

lage of Munhall that they have not. All the riff-raff of the town, the brute force that turns the wheels of the great steel mills, are hidden away from the citizen and visitor alike, and the heart of the boldest missionary fails him when he looks through the knot holes in the fence.

Like most unsightly things, Homestead has its picturesque side, or rather its picturesque phase. On Saturday night, when the mills are running, there is not a noisier spot on earth, nor a more interesting study for the sociologist.

Although the mill fires usually begin to go down about dusk on Saturday night, they are still bright enough to terrify the mountaineer, and a cloud of red flame hangs over the hundreds of giant smokestacks. The river is a red lake with green lanterns here and there on the coal barges. The rolling mills give out their periodic crashes of deafening sound, and the streets are full of men of every race and tongue who are getting rid of their money.

The whiskey drunk in Homestead every Saturday night would float an ocean steamer. Every nationality exhales its own peculiar odor of drunkenness, and men stand in long box-office lines before the bar-room doors. Dances and acrobatic feats are executed on the sidewalks to the music of a street piano. The click of the poker-chips sound from the windows of the card rooms, and there are drunken women in the streets reeling toward the hovels of Pottersville. Brutalizing toil is followed by brutalizing pleasures.

Rodin's Victor Hugo.

Auguste Rodin's contribution to the salon this year is an unfinished statue of Victor Hugo. The statue is of heroic proportions and full length, representing the poet lying nude on the rocks, his leonine head supported on his hand.

The enemies of the sculptor, and they are many and scurrilous, declare that the effect produced by taking a modern man of letters and a politician out of his frock-coat and trousers and stretching him, Greek fashion, on the rocks is ludicrously shocking and absurd. Photographs of the work, however, lead one to believe that it is quite the most remarkable of all the many noble things Rodin has done. Seemingly he has achieved the impossible by treating a modern subject in the antique heroic manner with perfect success.

The figure is one of superb dignity, and might be mistaken for a resting Hercules. The idea in itself seems ridiculous enough; for who could imagine Wagner or Daudet treated in this unclothed manner by anyone save a malicious cartoonist? That Rodin has been able to do it with sublime seriousness in Hugo's case is a pure triumph of his genius. No other treatment could have been so noble, yet it is to be hoped that Rodin's imitators will not repeat this new note in portrait statuary and give us George Sand as a wood nymph or Alfred de Musset as a weeping Orpheus.

Train News Boys.

It often happens that an order of things devised for public convenience becomes a public annoyance and must be dispensed with. The Burlington road realized that train newsboys had ceased to accommodate its patrons in sufficient measure to warrant their existence, and consequently has made other arrangements to supply its patrons with news.

News vending indeed had become one of the least of the train-boy's

lines of business. He sold pocket-combs and cheap jewelry and celluloid trinkets and blue glasses like those Moses Primrose bought at the fair. He exercised all his arts of blandishment on the rustic traveler and persuaded the farmer girls into reckless purchases. His fruit set all the babies in the day coach crying, and he allowed no elderly woman to escape until she had bought a volume of Talmage's sermons. His manner was sometimes respectful, but more often impertinent, and the passing of this traditional figure from the train service will not be regretted.

Forms of Food Adulteration.

Dr. H. W. Wiley, chief of the division of chemistry at Washington, contributed a valuable article on food adulteration to a recent number of Leslie's Weekly. He takes up the subject apropos of the wholesale poisoning which occurred in the middle districts of England last fall from the presence of arsenic in beer. The fermentation of cheap beer had been produced by grape sugar, and this grape sugar had been converted from the starch of the potato by the use of sulphuric acid. Iron pyrites had been used in the manufacture of the acid and this pyrites had contained arsenic.

Dr. Wiley states that some of the most dangerous adulterations are made to preserve the color of canned foods and preparations for long distance alimentation. The color of canned peas and beans is often preserved by copper, and coloring matter is commonly used to preserve the color of canned meats and sausages. While this is not always of a harmful nature, he urges that manufacturers be compelled to state on the cover of the can just what chemicals and in what quantity have been used in the preparation of the article. He calls attention not so much to those violent forms of poisoning which produce immediate sickness or death, as to the slower and more insidious, harmful elements in food which are added to preserve color or cheapen the cost of packing and preserving the article, and which slowly impair the organs of the body and unfit them for their natural functions.

J. Pierpont Morgan.

An ideal democracy, that is, a complete and consistent democracy, would completely disprove all of Herbert Spencer's system of philosophy. The warfare of the world can never be eliminated and these pretty theories of friendly strivings are paradoxical on their very face. No man can strive at all and be willing to see the other fellow win under any consideration.

The struggle for power is essentially the same whether it is fought with railroad shares or the flint hatchets of the stone man.

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan seems to have acquired control of more men and money than any other man the United States has produced. His army of workmen far outnumber the United States military, and he controls capital enough to buy any of the smaller kingdoms of Europe at auction.

Speculations upon his actual wealth are quite superfluous, for after money reaches a certain figure it ceases to be money at all and becomes power. It is not reckoned by its purchasing power any longer, but by its initiative and resistive power.

Mr. Morgan's real wealth is in his brain and not in his coffers. Surrounded as he is by the most complicated business machinery, a week of false estimates and bad judgment

would wreck as many lives as a general sacrifice by a bad strategic movement. His life is given not to the enjoyment of wealth, but to the solving of problems and the amassing of power. He can eat but one dinner a day and wear but one coat at a time, like the rest of us.

Whatever civilization has done, it has not been able to expand by one inch the individual's capacity for enjoyment. Mr. Morgan could gratify the tastes of a thousand men, but it is only an infinitesimal part of his fortune that he can use upon himself. The only men who have the least excuse for envying him are men of ambitions; and, though every man imagines he is ambitious, the number of ambitious men is scarcely larger than the number of great men.

A Fore-Runner.

It is rather strange, when one comes to think of it, now that the eyes of all the world are turned upon Asia and the nations of the Orient, that the man who most nearly speaks the voice of the people and the spirit of the times first called our attention to the old East ten or twelve years ago. Rudyard Kipling set the song of the east humming in a million brains, and long before he knew that bungalows and punkahs would ever figure in government expense bills, we began to use the names of them. Before Kipling's day we knew as little about the mixed religions and mixed nations of the Orient as we knew about the etiquette of Thibet, and cared as little.

There once lived a very subtle critic in England who declared that life imitates art to a much greater extent than art imitates life. At any rate, I should like to know how many of the men who boarded the transport for the Philippines were repeating "On the Road to Mandalay" under their breath.

Whatever indifferent work Mr. Kipling may have done in the last five years, and whether he is a literary artist or no, he is certainly the genius of the times, the man who speaks and prophetically foretold the spirit of the hour; the passing of old orders, the expansion of the white races, the passion for machinery and perfected system, the stroke for conquest and the renaissance of the spirit of war. He preceded by about ten years everything we are doing and thinking today. That is what the tribe singer, the original poet, did in the days before literary art or any wearisome theories about it had come into being, when the poet sang to his people of the things he knew that they would do, and told them where the fishing was good and where the bucks were fat, and of treasures that might be easily wrested from men on the other side of the mountain.

Warm Praise for Dawes.

A recent issue of Harper's Weekly comments appreciatively upon Charles Dawes' faithful and efficient service to the public as comptroller of the currency, and his frank and above-board manner of announcing his candidacy for the United States senate.

Mr. Dawes had at least one able predecessor in the comptrollership, but no one has ever occupied his office who has used such fearless and effective measures for the protection of banking interests.

While his regime may have seemed severe in individual cases no one has ever alleged that his action in closing the doors of certain banks which still had the public confidence was not for the best interests of the majority. Even in Washington, where the reputation of every government official is

daily butchered to make a Roman holiday, the tongue of slander is singularly silent about Mr. Dawes. The retiring comptroller has demonstrated a high order of ability in nearly every kind of business; and, as the editorial referred to intimates, since he has made up his mind that he wants the senatorship from Illinois, he has but to follow his own precedent of success.

Duse and "Il Fuoco."

Duse's delayed tour of the United States is now announced for the early winter of 1902-1903, and her managers state that among the number of plays by L'Annunzio she will produce a dramatization of his novel "Il Fuoco" of which she herself was a heroine.

Whether this is a managerial fiction, or whether the persecuted actress actually intends to resort to this extreme measure of self defense, remains to be seen. If she actually produces the play, her action will surpass anything in the history of feminine psychology, or the most morbid perversion of D'Annunzio's pen.

How she can do it is a question which need perplex no astonished American; for how he could have written the novel at all, or how she could have permitted herself to live after he had done so, are questions quite as unanswerable to people on this side of the Atlantic.

The book is a study of two people; the author's rosy and highly flattering view of himself, his own power and gifts, and his brutal and shameless analysis of the emotions of the woman whom he claims gave up her entire life to him until he was weary of accepting her devotion.

For any man to sit down and set about computing on paper how greatly and in what manner a woman had cared for him, giving even the number of her house in Venice, lest the public should make any mistake, is a bad enough proposition; but "Il Fuoco" goes a great deal further than that. It is a shameless sale of confidence of the most sacred kind for money, a savage and shameless attack upon a woman who is still living and who is ill and unhappy.

Her age and physical infirmities are mentioned by the gentleman in comparison with his own splendid youth and resplendent beauty. The reptilian nature of the man as disclosed by his book has set up a bitter revolt against him in Italy where Signora Duse is deeply beloved, and many of his countrymen have sent him threatening letters. If he should ever be rash enough to visit England it is doubtful whether he would ever get out without a horsewhipping, for as likely as not some country squire who had never heard Duse at all would take pleasure in paying up humanity's score against D'Annunzio with his fists. There have been men without any sense of honor before in the world, but surely no man has ever been able to make such a masterly presentation of his destitution.

"Il Fuoco," considered merely as literature, takes a high rank among modern novels. Even from a French translation of it one is able to gather that the man, always gifted with a superb power of language, has never fitted phrases together more melodiously, and in the Italian tongue the novel must approach as near to poetry as prose safely can.

The plot is concerned with a love affair between an actress and a novelist, in which the woman is considerably more than half the wooer. The scene is laid in Venice, and the city with its dark and stirring past, its present decrepitude and decay, are used to cleverly emphasize the picture of the aged and ailing actress.