the mob finally responded with a right good will to its call. The grand jury inquired into the causes of the riot, and fixed the blame where it belonged. All the afternoon papers are condemned for their sensationalism, and in the case of the News the opinion is expressed that its editorial utterances for some time past "have been calculated to create a disregard for the proper administration of the law and to promote the organization of citizens to act outside of the law in the punishment of crime."

Whether or not these articles were "calculated" to incite riot in the sense that they were designed to do so, we shall not say; but that was undoubtedly the effect of them; and that is undoubtedly the tendency of all editorial articles from any source in advocacy of lynching. There are few of us who are not influenced, more or less, in forming our opinions, by the books or newspapers we read. This is especially true of the man who sees but one newspaper, and reads its editorial utterances from day to day. He finally comes to regard his paper as a sort of oracle, and when it is seriously stated and argued with all the arts known to journalism that lynching is right, he is almost sure to come by and by to the editor's view, even if he needs to be convinced. If that be already his own view, his opinion is strengthened by the concurrent view and arguments of the editor.

We have been speaking of the conservative man, of the citizen who is by nature and training law-abiding. How much worse is the influence of such a paper over the man who is lawless at heart, who loves the excitement and strong flavor of a lynching frolic!

The presentment of the Atlanta grand jury is an object-lesson. We cannot conceive of a newspaper so base that it would deliberately and deliberately incite a riot, or even promote the spirit of lawlessness. But whatever its motives, it is in a fair way to do both when it persistently advocates lynching; for once the spirit of lawlessness is aroused, and once the lawless element is rallied, mob violence and riot are inevitable.

These remarks are not to be construed as a lecture to newspapers which contend that lynching for a nameless crime is justifiable and necessary to the protection of society. They are made in support of the position maintained by The Times-Dispatch, that lynching begets lawlessness, and that lawlessness once countenanced by the best element in the population is sure to end by its run to riot. The Atlanta newspaper which began by offering a reward for a lynching is now held responsible by the grand jury for the riot which finally broke out.

Cost of Family Living.

Harper's Bazar is shedding some interesting light upon the present-day cost of living in a series of "personal" articles analyzing the distribution of expenses in households whose incomes range between $1,000 and $2,000 a year. A Binghamton woman, whose husband's salary is the latter figure, formulates her family budget as follows:

Rent	$ 300
Outside help	96
Laundry	52
Groceries and meat	234
Fuel and gas	50
Clothes for husband	175
Clothes for wife and girls	200
Personal and doctor's bills	50
Amusements and travel	99
Total	$1,256

She and her daughters do the housework, and no servant is employed except a washerwoman, who comes to the house twice a week. The husband's [illegible] it would seem, must make more [illegible] upon his salary than would warrant. Roughly the item of rent, at [illegible], is just one-quarter of the total expenditure. Fifty dollars a year for [illegible] [illegible] the other hand, [illegible] One would think that [illegible] would be a better ordered and more [illegible] A saving of [illegible] per cent. of total income [illegible]

A New [illegible] woman has $1,500 a year, and [illegible] for the [illegible] of her family of four:

Rent	$ 275
[illegible]	75
[illegible]	200
[illegible]	75
[illegible]	125
[illegible]	90
Total	$1,500

[illegible] made to do for [illegible] of the family [illegible] of clothes [illegible] from the total [illegible]

criticism upon an otherwise well-planned budget.

In these times of high and increasing prices, local housekeepers may well be interested in learning how women in other parts of the country are adjusting their expenses to make them tally with their incomes and cover the family needs.

The Hearst Movement.

Bourke Cockran admitted in his convention speech that Hearst was not his choice, but said that neither in the conferences of the opposition nor in the convention hall had another candidate been honestly presented. It appears that the better class of Democrats had determined to let the machine tear itself to pieces. And that is likely to be the result. Mr. Murphy is a politician with keen scent, but we do not see how it is possible for the Hearst movement to succeed in New York.

"You can sell the Democratic name, you can sell the Democratic party emblem, but, thank God, you cannot sell the Democratic voters. You think you have won a victory, but it will turn to ashes."

So said Thos. M. Osborne, of Albany, and he doubtless expresses the sentiments of a large body of honest Democrats throughout the State. In nominating Hearst, an "Independent," the convention has turned its back on "party regularity" and the effect of it must be to encourage independence among the Democratic voters. The Republicans have nominated a man of recognized ability and character, a man who made himself a popular favorite by prosecuting the insurance grafters, and many Democrats will support him in preference to a reckless opportunist, who has shown in the conduct of his string of incendiary newspapers that his one idea in life is to cater to popular emotion and caprice.

William R. Hearst as successor to Samuel J. Tilden! William R. Hearst as leader of the Empire State Democracy and expounder of Democratic doctrine! William R. Hearst in training and in line for the nomination for the presidency! The true Democracy of New York and of the nation will not stand for it, and if by machine methods, by trading and bribery, such as seem to have been practiced at Buffalo, this man should be put up as the standard bearer of the national Democracy, the party will not only go down in inglorious defeat, but will be disrupted and destroyed.

Doing the Splits.

The platform of the Independence League of New York declares:

"The Independence League believes in the public ownership of public utilities that are monopolies. Respect for local rights and home rule should authorize the enactment of a statute empowering all cities to acquire and operate public necessities."

The platform of the Buffalo Democratic Convention declares:

"We hold that the cure for these abuses is not in socialism, which, by enormously extending the power of government, must aggravate, but in democracy, which, by excluding government from any interference whatever with private industry, must cure them.

"We denounce the socialism which seeks to make government the sole agent of production, as nothing less than a proposal to re-establish the institution of tyranny and industrial slavery which perished before the advance of Christian civilization."

Mr. William Randolph Hearst is standing on both these platforms, which establishes the fact that Mr. Hearst is a man of great political versatility.

The Kindergarten.

The Richmond Training School for Kindergartners is not run for profit. It does not pay expenses, but is kept alive by the munificence of its friends, in the interest of the kindergarten system. It has trained all the teachers in that department of the public school system of Richmond, and thus far has been able to find profitable employment for all its graduates.

The school will open for the next session on Monday, and it is hoped that it will have a prosperous session. It offers the means to bright young women to fit themselves for a career, and as the supply of kindergarten teachers is not equal to the demand, the surprise is that more of them do not take advantage of its courses. There is certainly no better training school of the kind in the South.

Mr. Hearst no doubt feels that it doesn't do much harm to be "intellectually sterile, socially vulgar and morally obtuse," so long as you can manage to have the goods delivered.

However many Democrats have come out against Hearst since the Buffalo convention, we are able to state authoritatively that Arthur Brisbane is still for him.

The Democratic nominee for Governor of New York is getting in position to understand the point of those "Lonesome-Hearst" jokes in the comic weeklies.

There is ground for believing that Hon. Estrada Palma is now gravely pondering the famous question, "What shall we do with our ex-Presidents?"

If Hon. Charles Murphy had been jailed a few months back, as the Hearst organs urged, where would Willie Randolph be now?

Before he dies Taft seems in a fair way to serve as Governor of all our insular possessions, with the possible exception of Guam.

President Palma, when he becomes ex-, will find that dethroning is a handy sport for passing the time away.

Col. Bryan says that he is "much gratified at the nomination of Mr. Hearst." This makes two.

Even the New York Journal has not had the nerve to ask, "Who's Hughes in New York?"

With no intent to offend, we reiterate the charge that California is full of [illegible]

The Buffalo gathering also means pleasant times ahead for Mayor McClellan.

These Mexican revolutionists appear to be behaving like very hot tamales.

Rhymes for To-Day

"Revised."

I GUESS old football's just the same
As when, in autumn's early cool,
The writer used to play the game
At school.

They say they've made it calm and mild,
So teams no longer die, or faint;
They say they have—but listen, child:
They ain't.

The game's a hurly-burly yet,
Unless my understanding's thick,
Where not infrequently you'll get
A kick.

"Third down" means still an angry jam
Where one receives, with little reck,
A badly twisted diaphragm,
Or neck.

The half-back still must sprint bepained
Through many a mix and lively tilt,
The quarter-back must still get sprained
Or kilt.

They say they've had the game revised
Of all brutality and taint;
They say, but—doubtless you've surmised:
They ain't.

So when they shout "All danger's gone!"
Say this—(they'll [illegible] what [illegible] means):
"To Cuba, youse, and try that on
Marines!"

H. S. H.

New York Press on Hearst

Sold, But Not Delivered.

The Democratic party of this State has been sold and its emblems turned over to the purchaser, but the Democratic voters cannot be delivered. When it became evident that Mr. Hearst would certainly be nominated at Buffalo independent Democrats in all parts of the State sent to Charles E. Hughes, the Republican nominee, their congratulations and promises of support. "Thank God," exclaimed District-Attorney Jerome, when he heard of Mr. Hughes's nomination. "They have given us a man we can vote for."—New York Herald.

Hearst Revealed.

Moreover, though Hearst now appears more powerful than ever before, he also appears more contemptible. The tricks, bribery and complete surrender of his professed opinions which have marked his course during the last few weeks have shown him so unscrupulous as to disgust many of his former dupes. His crawling back into the arms of Murphy and Grady and the Sullivans lost him the one instinctive feeling for his true ascendency, but his readiness to swallow his honest words if he can gain anything thereby.—New York Evening Post.

The Democratic Platform.

"No longer does the word Democrat mean any desirable doctrine," said Mr. Hearst in his speech in Salem, Ill., last August. [illegible] from the strange [illegible] which Mr. Hearst yesterday approved as the platform in the Empire State [illegible] party which he was so recently [illegible] with his best invective.—New York World.

Extinguished.

The Democracy has cut its cables and gone adrift. Its course is not to see. Its skipper, five years ago the President of the United States, was assassinated at Buffalo. At Buffalo this morning William R. Hearst was nominated by the Democracy as its candidate for the governorship of the State of New York. Let us accept the inevitable with grace and resignation and let us hope that the party, if its constitution and the torch has done to anything of this kind the only service of which it was capable, and has extinguished itself forever. In the primitive republic of China such an episode would be requited with the scaffold; here it will be expiated with the ballot.—New York Sun.

A Sinking Ship.

Mr. Hearst and Mr. Murphy found a sinking craft at Buffalo. They first scuttled it, and then climbed aboard. The fortunate thing for the community is that they are aboard, for it is certain that the vessel is going to the bottom.—New York Times.

A Fatal Success.

The Democratic party is Hearst, and Hearst is the Democratic party. It was a tremendous success, the most [illegible] success in a remarkable career. But it was paid for by the disclosure that the "implacable" and "absolute" opposition to Murphy was a public pretense; privately he and the "criminal boss" were working together cheek by jowl.—New York Tribune.

Repudiated.

We start out with good hope because Hearst's nomination has instantly provoked, along with nausea, revolt. Hundreds of honorable Democrats openly repudiate him, thousands are saying quietly that they would no more think of voting for him than they would of burning a hole. Not a reputable Democratic newspaper in this Democratic city will support him. It is not necessary to talk about explaining a Democratic bolt. The thing is. Mr. Hearst has an enormous power of repulsion for decency and decent Democrats. He drives him as people flee from pestilence.—New York Evening Post.

The Tide for Hughes.

From every county in the State this morning comes tidings of Democratic revolt against the shameful bargain at Buffalo and protest against the beneficiary. No Democrat, however, should refrain from voting. There is only one way to make the rebuke of the Tammany bosses and their abominable candidate effective, and this is by voting for Charles E. Hughes.—New York Herald.

An Odorous Nomination.

It cannot be otherwise than that such a nomination will "go stale." Already it stirs the olfactories, already it nauseates. And, as it grows older it will become more and more offensive, until it smells to heaven. Then will come fumigation at the ballot-box.—Brooklyn Eagle.

An Extraordinary Convention.

Never was there such a political convention. It was predestined over by the head of the [illegible] fated enterprise which Hearst had denounced as "the swindling swindle." Its platform was written by the man whom he characterized as "The Hon. Bought Cockran." Its action was dominated by the man whom he cartooned as a thief in stripes.—New York Mail.

What of Independence?

It is now already that, during their joint campaign with Murphy, Sullivan and Gaynor, a great deal has come over the members of the Independence League. They have been sold out, and they know it. They are asked to rest their hopes in the air for men and measures that a month ago they were told were the work of all iniquity. What sincere anti-boss Independence Leaguer can endure the invitation to get under the same political blanket with Murphy?—New York Globe.

HOW BOURKE COCKRAN TOOK HEARST PILL

(From His Buffalo Convention Speech.)

"I don't think any of the harsh things said in a campaign hurt anyone. I don't."

"I was in hopes when I came here that we would find another than he whom we are brought forced to support."

"But," he cried out, "what is the alternative? Admit that on the one side we have communism, socialism and all these evils that my dear Democratic friends have mention. On the other side we have the unspeakable corruption through all our public and business life. If I must choose between rottenness and riot, I regret the choice, but give me riot. Riot will cure itself in time, but rottenness once entered into the body politic, that body can never again be made whole."

"We are supporting Mr. Hearst, at least I am, because as a Democrat I cannot help it. I am here to make no profession of personal friendship or liking for him. He has struck me some hard blows; I have not failed to strike one or two back."

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BOOK REVIEW AND MAGAZINE NOTES.

SIM GREENE. By Richard T. Wiley. From the John C. Winston Company, of Philadelphia.

Of this book, a criticism appearing in the Pittsburg Gazette-Times graphically says:

"It is unquestionably the best picture of pioneer life in Southwestern Pennsylvania that has ever been drawn. In school and church and home we see the hardy ancients of the land, who drank whisky like water and thought a stove an abomination in the Lord's house. Sim Greene, the titular hero of the book, reminds one of Natty Bumppo by his virile originality, while his vocabulary is unique. With such words as 'conniption,' which is synonymous with 'hootchummy,' he certainly sets the most able-bodied dictionary at defiance. However, Sim Greene is only one of half a dozen striking characters in the book, and his name seems somewhat out of place as the title. It might just as appropriately have been 'Tom the Tinker,' thus symbolizing the Whisky Insurrection, whose events are intimately interwoven with the story. Aside from the fidelity of its atmosphere and background, the story has another claim to historical value in its faithful and dramatic presentation of this uprising, which menaced Federal authority during the early years of our nation's existence.

"The plot is not of the breathless kind; it is rather the orderly unfolding of natural human lives. But there is at least one incident—Harold seeing Simon Sam [illegible] Miss Mabel, with the explanation afterward supplied—which shows decided originality of invention, just as the love passage between Harold and Mabel admirably blends delicacy and reserve with romantic sentiment."

PATTY'S SUMMER DAYS. By Carolyn Wells. Published by Dodd, Mead & Company, of New York. For sale in Richmond by the Bell Book Company.

To those who have become acquainted with charming Patty Fairfield and her delightful coterie of girl and boy friends, the announcement that Miss Wells has added another to the series of "Patty" books, will come as a distinct pleasure.

"Patty's Summer Days" contains more exciting and interesting events than any book of the series. It opens with the account of Nan's marriage, gives a delightfully humorous account of a long anticipated fair, of a Christmas party on the Fourth of July, and of Patty's graduation, and closes with a charity bazaar and a temporary misunderstanding between Patty and one of her ardent admirers.

Girls, young and old, will find in these books such a sympathetic understanding of their point of view that they will wish the series continued indefinitely.

DE SOTO. By Frederick A. Ober. From Harper Brothers, of New York, through the Bell Book and Stationery Co., of Richmond.

This book, which tells, in addition to other things, the story of the invasion of Florida, belongs to the "Heroes of American History" series, and is full of the most splendid romance and pageantry from beginning to end.

Just the kind of a book for a boy to enjoy and to learn early American history from.

There is no braver or more gallant figure than DeSoto in the period to which he belongs. His name in American annals is associated with the most brilliant undertaking and the most sorrowful of tragedies, the mystery of which the turbid waters of the Mississippi hides to-day.

THE RUSSIAN GRANDMOTHER'S WONDER TALES. By Louise Seymour Houghton. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York.

The author of this book of Russian folklore stories says that children will not be less interested in the stories which the Russian grandmother told to the little peasant boy if they discover in her wonder-tales some analogies with stories that they already know.

The adventures of "Master Reinecke" and "Mrs. [illegible]" of [illegible] and "Lampe," will surely remind them of the Uncle Remus tales; they will find some suggestion of Kamaraz-zaman and the Princess Budour in the story of "The Bug and the Fox," and a hint of the "City of Brass" in that of "The Vila in Muhlenberg," and so on. The flavor of these stories, however, is unmistakably Slavonic, their fine pungency and underlying pathos proving the fact.

POWER LOT. By Sarah P. McLean Greene. From the Baker & Taylor Co., of New York.

A story of the reformation of a man and his restoration to self-respect through the power of honest labor, the exercise of honest independence, and the aid of clean, healthy, out-of-door life and surroundings.

A story in which the characterization and description are very finely done, in which the flavor of the fresh air and the salt sea-bites, and the strong winds show the fever of mind and imagination.

A story in which the close bond of friendship between men is depicted, in which humor and tragedy are skilfully intermingled, and climaxes of much power and force add to the interest.

THE POND IN MARSHY MEADOW. By Anne Helena Woodruff. From the Saalfield Publishing Company, of New York.

A lovely example of the book-maker's art in typography, binding and illustration, and in the simple natural way with which the people of the pond are introduced to the little people of humanity that read about them. The book is one calculated to delight and instruct through the appeal it makes to the perceptive as well as the intellectual faculties, and to offer to the childish imagination something of which it can never tire.

TWO LEGS. By Carl Ewald. From Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York, through the Bell Book and Stationery Co., of Richmond.

Those who read the most charming child's book of the year, "My Little Boy," will be delighted to welcome a later little volume from his pen. This story is written in the same quaint and charming fashion which rendered "My Little Boy" so attractive, and will be a delight to all in whose hands it chances to fall, whether they are grown people or children.

ALL THE YEAR IN THE GARDEN. Compiled by Esther Matson. From the Thomas Crowell Company of New York.

This dainty little volume is nothing more or less than a year-book with a telling out-door thought devoted to each day.

Naturally each month and each season has its own special devotees, and the compiler has given due regard to this fact, thus rounding out a most interesting book from a literary as well as from a rural point of view.

SNOW-BOUND. By John Greenleaf Whittier. From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of New York.

This beautiful edition of one of the best known and best loved of Whittier's poems has twenty full-page illustrations, done by such artists as Howard Pyle, John J. Enneking and Edmund H. Garrett. Adrian J. Iorio is the originator of the decorations, which are most attractive.

The frontispiece is a fine reproduction in color of the Whittier homestead, by Mr. Enneking.

The landscape drawings are gems; so are the figure pictures, and Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have a right to be proud of such a creditable and appropriate advance Christmas publication.

EVERY MAN A KING. By Orson Swett Marden. From Thomas Crowell & Co., of New York.

The work of Dr. Marden hardly needs special mention nowadays. His practical books on success in life have received the indorsement of presidents and crowned heads, and have been translated as far even as Japan; while as editor of "Success," he is daily exerting a wide influence.

From the same house comes "The Spirit of Democracy," by Charles Fletcher Dole.

In the light of the great waves of reform which have been sweeping over the country, and of the widespread desire for pure and upright administration, this work is especially timely. It has already attracted attention in serial form, and is destined to wield a still greater influence.

Shorter Mention.

Deserving of special commendation are two little volumes, "A Good Samaritan," by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, and "Breezy," by J. George Frederick.

Both of these little books are from McClure, Phillips & Co., of New York, through the Bell Book and Stationery Co., of this city, and both are entertaining and captivating in the highest degree, being written from a bright, optimistic and philanthropic standpoint. The first mentioned is evidently the work of a Southern woman, or a woman well acquainted with Southern names and personality.

Along the lines of excellent examples in the art of short bookmaking may be mentioned "A Whimsey Anthology," by Carolyn Wells, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York; "The World's Christmas-Tree," by Charles E. Jefferson, from Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., of New York; "American Character," by Brander Matthews, from the same publishers; "The Open Secret of Nazareth," by Bradley Gilman, from the same; "The Pursuit of Happiness," by George Hodges, from Doubleday, Page & Co., of New York, through the Bell Book and Stationery Co., of this city, and "Tannhauser," Wagner's music-drama, retold in English verse by Oliver Huckel, and published by Thomas Crowell & Co., of New York.

October Magazines.

Mr. F. B. Masters is responsible for a brilliant piece of color work in the cover design of Appleton's Magazine for October. The frontispiece is an illustration accompanying Arthur Rochester's "Bridge Winder." Other important articles of general interest are by A. W. Rolker, Atherton Brownell, Howard Flanagan, Thomas Beer, R. T. H. Halsey, Allan L. Benson and Glenn Brown. Contributors of short stories and poems are Porter Emerson Browne, Owen Oliver, Edith Barnard, Lloyd Osbourne, Karl Edwin Harriman, Catherine Thayer, Archie Sullivan, Katharine H. Breck and Clinton Scollard. Several chapters of Elizabeth Duer's serial, "The Prince Goes Fishing," appear, and the number concludes with Edward S. Martin's "Current Reflections."

The special autumn fashion number of Harper's Bazar carries the richly-hatted October girl on its cover. The fashion articles, interestingly written, are done by A. T. Ashmore and Flora McDonald Thompson. They are beautifully illustrated by Ethel and Guy Rose and A. M. Cooper, the frontispiece being the work of Guy Rose. Theodosia Garrison, Florence Earle Coates and Dora Read Goodale have contributed the poetry, other writers being Edmund Proctor Clarke, Mary Stewart Cutting, Dorothy Canfield, William Dean Howells, Martha Cutler, Martha H. Steen, Christine Terhune Herrick, Josephine Grenier and Jane Calhoun. Humorous contributions are by Robert H. Grant, J. A. Cahill, Flora Salinger and J. S. Allen. Robert Hichens's novel, "The Call of the Blood," continues to be an attractive magazine feature.

The American Magazine for October has an opening editorial announcement that will be read with interest, the series of noted men's portraits illustrating it and rendering it most attractive. Other writers making up the table of contents are William Allen White, Arthur Stringer, Edith Barnard, Casper Day, F. P. Dunne, Frances Benjamin Johnston, May McHenry, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Edwin Balmer, Lincoln Steffens, Maude L. Radford, Leonard Keene Hirshberg, M. D., William Aspenwall Bradley, Stewart Edward White, Samuel Hopkins Adams and E. J. Rath.

The October number of the Woman's Home Companion opens with the first installment of Juliet Wilbor Tompkins's new serial, "The Mountain Doctor." Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith collaborate in producing a very attractive description of a "Weather-Vane Party." Others helping to make up well-filled departments are Eugene Wood, Will N. Harben, Edward Everett Hale, D. D., Samuel Howe, Ellis Parker Butler, Robert Akers, C. S. [illegible] A. J. McKelway, Grace Margaret Gould, Anna Steese Richardson, Abbie Hibbard, Margaret E. Sangster, Evelyn Parsons, Charles Barnard and others.

A prime attraction of the October Delineator is the beginning of a serial story, "Fraulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther," by Countess von Arnim, the Countess being hitherto popularly known in America only as the fascinating authoress of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." Helen Berkeley-Lloyd, Edouard La Fontaine and Ethel M. Harris write cleverly and brightly on fashions, millinery, dressmaking and fancy needlework, other departments in story-making, miscellany and domestic science being well filled by such writers as Lida A. Churchill, J. J. Bell, Edgar Saltus, Barry Pain, C. N. and A. M. Williamson, Anne Story Allen, Ralph Henry Barbour, Tom Masson, George Middleton, John Vance Cheney, Florence E. Wilkinson, Florence Pettier, Fannie A. Nodwell, Lina Beard, Sarah Comstock, Olive Brown-Serre, Olive Hyde Foster, Helen Berkeley-Loyd, Marie Devaux, Miles Bradford, Frances E. Peck, Mary Sommers, Mary T. Graham, Alice M. Kellogg, Walter Quackenbush and William George Jordan.

Thomas Mitchell Peirce has done the cover design for the October Ainslee and Alice Duer Miller is the author of the clever leading novelette which she calls "A Maid and Her Money." The poetry is by Carolyn Wells, John Curtis Underwood, Charlotte Becker, Theodosia Garrison, Anna Marble, Edwin Warren Guyol and Minnie Ferris Hauenstein. Other writers for the month are May Sinclair, Francis Metcalfe, Weymer Jay Mills, W. A. Fraser, Marion Hill, J. C. Lincoln, T. W. Hanshew, Anne O'Hagan, Constance Smedley, Pearl Humphrey, Margaret Sutton Briscoe, Anne Warner, Channing Pollock and Archibald Lowery Sessions.

The clever, virile face of William Travers Jerome looks out from the frontispiece of Everybody's Magazine for October, which presents as a leading feature five chapters of a story called "Before Adam," and written by Jack London. Frank Simonds contributes a very interesting article on "Hughes and Jerome," and Thomas W. Lawson writes on "The Burning Insurance Issue."

In the October number of Pearson's Magazine Mrs. Ballington Booth begins a new series of her "Little Mother Stories;" James Creelman illustrates his article on "A Boss-Tamer in Ermine" with photographs, and William R. Stewart talks to his readers about "Protecting the World's Richest Man." The whole table of contents is excellent.

Una Hudson is the author of a complete novelette—"Changing Her Name"—which appears in Gunter's for October. "The Shadow of a Vendetta," equal to "Mr. Barnes of New York," Mr. Gunter's new serial, runs through several interesting chapters in this number, which also has among its contributors Helen A. Saxon, Florida P. Summerwell and James Ravenscroft.

Prominent features of the November Pilgrim will be "The Blind Farmer of Marshalsea," by Della Thompson Lutes. Mr. McKinney's story on "The Gateway of China" will have for its second instalment "The Gorges and the Rapids of the Yangtse." Allen Dale will have an article on "Our Western Art," and Sigmund Krausz one on "Hungarian Women and Their Ways." Mrs. Emma A. Fox will continue a series of parliamentary talks and Miss Louisa Poppenheim will appear in an article on "The Club Movement of the South." The pages devoted to fashion, Thanksgiving topics, health and the children's page will be found most suggestive and interesting.

The Garden Magazine for October is bright, crisp and helpful. It gives a list of the best varieties of tulips and daffodils for October and outdoor planting, and contains, in addition, classified tables for fall planting. Louise Shaw explains the methods of growing mushrooms on a ping-pong table. The illustrations throughout are very fine.

MERELY JOKING.

Caution.

They were making the usual round of exhibitions. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "do look at that beautiful Apollo Belvedere!" "Sh!" she returned. "Don't say 'dear' so loud. Everybody'll know we're just married."—Judge.

Political News.

Aspen: "I wonder how the primaries went up in [illegible] county. The last time I was up there State Senator Crowell told me he was out for a renomination." Dewitt: "Well, he's out, but I don't know how much."—Philadelphia Press.

Ornithological.

Fuss: "I wonder why that Mrs. Flasher is going around telling every one she got married just for a lark." Busy: "Perhaps because she married a jay."—Chicago News.

Something In It.

The Doctor: "What do you think of the claim made by certain men that they can tell the sex of a child by the way it moves its hands with a [illegible] in their hands? Is there anything in it?" The Professor: "Yes; I know one of them that gets it every time he guesses right."—Chicago Tribune.

A Study in the Nude.

Mrs. Newbride: "You may give me a turkey." The Butcher: "Yes'm. Will you have it dressed?" Mrs. Newbride (thoughtfully): "Now I'll have to sweat, that is—why, isn't it customary to sell them—as—in the altogether?"—Cleveland Leader.

In Commission.

"Mamma," said little Caesar Augustus, "Mister [illegible] say de rake he had de dress slaw. I [illegible] him he [illegible] an' "Yo' go 'long an' tell him he kain't hatch back [illegible]," replied Mrs. Snowdrop, the washlady. "Jess yo' [illegible] dat yo' [illegible] done gwine to de Afro-Method hall, dat shore?"—Philadelphia Press.

The Coming Despotism.

(From the sixth chapter of Book IV., "Democracy in America," by Alexis de Tocqueville, written in 1835, the title of the chapter being "What Sort of Despotism Democratic Nations Have to Fear.")

"I think then that the species of oppression by which democratic nations are menaced is unlike anything which ever before existed in the world; our contemporaries will find no prototype of it in their memories. I seek in vain for an expression which will accurately convey the whole of the idea I have formed of it; the words despotism and tyranny are inappropriate; the thing itself is new, and since I cannot name it I must attempt to define it.

"I seek to trace the novel features under which despotism may appear in the world. The first thing that strikes the observation is an innumerable multitude of men, all equal and alike, incessantly endeavoring to procure the petty and paltry pleasures with which they glut their lives. Each of them, living apart, is as a stranger to the fate of all the rest—his children and his private friends constitute to him the whole of mankind; as for the rest of his fellow-citizens he is close to them, but he sees them not; he touches them, but he feels them not; he exists, but in himself and for himself alone, and if his kindred still remain to him he may be said at any rate to have lost his country.

"Above this race of men stands an immense and tutelary power, which takes upon itself alone to secure their gratifications and to watch over their fate. That power is absolute, minute, regular, provident and mild. It would be like the authority of a parent if, like that authority, its object was to prepare men for manhood, but it seeks on the contrary to keep them in perpetual childhood; it is well content that the people should rejoice, provided they think of nothing but rejoicing. For their happiness such a government willingly labors, but it chooses to be the sole agent and only arbiter of that happiness; it provides for their security, foresees and supplies their necessities, facilitates their pleasures, manages their principal concerns, directs their industry, regulates the descent of property, and subdivides their inheritances. What remains but to spare them all the care of thinking and all the trouble of living?

"Thus it every day renders the exercise of the free agency of man less useful and less frequent; it circumscribes the will within a narrower range and gradually robs a man of all the uses of himself. The principle of equality has prepared men for these things; it has predisposed men to endure them and oftentimes to look on them as benefits.

"After having thus successively taken each member of the community in its powerful grasp and fashioned him at will, the supreme power then extends its arm over the whole community. It covers the surface of society with a network of small complicated rules, minute and uniform, through which the most original minds and most energetic characters cannot penetrate to rise above the crowd. The will of man is not shattered, but softened, bent and guided; men are seldom forced by it to act, but they are constantly restrained from acting; such a power does not destroy, but it prevents existence; it does not tyrannize, but it compresses, enervates, extinguishes and stupefies a people, till each nation is reduced to nothing better than a flock of timid and industrious animals, of which the government is the shepherd."

He'll Never Be President.

"Refus, use 'delighted' in er sentence."
"De lighted lamp blowed up en bunned up de house."—Denver Post.

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