

NO OBJECT IN VIEW

Of Any Special Value to
Many Readers.

TALKING ABOUT ED.

And His Great Journal--A Commemorative Article on the Nerve He Has Displayed in His July Editorial--Heart to Heart Talk.

Edward Bok, the editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, has said "that he hasn't any use for ribbons, especially a scarlet or variegated colored ribbon." That assertion from the majority of men would not occasion a second thought, yet from Ed., the superb, the man who has been shrewd enough to make a study of the vanities of feminine nature and then take advantage of his discoveries, and immediately set about to pander to those feminine vanities for value received, in a superb publication like the Ladies' Home Journal, is passing strange and subject for at least passing thought. Ed. has made such a financial success of his mental research that one would naturally think ribbons, laces and furbelows of any color, quality, quantity, in fact, decoration of any old feminine kind would throw Ed. into ecstasies assumed if not in fact, whenever and wherever brought to his notice. How he could have the courage to lay aside the mask and write truthfully, if sarcastically, of some of the well-known pleasures of the editor, especially the manuscript editor, and talk facts to a million feminine readers, especially when he has proven beyond doubt that his acquisitive bump is developed to perfection is a marvel to his many editorial admirers. Ed. should be commended for his courage, for he told the truth even though in juxtaposition to the interests of the baby of his heart, the idol of his dreams, yea, the Athens of his Gray Grease, The Ladies' Home Journal. The Ladies' Home Journal is great. Ladies, like children for Castoria, cry for it. True, its great worth is better understood by the ladies way back in the humid East. There's where they raise so many of the sweet little Christian

Endeavors and Epworth Leaguers. The land where a girl is girl until she is married, even though Father Time places his stamp of disapproval in the wrinkled forehead, dwarfed lips and lustreless eyes. The land where "we girls" means all the way from the deliciousness of the first turned peach to the fruit, yet on the vine, strenuously trying to overcome the fatal wear and tear of the elements of time. "We girls" it is, and, yet the animal life, rotundity and beauty of the full and living cheek may have been superseded by the dull, dead depression of mineral decay. "We girls" it is who delight in those sweet sentimental heart to heart talks in that great journal. "We girls" who read the perfect directions where to carry their money, what to do, how to do and when to do, when called upon to travel. It was some of "we girls" who concurred in the idea to take a trip way, way off from home. The friends and relatives for six counties around were tearfully informed of the great trip to the League Convention--way over to the city next to China, by the Golden Gate. Affecting adieus were bid, and the train started out with its precious cargo of "we girls." Only a short trip across the flat and the christian city of Colorado Springs was reached. The individual who roams at will and free over God's footstool was there first. "We girls" had never read of him in those delightful, confidential chats. When "we girls" got together and made their inventory, it was found that they were minus credit, money, "pie card," trunk check, in fact, all of those accessories which tend to comfort in traveling. It is in the land of effete civilization where these confidential "heart to heart" talks are so eagerly read and selfishly cherished. The ladies west of the Rocky mountains read from an entirely different cause. All know the legend of Pandora's casket. Some may think the cause probably was born there. Yet it goes on back, even to, and probably beyond her creation in her present divine (?) sphere.

Women love a mystery. Man may to a degree, but the fact is undeniable that a woman does. To drive a woman, just call her attention to something mysterious, and then tell her to let it alone, and all the forces in creation cannot stop her. She is a complex creation. There's no half way work in any of her proceedings. If the opposition

be too strong for her to delve into the mystery, she will sit near by, worship the mystery and find glory in her martyrdom. Not so with a man. His patience and loyalty are of a disgracefully low order when compared with that of his helpmate. Darwin's theories of the evolution of man are admirable from many standpoints of reasoning, yet it is doubtful that he was not mistaken when he selected the monkey as man's ancestor. Judging from their facial expression, and after watching the majority of them operate, one is almost compelled to believe that man's ancestor instead of being a monkey must have been a hog. A great many of them look alike and the similarity of actions of more of them is undeniable. But,

This is a slight divergence from the original subject. The ladies west of the mountains from a natural inherited love of a mystery, the possessing of which they are nowadays responsible, delight in reading those heart to heart talks for the very mystery they contain. The mystery of why any one at all acquainted with practical life could follow the most of the advice contained therein, and the great mystery of how the writer could have the courage to publicly express such woeful ignorance of real life. Such advice is undoubtedly entertaining reading to the woman of limited experience, but to the average western woman the advice is nauseating. Yet she buys and reads the great journal for the amusement it affords and the mystifying pleasure in trying to calculate just how much of the reading her less experienced sister finds pleasant and profitable.

Yet the world of women is all akin, and that Ed. dared to write so truthfully entitles him to the plaudits of an admiring audience of male cowards and brothers.

D. M. Riordan was in Tucson this week. He is looking after the development of copper properties near Clifton which his company has taken a bond upon. Mr. Riordan came here to meet some mining men.—Tucson Post.

There is no reason in the world why sick persons should not be cheerful and have all the fun possible under the circumstances, but a lot of small-pox patients at West Superior, Wisconsin, seem to have reached the climax when they organized a baseball club. The team played several games with itself, but the spectators and rooters keep at a safe distance.

Dr. J. M. Ford, of Phoenix, says there is \$150,000,000 in the new discovery in the Sierra Madres which he is now financing in New York. Judge Brown and Colonel Christy are interested in the new company.—Tucson Post.

A Yuma man who is very fond of fishing, while enjoying the sport at Catalina Island, telegraphed the following message to his wife: "I've got one, it weighs four pounds and is a beauty." In reply came the following, signed by his wife: "So have I. Weighs ten pounds. He isn't a beauty; looks just like you." That story sounds scaly, but it was told to us for a fact.—Arizona Sentinel.

The new Arizona mining law requires that locators of mining claims shall put up seven monuments, three at each end of a claim and one at the discovery shaft. The claim can be recorded as soon as located, but the location work can be performed at any time during ninety days after the location is made. The law goes into effect September 1, 1901. The fee for recording claims and affidavit of location work is \$1.—Arizona Sentinel.

George C. McClusky, of Clinton Iowa, was recently relieved of a lizard 5½ inches in length that had inhabited his stomach for eight years. For three years McClusky has been an invalid and has suffered greatly. When taken sick he weighed about 170 pounds, and a few weeks ago when he was taken to St. Louis to be operated upon he weighed about 105 pounds and could not walk without help. His complaint was diagnosed as a stomach tumor, and he went to St. Louis to have it removed. He was kept without food for three days, during which time the lizard became so restless that its movements could be observed on the outside of the body. On third day a piece of poisonous bread was forced down McClusky's stomach. This the lizard ate and soon died. A strong cathartic relieved the patient and the lizard was cast out, but for three or four days McClusky's condition was considered hopeless. The lizard was carefully examined by naturalists, and they say it is at least eight years old. Mr. McClusky says that about eight years ago, when fishing, he lay down on the bank of the river and drank from among a pile of stones. He swallowed something, but did not know what it was, but supposed it was some vegetable substance.—Ex.