

TURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1904.

MISS CORELLI AGAIN

PRECEDES HER NEW NOVEL WITH
SLAP AT CRITICS.

"God's Good Man" Falls In Love
With And Marries An American
Heiress Despite Certain Obstruc-
tions In His Way.

Miss Corelli has never been one of those authors who treat their critics with contemptuous silence. However contemptuous she may be, she has often shown that she does not believe that

The wisest answer unto such
Is merely silence when they brawl.

Her new novel, "God's Good Man: A Simple Love Story," is prefaced by an author's note, in which she enumerates long list of italicized literary sins, for which she begs, in large type, "Gentle viewer, be merciful unto me!" After corresponding summary of the sins of the reviewers, Miss Corelli entreats "May an honest press deliver me!" In the second summary particular deliverance is requested from "literary-clique 'stylists,' and other distinguished persons, who, by reason of their superior intellectuality to all the rest of the world, are always able, and more than ready, to condemn a book without reading it." The present reviewer desires first to plead not guilty to such severe charges; and, having done

above, he is obliged to meet them at a dinner at the manor. Here he first charms all by his brilliant conversation, and then incurs their wrath by censuring the ladies for smoking. Maryllia is also angry, but later forgives Walden in an interview in which he begins to realize that he loves her. Lord Roxmouth, at the time an unwelcome guest at the manor, plays eavesdropper upon the lovers. He again urges his suit upon Maryllia, and is repulsed with contempt. Distracted by his emotions, Walden now leaves St. Rest for a short visit to his friend Brent—a bishop, who is contemplating Roman Catholicism, but is restrained by Walden's arguments. Maryllia, too, leaves her home, that she may hide herself from Roxmouth's attentions.

After several months Maryllia returns. All now looks propitious for the lovers, when she meets with a terrible accident upon the hunting field, caused by the villainous Leach. At first her life is despaired of, and later it is supposed that she must remain a cripple; but a famous Italian surgeon performs an operation which restores her to complete health. In the meantime, Leach perishes from an attempt to drink 10 glasses of whisky on a wager, and Roxmouth, believing Maryllia a cripple, marries the rich American aunt. The book closes with the marriage of John and Maryllia, surrounded by their friends, the adoring villagers.

Such is an outline of the main incidents of "God's Good Man." The incidents, it is obvious, would not fill a volume of far more modest dimensions. The length of the work is due to the extreme diffuseness with which the "simple love story" is told. Taus, apart from the story itself, there are pages and pages which bristle with the apostrophes and uncouth spelling of dialect. These remarks in dialect impress the more cultured members of the story as very bur-
morous. All

note asking him to this refection being signed Katharine Barrington.

Tea, of course, is a little mild for romance; it is the people in the novels of Miss Austen, Anthony Trollope and Mr. Howells who take tea. Nevertheless, it is not to be supposed that a story with a beginning so romantic as that of the red automobile subsides into the simple love-making of cups and saucers. On the contrary, there now begins quite a rapid succession of incidents—picturesque and stirring—for Roland goes home to his castle, and Miss Barrington, not suspecting his identity, visits the neighborhood as a tourist. The events that follow have a footlight glow and charm, and, although there are many obstacles—true love such as this between Roland and Katharine could not possibly flourish without them—all comes beautifully right in the end. The story, it may be remarked, while not very original and nothing great, is entertaining, and will please most readers not too weary of this form of romance. (Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago.)

"The Flight Of A Moth."

Epistolary novels are coming out seemingly without end, and although when not well done, the form is particularly trying to the reader, yet to the writer it is seemingly one of the easiest; and, accordingly, for the last year or two, the "purveyors of fiction," both experienced and inexperienced, have essayed this sparkling, gossipy and irresponsible method of carrying on a narrative. The plot may be of the slightest and the incidents few; the chief interest is in the sketching of the characters—and nothing more than a sketch is required, for a real study would be a bore. The pencil must be lightly handled and the humor abundant; given this and some cynicism, mock sentiment and gay flirtation, and here and there some true love, and you have

HIS CONFSSION OF FAITH

DR. OSLER MAKES IT IN HIS NEW
BOOK, "SCIENCE AND IM-
MORTALITY."

Would Rather Be Mistaken With
Plato Than Be In The Right
With Those Who Deny Alto-
gether The Life After Death.

To Baltimoreans, Dr. Osler's just published book, "Science and Immortality," will be as interesting for what it reveals of the writer as for what it has to say of his tremendous theme. For, as the portrait painter limns himself as well as his subject in his pictures, so is Dr. Osler himself portrayed in these half hundred pages. They are like a passage from a *Journal Intime*, and doubtless, to those who have not known Baltimore's great physician personally, they will come as a revelation. They show him to be whole-hearted, as well as big-brained; they prove him acutely sensitive to things spiritual, broad-minded enough to see not only the results of science, but also their bearing upon the larger life of man; and, if Sidney Lanier's contention be true, that a poet's duty is to transmute the world's knowledge into wisdom, then Dr. Osler is a poet as well, though he writes not in verse, but in rhythmic prose.

There has been, and still is, a
parent.

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THE CRIME OF AUTO-SPEEDING.

With the attention of thousands of readers focused today upon the automobile race on Long Island, it seems especially timely to indulge in some reflections upon the dangers which have accompanied the growth of this form of amusement and sport. Almost daily there are accounts in the press dispatches of shocking accidents in which persons riding in motor-cars are maimed or killed, but, as these people have taken their own risks, the public at large

where is the use in casting pearls before swine? They are sure to trample them in the mire. And this is just what happened in the case of the Filipinos. They go back to Manila impressed with the greatness and glory of the United States, its power and its wealth, but more than ever convinced that independence is the thing for the Filipinos. Of all the committee, made up of the energy and intelligence of the islands, but a solitary individual is satisfied with the condition of dependence upon the United States. All want the Philippines for Filipinos. Poor Uncle Sam, he seems to be nurturing a serpent in his bosom! It is ever thus with holy peoples who plan for the welfare of those they have conquered out of sheer goodness of heart—and in the interest of Oriental trade.

NEW YORK BECOMING TOO EXPENSIVE FOR STEAMSHIP LINES.

The charges for dock room and other items of cost connected with the handling of trans-Atlantic steamships have been climbing up year after year until now some of the big steamship companies have awakened to the fact that there are other ports where business can be more cheaply handled. It is not certain, however, that New York is going to lose any of its steamship lines for the present, despite the attractiveness which Baltimore and other Atlantic seaboard terminals offer. The steamship companies want a reduction in the charges made by the Dock Department of the New York city government. In asking for this reduction they

PERSONAL AND GENERAL

October's Bright Blue Weather.

O suns and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather.

When loud the bumble-bee makes haste,
Belated, thriftless, vagrant;
And golden-rod is dying fast,
And lanes with grapes are fragrant;

When gentians roll their fringes tight
To save them from the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burrs
Without a sound of warning;

When on the ground red apples lie
In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls
Are leaves of woodbine twining;

When all the lovely wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the fields, still green and fair,
Late aftermaths are growing;

When springs run low, and on the brooks
In idle golden freighting,
Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush
Of woods, for winter waiting;

When comrades seek sweet country haunts,
By twos and twos together,
And count like misers hour by hour,
October's bright blue weather.

O suns and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together—
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

Strange as it may seem, though King Edward has now been on the throne for three years and eight months, there is as yet no great seal bearing his effigy and titles, the great seal still in use being that of Queen Victoria.

The King of Italy has bestowed one of the highest honors in the gift of the Crown upon Salvatore Pizzati, of New

STORIES FROM PHILADELPHIA.

Willing To Accommodate Each Other—Only A Torpedo.

(From the Philadelphia Record.)

It was very evident to the other passengers of the car that the two girls who got on at Market street had been imbibing too freely. From their garrulous conversation it became known that their names were Edna and May. May had lost her money, and Edna, who was very profuse in her offers to let May have any amount she wanted, finally produced a \$5 bill, to the embarrassment of the conductor. After receiving a conglomerate collection of dimes, nickels and pennies, requiring their joint aid to see that the company had not cheated them, they turned their attention to the pawn ticket for a feather which was included in the lost purse. May opened the conversation as follows: "Just to think of losing that feather. It was three-quarters long." "Yes," said Edna. "What will I do?" "Why, you can have mine," replied Edna. Not waiting for a reply, she proceeded to divest her headgear of its only adornment. After much pulling it finally came out, and the transfer was made, much to the amusement of the other passengers.

The Penn Mutual clock had just finished striking the hour of 2 yesterday afternoon when the throng on Chestnut street, between Ninth and Tenth, was startled by a sharp report like the sound of a pistol shot. Pedestrians paused on both sides of the street and looked about in search of the shooter, half expecting to witness the results of a tragedy, but instead the calm serenity of the tranquil autumn scene was undisturbed. There was no excitement. No one seemed able to exactly locate the spot from which the supposed shot had come. Standing in front of the Penn Mutual Building, however, was an automobile the sole occupant being a small boy with the face of an imp. Several people crowded around the motor car, thinking the three had exploded. The

to frighten the owners of the wires, or to cut up their property. The main thing is to get the wires under ground.

THEY WILL GO WRONG.

The way in which Filipinos love the tender care which is being bestowed upon them by the benignant servants of this great altruistic nation is well indicated by the mass-meeting of Filipinos which is to be held at the National Theatre in Manila on Sunday. These benighted sons of the East are actually going to take steps to aid the "impractical long-haired agitators" who make up the American Committee on Philippine Independence. So devoid are these Filipinos of intelligence that they do not want to wait until their benignant benefactors have tenderly nursed them to the stage of capability for self-government. They want independence now. How sharper than a serpent's tooth must be this incident to the generous Administration which has so tenderly advanced its plans for developing in these benighted children of the East the *savoir faire* of American politics! But, if possible, even this is outdone by the action of the Filipino committee which the Government brought over here at its own expense in order to impress it with the goodness of its Western stepmother. These Filipinos were feasted and banqueted from the Atlantic to the Pacific and almost from the Gulf to the Great Lakes. Eminent statesmen and scholars demonstrated to them again and again the high and holy mission the United States is performing in buying the Filipinos and developing them into self-respecting, self-governing people. But

Roosevelt will, he will want to go into training for the strenuous diplomacy which waits upon his "big stick," and woe unto the bear who exposes himself to President Roosevelt's foreign policy! Should President Roosevelt lose, he will get satisfaction out of the lawless four-footed marauders of the National Park. Some kind friend of these black rascals should give them a tip in time. Meekness is their cue from this day until Congress again assembles, unless indeed they court disaster.

POINTS FROM PARAGRAPHERS.

New York Evening Sun: It is remarkable how many accidents happen to Bryan when he gets out in support of the national ticket.

Chicago Record-Herald: The people of St. Louis are to be congratulated upon the response they made to Boss Butler's "Show me."

Philadelphia Ledger: When John Redmond talks of the dying Irish race, it is evident that he has not read the census reports of Boston.

Boston Herald: General Miles and Admiral Schley on the stump together would look like an attack by land and sea simultaneously and collusively.

Philadelphia Inquirer: If, as some scientists claim, laziness is nothing but a disease, our opinion is that it is mighty catching, and as a rule incurable.

New York Herald: Now, Mr. Andrew Carnegie wants to form a peace trust. If he will furnish the money needed to float it, he will not die disgraced.

Boston Transcript: Archbishop of York hissed by a street mob at the Church of England Congress in Liverpool; Archbishop of Canterbury walking the streets of Boston amidst loud plaudits at the American Episcopal Convention. It's an entertaining and interesting contrast.

serious demoralization. After all, that is the Russian tradition. The men who retreated before Napoleon in 1812 were always being beaten in the field and always falling back, and yet never suffered the sort of disaster and the dispersion of their force that the French expected. It was the same when Russia appeared to yield before the impetuous onslaughts of Charles XII. Kuropatkin is carrying on the Russian military tradition in the matter of retreat.

Growth Of Automobile Trade.

(New York Correspondence Philadelphia Ledger.)

The importation of automobiles here is increasing rapidly. A report made today by Appraiser Whitehead showed that during the nine months ended October 1 427 automobiles had been imported, this number being just about double that of the same period last year. The value of the machines was \$1,600,000, an average of \$3750 for each machine. The duty, at 45 per cent., amounted to \$720,000. These figures include only automobiles entered in the regular way and on which duty was paid. In addition, there have been a large number imported under bond for touring purposes. The majority of the machines come from France and Germany.

Old Baltimore Newspaper Man In New York.

(From the Fourth Estate.)

William J. Guard, who has been the Sunday editor of the New York Telegraph for three years, has been made Sunday editor of the New York Times. Mr. Guard also occupied a similar position on the New York Herald.

A Word From Br'er Williams.

(From the Atlanta Constitution.)

"I feels mighty happy in dis day en time," said Brother Williams, "with corn ter feed me, cotton to clothe me, en a shelter ter keep de rain out; en what's more, I get ten times de appetite er one er dese millionaires!"

after the war that the German Government had not thought best to interfere and now it had become a work of art and would not be removed.

Steaks On Ninth Avenue.

(Victor Smith, in New York Press.)

The most interesting market in New York, possibly in the whole world, is Ninth avenue, along Thirty-eighth to Forty-first streets. Go over there at night and see something more entertaining than Chinatown or the E Side. Or take a trip in the afternoon. Among other things you will see butcher wagon loaded with quarters beef, legs of lamb and mutton, ha sides of pork, etc., drawn up to the in charge of two young men in immaculate white aprons. If any person wishes to purchase a steak, a butcher's block is lifted from the wagon to the sidewalk and a hunk of beef placed there. Knife, saw and cleaver are deftly used and an excellent porterhouse, Delmonico or sirloin is weighed without a hand on the scales and delivered in clean market paper. The young men do a big business because it is a clean business and their prices are low because they pay no rent for a shop.

What A "Corner" Is.

(From Story of Northern Pacific Corner Case New York Times.)

"Is it not a fact," asked the lawyer for the defense, "that certain speculators got in between you and Morgan & Co. and sold much of the stock short while you were competing for the control?"

"They must have to produce a corner," replied Mr. Kahn. "It was short sellers who produced the corner. Asked what a corner was he defined the term as follows:

"A corner is the result of a fight between two interests working each other to secure and deliver which they have sold short, but they cannot obtain. A corner is caused by taking off the market which the short sellers need for delivery."

she meets. Her help is at once begged to save five beautiful trees which the dishonest agent of her property has, for his own advantages, ordered to be cut down. On the morning after her arrival she gallops upon her beautiful mare, Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, to the sea to see that her commands are obeyed. Here she finds Oliver Leach, the agent, about to disobey them, although Walden, who is also present, insists upon their being enforced. Maryllia dismisses Leach from her service, but leaves swearing to have revenge. Walden is much attracted by the beautiful and dashing horsewoman, but still remains a little dubious as to her worldliness.

Maryllia now enters with zest into her country life. She proves, however, indifferent to the advances of the country society, whose most prominent member Sir Morton Pippit, a rich and purse-d-mannufacturer. After a time Maryllia finds her rural life growing dull, and meets a young girl, Cicely Bourne, to whom her. Cicely is a musical genius, and is being educated in art by her friend. Her wonderful voice and eccentric manner become particularly attractive to Adderley, a young poet, who has taken up his residence in the neighborhood. In the meantime, there are further disagreements between Maryllia and Walden, unknown to themselves, their sympathies are drawn closer and closer together. In spite of this, the young mistress of the manor decides that she needs more companionship, and so invites a number of fashionable friends to her. These arrive, and, with their cars and city ways, do much to enliven the simple life of the village. Some—late—to the church on Sunday Walden preaches a sermon particularly at the worldly life they lead. Although the clergy avoid the company of the fashion-

foreign trees. Volume of reviews might appear a little belated, as novels of this stamp have been appearing now for several years, and one might suppose that they had palled slightly, even upon the feminine taste. There is, however, as the publishers declare, still a good demand for the romantic adventures of the handsome young sovereigns of German principalities, and when the heroine is a lovely American girl it is not to be doubted that the work will be widely called for.

The romance of the Crown Prince of Altenberg begins in a way certain to engage the attention of the reader and carry him on. Prince Roland is living incognito in New York, masquerading in a gray tweed suit and a straw hat as an American citizen, and there is little suggestion of royalty about him; he appears to the uninitiated merely a good-looking young American, erect and well built. With him, as he drives down Fifth avenue, is a man of middle age, Col. Karl von Meyer of the Household Guard—rotund and jovial. The Prince is tremendously bored, when suddenly a red automobile in which two ladies are sitting comes into view, "maddened and describing circles," and the fair occupants are in imminent danger of being badly hurt or killed. The crowd stands in a trance. Instantly the Prince leaps from his vehicle and goes to the rescue; the ladies are saved—one of them extremely beautiful—and, with an expression of thanks, they proceed on their way. Now, who was the beautiful one? No person in the neighborhood knows; the Prince, perfectly infatuated, determines to discover. The quest of a charming and mysterious young lady of this sort is nothing new in fiction, but the manner in which Roland goes about it in the present instance is quite interesting. He encounters discouragement and rebuffs, but fate is ultimately kinder to him, and he succeeds in obtaining an invitation to take tea with her, her little

teacher of the first chapter into the important politician and husband of the Lady Angela of the last. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; Eichelberger, Baltimore.)

* *

Following "To Have And To Hold."

"The Knitting of the Souls," by Maude Clark Gay, is a not uncreditable attempt to follow the lead of the author of "To Have and To Hold." The scene is laid in Boston, in the Seventeenth Century, and the author makes use of the period to contrast the characters of the Puritan community with the favorites of Charles II. Kenneth Brooks is a Puritan, whose free views on theological subjects gives his enemies good opportunity to work him harm. The heroine is the wife of an unscrupulous commissioner of the King, and at his death rewards the devotion of Brooks, who has during his banishment among the Indians always kept her image in his heart. There is some fierce Indian-fighting, and some theological discussion of the latter, smacking perhaps more of the present than of the Seventeenth Century. However, whatever its historical value, it is earnest, simple and good. The same is true of the whole work. (\$1.50. Lee & Shepard, Boston.)

* *

"The Art Of Cross-Examination."

Mr. Francis L. Wellman's volume on "The Art of Cross-Examination," published just before Christmas, 1903, ran through several editions before summer, and has been for several months out of print. For the new edition which the Macmillan Company publishes this week the author has written five new chapters, besides revising the book and doubling the length of the chapter on "Experts." One of these new chapters details at length the cross-examination of Miss Martinez in the famous breach-of-promise case against the Cuban banker, which caused a profound sensation in New York several years ago.

the changes and chances of the years ahead will reduce this to a vague sense of eternal continuity, with which, as Walter Pater says, none of us wholly part. In a very few it will be begotten again to the lively hope of the Teresians; while a majority will retain the sabbatical interest of the Laodicean, as little able to appreciate the fervid enthusiasm of the one as the cold philosophy of the other. Some of you will wander through all phases, to come at last, I trust, to the opinion of Cicero, who had rather be mistaken with Plato than be right with those who deny altogether the life after death, and this is my own *confessio fidei*.

"Science and Immortality" was the 1904 Ingersoll lecture at Harvard University. Its tone shows that Dr. Osler has kept his mind sweet; its literary style, bristling with half-quoted quotations, that he has saturated himself not only with those authors whom he mentions, but also with many another of the literary philanthropists "who on earth have made us heirs of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays." A reading of the book will make more keen the regret of Baltimoreans at the prospective loss of its author to their city. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

Miss Jewett's Art.

(Charles Miner Thompson, in October Atlantic.)

So far as she goes, she tells the absolute truth about New England. I think of her as of one who, hearing New England accused of being a bleak land without beauty, passes confidently over the snow, and by the gray rock, and past the dark fir-tree, to a southern bank, and there, brushing away the decayed leaves, triumphantly shows to the faultfinder a spray of the trailing arbutus. And I should like, for my own part, to add this, that the fragrant, retiring, exquisite flower, which I think she would say is the symbol of New England virtue, is the symbol also of her own modest and delightful art.

...cies as the maneuvers at Dijon that one recognizes freshly the value of color as essential to the effectiveness of a review. How sombre are those in America as compared with European ones! With us, however, if there is neither glamour nor gold lace, there is at least sobriety of ideal—a matter of far more importance, when it comes to a question of actual warfare, and not the mock article taking place here at Dijon!

Dijon has been characterized as a town that has always prospered and has had the sense not to change too much. While alterations in the plan of the city have naturally taken place, there is to be seen everywhere a remarkable preservation of old landmarks. The facades of houses are particularly pleasing, many being true gems of Renaissance architecture like the Hotel de Vogue, with its deliciously sculptured doorway. The churches are sufficiently unique to arouse the interest of jaded sightseers, that of Notre Dame being especially noteworthy as an example of the peculiar Burgundian style, of which lightness and grace are a marked feature. Notre Dame of Dijon, like that of Paris, is prolific in chimeres—chimeres that cling and sprout from angles and arches and make a double row of bizarre creations between the sets of arches that give individual ornamentation to the facade of the church. Besides the churches of special attraction is the old palace of the Dukes of Burgundy, now the Hotel de Ville, that occupies one side of the Place d'Armes, with its fountain and houses—masterpieces of the Renaissance. It is the tombs of the old Burgundian Dukes that are double-starred in the guide books, and, indeed, offer the eye such a marvel of exquisite workmanship that they alone make a

...sted under the name Dickens gives it, it exists no more!
E. A. U. VALENTINE.

* * *
The Facts In Mr. Moody's "Truth About The Trusts" Seem To Be Correct, If The Deductions Are Not.

The gorgeous green and gold of Mr. John Moody's earlier edition has been replaced by sober brown and black, but in other respects the popular edition of "The Truth About the Trusts" is just as large and just as valuable as the more expensive one. It is to be hoped that the new edition will meet with a wide sale and careful study. In some five hundred pages, bristling with statistics, Mr. Moody has packed a great mass of concrete facts concerning the history, capital, financial standing and control of the more important American trusts. He supplies just that class of information which the general public finds most difficult to obtain; his data are arranged methodically and logically; and from all appearances he has told the story impartially, without fear or favor.

About the value of the data collected by Mr. Moody there can be only one opinion. The more facts of this sort which the public reads and digests, the more intelligent will be the attitude of the public toward the great trusts. But Mr. Moody has prefaced his facts with a short discussion of monopoly, and followed them with a brief discussion of the legal regulation of trusts, which prove very conclusively that the "man of the street" either cannot properly appreciate the broad general aspects of the movement with whose details he is so familiar, or else does not know how to present his views in such a way as to convince the disinterested outsider.

Mr. Moody believes that the trust is

...that monopoly does exist; that it is recognized as a characteristic in nearly all large businesses and that it is a factor of such moment in our social life that it cannot be eliminated by the advocacy of restrictive and inter-meddling legislation, such as has recently become so popular, any more than the sunlight itself can be regulated by statute.

T. S. A.

* * *
Forensic Eloquence.

Messrs. Leon Mead and F. Nowell Gilbert are the co-authors, or rather the co-compilers, of an excellent "Manual of Forensic Quotations," recently issued, with an introduction by Hon. John W. Griggs, the eminent lawyer and former Attorney General of the United States. As indicated by its title, the volume consists of brief excerpts from the speeches of famous lawyers delivered in celebrated criminal and civil trials, and the selections have been made, not so much to instance forensic eloquence as to preserve the clear presentations of the principles of criminal and civil law as enunciated by leaders of the bar. For this reason the book is likely to prove as valuable to the attorney as it is interesting to the layman. Excellent taste has been displayed in the choice of selections, and the legal profession has undoubtedly been rendered a signal service in thus preserving speeches which would otherwise be forgotten. Particular interest is lent the book from a local standpoint from the fact that parts of speeches delivered by several distinguished jurists of Maryland are included in its pages. One worthy of particular note is a quotation upon the question of criminal intent, taken from Hon. William Pinkney's speech in defense of John Hodges, delivered in Baltimore in May, 1815. Among other lawyers represented in the book are Jeremiah S. Black, John C. Calhoun, Edmund Burke, Joseph H. Choate, Roscoe

...stranger could ever learn to write the Admiral's life in such a fashion. To every man with whom he has worked and who did his share of the duty during the Admiral's career, the writer expresses his thanks. No man could write a book as directly from another man's heart as "Forty-five Years Under the Flag" comes from that of the Admiral. It is on account of a brave man's modesty that the rumor started.

Mr. Day Allen Willey of this city has written for Gunton's Magazine an article on "Writing for the Magazines," blazing, the sub-title suggests, paths that may lead the young aspirant to success. Mr. Willey seems to have found these paths himself.

Henry Van Dyke's "Music and Other Poems" is about ready for publication. This volume (opening with what perhaps is the finest and most elevated of his sustained poems, the "Ode to Music,") collects the lyrical and other verse which for some years past has been establishing Dr. Henry Van Dyke's high place among American poets. Many pieces here included have already, even in their fugitive publication, gone far toward securing the permanent position which this collection will give them; and their appearance together will emphasize the fact that Dr. Van Dyke has but few companions in the qualities that distinguish his verse and make it remembered.

Robert Grant's novel, "The Undercurrent," will be published toward the end of this month. It will be illustrated by F. C. Yohn.

The Macmillan Company will publish about the middle of October "The Practice of Self-Culture," by Rev. Hugh Black, the author of "Friendship" and "Culture and Restraint."

the losses at Fort Arthur were heavy, there have already been 54,000 men killed and grievously wounded by the war. For the sake of argument, let us take this estimate as approximately correct. Now, in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1904, there were 3984 persons killed and 78,247 injured by railroad accidents in the United States. Let us put these figures together, and see what they look like:

Killed and wounded, Russian-Japanese War.....	54,000
Killed and wounded, railroad accidents in United States.....	88,231

A Rich Men's Hamlet.

(Cleveland, Ohio, Cor. New York Times.)
The secession of the Fourth ward from the city of Glenville will have two results: Glenville, with her 7000 people, will be annexed to Cleveland, and the seceders will organize the richest hamlet in the United States.

The district in question lies along the Lake Shore boulevard, and is occupied by the wealthiest men of this vicinity. The hamlet, which will be known as Bratenahl, has 95 residents, among whom are "Dan" R. Hanna, L. E. Holden and "Fred" P. Root.

These few people, owning great estates, have been paying the major portion of the tax of Glenville, and they decided that they weren't getting much for their money. So they propose an ideal government of their own.

Bratenahl has no shops or stores. All public utilities will come from Cleveland. No saloons will be allowed, and there will be no police force, each resident having a private watchman.

L. E. Holden, owner of the Hollenden Hotel, and the Plain Dealer, will be the first Mayor.

A DAILY THOUGHT.

(Goldsmith.)

As we rose with the sun, so we never pursued our labors after it was gone down, but returned home to the expecting family, where smiling looks, a neat hearth and pleasant fire were prepared

few years. He is today a wrinkled old man, yet his age is only 61. The most remarkable thing about Hill is his voice. It is away down in his sub-cellar, and instead of being soft, mellifluous, canorous, musical and pleasure-giving, as a basso-profondo should be, it is jerky (like Hill), rasping (like Hill), insincere (like Hill). Perhaps this voice, so deep and dynamic, was acquired by Hill's habit of political tunneling. It is an underground voice—a Subway voice.

ROUND ABOUT MARYLAND

Wild ducks already in the rivers of Talbot.

Denton is smacking its lips over breakfast bacon.

Corn-husking is keeping kinks out of muscles in the Maryland counties.

Chestertown is to have a gas plant other than of the two-legged variety.

Easton Star-Democrat: "Fish of all kind were never known to be more plentiful."

Editor Henry R. Torbert of the Cecil Whig wants former Governor Lowndes for Postmaster General.

The editor of the Federalsburg Courier has begun to keep warm with wood received in payment for fall subscriptions.

The Centreville Observer is settling the servant question in Queen Anne's by advocating the complete elimination of colored help.

Under the greenwood tree at Greenwood: "Harry Sparks of Love Point was the guest of one of the fair sex in town Sunday."

Warning note from Williamsburg: "Some of our citizens are preparing to take a trip to the St. Louis Exposition in the near future."

ing and smiling.

President A Grand-Army Man.

(Washington Correspondence New York World.)

For 50 years it has been the practice of the War Department to have soldiers' clothing made at the Schuylkill arsenal, Philadelphia, by the widows and orphan children of soldiers. Recently the Department decided to have the work done by contract. This would mean the throwing out of employment of hundreds of women who have been dependent upon this work.

Today a committee, consisting of Michael F. Doyle and Joseph R. Craig of the G. A. R.; Miss Kate Dougherty, representing the arsenal seamstresses, and James E. Lennon of the South Philadelphia Business Men's Association, called on the President to protest. As a result, the President directed that the idea be abandoned, and that the work be given to the women as heretofore.

Then Mr. Craig pinned to the lapel of the President's coat a handsome G. A. R. badge, which he had been delegated by Meade Post of Philadelphia to present him as an insignia of his honorary membership in that post. The President expressed pleasure at receiving the badge.

To Honor J. Rodman Drake.

(New York Cor. Philadelphia Ledger.)

A proposal to honor the poet Joseph Rodman Drake by opening a small park around his burial ground in the Bronx is being cordially received, and doubtless will be approved by the city authorities, and H. Roosevelt Ostroom, who is prominent in the movement, says: "A small park named after Joseph Rodman Drake will make us think of the flag we so dearly love. So that, with the healthful and pleasurable enjoyment derived from a small park, also will be instilled in the youth of our city principles of patriotism by opening a public park to be named after the author of the 'American Flag,' Joseph Rodman Drake."

The St. Charles, Directly On the Ocean Front, Atlantic City, N.J.

Hot and Cold Salt and Fresh
Water in Every Bath.

Highest Class Patronage.

Pure Artesian Water.

Long-Distance Telephone in
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Unexcelled Cuisine.

NEWLIN HAINES

HOTEL TRAYMORE,
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.,

remains open throughout the year; every know comfort and convenience; golf privileges; running water in bedrooms. TRAYMORE HOTEL CO., D. S. White, President.

CHALFONTE.

THE LEEDS COMPANY.

THE TALK OF EUROPE

The reappearance of Lord Rosebery in the political arena has been hailed with joy by the Liberal party as an omen of approaching victory. This feeling of en-

ROSEBERY

REDIVIVUS.

couragement is not due to confidence in Lord Rosebery's ability to carry an election, but rather to a belief in his foresight and in his properties as a political barometer. It has been observed that when the outlook for the Liberals is gloomy, and when there is no prospect of success, he stays in his tent—not sulking, perhaps, but awaiting better times. He has no taste for useless tilting against windmills, nor for fighting as one that beateth the air. He is a canny Scot, and when his political intuition tells him that the hour of victory is at hand he buckles on his armor and enters into the fray. The Liberals have been wandering in the political wilderness for many years, and now that Rosebery seems disposed to take an active part they hope to reach the promised land of power.

His speech at Lincoln the other day was directed chiefly against Chamberlain's scheme of preferential tariff arrangements with the colonies. He spoke in his usual brilliant style, and warned against the danger incurred in subordinating the interests of the mother country to the interests of the colonies; and, at the same time, he pointed out the difficulty of elaborating a preferential tariff system for colonies which are scattered over the whole world and between which there is often a conflict of interests. It is a hard task to make preferential tariffs which will benefit all and injure none of the many British possessions overseas. Mr. Chamberlain is anxious to try his hand at it. He is ready to rush in where free-fooders fear to tread.

A TERRIFYING SIGHT.

How An Automobile Race Looks From Fore And Aft.

(From the New York World.)

Streaking down a country turnpike at the rate of 70 miles an hour, the racing automobile, even in the bright sunlight, is a most terrifying sight, with its goblin-faced driver bending low over the steering wheel, the big, round eyes of his visor showing white beneath his cap.

Meeting one coming "head-on" at this rate of speed is like watching the rays of a searchlight coming swiftly onward over the intervening space. The first sight is of a dull-gray little object, behind which rise billowing clouds of dust. It comes on bouncing and bounding as the whirling wheels strike the uneven spots of the pike. The huge machine seems hardly to be touching the roadway.

Zig-zagging from one side of the road to the other, it comes on, noiselessly at first, but getting nearer and bigger and uglier each fraction of a second until, when a few feet away, the throbbing of the great machinery can be faintly heard. Almost before the ear can distinguish exactly what the sound is it passes, a huge, dull, drab object, exhaust valves popping like the volleys of rapid-fire guns—an awful, roaring, rending sound—and it is by, leaving behind a trail of dust and showering everything about it with a rain of small pebbles which have escaped the pulverizing wheels.

Aside from the awful look of the thing, it is the noise, deep-toned and choking, that is most terrifying. It is like the roar of a gigantic machine shop condensed and put in a suit case, and that placed within a trunk to deaden the sound. The whole framework is shivering and shaking and rattling.

The chauffeurs of the automobiles which engage in the races for the Vanderbilt cup today have been experimenting with their machines over the course for the last two weeks. Some-

IN HOTEL CORRIDORS

A party of business men from Connecticut and Massachusetts left the Rennett this morning for a horseback ride through the Shenandoah Valley. The party was composed of Messrs. Franklin R. Johnson and George O. Schueller of Ansonia, Conn., and H. G. Donham of Boston. Mounted on their high-bred horses and accompanied by Mr. Johnson's coachman, with a wagon-load of provisions and necessaries of the trip, they attracted much attention as they lined up in front of the hotel, while a photographer drew focus for the benefit of themselves and posterity.

"We are purely on pleasure bent," said Mr. Johnson. "The horses were sent down by boat and we arrived last night. From Baltimore we will ride to Gettysburg and then go to Luray, Winchester, Front Royal, Staunton, Lexington, Charlottesville and Richmond, from which point we will go home by water. The purpose of the trip is to see in the most intimate way the famed beauties of the Shenandoah Valley. We will find accommodations at hotels along the route, and carry in our wagon only such things as may be found necessary on the road. The trip will take about three weeks, and we expect to have a glorious time with the beauties of nature."

At the Eutaw is Mr. Harrison A. Cleaves of Knoxville, Tenn. He was in Knoxville at the time of the recent wreck on the Southern railroad, in which 63 persons lost their lives and many were seriously injured.

"The scene at Union Depot when the bodies of the dead and the dying or injured were being brought in was heart-breaking," he said. "In the list of dead were some of Knoxville's best-known people, including Mr. W. A. Galbraith, a former County Treasurer, and his wife, who were returning from their summer home in one of the most del-

A BOY ON THE NOMINEE.

"Candid Facts About The Candidate" An Appreciation Of Judge Parker.

(From the New York World.)

Paul E. Lehman is the latest contributor to Democratic campaign literature. Paul, who is 17 years old, and lives with his parents at 71 Riverside Drive, has written a eulogy of Judge Parker, which he labels "Candid Facts About the Candidate."

The book is one of the smallest campaign documents ever published—one and one-half by two inches. It contains seven chapters devoted to Mr. Parker. They are indexed:

"Early Life," "Debut in Politics," "Election to Court of Appeals," "Judge Parker as a Jurist," "What a Republican Judge Says of Judge Parker," "A Pen Portrait and Judge Parker's Home Life."

In his pen portrait of the Democratic standard-bearer Master Lehman says: "Nearly six feet in stature, straight as an arrow, broad-shouldered, wiry, athletic, although 52 years of age, is in the prime and vigor of life, a noble specimen of an American. His face is singularly attractive, a smile continually playing about his symmetrical features. His eyes are sharp, but kindly; his mouth firm set, showing lines of determination. Although a fine student, there is not the slightest suggestion of a bookworm about him. Courty in manner and always well dressed, though never conspicuously so, he is not particularly judicial in appearance, but would rather impress those not acquainted with him as a prosperous business man or bank president."

"I think that Judge Parker is one of the grandest men that the country has produced," said Master Lehman to a World reporter yesterday. "I decided to write a book about him several weeks ago. I did not care to write

LITERATURE AND ART

FOR ITS TOMBS AND PILLS

DIJON, ANCIENT CAPITAL OF BURGUNDY, IS NOW FAMED.

France's Military Maneuvers Held There Last Month Were A Gorgeous Spectacle—The Dickens Hotel No Longer Exists.

Dijon, Sept. 16.—Dijon, the ancient capital of Burgundy, is associated in most tourists' minds with a certain piquant speciality of the place much prized by gourmets. It is perhaps the misfortune as well as the pride of Dijon that it can provide the passing traveler—and most travelers pass Dijon, or else merely bide the night—with the most palate-pleasing mustard manufactured. The mustard of Dijon, like the Strasbourg goose and the sausage of Bologna, is world-famous, and it has unluckily overshadowed such other modest claims of Burgundy as the tombs of the Dukes of Burgundy and the "Puits" of Moses; one tastes the mustard and proceeds on one's way—to Paris or to Milan and the Lake of Geneva.

Truth to tell, Dijon suffers like other cities of provincial France from a prevailing belief that outside of Paris the land of the Gauls has nothing in it worthy to stay the tourist's foot in his passage to Switzerland. Dijon is a place in which to find a bed for the night or to pause in long enough to get the ad-

visit to Dijon worth while. These, originally in the chapel of the Carthusian monastery in the outskirts of Dijon, now repose in the Museum. It is said that Paris has vainly tried to purchase the tombs for the Louvre, where already two Dijonnais treasures—the tomb of Philippe Pot and the Virgin of the Rue Porte aux Lions—have found their way. But Dijon holds on to its two precious tombs as well as another much-envied work of art, "The Wells of Moses," the chef d'oeuvre of the ruined monastery of La Chartreuse. No one can afford to neglect seeing this curious fountain that escaped the general destruction of the convent in 1793. "The Puits de Moise" is a hexagonal pedestal which rises on a column from a well that was once in the cloisters of La Chartreuse. The chief beauty of the well, which is dated 1387, is the eight heroic-sized figures of the prophets of Israel which decorate the sides of the pedestal. The prophets represented are David, Moses, Isaiah, Daniel, Zacharia and Jeremiah, and for power of execution one cannot praise them too highly. Worthy are they of that patron of Dijonnais art, Philippe le Hardi, to whose generosity the great convent owed its birth, and whose tomb by the same Flemish sculptor, Claus Slater, in the Museum is a worthy receptacle for his ashes.

From the tombs of the great Burgundian Dukes to the table specialties that today contribute to the wealth of Dijon seems like a great step. The step, however, is not as great as it appears, for tradition informs us that it was to no other than these great personages of the past at least one of Dijon's "specialties" owes its existence. It was the Dukes of Burgundy that first caused to be manufactured the palatable pain-

inevitable and indispensable. Such a belief is common. But he believes, moreover, and reiterates with great force, that monopoly is an essential element of the trust. With this belief we need not quarrel—our concern is with Mr. Moody's proof of this important principle. And this is the rationale of his argument:

The natural law which engenders monopoly is fundamental. That men naturally seek to gratify their desires with the least exertion is a fundamental truth, and the experience of all civilized society demonstrates it. And as men have gradually become more civilized, their minds have been exerted more and more to devise "short cuts" to achieve their aims. Thus, machinery and all other economical factors for production have been invented; improved methods of transportation have reduced time and labor to a minimum, and in matters of business method, economy in commerce and finance, men have irresistibly gravitated from expensive to economical modes of labor, from small to large-scale means of production and distribution. This tendency, working through many generations, has finally brought mankind to the present civilized condition of society.

Reasoning along the same line, we find that this same tendency has been the creator of and is the underlying cause of monopoly and the modern trust.

For quite early in the modern commercial and industrial life of men it was discovered that there were advantages to be gained in the adopting of methods somewhat different from those in vogue under the old regime of competition. By combining together and acquiring, either as a result of this joint effort or otherwise, a special privilege or "monopoly," men found they could accomplish the same ends far more cheaply and satisfactorily than in the old ways, and do so without the same exposure to what was frequently expensive and costly in the field of competition. It was then that men began to first cultivate this element of monopoly, with the result that it was not long before the

Conkling, Chauncey M. Depew, James A. Garfield, John Randolph of Roanoke, John J. Ingalls, Daniel Webster, William Wirt and Lyman Tremain. (J. F. Taylor & Co., New York.)

FINE ART GOSSIP.

M. Fernand de Launay, who died recently in Paris, was one of the most successful painters of the panoramas in fashion some 20 years ago. He was an engraver of considerable talent, and was "medaille" at the Salon des Artistes Francais; his transcripts of Eighteenth-Century life were much admired, and found a ready sale with collectors. M. Fernand de Launay was a son of Alphonse de Launay, the dramatic author.

The small volume on "How to Identify Portrait Miniatures," by Dr. George C. Williamson, author of the magnificent "History of Portrait Miniatures," in two volumes, recently published by the Macmillan Company, is designed as a manual of assistance for the collector, with respect especially to signatures, dates, coloring and other means of identification. Collecting miniatures has become a fad, like collecting old furniture or china. The illustrations in this volume include examples of the work of Cosway, Crosse, the Coopers, John Smart, Hilliard, Oliver, Engelhart and Holbein.

The centenary of Jordaens will be celebrated next year at Antwerp in connection with the seventy-fifth anniversary of Belgian independence. The exhibition of his works will be held at the Musee des Beaux Arts, and the Government has undertaken to defray any deficit on the cost up to 25,000 francs. The Municipal Council has given its adherence

Both Liberals and Conservatives are anxiously awaiting the result of the election in the Isle of Thanet, which takes place today. The Liberals are hoping for a victory, although heretofore the constituency has been strongly Conservative. These seats have been left vacant by the death of the Right Hon. James Lowther, whom Lord Randolph Churchill described as "representing in the highest degree the ne plus ultra of unbending Toryism."

He was one of the most interesting and popular figures in the House of Commons. He was liked and respected not only by the "high Tories," but also by his political opponents, and even by the Irish members, with whom he had many a passage at arms during the time he held the post of Chief Secretary for Ireland, to which Disraeli had appointed him. In the old days, when he and Cavendish-Bentinck were wont to regale the House with imitations of the crowing of the cock or the braying of the ass, his manner was considered a trifle boisterous; but in later years all that was changed. He acquired a manner that was older in flavor than Mr. Gladstone's, but at the same time there was a genial youthfulness about him that won him the sobriquet of "the Grand Young Man of Parliament."

THE LATE "JEMMY" LOWTHER.

The House always listened to him with attention, for the House liked him. His sterling qualities commanded respect, and he had a high social position, which always counts for a great deal in Parliament. He was not only a politician, but a sportsman, was senior steward of the Jockey Club, and a great authority on all racing matters. Everybody inside the House and out of it had a sort of kind, affectionate regard for him, and he was almost universally referred to simply as "Jemmy Lowther."

JAMES GUSTAVUS WHITELEY.

In Right Church But Wrong Pew.

(Philadelphia Dispatch in New York World.) R. G. Carter, president of a large rolling mill in Pittsburg, engaged a room on the fifth floor of the new Bellevue Stratford on Thursday night. In the morning he rose at 8.30 o'clock and started for breakfast. He got into an elevator and was dropped straight to the basement. By mistake he wandered into the dining-room which is reserved for maids and valets.

Schiller, the head waiter, impressed by Mr. Carter's appearance, took the order himself.

The ironmaster is one of the most democratic persons in the world, and, although Schiller's frankness disconcerted him somewhat, he replied good-humoredly that he was "doing well enough, thank you."

The breakfast was brought on and Mr. Carter ate with a relish.

"This is certainly a fine hotel," said the Pittsburg millionaire. "Have you got my bill?"

"Sure thing," said Schiller. "Whose valet are you?"

"Whose—say, what the devil is the matter with you?" Mr. Carter frowned as though his democratic spirit was about exhausted. Then he glanced at the yellow check, which was headed "Maids' Dining-room." The bill was 55 cents.

"You just sign that," said Schiller, "and your master will settle with the management."

"Oh! say," said Mr. Carter, "this is all a dreadful mistake. I am not a valet. I may be some day, but now I am only the president of a rolling mill company. I haven't any kind master to settle my bills. I'm a guest of this hotel."

War, Fires And Railroad Accidents.

(From the Wall-Street Journal.)

Count Okuma estimates the cost of a two-year war between Japan and Russia at \$1,000,000,000 for Japan and \$1,500,000,000 for Russia. The war has thus far been in progress less than a year, so that this immense cost cannot be rightly charged against 1904. Nevertheless, it is of interest to compare this cost of war with the cost of fires in the United States. The comparison is as follows:

Cost of war to Japan and Russia, two years.....	\$2,500,000,000
Loss by fires in United States, one year.....	250,000,000

Thus in 1904 (three months estimated) the loss by fires in the United States alone will amount to 10 per cent. of the entire money cost of a two-year war between Russia and Japan.

What that war has already cost in life is not reported. The battle of Liaoyang alone is said to have resulted in 27,000 killed and wounded. That was one of the bloodiest battles ever fought. If

they sound the warning horn, but generally they prefer to pass as close to horse-drawn vehicles as possible, trusting more to luck than to good judgment to go through.

When one of the big, drab-colored racers, No. 19, or No. 2, or No. 10, passes by, "head-on," it is done so quickly that there is hardly time enough to turn around and get a glimpse of it. After passing they apparently disappear from view twice as rapidly as they originally appeared.

Approaching from the rear, these racing machines go by with a whizz and roar that not only frightens people out of their wits, but horses as well. Some of these Long Island horses, accustomed as they are to locomotives, and some of which can even withstand circus parades, become frenzied. They rear on their hind legs, paw the air with their front feet, neigh in terror and shake through paroxysms of fear. Some horses are covered with sweat when one of the racing machines manages to steal up on it unawares.

The horse's fear does not pass with the automobile. Sometimes for 10 minutes afterward a horse will plunge and rear. Other horses simply start off on a dead run when one of the ghost-like machines scares it.

An Example Of Japanese Pluck.

(William Dinwiddie, in Harper's Weekly.)

It was a matter of less than half an hour before the Japanese held the main ridge to the left, or west, of the village of Sul-tean-za, and the great flanking movement over the hills was ready to begin, from the point gained, about 9 o'clock.

It was broiling hot at this hour, and the motionless air and the glaring sun promised to make the land a veritable furnace before nightfall. The dirty khaki uniforms of the stockily-built soldiers were wringing with water, but they marched forward briskly and with no display of exhaustion, though they had been up all night and had already worked three hours in a sweater of heat.

The 14-hour march made by that regiment of the Guards, in the opinion of the men in any European or American force long before the Japanese had finished it and were still keen to fight, and, notwithstanding this, the official report says that the left-wing division did not do so well as was expected! Only salamanders could have survived the heat and toil.

It was a marvelous performance, and one which, at first blush, seems impossible, for it necessitated traveling beneath the crests of the mountains, in order to be screened from the enemy. They moved ahead on mountain slopes whose angle was often 60 degrees. They toiled through thick underbrush and around the bases of rocky pinnacles 500 to 800 feet above the valleys. One would have believed the feat impossible for loaded men, let alone heavily-laden pack-horses. The left-wing regiment marched six miles in this fashion, and threatened Yo-shi-rei (Yang-sz'ling), in the rear of the main position, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

Democrats Have A Mascot.

(From the New York Times.)

The Democratic National Committee has a mascot. He struck the West Thirty-fourth street headquarters yesterday afternoon in a big dry goods packing box, and has made himself completely at home. Incidentally, he is a huge mongrel tom-cat, and has been christened "Tom Taggart" by the officials at headquarters.

Two days ago the National Committee ordered a number of packing boxes. They were delivered yesterday, and as one of the empty boxes—at least supposedly empty—was opened, out jumped the big cat.

Practical Campaign Methods.

(Fond du Lac Cor. New York Tribune.)

O. A. Pigott, candidate for State Senator, has begun a unique campaign. Instead of passing out cheap cigars to voters, he gives them real 10-cent ones, saying: "A man won't forget to vote against the chap who gives a cabbage leaf one." To the women Mr. Pigott is attentive, thinking that they will influence their husbands' votes. Bags of chocolates of fancy grade are his campaign gifts to wives and sweethearts. To the children, who are not forgotten, go caps, with the inscription "Vote for Pigott."

Hill's Age And Voice.

(From the New York Press.)

David R. Hill has aged fast in the last

of the East Tennessee mountains. All of the injured who were unable to go home were sent to the Knoxville General Hospital. Knoxville naturally is no more prepared than any small town would be for such a great catastrophe, but the people upon whom the responsibility of caring for the injured fell were equal to the demands of the occasion, and worked indefatigably for the comfort of the unfortunates.

"The South commercially is in a better condition today than it has ever been. One very positive condition is the development of internal resources and the accompanying activity of business interests. Chattanooga, for instance, is beginning to use her numerous railroad facilities as never before in her history, and three or four of the manufacturing enterprises of the town are doing more to advertise her than has been done by all the combined influences of all the years since the war. Chattanooga, by the way, is an Ohio town. I believe a majority of the successful business men of Chattanooga came from Ohio or owe their success to Ohio money or energy. The population is, through the tourist season, a moving one, the great attractions being Chickamauga Park and Lookout Mountain. I am informed that the Lookout Inn, which was built at great expense on the summit of the mountain, and which threatened to burden the debit side of the books, is on a paying basis and has already a large list for next season. In fact, all through the South business conditions are better than they have ever been, and the outlook for the future is bright."

Professor Itani and Kaju Nakamura of Japan are at the Rennert. This morning they visited the burned district and water front, taking in many of the packing-houses during the trip. Mr. Itani is Japan's Fishery Commissioner; Mr. Nakamura is editor of the Japanese-American Commercial Weekly. They both speak English fluently and are well versed in American customs.

Professor Itani is studying fish and oyster culture in America, with the object of the American system as viewed favorably. He is a firm believer, by the way, in the cause of Japan against Russia, and sees only one result—Japanese victory. It has been remarked during the struggle in Manchuria that the Japanese are entirely ignorant of how to lose a fight. This evening the two will leave for the Pacific coast, stopping en route to visit points of interest.

A Cowboy's Battle With A Steer.

(John Dicks Howe, in Harper's Weekly.)

The great event at Cheyenne this year was the remarkable feat of Will Pickett, a negro hailing from Taylor, Texas, who gave his exhibition while 20,000 people watched with wonder and admiration a mere man, unarmed and without a device or appliance of any kind, attack a fiery, wild-eyed and powerful steer, and throw it by his teeth. With the aid of a helper, Pickett chased the steer until he was in front of the grandstand. Then he jumped from the saddle and landed on the back of the animal, grasped its horns, and brought it to a stop within a dozen feet. By a remarkable display of strength he twisted the steer's head until its nose pointed straight into the air, the animal bellowing with pain and its tongue protruding in its effort to secure air. Again and again the negro was jerked from his feet and tossed into the air, but his grip on the horns never once loosened, and the steer failed in its efforts to gore him. Cowboys with their lariats rushed to Pickett's assistance, but the action of the combat was too rapid for them. Before help could be given, Pickett, who had forced the steer's nose into the mud and shut off its wind, slipped, and was tossed aside like a piece of paper. There was a scattering of cowboys as he jumped to his feet and ran for his horse. Taking the saddle without touching the stirrup, he ran the steer to a point opposite the judges' stand, again jumped on its back, and threw it. Twice was the negro lifted from his feet, but he held on with the tenacity of a bulldog. Suddenly Pickett dropped the steer's head and grasped the upper lip of the animal with his teeth, threw his arms wide apart, to show that he was not using his hands, and sank slowly upon his back. The steer lost its footing and rolled upon its back, completely covering the negro's body with its own. The crowd was speechless with horror, many believing that the negro had been crushed; but a second later the steer rolled to its other side and Pickett arose uninjured, bow-

about President Roosevelt, because he has already written too much about himself.

"I sent a copy of my book to Judge Parker, and today received an autograph photograph from him."

This is not Master Lehman's first plunge into literature. Last year he started a boys' magazine, which he called "Pleasure and Profit," but later changed the title to "The Boys' Companion." The magazine died a natural death after six numbers had been issued.

"I am not discouraged," continued the young man, "and I hope that it is only a question of time until I become a great editor and publisher."

Master Lehman's father is Edgar Lehman, a furrier, of 43 East Twelfth street.

Giving Away Trips To Fair.

(From a Topeka, Kan., Special.)

The Republican State Committee is in a state of mind over the novel method of campaigning adopted by the backers of B. P. Waggener, Democratic nominee for State Senator in the Atchison-Jackson district. Waggener's backers, according to the Republicans, have already issued more than 300 round-trip World's Fair tickets over the Missouri Pacific in the progress of his campaign. The tickets have been distributed in blocks to voters and their families. Republicans get them as well as Democrats. The Republican leaders call it a "smooth piece of work."

AMUSEMENTS

FORD'S - Matinee Today at 2.15. TONIGHT AT 8.15.

Charles B. Dillingham Presents

LOUIS MANN,

In a New Comedy, Entitled

THE SECOND FIDDLE.

BY GORDON BLAKE.

PRICES, 25c., 50c., 75c., \$1 and \$1.50.

BLANEY'S THEATRE, Etaw, Near Saratoga.

CHAS. E. BLANEY, Sole Owner and Manager.

Phones: Court, 2523; Mt. Vernon 2304.

Bargain Mats., Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat.

The Greatest of Sensational Melodramas,

Full of Artistic

MAT., 15, 25c.

Seat Sale, Box Office and Albaugh's.

Next Week—"WHY WOMEN SIN."

MARYLAND MATINEE DAILY.

JAMES L. KERNAN, Owner and Manager.

Keith's Vaudeville Attractions.

Mr. Charles Hawtrey, Staley and Berbeck

James Harrigan, Gerard and Gardner, Sando

Trio, Helen Reimer, O'Rourke and Burnett Trio

Allan Shaw, American Biograph.

Prices—Matinees, 15c., 25c., 50c.

Evenings, 15c., 25c., 50c., 75c.

CHASE'S Matinee Today at 2.15. TONIGHT AT 8.15.

W. Warren De Witt's Company of Players

Presenting

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE.

Matinees Tues., Thurs. and Sat., 25c.

Evenings, 25c. and 50c.

All Seats Reserved.

NEXT WEEK—"An American Citizen."

AUDITORIUM MATINEES. TUES., THURS., SAT.

JAMES L. KERNAN, Owner and Manager.

THE GREAT LAFAYETTE.

The Spectacular Production, "THE PEARL

OF BHUTAN." Circus, Minstrelsy, Opera

Vaudeville, Pantomime, Comedy.

Prices—Matinees, 15c., 25c., 50c.

Evenings, 15c., 25c., 50c., 75c., \$1

Next Week—"The Awakening of Mr. Pipp."

Holliday-St - Mon., Wed. & Sat.

America's Leading Comedienne,

LOTTIE WILLIAMS,

In the Great American Comedy Drama,

"ONLY A SHOP GIRL."

30—PEOPLE IN THE CAST—30

Musical Novelties, Comedians, Dancers, Prett

Girls, Hearty Laughs, Thrilling Scenes and

Heart Interest.

Next—The Russell Bros., "Female Detectives."

ACADEMY - - - NEXT WEEK.

MAY IRWIN

SEATS NOW ON SALE.

MONUMENTAL - MATINEE DAILY.

NEW CITY SPORTS.

The New Musical Absurdity,

"MAIDS OF SIAM."

Pretty Girls, Splendid Costumes, Snappy Olio

Clarence Bouldin, the Cuban Wonder, Champio

Middle-weight Wrestler, Will Meet All Comers

Next Week—ROSE HILL COMPANY.

ATLANTIC CITY HOTELS

mirable dinner that the railroad restaurant serves—perhaps the most satisfying dinner to be found anywhere en route in Europe. In other terms, it is the savory smack of the mustard on substantial Dijonnais viands that the voyager remembers about the venerable city, so near the frontier of Switzerland, and not its historic monuments—which he slights with an easy conscience.

Yet anyone who has spent a day in Dijon knows how fortunate he is in having yielded to his curiosity to taste of something Dijonnais besides the mustard, the ginger bread and the liqueur de cassis, which, with the pills manufactured by machinery the hundred thousand the day, have contributed so much to the prosperity of the ancient French city. Dijon can well inspire artistic as it inspires stomachic enthusiasm. It has the claim of a picturesque and important history; it has a fine cathedral and a number of unique churches; it has an interesting museum and many public and private edifices which are gems of Renaissance architecture; it is besides a clean, spacious, admirably regulated, wealthy city, that it is a pleasure to visit for its individuality and charm.

My own stay in Dijon has had unexpected rewards. The French Army, or rather that part of it known as "l'Armée de l'Est"—the Seventh and Eighth Corps—is having its annual maneuvers in the outskirts of the city, and Dijon is alive with militarism. The Grand Hotel de la Cloche, the largest and most desirable hostelry, and all the host of smaller hotels and auberges are overcrowded with the brightly uniformed defenders of France; the cafes and streets are thronged, and the stranger has an exceptional opportunity to study the soldierly types in action—for there are mock battles every day—and at rest as they sip boissons on the terrasse of an evening. There is continual passing of troops on foot, horseback or bicycle, the flutter of flags, music in the air. Indeed, it is doubtful whether Dijon has ever been more gay or so alive with humanity. Forty thousand soldiers are encamped in the environs. These each day perform some new maneuver announced early in the morning by the boom of cannon, and all Dijon and the strangers within her gates are attracted to the spectacle. To-day "Dijon is being besieged." Those uninitiated in the strategics of war report the news that the city "is being well defended." One sees scattered over the richly fertile plains—plains famous for the product of precious wine—columns of soldiers that advance and retreat, that wheel to right and left; there is smoke as of battle and the sharp detonations of Maxims; now cuirassiers gallop forward, with breastplates flashing in the sun; and overhead in the blue float military balloons. It is a beautiful theatre for the mimic warfare that is being enacted before the eyes; the fertile Burgundian plain that raises the famous grape that all good wine-drinkers revere, dotted with villages, and in the distance—a vision of serrated azure—the Jura mountains, which are the lofty, picturesque portals of Switzerland. The weather is perfect, as if in honor of the occasion, after many weeks of depressing daily downpours of rain; nature is in the best of good spirits, and the purple clusters of the vineyards of la Cote d'Or ripen in the quickening beams of the goodly autumn sun.

The impression one gets here of the French military does not tend to strengthen a belief in the degeneracy of the Gaul. The average soldier has a sturdy physique and the air of health and endurance. His stature is often undersized, it is true, and his bearing rather ungainly; but how much of the latter gaucherie may be attributed to the ill-fit of his uniform? To be compelled to wear clothes too short or too long in the arms and legs is enough to discourage soldierly bearing. But what is lacking in the attire of the private is made up for in the officer, whose uniform is exceedingly elegant and decorative. I had the chance of seeing the principal officers of the Armée de l'Est the day of the banquet given by the Minister of War in the hall of the Etats de Bourgogne, and a finer set of men one would not wish to see than the banqueters, in their be-medaled, brilliant-hued uniforms. Such a satisfying display certainly tempts one to wish, if only for purely ornamental reasons, our own American military might be permitted uniforms more elaborate and becoming. It is in such

d'epice, or ginger bread, the popular delicacy now all over France. These nonnettes, as they are called, are served at dessert, and are composed of honey, rye flour and spice, and have no molasses, which is one of the essential ingredients of American ginger bread. The honey being considered to have medicinal qualities, the Dukes of Burgundy set the example of curing complaints by dispensing the cakes among their retainers. The bourgeoisie and peasant class began also to make the nonnettes, and there are now in the city of Dijon seven large manufactories of ginger bread, the owners of which are said to have made immense fortunes.

The peculiar flavor of Dijon mustard is said to come from the mixture of the mustard flour with wine, which gives it an agreeable acidity. To obtain this it is necessary, one learns, that the grape be always in a certain degree of ripeness. The seed from which the Dijon mustard is made comes from forest tracts near the outskirts of the city, where the mustard is sown on cleared charcoal beds, the soil of which gives the seed an individual piquancy. The place selected for growing mustard—between the forest trees—is an example of that careful forethought so characteristic of French economy, for anything else planted there would suffer devastation from the wild animals, that will not, however, molest the mustard harvest.

In speaking of those specialties of Dijon so dear to the heart of the gourmet one must not neglect to mention a delicious liqueur called "cassis," made out of raspberries. This, much drunk at the cafes—the exportation is 100,000 gallons a year—no one fails to carry away with him in one of the convenient-sized bottles that are offered for sale wherever one turns in the city.

It is perhaps not unnatural that a city which provides the world with such good living should also be famed as the greatest pill emporium of France. Most of the pills consumed by Frenchmen—and, it seems, the demand is very large—are made at Dijon, and made by machinery, as the process of manufacture by hand proved too slow. It was, it seems, one Thebenot, a Dijonnais apothecary, to whom the idea of the machine-made pill first came. Suitable means were devised by him by which pills to the number of 100,000 per diem were turned out—an incredible number, certainly, but none too many for public consumption, as was subsequently proved.

Dijon is beautifully situated on the Ouche, at the foot of hills called the Cote d'Or, which produce the better Burgundy wines, unequalled for flavor nowhere in Europe. The wealth springing from vine-culture shows itself in the flourishing little villages scattered over the neighboring plains, where poverty is practically unknown. It is owing to the quality of the soil that the wines of the Cote d'Or enjoy such excellence, and as this "golden" region is of limited area the vigneron can count on a high price for his wine and ensuing comfort, unless the much-dreaded phylloxera makes its appearance in his vineyard.

The value of the wines of Beaune consists, of course, in the age of the vintage, and as the smallest as well as the largest wine dealer of Dijon has his storage, the city underground is like the catacombs of the early Christians, from the number of cellars that have been excavated. These vast arched labyrinths, where one can so easily lose oneself, are kept at a temperature of 130 Fahrenheit, and are filled with huge casks of fourteen tons—immense receptacles for wine that, in some instances, is worth its weight in gold.

Dijon has one literary association which lovers of Dickens will recall. The ancient capital of Burgundy was the scene in "Dombey & Son" of the melodramatic final meeting of the fugitive wife of Mr. Dombey and the frustrated Mr. Carker, at the hour of midnight. Mr. Howells, in his "Heroines of Fiction," has done honor to the scene by picking it out as one of the most striking examples of Dickens' art; and whether or not the reader agrees with him in according it so high a place of excellence, it is, at all events, a scene that one cannot forget amid the myriad that the author has painted. The hotel where the fair and haughty Edith confronts her triumphant lover is described as being near the cathedral, and is called "The Golden Head." I had some curiosity in seeking out "The Golden Head," but, alas! if it ever existed, it is

more progressive an recognition of the importance of the monopoly feature and hastened to take advantage of it.

To the reviewer it seems that Mr. Moody has thoroughly confused the legitimate gains arising from large-scale production and the illegitimate gains arising from illegal monopoly such as that maintained by the Standard Oil Company when it was securing exclusive rebates on the oil shipments of its competitors. One thing is certain: Either the two gains—monopoly gains and economies resulting from large-scale production—are quite distinct, or Mr. Moody has utterly failed to establish any necessary connection or identity between them. As a matter of fact, the reader finishes his "analysis" of the failure of the Copper Trust with a profound conviction that there is a vital difference between the two. Here is a great combination of capital, natural wealth, established business connections and the best brains the Standard Oil interests could furnish, yet it failed dismally. And Mr. Moody explains why it failed:

In reviewing the formation and history of the so-called Copper Trust, one fact stands out above all others, and is easily apparent to even the most superficial and casual of observers:

The Copper Trust has no monopoly. The original plan of the promoters of the Copper Trust was a most comprehensive one, and had it been within their power to carry it through to a conclusion, the charge of issuing "watered" stock would never have been brought to their door.

While the result turned out far otherwise, in the original plan both judgment and sanity prevailed, for it was purposed not merely to form a combination of a few of the larger producers, embracing a copper production of only about 150,000,000 pounds per annum out of a total of about 1,200,000,000 pounds, as the world's production, but to logically proceed from this nucleus to a much larger trust, which would first perhaps take in the United Verde, Calumet and Hecla and other larger copper mining interests of this continent, and extend ultimately to other continents, embracing the Rio Tinto properties of the Rothschilds, as well as all other important producers. In the carrying out of these plans, it was estimated that to acquire an approximate control of the entire copper production of the world (about 1,200,000,000 pounds per annum) would involve the issuance of an approximate share capital of \$1,200,000,000; thus capitalizing copper production at the rate of \$1 for each pound of copper produced.

The original formation of the Trust was, therefore, based on a sane proposition (from the standpoint of its promoters), and on the only broad, rational basis that any trust that contemplates the issuing of "watered" capitalization in large amount can be based on and be successful. It aimed at and saw the necessity for acquiring a monopoly of the copper production of the world; the purpose being to restrict the production to what might be the legitimate demand at about 22 cents per pound.

In any event we must grant Mr. Moody the virtue of frankness. He says what he believes, even though he does glide gracefully from legitimate economies and commendable "short-cuts" to natural monopolies, and thence without a single logical tremor to monopoly of all kinds and descriptions:

Almost everywhere in trust circles it is pointed out that success in modern business involves these "short-cuts." And this claim certainly seems to be verified very strongly in the modern trust movement, which has been so largely a result of the desire and necessity to eliminate waste and to economize in the securing of results. These so-called "short-cuts" in business methods are made in many ways, and it may be that men are sometimes obliged to break through the lines of abstract justice to achieve their ends. But where they do this, it appears that society is apt to indorse these methods on the general theory that the end justifies the means. It is felt that while the unwise use of monopoly-power would of course tend to operate injuriously to society, yet judiciously administered, as it generally is, the element of monopoly is a product of vast benefit, both to the public and to its possessors. Thus, railroad companies are the beneficiaries of a natural monopoly, but it is felt that the private ownership and operation of railroads is more advantageous to the public than would be their public ownership and operation.

The general point made is that the evidence is quite conclusive that monopoly is one of the essential factors in modern wealth production, and while it eliminates free competition in one sense, yet it does not in others; and as a factor for the rapid accumulation and effective use of aggregated capital, it is of the utmost importance.

We may, therefore, safely say that



Dr. Osler, Surrounded By Friends

(Dr. Osler is in the centre of the lower row, "watered" stock, is reviewed on

to the scheme, and the exhibition will begin in July, and remain open until the end of September.

For many years the series of beautiful frescoes with which Joseph Guichard decorated from 1842 to 1845 a large portion of the chapel of St. Landry at St. Germain-l'Auxerrois have been thickly coated with dust. The series is being freed from the deposit of the last 60 years, and the pictures are appearing in all their original beauty. The subjects are strictly historical, and deal chiefly with events in the life of St. Landry, who was Bishop of Paris in the time of Clovis II. One of the subjects deals with St. Landry presenting some "vases sacres" during a great famine, "pour nourrir le peuple de Paris," and another is "St. Landry fondant l'Hotel-Dieu." The former occupies the whole of the right side of the chapel and the second is on the right of the altar.

BRIEF NOTES FROM PUBLISHERS.

It has actually been stated that Admiral Winfield Scott Schley did not write "Forty-five Years Under the Flag." The rumor originated from the fact that he caused an account of the Greeley expedition to be written by another at the time of his return. More than a dozen papers have called attention to the fact that the Admiral's account by far excels the former one. There is a wealth of internal evidence in the book to show it is the work of the Admiral's own pen. On almost every page there is some personal incident and warm-hearted acknowledgment of an indebtedness, sometimes 20 years of

is not so vitally concerned in the danger to the thousands of users of the public highways in this country and Europe. The reckless disregard of the common people by the owners and drivers of motor-cars is something which needs serious consideration by those who mold public opinion and make laws. One does not wish to seem a "spoil-sport," nor an "old fogey," as the enthusiastic motorists scornfully designate those who favor restricting their bursts of speed; but there are a great many thoughtful people who do not own swift motors, and who see that there is not only the ever-present danger of running down and maiming or slaying persons on the public roads, but behind it a dangerous tendency toward creating a privileged class in this country who will without conscience override the rights of the masses. Every person, under the law and under the principles by which this country has hitherto sought to maintain itself, is entitled to an equal share of the highways which the public at large has paid for and created. But in many communities today, near large cities, or about centres patronized by wealthy and fashionable folk, the farmer's wagon and all slower vehicles are constantly in peril.

The tracks and ties of a railroad are about as safe as a highway to a farmer who finds himself on the same course with a racing car capable of developing, and often actually attaining, a speed of a mile a minute. Even to cross a road used by such autoists is fraught with great danger. In scores of such terrorized rural communities deepest bitterness is engendered, and the local residents very justly feel that they are being set aside that the rich may race and get fun out of it. Long ago the man who wanted to urge on his fast horse was forced to construct inclosed tracks or special speedways; and he who let out his nag upon the public road was promptly fined for it, if caught. Public opinion was against him, and the rights of the multitude were upheld. But, up to date, in the growth of the auto craze, there has been no such effective restriction. The pedestrian or the man with a horse is practically banished from the roadways of his neighborhood; today on Long Island, despite appeals to the courts, the autoists are ripping along miles and miles of public highways at a speed exceeding a mile a minute, and no one can read the accounts of the contest without becoming convinced of the perils of giving the auto the right to speed, and without being convinced, too, that something must be done to awaken public sentiment on this matter and to do something by way of law that will more effectively choke off millionaires who do not object to distributing \$100 bills by way of fine that they may continue on their mad rushes through the countryside.

COMING DOWN AT LAST.

Mayor Timanus has done what former Mayors, with all their aggressiveness and their threats, never did—he has really cut down a few of the overhead wires which have been menacing the community for years. No one can say that he was not abundantly and overabundantly justified. The excuses and the pleas of the offending companies were given every consideration. Time and again were promises made that the wires would come down; time and again were dates set for their removal; time and again were threats made that if the wires were not taken down they would be chopped down. Yet they never were chopped until now. It is to be hoped that this object-lesson will be a sufficient hint to the companies whose wires still darken the air; it is also to be hoped that the Mayor will not rest content with the object-lesson unless it is followed by a prompt removal of all the wires within the district covered by the city's subways. The main thing is not

can account for such charges as are made in New York. They don't say that unless New York reduces the charges the companies will remove their terminals to other ports, but they do say enough to arouse apprehension among the business organizations of that city. The hint has been taken up by these bodies, and they are now after the New York Dock Department to reduce the charges or face the removal of the steamship lines. Big pressure is being brought against the city authorities, and it looks as if they will retreat from their position. If they do, then the tax-payers of New York may be called upon to make up a deficit in the Dock Department, assuming that the proposed charges are necessary to maintain it.

New York has been buying expensive water frontage and converting it into docks on a wholesale scale. The result has been that such property has appreciated enormously in value and the capital investment to build docks has got to a point where the charges for the use of the docks are becoming prohibitive. The steamship companies will stand this as long as they can, because New York has the tonnage which they are after, but the controversy is opening the eyes of New York people to the fact that a city can become so big that the cost of doing business in certain lines is made prohibitive. It is just such a development that accentuates the advantages of Baltimore. Here we have miles of water front capable of development, and the cost of handling steamships is nominal compared with New York. While this city may not, at the moment, get anything but advertising out of the New York controversy, the inevitable thing is that the railroads and the trans-Atlantic steamship companies must get together and increase the business at this port. The men who rule these properties have great respect for the laws of economy, and they all point to Baltimore as the cheaper port on the Atlantic seaboard.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S OPPORTUNITY

Opportunity comes once to every man and knocks coyly at his door. If he is not found ready, the Dame passes on and falls to return. This is the purport of a little poem said to be a favorite of President Roosevelt's. Seeing that his mind runs in such a channel, he is certain to be fully awake to the great opportunity which now presents itself to him. It is Mr. Roosevelt's chance of a lifetime to do something worth while. Colonel Cody has invited President Roosevelt to come to his ranch and hunt big game as soon as the little contest between the President and Judge Parker is disposed of. At the same time, a dispatch from Cody, Wyo., makes it entirely plain that big game is ready for the hunter. Bears are beginning to run things their own way in the National Park. A man and a boy employed in the Park were recently murdered by the lawless beasts, who were caught robbing hotel meathouses and showed fight. Park keepers are obliged to contest the trails with the pugnacious bears. Naturally, they have appealed to President Roosevelt. Now, if he appreciates the knock of Opportunity—and we are sure he does—he and his trusty rifle will be in Wyoming before the thunder of these ratification meetings has died away. Then let the bears beware. A President who toyed with mountain lions is not the man to be trifled with by mere bears, especially when he is on the warpath. There are doubtless sheltered nooks, secure pinnacles and patches of tall timber about the National Park. If the warlike bears are sensible, they will seek these promptly as soon as the election returns are made public at Cody. No matter how the political contest may terminate, there will be trouble for the bears. Should Mr. Roosevelt win, he will want to go into

millionaire and philanthropist, of Orleans. It is Knight of the Crown of Italy, and was bestowed in recognition of Captain Pizzati's princely gift to the Italian poor of his home city.

The family of the Lord Bishop of Carlisle, England, is noted as a clerical family. The Bishop's father, now deceased, was Rev. James Bardsley. His two brothers and seven sons were clergymen, and the 10 were all living and in orders at the same time. He had also nine nephews who were clergymen.

Sheffield Ingalls, son of the late Senator John J. Ingalls, again has been named for the Kansas Legislature from the Third Representative district by the Republican Committee in Atchison. He was named by the committee several months ago, but there was some talk to the effect that the nomination was not regular, and he formally withdrew. Republicans are united on his candidacy.

Salo Cohn, known throughout Austria for his beneficence in feeding the homeless poor through the medium of the people's kitchen in Vienna, is now visiting this country. Mr. Cohn, one of the most prominent of Austrian financiers, retired to devote himself to charitable and sociological enterprises.

THE HUMORIST.

Penelope—In Boston we saw the nicest thing.

Pauline—What was it?

Penelope—Oh! a slot machine; you think of a word, put in a penny, and out drops the correct pronunciation.—Puck.

"If there is one thing that tires me," argues the first citizen, "it is peanut politics."

"Yes," agrees the second citizen. "Peanut politics is almost as bad as chestnut platforms."—Judge.

Church—Good gracious! You must be tired.

Gotham—Why?

Church—You've been talking in that telephone booth for 20 minutes.

Gotham—Didn't say a word.

Church—What! in that telephone booth for 20 minutes and didn't say a word?

Gotham—You see, called up my wife to tell her something, but she didn't give me a chance to talk.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Has public sentiment in this locality crystallized in favor of any particular candidate?" inquired the scholarly spell-binder who had been sent to do a little campaigning in one of the back counties.

"Look here, mister," said the local political magnate, "if you 'xpect to pull off any votes in these diggin's, you want to cheese that there Boston dialect o' yourn."—Chicago Tribune.

"I thought you were quite well acquainted with Brown," said Ascum.

"No, indeed," replied Cholly. "I—aw—only associate with my equals, and"

"Really, you should aim higher than that."—Philadelphia Press.

He—It's hard to keep a secret sometimes, isn't it?

She—I don't know; I've never tried it.—Detroit Free Press.

Gen. Kuropatkin A Great Soldier.

(From the London Spectator.)

In General Kuropatkin the Russians possess a general of the highest and rarest order of military genius. In the great battle around Liao-Yang and in the operations of the two months preceding it he showed qualities of generalship which, when they are properly understood, will, we believe, call forth universal admiration.

Consider what the task before General Kuropatkin was when he took up his command. It is true that he was unable to hold the lines around Liao-Yang as Wellington held the lines at Torres Vedras; but before he evacuated his prepared position he forced the Japanese to dash themselves against it in a 12-day action, which inflicted, at any rate, as great a loss on the assailants as on the defenders.

It was, however, in his retreat from Liao-Yang, even more than in the battles round it, that General Kuropatkin showed his military genius. He managed to withdraw his army in the face of the enemy's fierce assaults and of their desperate attempts to turn his flanks, and also in spite of a difficult country and of roads deep in mud. And this he did without any loss in guns or prisoners that is worth considering. It is officially stated by the Japanese that only 13 prisoners were taken. If this is indeed the full tale, it is without parallel in the history of war.

In General Kuropatkin the Russians possess a soldier who knows how to retreat in the face of the enemy without being destroyed or even suffering any

that one of the youngster just grinned and answered a questions with a stereotyped "On your way! On your way!" He had simply dropped a big torpedo down on the asphalt pavement.

"I can easily tell whether a woman has her new fall hat on without looking at her head," remarked a young man to his companion as they walked down Chestnut street. "You can tell by the way she glances into the show windows in which she can see her reflection."

"It is always amusing to me to watch the women on the street at the first of the season. Those who have not yet purchased their new bonnets walk along without regard for the windows unless there is some display which attracts their attention. But it seems as though the mirror at home isn't sufficient for the ones who have just donned the new headgear. Every possible means of reflection is utilized by them."

"Oh! no; I don't say it's vanity; it's only a case of getting used to their altered appearance."

Mose is a little colored boy who lives in a back street uptown, and who occasionally runs errands for a family residing on North Thirteenth street. This family is a cat that has been a great pet, and that last week became the mother of a litter of kittens. What do with the new arrivals was a problem, and in her extremity the mistress of the house sent for Mose. "Mose," she said, "what do you charge for drowning kittens?" "I ain't never drowned none," he said. And then, as his natural business talent asserted itself, he added hastily: "Deed I ain't never drowned none, Mrs. Beck; but I gen'rally charge 5 cents apiece!"

A Little-Known Work Of Bartholdi's.

(From a Letter in Boston Transcript.)

The recent death of Bartholdi recalls one of his monuments which I have never seen described, and which I have never heard spoken of in this country. It is a funeral monument, the simple and yet at the same time the most impressive of feeling of all I have seen, violent even in its suppressed emotion. I was detained a day on account of showers at Colmar, the soul birthplace, a picturesque and ancient town in Alsace on the left bank of the Rhine, in the fruitful plain between the swift-rushing river and the Vosges mountains, whose outlines appeared jagged against the sky, with broken towers and walls of mediaeval castles, while the green slopes were dashed with spots of crimson from the tiled roofs of distant villages. He loved Colmar, and his genius has done much to add to its beauty. His statues adorn her streets, and market women sell their cabbages beneath a bronze fountain of a beauty unknown to the market women of America. But there was an air of sadness in Colmar, for its French spirit was crushed under the iron heel of German dominion after the Franco-Prussian War. To an American the people openly freely their hearts after glancing around to see that no stranger overhears.

"Put on your coat and come with me," said the hotel proprietor after déjeuner. "I want to show you the funeral monument of Bartholdi to the French soldiers who died in the last war that lost us to France."

We drove out of town about a mile and alighted at a rural burial yard in the fields surrounded by an iron fence. Passing through the gateway, we walked down the main road till near the rear of the cemetery. I was looking for some shaft or statue raised in air, when a guide stopped suddenly with the exclamation "Voilà," and pointed downward. There on the ground was a bronze slab upheaved from below at one corner by a convulsive effort of the spirit of a tomb. There was no face or form, but a bare arm in bronze protruding from a shoulder, with half-disclosed neck swollen with the agony of the strain stretched out from beneath with wild despair to clutch a sword of Sparta length on the slab just beyond the tips of the fingers, bent in the tension of the supreme struggle. It was the spirit of the French of Alsace, who had perished in the war with Germany, striving to rise from the tomb to renew the conflict for their native land. I have stood before the elaborate marble tombs of Marechal Saxe, at Strasbourg, and Canova at Venice; but their imposing outlines were less stirring than this simple bronze, with its mute appeal to the soul.

It seemed strange that the authorities should allow such a memorial tend to keep alive the old patriotic spirit of France, but it was constructed



ends Of The Medical Profession.

w of the group. His book, "Science and Immor- this page.)

this, he presents his humble account of "God's Good Man."

The novel is a long one. There are more than 500 pages—and the type is not large. The story which it contains can, however, be summed up in comparatively little space. John Walden, "God's good man," is a country clergyman at the old-fashioned little English village of St. Rest. He is a bachelor, "well past 40," but "tall and muscular," with "a distinctly proud head—almost aggressive—indicative of strong character and self-reliance." Walden's life has been made sad by the death of a much-loved sister, and for this reason he has resigned the prospects of ambition, to live unknown to the world, but adored by the whole of the little village. News is suddenly received of the unexpected return of Miss Maryilla Vancouver to the home of her ancestors, from which she has been absent since a child. Walden feels strangely annoyed. He knows that the young woman, who is an orphan, has been educated by a rich American who married her uncle, and he knows that she is prominent in fashionable society. At the manor the old servant who is putting it on a readiness shows him the wonderful gowns of the expected arrival, and he feels certain of the worldly character of the new-comer. But Maryilla, who now arrives, is not guilty of worldliness. She comes to escape the uncongenial life of a society woman and the attentions of the dissipated Lord Roxmouth, who desires to marry her for the money which she will inherit from her American aunt. Maryilla is delighted with her country abode, and immediately wins the hearts

continually "twinkling," or they are "shaking with suppressed laughter." For instance, Walden's faithful retainer apologizes for nicknaming an obnoxious clergyman, and declares: "If one of the names of a man 'appens to be Putwood, an' 'imself is as fat as a pig scored for roastin' 'ole, what more nat'ral than the pet name of 'Putty' for 'im? No 'arm meant, I'm sure, Parson—Putty's as good as Pippit any day!" And then we read "Walden suppressed his laughter with an effort." The reviewer envies that effort.

In regard to the characters themselves, Miss Corelli has never mastered the simple rule of fiction—that, to make a character detested for its wickedness, it is not necessary for the author constantly to load it with ridicule and abuse. It is always amusing to hear the villain of a melodrama hissed by the audience; in a somewhat similar way Miss Corelli is continually hissing her own villains. And villains they are! When Miss Corelli's characters are good, they are very, very good; but when they are bad, their moral obliquity is unlightened by a single ray of virtue. Roxmouth, for instance, who declares that "the natural state of man is polygamous," was, "to put it mildly, a black sheep of modern decadence, hopelessly past all regeneration." "A social leper" is the way Maryilla describes his character to him. Leach, it will be remembered, tries to murder the heroine because he has been dismissed from her service; and when he makes the attempt "His nerves throbbed, his heart beat high, and his evil soul rejoiced in its wickedness, as only the soul of a devil can. 'Verdict—Accidental death!' he muttered, with a fierce laugh."

But it is in fashionable society as a whole rather than in individual members that the author finds the greatest villainy. The "brilliant, fashionable, dress-loving crowd of women, who spend most of their lives in caring for their complexions or counting their lovers." "The society men, with their insufferable airs of conceit and condescension—their dullness of intellect—their preference for cigars, whisky and bridge to anything else under the sun." "That 'upper-class' throng who, because they spend their lives in nothing nobler than political intrigue and sensual indulgence, are politely set aside as froth and scum by the saner, cleaner world, and classified as the 'smart set.'"

The trouble with such strictures as the preceding is not that they are altogether undeserved, but that, from the nature of the case, they can never reach their mark. Vulgarity in the hand of Virtue is a two-edged sword, which wounds the wielder more than the enemy—and in the last analysis Miss Corelli is vulgar. Moreover, when subtlety and a sense of the incongruous—which is almost as good as a sense of humor—when such qualities are so wide cast throughout the fields of literature, she remains absolutely untouched of either. Her books are moral melodrama. Yet, with the faults of melodrama, they have its virtues; and, so far as mere vulgarity goes, it may be that the critic of the far future will find their vulgarity no more offensive than that of such works as "The Visits of Elizabeth," where virtue of all kind—even of melodrama—is entirely absent. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; Eichelberger, Baltimore.) L. W. M.

"Roland Of Altenberg." The title "Roland of Altenberg" and the picture of an old castle on the cover of the volume are likely to suggest at once to the novel-reader Anthony Hope and Mr. Hackett, the romantic actor, and these persons are evoked still more distinctly as we advance into the story by Mr. Edward Mott Wooley. Of the different classes who love fiction and who buy the multitude of novels that come out from week to week, young ladies are said to be the most numerous. There is, then, one cannot help thinking, something significant in the circumstance that in so many of these stories lately from the press it is not young Americans who are the heroes, but foreigners—and too often titled foreigners at that. It would be mortifying and painful to conclude that the taste for American heroes is passing away, but certainly they do not appear to appeal so strongly to the imagination of young ladyhood as the young men who bear foreign titles. "Roland of Altenberg"

of its kind. The novels in the form of letters or diaries within the last year or two would make quite a little library of themselves. To make the charm perfect the writer must be a young girl—a young girl of the contemporaneous type, witty, discerning, shrewd, with an eye for the ridiculous, not too many scruples, even a little reckless, devoted to pleasure, and in appearance and manners charming. How does such a fascinating person look at life? This we must gather from her book. To make the book successful she must be always in good humor, occasionally she may be audacious, but never dull. Such books remind somewhat of the old letters and memoirs of the day of Madame de Sevigne and later, except that they must fall below those productions in grace, high breeding and wit, qualities which can never, perhaps, in any future age be so perfectly revived.

An American widow—a widow so young as to be still a girl—on her travels in Europe, and moving in some of the best society there, is the heroine, if the phrase may be used, of one of the latest of these epistolary novels, "The Flight of a Moth," by Emily Post. Mrs. Grace Travis is her name, and after a brief and dismal experience of marriage she goes to Europe to enjoy herself—or, as she might say, to have a perfectly gorgeous time. She is at home in the fashionable world and has money, and with the bloom of girlhood not yet worn off, she possesses also the cynical wisdom of widowhood. There may be some who regard the voyage to Europe as commonplace; but they may be only commonplace people; at any rate, it is not so with this attractive Mrs. Travis, who meets with interesting experiences on every hand. There is an English lord whom she knows—Lord Kirth—tall, loose-jointed and muscular, and attended always by his dog, Paddy—and there are some French and German noblemen—indeed, noblemen, some not of the noblest type, abound in the book. The descriptions of the stay in Paris are very sprightly, and glimpses are given of places visited none too decorous; but even livelier than these are the accounts of the sojourn at a French country house, the Chateau de la Tour in Normandy, where a party the members of which move at a somewhat rapid gait is gathered. A young American girl, not a widow, might have been embarrassed at some of the proceedings, but Mrs. Travis is not easily thrown off her balance, and by this time is well seasoned, so that everything that happens is accepted with a certain calm.

After the French chateau comes a season at a castle in Germany—the Schloss-Alstein—and the contrast in the mode of life is entertainingly described. Indeed, the story lacks nothing of entertainment, although some might question passages and episodes on the score of good taste. The characters are brightly drawn—the careless, good-natured English lord, the selfish rouse German Prince Schonberg-Grassdow, the Chicago woman who has married a foreigner, and all the rest, and the story has something of the effect of real life; most likely the titled personages, with the exception of the Englishman, are as unprincipled as painted. With all the fun enjoyed by the pretty widow, the picture of life abroad in the circles in which she moved, although brilliant, is not alluring. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; Eichelberger, Baltimore.) W. E. M.

With Dash And Swing.

A little of Anthony Hope, but not his distinction of dialogue; something of Clyde Fitch, transferred from the stage to the novel; suggestions, equidistant, of Alexandre Dumas and Laura Jean Libbey—this seems the fair thing to say of Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim's fiction. His latest published book, "The Betrayal," is an interesting story, utterly improbable, wildly theatrical, and yet told with a dash and a swing that make it very readable. Mr. H. W. Boynton, in his pleasant little essay on pace in reading, tells us that some books are to be read in words or lines, some in paragraphs, and some in pages. Of the last-named sort is "The Betrayal," but the man who needs an hour's light reading as mental physic will not do wrong to take up this book. After all, greater miracles have been wrought than the transformation of the starving

and must between poetry and science. The scientist looks upon the poet as the survivor of a species rapidly becoming extinct, whose function it is to protest with unrestrained and unreason against the authority of modern realism and modern materialism. The poet cries back that the scientist is a reasoning machine without imagination, a grubber who acquires fact after fact, knowledge upon knowledge, and who is yet without power to interpret the inner meaning of his discoveries. The scientific habit is held accountable for the loss of the imaginative faculty. Darwin, crying out in his old age that he can no longer enjoy Shakespeare, is adduced as a horrible example. And the lament breaks out afresh, "The time needs heart, 'tis tired of head."

And yet the debt of the poet to the scientist is undisputed. Not only does he furnish simile and metaphor, as in the case of Keats' "When a new planet swims into his ken," or Browning's fancy of man, like the moon, boasting— Two soul sides, one to face the world with, One to show a woman when he loves her! but also, as illustrated most forcibly, perhaps, in the case of Tennyson, we have the poet taking the discoveries of science—

They say
The solid earth whereon we tread
In tracts of fluent heat began,
And grew to seeming random forms,
The seeming prey of cyclic storms,
Till at the last arose the man—

and attempting an interpretation thereof, seeking, indeed, to transmute the knowledge into wisdom. It is evident, therefore, that there is no real conflict between the poet and the scientist. Each has his work, each supplements the other. But rarely are the functions of the two combined in a single individual, and, when they are an added authority, must pertain to his opinions. This is the great merit of this little work of Dr. Osler's.

So far as concerns their attitude toward the question of life after death, Dr. Osler divides mankind into three groups. The first, composing the great bulk of the people, consists of lukewarm Laodiceans, "concerned less with the future life than with the price of beef or coal," practically uninfluenced by a belief in immortality. The second group is composed of the Gallionians, those who, like Gallo, care for none of these things, who "deliberately put the matter of the future life aside as one about which we know nothing and have no means of knowing anything." The third is the Teresians, whose belief in a future life is the controlling influence in this one. How modern science has affected these groups is Dr. Osler's theme, and only by reading his book in full can an appreciation of it be had. But a hint of its quality, as well as his conclusions, may be drawn from the closing paragraphs:

The man of science is in a sad quandary today. He cannot but feel that the emotional side to which faith leans makes for all that is bright and joyous in life. Fed on the dry husks of facts, the human heart has a hidden want which science cannot supply; as a steady diet it is too strong and meaty, and hinders rather than promotes harmonious mental metabolism. In illustration, what a sad confession that emotional dry-as-dust Herbert Spencer has made when he admits that he preferred a third-rate novel to Plato, and that he could not read Homer! Extremes meet. The great idealist would have banished poets from his Republic as teachers of myths and fables, and had the apostle of evolution been dictator of a new Utopia, his Index Expurgatorius would have been still more rigid. To keep his mind sweet the modern scientific man should be saturated with the Bible and Plato, with Homer, Shakespeare and Milton; to see life through their eyes may enable him to strike a balance between the rational and the emotional, which is the most serious difficulty of the intellectual life.

A word in conclusion to the young men in the audience. As perplexity of soul will be your lot and portion, accept the situation with a good grace. The hopes and fears which make us men are inseparable, and this wine press of doubt each one of you must tread alone. It is a trouble from which no man may deliver his brother or make agreement with another for him. Better that your spirit's bark be driven far from the shore—far from the trembling throng whose sails were never to the tempest given—than that you should tie it up to rot at some lethargic wharf. On the question before us wide and far your hearts will range from those early days when matins and evensong, evensong and matins sang the larger hope of humanity into your young souls. Be certain of you