

The first democratic convention to nominate Cleveland sat two days; the second renominated him by resolution on the first day, and the third sat for three days. The Chicago republican convention which nominated Lincoln over Seward in 1860 sat for three days. General Grant was nominated the first time on the second day, and renominated on the first day. The convention which nominated McKinley in 1896 sat for three days, as did the democratic convention which nominated Bryan in the same year. Four years later, both conventions sat for three days, though the action of both was a foregone conclusion when they came together. The delay in each was prolonged one day because of the vice presidential nomination."

MANY pathetic stories of the "General Slocum" disaster have been written, but none are more touching than one relating to the unidentified body of a little baby. The story is told by the New York World in this way: "A little child is lying decked with flowers in the vast temporary morgue on the Twenty-sixth street pier. She must have been a winsome little creature in life, not quite one year old, blue eyed, pink cheeked, with silken, fair, brown tresses. This little blossom seemed sadly out of place in that great field of death. Around her lay the adult dead from the Slocum, with burned and swollen features. The child seemed to have just fallen asleep. Her tiny hands, no bigger than little roses, were folded upon her breast. She was still wearing the pretty white dress trimmed with lace in which her fond mother arrayed her for that fatal day's outing on the Sound. Surely her mother will come and get her. It seems impossible that the poor little creature can be abandoned to a nameless grave. Or perhaps her mother and father and all who held her dear were blotted from life in that awful fire. All day long this lonesome little one held court as if she were queen. Few of the thousands of men who slowly marched past could do more than glance at her. A policeman had to be stationed beside the little coffin to drive the weeping women forward and keep them from lingering there. Late in the afternoon a wee girl brought in a bunch of white roses and sweet peas and jessamine buds and laid the flowers on the baby's breast. On a card was written: 'With a mother's sympathy.'"

A NEGRO named Jordan D. Scott recently died at Richmond, Ind. A Richmond correspondent says that Scott made the rope with which John Brown was hanged, adding: "Scott was eighty-two years old. It was while in slavery near Harper's Ferry, Va., that his master ordered him to make the rope to be used in the execution. Scott, with unwilling hands, constructed the hangman's noose and witnessed the execution. He asserted that he kissed Brown while he was on the way to the scaffold."

THE killing of the governor of Finland took place at a psychological moment in the opinion of a writer in the New York Sun. This writer says: "The blow was struck just as Russia's friends and enemies in Europe had about made up their minds that victory would remain to the end with the Japanese. The opinion of the Austrian press on the act is remarkable and typical. Three journals of Vienna, all favorable to the czar's government, agree in declaring it a case of killing, not murder. Says one: 'If the czar does not see after this patriotic act of a noble Finn that holy Russia is on the wrong path, a series of defeats on the battlefield will bring the lesson home to him.' Another remarks: 'Governor Bobrikoff has fallen a victim to the patriotic indignation of a people.' The last is no less emphatic: 'It is not murder; it is simply the removal of the hangman of a whole nation.'"

AN OUTBREAK occurred at Swedish instigation, at Helsingfors, and the Sun writer says: "It is said that the offices of the governor general were sacked and that a number of official persons were killed. Of course, the authorities are suppressing all information on the subject. That Scandinavian sympathizers with Finland were active had been known at headquarters for some time. Before the death of Bobrikoff, a journalist from St. Petersburg, who had been on a tour of inquiry, reported as follows: 'I visited all the towns along the west coast of Finland and called on the best people. Everywhere I was greeted with discouraging opinions. The people loyal to Russia have a hard time. At Nikolaistad, which may be regarded as the Swedish stronghold, and at Uleaborg the anti-Russian movement is

steadily growing. There may be heard such expressions as 'guerilla warfare,' 'complete defeat of Russia by the Swedes' and 'assurances of British aid.' It is time for our statesmen to interfere. They are deceived about pro-Swedish sympathy. England is everywhere working against us. I heard the most gloomy and most discouraging statements on all sides."

THIS writer says that of course England is "not in the game directly," and explains: "The reference to her means simply that the Finns, the Poles and other oppressed peoples within the empire are relying on Great Britain, as an ally of Japan, to prevent the intervention of Germany or France for the purpose of making a diversion in favor of Russia. The defeat of Russia by an Asiatic power, the despised Japanese, would demonstrate that the bureaucratic system had failed in every way. Success in the field would have furnished some excuse for its existence. Internal disturbances in the empire would not injure the chances of Finland and Poland and the liberal party in Russia. Nothing is to be hoped for from the czar until his present advisers, and the system that they represent, have been completely discredited."

THERE is published in Paris a paper called "The Cry" and the Kansas City Journal says that The Cry's editorials on American politics probably convey as accurate a suggestion of the subject as the paragraphs of journalistic jokers this side of the Atlantic do to continental affairs of state. In a recent number of The Cry appeared this luminous effusion: "Political issues of real importance will, perhaps, be discussed in the next presidential campaign in the United States. But more momentous and conclusive considerations than questions of policy are now brought to the front by friends of the rival candidates. Mr. Roosevelt's opponents ignore as unworthy of serious comment, his imperialism and Caesarism shown in the coal strike and in the pension order. They criticize him severely, however, for playing tennis, which they call a girl's game, and for carrying a cane, which gives him a Frenchy air. They point with pride to Judge Parker, who, as a real farmer, has on his farm at Rosemount a red bull that took first prize at the last cattle show. The bull's name is Peter. He is the father of eight calves, and this prolific paternity has made all the American farmers solid for Judge Parker."

NEW YORK boasts of a modern Robinson Crusoe. According to the New York correspondent for the Kansas City Journal this man has lived at one of the largest hotels on Broadway for more than eight years and the Journal correspondent says: "The clerks say that he has not a friend or acquaintance in the world. He does not even know the bell hops by name and he leaves a sealed envelope for the maids and the boy on the mantelpiece every Monday. One is marked 'Boy' and the other 'Maid.' This is the way he does his tipping. He has patronized the restaurant in the hotel all the time, but he was never seen to entertain a guest or to be entertained. He has been approached a thousand times by other guests, but he presents such a frozen front that not one of them has been able to break through it. He never says 'Good morning!' even to the clerks, unless they bid him the luck of the day first, and then he does it so grudgingly that the old-timers have long ceased to practice the amenity. At 7 o'clock every evening he takes a place which has been kept sacred for him in the dining room and eats a steak and drinks a pint of wine. He has coffee and a cigar and he usually stays about two hours. His tip to the dining room man is made weekly and in a blank envelope laid on the table. He has never called up anyone on the telephone and has never answered a telephone."

THOSE who do not understand just how it happened that Senator Fairbanks came to be the republican nominee for vice president may be enlightened by reading a statement made by Walter Wellman, the Washington correspondent for the Chicago Record-Herald. Mr. Wellman attended the national convention and this is what he said about the Fairbanks boom: "Railroad influence was yesterday so conspicuous in support of Fairbanks that many men who are in position to know what is going on behind the scenes in national politics wondered if Fairbanks is the man the railroads and financiers have picked to run for president in 1908. The final and apparently decisive set for Fairbanks began yesterday morn-

ing when Governor Odell of New York changed from advocacy of Cannon to open announcement that the Empire State would throw its big block of votes to the Indiana senator. Governor Odell's change of base followed immediately the arrival in Chicago of E. H. Harriman of the Union Pacific and an interview between the governor and the railroad magnate. Harriman, and not Odell or Platt, is said to be really in control of the New York delegation on all matters save the presidency. In an hour or two after New York's flop it became known that Pennsylvania, Iowa, Wisconsin and other states more or less under railroad influence would follow New York's lead. And thus the nomination of Fairbanks appeared to be assured before nightfall."

A DUBLIN veterinary surgeon, Allen by name, has discovered an antidote for carbolic acid poison. The London Daily News says: "Some time ago his attention was drawn to two horses which were evidently suffering from poisoning. On examining one he noticed that the mucous surface of the mouth was blanched and that the animal was staggering. There was a general twitching of the muscles, the eyes were staring and the animal was rapidly assuming a comatose condition. Mr. Allen asked for some oil, linseed for preference; if not, any kind of oil that was handy. Some was brought, and about two wineglassfuls administered to one of the animals, the effect being, to quote the words of Mr. Allen, miraculous. For the first time he then noticed that the 'oil' which had been given to the horse was the ordinary turpentine of commerce. So satisfied was he with the result that he gave the second horse a dose, although at that time the animal was unconscious. In about ten minutes it recovered, and both horses were at work the next day as if nothing had happened."

SOON after this, Mr. Allen was asked to look at a blacksmith who had drunk a glass of stout and had become very ill. In the forge the veterinary surgeon found the blacksmith in a condition of coma, a strong smell of carbolic acid pervading the premises. Ultimately he discovered that the man had drunk out of the wrong vessel and imbibed a solution of the acid instead of the stout. A doctor was at once sent for, but in the meantime Mr. Allen administered a dose of turpentine that happened to be on the premises, and the man not only quickly recovered, but resumed his work within an hour. Turpentine as an antidote in similar cases had been previously unknown, and the representative of the Daily News recently sought out an expert with a view of getting a medical opinion on a matter of so much importance. "The symptoms in the case you mention," he said, "are distinctly those of carbolic acid poisoning, and so successful does the treatment appear to have been that further experiments in the same direction are well worth trying. If subsequent experiment confirms the oil of turpentine treatment, then on every packet or bottle containing carbolic acid should be printed this simple antidote."

A HUNTER in South Africa tells the following story of an adventure with a buffalo: "I was in the act of descending the bank when Prinsloo, a Dutch hunter, who was lower down the slope, saw the dark outline of the buffalo standing at bay behind the screen of reeds. Next instant, seeing it about to charge, he shouted, 'Daar kom hij' ('There he comes'), and fired, rather at random, I am afraid. Then, rushing down the path by which he had advanced, he threw himself headlong into the reeds on the left. This all happened in a few moments, but I had sufficient time to raise my rifle to my shoulder and fire as the enraged bull rushed straight at me through the reeds with nose thrown forward and horns back. As I fired I endeavored to jump aside to escape the charge, but my feet got entangled in the matted grass and I fell on my back, luckily, however, retaining my hold on the stock of my rifle. My first shot seemed to check him for a moment, but the next he was rushing up the slope at me. I shall never forget the look in his fierce eyes. It was but a moment's work to draw back the bolt of my Mauser and to close it again, thus pushing another cartridge into the breech. I had no time to raise the rifle to my shoulder. There was barely time, just before he was in striking distance, to pull the trigger with the stock under my armpit, while I lay on my back on the top of the sloping ground. Without so much as a groan, he fell in his tracks and rolled over into the muddy water, two yards below, with a great splash, shot through the brain."