

EVENTS OF THE WEEK AS THE CARTOONISTS SEE THEM.



A BREEZE IN THE COLLEGE. Undergraduate to Professor—What the deuce do you know about politics?—Boston Herald.



AFTER YOU, SIR.—New York Telegram.



ELECTION BETS WE READ ABOUT. Are these Hoffman House gentlemen really staking thousands on the result?—New York World.



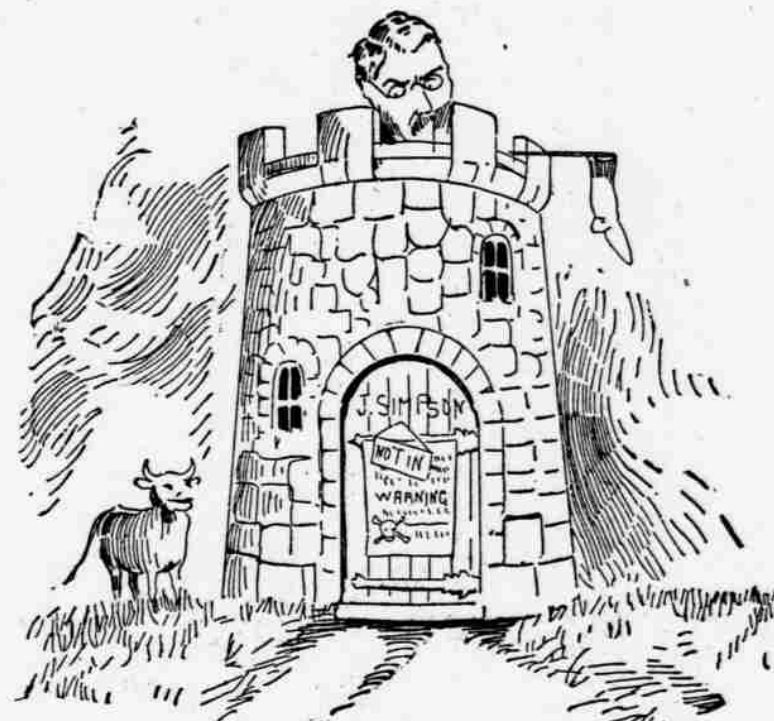
OUR ADVERTISING FRIENDS. Elevated R. R. Passenger—That's strange; I wonder what that parrot is hanging up there for? Parrot—Ask your grocer for Scrub-In—the best soap made—beware of imitations—a prize in every package!—Puck.



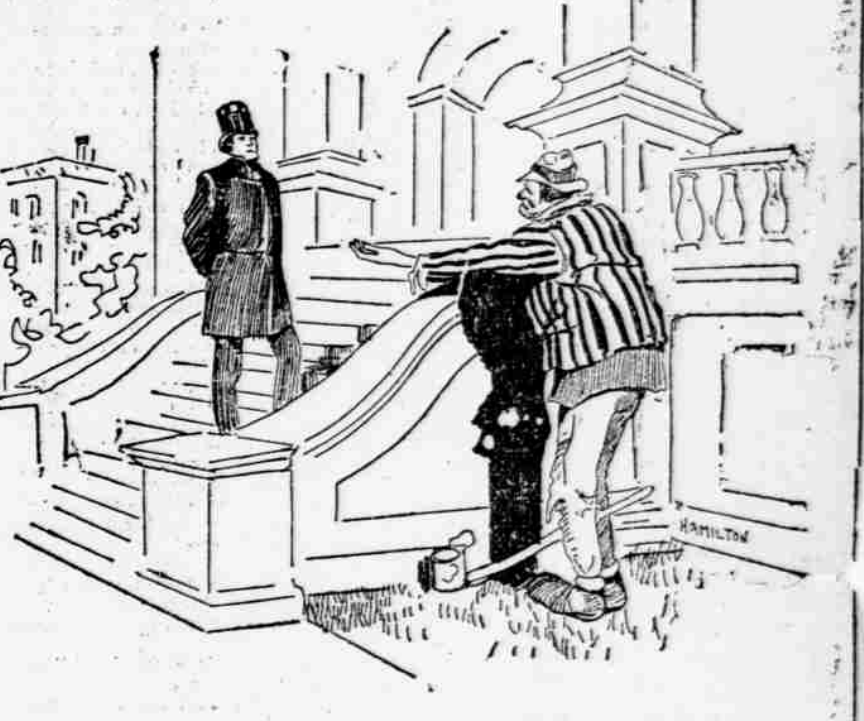
THE FOOTBALL SEASON IN FULL BLAST.—Baltimore Herald.



OF COURSE HE DOESN'T LIKE IT. He may bark until he's hoarse, but he can't get away from it.—Philadelphia Press.



FERRY SIMPSON THREATENED.—Chicago Tribune.



NERVE. Dusty Rhodes—Give me a dime, boss? Mr. Stocks—What do you want to put it into? Dusty Rhodes—What's your judgement? How's the bank of British North America?—Judge.



THE SERPENTINE DANCE.—Quips.



LET HIM GET AWAY IF HE CAN.—New York Press.



AS THE CAMPAIGN CLOSES. The Politician—Well, old Duleet Tones, what have you been doing for the party? The Orator—I have been busy I can tell you. Traveled 20,000 miles, made 179 speeches and won over three men from the opposition to my certain knowledge. But what have you been doing? The Politician—Oh, I've sat here in this back room and carried the State.—Chicago News.



THEIR PENS ARE NIGHTIER THAN THEIR SWORDS. A pictorial rendition of the war between two distinguished military brethren over the Columbus Day parade.—Chicago Times.

ROMANCE OF SCIENCE.

A Patient Photographer Whose Reward is Jupiter's Fifth Moon.

E. E. BARNARD'S RISE TO FAME.

How He Was Long Kept From the Big Telescope on Mt. Hamilton.

WHAT THE WORLD MAY EXPECT NEXT

Very early in his career as an astronomer Prof. E. E. Barnard began the study of the planet which so recently rewarded him with the discovery which places his name beside that of Galileo. Fifteen years ago, when he was a young man of 20, he purchased his first telescope—a five-inch refracting glass—from his earnings as a photographer in his native Nashville. All day he labored to secure the happiest expressions of mortals and found recreation at night in studying the no less varying faces of the stars. Jupiter especially enthralled his imagination. So large, so distant, its measurements beyond human comprehension, it presented the most inviting field for investigation. Its moons, themselves stars of the sixth magnitude, with atmospheres of their own, surfaces diversified with dusky markings, varying in size, shape and brightness, constantly enacting dramatic incidents of eclipses and transit with attendant phenomena, kept interest alive and speculation lively. The projection of the vast cone of the planet across the three inner satellites, the ink-black shadows of the moons dragging their footsteps in transit, their total disappearance upon the dazzling surface of the jovian center—all these were full of fascination. Hunting Comets for Rewards. For four years he observed Jupiter at most constantly. But a youth may not live

by celestial speculation alone, even though he be a young astronomer with his soul full of enthusiasm. Vanderbilt University had rewards out for comets, and so, whenever this young man ran short of funds, he took his little six-inch glass and became a Videoo, picking his course along the heavenly highways and byways, prying here and there among the worlds. In this way he turned up no less than five of these long-haired nemes in a very short while and got \$200 a piece for them at the university. His feelings, as may well be imagined, were far different from those of the poetic astronomer who frightened the poor groping souls of the dark ages with his song of That long streaming star Which threatens earth with famine, plague and war. It was the lack of comets wherein lay the threat of fame with him. After the first formal introduction these eccentric bodies seemed somehow to know him and to like him, for after all he only reported them. The great Vanderbilt institution, with all its learning, could not disturb them. They seemed to throw themselves in the way of his little glass, for never in the history of stargazing did any man except Pons, the Frenchman, bring so many comets to book. The Comets Brought Him Fame. But Barnard's friends, the comets, brought him not only what first he needed most—funds. Fame came also among them. He was made assistant in the observatory at Lick, and his observations there secured for him the appointment of assistant at Lick when it was opened in 1887. And the use of the 36-inch glass? Nay, there was another man, nominally director—his name is spoken not in Gath—who proposed to have all the honors attached to the great equatorial himself. It was dangerous at Lick to be too keen of vision. But genius is among other things infinite patience. Prof. Barnard did not complain. He had a better glass in the 12-inch telescope than he possessed before and went right on conquering new worlds. In 1889 he made a remarkable discovery of four satellites to the Brooks comet. He pierced the nebula of Orion and found a new star, and in observing the star Beta in Capricorn during its occultation by the moon he noticed that its disappearance was not instantaneous, but a gradual extinction. From this it was inferred that Beta was a

double star, an inference that was afterward confirmed by Prof. Burnham, then of the old Chicago University. This is one of the most difficult discoveries ever made. Then he found the nebula near Merops in the Pleiades with more than a hundred other nebulae in regions heretofore considered poor in nebulosity. In addition to the discovery of the new comets he followed the course of the old ones to compute their orbits, often observing them for a year after they had passed from the vision of every other observatory in the world. Utilized His Knowledge of Photography. His knowledge of photography enabled him to picture the milky way, showing for



Professor E. E. Barnard.

made with telescopes of various apertures—the "comet seeker" of 4 inches, the 6-inch and 12-inch telescopes—although he was at length permitted by the jealous holder of the Lick sinecure to peep through the 36-inch equatorial. A Night a Week With the Big One. Last February when the new star in Auriga was engaging the attention of the astronomers he chafed against his restrictions. The great lens mocked him with its power and reproached him with its five years' practical idleness. Ahead its claims were derided; it had done nothing to redeem its promise of large results. He appealed to the directors. Directories are slow to act—the new star passed out of range and July came before a grudging permission was given him to have the full use of the equatorial one night of each week. The results of this were soon seen. The new star had swung into sight again and was quickly announced its nucleus of a nebula and no longer a star. This singular and hitherto unknown character of character has since been confirmed by spectroscopic observations at Mt. Hamilton and elsewhere. Now, after but two months of restricted use of the equatorial, Prof. Barnard has started the world with a discovery as sensational as that made three centuries ago, and to which until this time no further knowledge has been added. For 300 years ambitious observers had turned each larger glass upon the Jovian system, only to find that all their science and inventions revealed but little more than did the Dutch boy with which the Paduan professor amused the courts of the Quirinal and the Vatican. The Discovery of the Fifth Moon. On the night of September 9 Prof. Barnard sat in the observatory on the lonely heights of Mount Hamilton. The great glass through which he gazed mounted the skies to keep pace with the planet upon which it was focused. Long before twilight had faded or the planet had lifted itself from the midst of the horizon its disk was perceptible, and as it reached a clear altitude it shone with a brilliancy which dominated the nocturnal sky. The opposition approached to culmination on the night of October 1. Early in July, in anticipation of the event, Prof. Barnard had made his appeal to the directors, and thereafter Friday saw him stationed where he could sweep the sky with the great lens.

Incidentally, while waiting for Jupiter to swing into the circle of observation, he found the truth about the new star in Auriga—a transformation never before observed of a temporary or variable star and which set several fine theories by the ears. It was a month yet until the opposition when conditions would be most favorable, yet Prof. Barnard was at his post. Slowly the growing disk of the planet emerged from the mists of the eastern horizon and mounted the sky. Through the glass the four moons—Ganymede, Europa, Io and Callisto—circled with varying splendor, not with wan faces like our moon, but with a brightness equal to that of the planet itself. A Spark From Great Jupiter. Suddenly the cloud envelope of Jupiter parted, or some obscuring atmosphere cleared, and a tiny point of light was revealed as near to the surface of its parent as the distance of the diameter of the earth—a spark, as it were, in the track of a cannon ball. The body itself is insignificant, but its very insignificance makes it conceivable that it may not be solitary. In the cloud strata of Jupiter may be hundreds like it, fragments of a disintegrating planet or solidifying nebula to be reabsorbed by a rudimentary one. It affords food for the widest speculation in the genesis of systems. How did this body come there? That it is there is instantly accepted, although an astronomer as renowned as Schiaparelli was at first laughed at for his pains when he announced the geometric lines on Mars. Such is Prof. Barnard's reputation for care, accuracy and integrity of observation, for conservatism of theory, for brilliant achievements. It is only by unflinching patience and devotion that he has been able to point out this wonderful new satellite to eyes grown weary with the watching of stars, to place a significant figure before a row of scientific zeroes. But the excitement caused by the greatest astronomical discovery of the century, if not of all the centuries since Galileo, is lost in the wonder as to what this remarkable young man will do next with the glass he has made famous and with the star of his good fortune—the earliest, latest and best fruit of telescopic discovery. FRANK ATKINSON. Stylish Suitings, Trouserings and overcoatings to order, short notice at Pittsbn's, 426 Wood street.

A SWEEPING CRUSADE The Keeley League Asks for a Great Temperance Alliance. ALL THE OLD ORGANIZATIONS Requested to Join Hands With It in a New Style of Campaign. FRANCIS MURPHY'S OPINION OF IT A circular has just been issued by the authority of the Executive Board of the Keeley League, approved by the President and signed by the National Secretary, Treasurer, J. M. Kelly, of this city. It is entitled "The Mission of the Keeley League." The Keeley League, the circular says, are not the bi-chloride of gold clubs of a month ago. They stand upon a broader and firmer basis, with the constitutional machinery in operation that privileges every honest man and woman to lend full and equal co-operation. Any man or woman who feels that he or she would like to aid the work of the league, is privileged to join the organization. They take title of honorary members, but can have full voice and vote in the proceedings. The women, the mothers of the country, can organize separate from the leagues, if they so agree, and while they aid the drunkard to a cure they can guard the young from temptation. The ultimate mission of the Keeley League is to wipe out the saloon. As a preliminary it desires to form an organization in every city, town and hamlet in America. To do this, says the circular, we want the co-operation of every man and woman who cares for humanity. We can get this most expeditiously by the present temperance unions, with their machinery of organization. Meanwhile, it is not our purpose to await the accomplishment of

these desires. While we are spreading the knowledge of Keeleyism and curing a few thousand diseased men every month in the year, we are reaching out a helping hand to the outcasts and forsaken, the man without a home other than the prison. We who have experienced the miseries of inebriety propose helping the miserables who are given up to the police and the cruel justice of the law. The State which supports them will be asked to cure them. The question here assumes an economic phase, and the taxpayer will agree to it. These laws will be passed, and the practical branch of our work will be accomplished. How to Accomplish the Mission. How can the saloon be annihilated? asks the circular. It answers thus: Since the discovery of the Keeley cure they are no longer a necessity. No man must have a drink now, or to be more moderate, no man ought to need drink ten years hence, if the mission of the Keeley League is properly appreciated by the world. We have the solution of the liquor problem in our hands. We can make the saloon unprofitable by curing the drunkard, thus closing the saloon, taking away temptation, and preventing another generation of drunkards from sprouting. Let us consider the conditions. We can cure the drunkard and he is anxious to be cured. But does that suffice? Assuredly not. Too often the drunkard is like a child thrust upon the world and told to make his way. He must carve out new associations, new ideas and new morals. He often cannot do it alone. Old associations, remorse over wasted opportunities or meanness may cause him to drink again and become diseased once more. These men are exceptions, for, as a rule, those who return to drinking after having once taken the Keeley treatment, can be classed under three heads. First, the boy who is still in the temptation period, who has not had a surfeit of "fun," is not diseased, who has never experienced the bitter end of the affliction. Second, the man whose tastes are depraved, whose morals are bad, who thus prefers association with his beastly nature than with his redeemed manhood; and, third, these were out new associations, new ideas and new morals are not in the organs of the body, or the brain. The treatment for inebriety can only eradicate that one disease. It cures with never a failure, but it does not re-

make the moral or physical man, nor can it place the late inebriate on the same footing as are his fellows, who have not suffered as he has suffered. Where the Alliance Will Help. So the league is asking for aid from the old temperance organizations. Combining their help with its own power the foe is to be vanquished; the young are to be kept from temptation; the already diseased are to be cured and the backsliders are to be cared for and reclaimed. This includes everybody, so there will be no patronage for the saloon. Then it will die. The circular says to the old temperance organizations: "As we have the method at last, why not join us in the annihilation of the liquor traffic?" Francis Murphy said to the writer, that when he first learned of the existence of the Keeley League, he declared it would become the one successful organization, and that he has had no occasion since to change his view. He is satisfied, with the grace of God, to receive the signature to the pledge of the young and of those who can combat the disease, but they whom he cannot reach, or if he momentarily arouses, they are unable to continue to resist the disease, he says: "Send them to Keeley." He fully appreciates the ally of medicine. If so successful an advocate of temperance as Francis Murphy can so talk, where is the temperance leader, or the temperance organization that can afford to lag behind? The circular is couched in somewhat extravagant language, but contains some interesting statements. For instance as to permanence of cure: "Every individual case of disease treated has been thoroughly and surely cured. If the victim drinks again, he must necessarily recalculate the disease." Here is a definition of a drunkard: "Any man who has drunk long enough to desire to drink the morning after a night's debauch is diseased. If he is sick after sleeping, he has a habit. If his stomach demands drink after a drunken night, he is diseased. Once diseased there is small chance of recovery, other than by medical treatment." Our Loss Is Your Gain. We are selling our stock, damaged by fire, water and smoke, at almost your own prices and in your own chance to get a bargain in suits, shoes and lamps, etc., at T. G. Evans & Co.'s Third and Market, as the stock must be sold at once to make room for new goods. Come early to avoid the rush.