

THE APPEAL KEEPS IN FRONT BECAUSE:

- 1-It aims to publish all the news possible. 2-It does so impartially, wasting no words. 3-Its correspondents are able and energetic.

THE APPEAL

Minnesota Historical Society

THE APPEAL STEADILY GAINS BECAUSE:

- 4-It is the organ of ALL Afro-Americans. 5-It is not controlled by any ring or clique. 6-It asks no support but the people's.

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Activity in Woman's Life

Life is many sided, and we live for something more than merely earning a living or a competency.

There is the question of health, moral and physical, to be looked at, and there is the still larger question of interest.

A woman is built for a life of activity, though not for heavy labor. It is not natural for her to sit on a chair or stool all day, or be confined in a cramped space.

Never let a girl forget that she is a woman, with a woman's duties and abilities; give her scope and opportunity for exercising such, and you will benefit her more than you may know.

Stern necessity is often the kindest mistress on this account. Many a lonely woman, living in rooms or a flat, is humanized and kept sweet in spirit by the constant efforts and attentions demanded of her to keep her home homelike, doing for herself the hundred and one things required, instead of paying others to do them.

says the New York Commercial Advertiser.

The fuller life is of interest the less likely it is to become a prey to ennui or ill-health. In choosing a profession this aspect assumes more importance than most people may imagine.

Some professions, though well paid, are yet so monotonous as to be soul-deadening; no amount of money will ever make such attractive to an intelligent woman. Monotony, far more than anything else, breaks down health with woman, and does it sooner than many would suppose.

Taking into consideration this vital question of interest, you will find that work wherein men and women are employed together is always less monotonous in character than any that needs brain and nerve in other ways.

To select a profession that takes a girl away from her home to work among other women, obliging her to live in a congregation of women, where all her associations and surroundings will be purely feminine, is—however wise in some respects and safe—necessarily to narrow her down and to cramp her mental and social development.

THE NAME AMERICA

DISCOVERY OF FIRST MAP ON WHICH IT APPEARED.

Precious Document Has Been Eagerly Sought for Four Centuries—Drawing of the Then New Continent is Rather Vague.

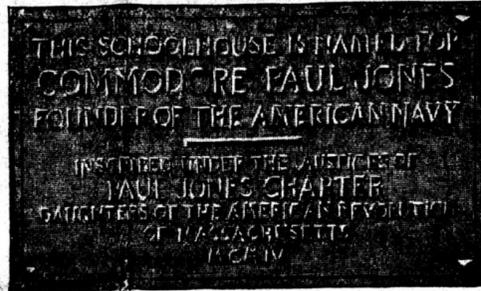
After nearly four centuries of mystery the first map on which the name of America was used to designate the Western Hemisphere has been found. It was made by Martin Waldseemüller, a geographer and cartographer of the little city of St. Die, situated in the French department of the Vosges.

Ever since the year 1507 the world has known of a little Latin book, printed in St. Die and made famous because it first advocated that the new hemisphere should be called America, after Americo Vesputci.

"I do not see who can rightfully object to its being called 'Land of America,' or 'America,'" said the writer, "from America, or Amerigo, the name of the sagacious man of genius who discovered it, since the names 'Europe' and 'Asia' were derived from the names of women."

From certain references in the book it was evident that it was accompanied by some sort of map, yet the map was missing. Copies were found of a map which geographers believed belonged to the book, but still no one knew what had become of the original. It was finally proved that Waldseemüller wrote the book, and certain maps were found bearing his name.

IN MEMORY OF PAUL JONES



Bronze Tablet in Memory of Commodore Paul Jones Unveiled in the New East Boston School Named for the Naval Hero.

The tablet purchased through donations made by chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution, through the efforts of Miss Marion Brazier, in memory of Commodore Paul Jones, was formally presented to the school committee by the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Were Real Works of Art in Their Ornamentation. In the sixteenth century European iron workers produced keys enriched with ornaments in relief and treated as works of art. Nothing could be more graceful than the embossed figures, coats of arms and grotesque

seated male figures supporting a ducal coronet. A third key is exceptionally ornate; the entire available space is enriched with arabesques, terminating in cupids, reclining river gods, a standing figure of Victory and similar devices. The stem of this key is supported by figures of a man and a woman.

KEY AS MARK OF HONOR.

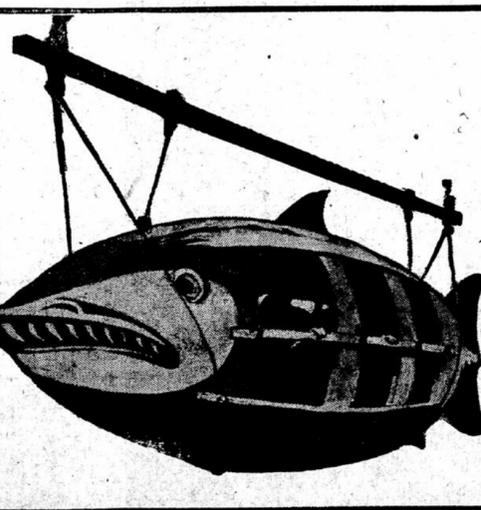
Conferred by Spanish Monarchs on Their Favorites.

Under Philip I of Spain and his successors the ministers of the crown were possessed of what the Spaniards termed a clave maestra, or master key, which gave them admission to the royal palaces. During the reign of Charles II (1675-1700) gilt master keys were conferred on the nobles and gentlemen in attendance on the king. These keys corresponded with and gave admission to all the rooms of the royal palaces. They had huge, oblong bow handles, which projected from the right-hand pocket and were attached to the person by a ribbon. The subordinate members of the royal household were honored with similar keys, though they were not gilt. It is recorded that if one of these keys was lost the unfortunate loser had to warn a high official of the court, who at once had all the locks changed at a cost of over 10,000 Spanish dollars.

A Hot Time in Prospect.

One of the many charitable women who are interested in the work of the University Settlement among the New York East Side poor tells of this incident, which occurred quite recently while she was making a round of visits in the tenements. She entered one tiny apartment just as the doctor who was attending a sick child was leaving. He had ordered for the little patient a bath as hot as she could bear. While the visitor was talking to the physician the mother of the child came to the head of the stairs and yelled to her neighbor below: "Mrs. Casey, will you lend me the loan of a wash-tub to scald the baby in?"

THE LATEST IN FLYING MACHINES



Sir Hiram Maxim's newest invention is a mammoth merry-go-round, with flying machines in place of the ordinary cars, boats or horses. The illustration shows one of these machines. For the present they will be attached to the merry-go-round, but Sir Hiram hopes to alter their construction so that they can be let loose in mid-air. Sir Hiram Maxim's new flying machine is not an advance in the art of self-propulsion through the air, nor does it profess to be so, since it is merely a "captive flying machine." It resembles a huge, roofless umbrella, with the ribs sloping upward, at the ends of which are

Marvels of Surgeon's Art

Thanks to Pasteur and Lister, the surgeon of to-day can do some astonishing things in the way of grafting one piece of living tissue on another.

A remarkable case is furnished by a doctor who writes to the British Medical Journal. His patient had a finger bitten clean off by a pig, through the shaft of its middle bone. He put the finger in his pocket, among a lot of tobacco dust and other rubbish, and walked with a friend six miles to the doctor, who demanded to see it. The finger had been cut off for about two hours. The doctor applied antiseptics to the end of the finger after wiping off the tobacco and ashes and dirt, similarly cleansed the stump that remained on the patient's hand, put the two together, applied a couple of splints, and the patient uses his finger to-day. Such are the healing powers of the healthy body.

And now a Frenchman is advertising his willingness to sell his nose and ears for similar purposes to those who have need of them. His prices are to be "moderate at first," and there is little doubt that there will be offers.

Skin-grafting, of course, is now quite commonplace. It is done in our hospitals every day. The skin to replace that destroyed by a burn or other causes may be taken from a healthy portion of the patient's own skin, from another human being, from a rabbit, the abdomen of a young puppy, or from various other sources. The operation is of great value in countless cases.

Similarly, part of a nerve may have been destroyed, and it is impossible to bring the two ends together. Such cases have been successfully treated by joining the ends with a piece of nerve or of a spinal cord from a rabbit.

Sir William Macewen of Glasgow has had great success in bone-grafting. Suppose that inflammatory disease has completely destroyed, as it often may, the snail of the shinbone. In such cases a piece of bone from one of the lower animals, or a piece of healthy bone taken from a recently amputated human limb (amputated by accident) may fill the gap.

When Jim Came Home

Now, this is the way Jim Brann came home—he came in the hobo style. Tucked on the trucks and clutching a truss for many a weary mile. And here in the ways of his boyhood days, with thoughts of his youth re-echoing in his mind. He thought of the lies his letters had told to the loving folks back there—Lies and lies—the scolding lies! He had held them better than truth. But here, in the hush of the fields of home, shame gnawed him with tearing teeth. Guile and guilt for the folks at home! Yet these were not half the woes and woes that he must know, must know! And under the lilac's shrouding shade, in the lamplight's mellow glare, He knelt by the window-sill and gazed on the old folks sitting there. Staring in from the chill of night on the old home's fireside. And hearing the trustful boasts of those to whom his letters lied. They were telling one who sat with them the news of their worthy son. And another, bringing her rosewood box, where all she prized was kept, Read once again what Jimmy wrote and read, reading, softly wept.

And when their neighbor went his way, the father turned the lock. And laid the rug across the door and wound the old tall clock. Then read the Word in solemn tones, and knelt and prayed for Jim. Beseeching little for themselves but all God's gifts for some dear Jim. Then all the house was dark and still, but in the night outside There waited a sobbing tattered wretch—a prodigal denied! Thrust back, not by the hands of home but by his guilty heart—By conscience towering grim and stern and bidding him depart. What! bring before a father's gaze that face, of sin the scroll? And thrust beside a mother's heart that black and blistered soul? No! Forth he strode beneath the stars—drenched now with honest tears That swept from heart and soul and brain—the shameful, bitter years. And with a prayer—an honest prayer—he sought the grace of God. And bent and kissed the worn old sill his parents' feet had trod. Then, standing, smote his breast and cried, "Go forth once more, Jim Brann. And stay! God help you, till you bring a clean and honest man!" So that was the way Jim Brann went back to fight the fight of men! And that was why God seemed so good when "when" he came home!

Don't Lose Your Grip

A woman said the other day she's losing her grip. She meant, that the other woman was becoming discouraged and was verging toward despair.

The other woman's mental disturbance was obvious, meant the gradual and ultimate loss to her of the confidence in her ability to carry responsibilities. The consequence is pathetic—yes—but as the world goes, it is so. No matter how discouraged you are, don't seem to be losing your grip, cautions a writer in the Chicago Journal.

If you feel one hand figuratively loosening on your efforts and duties, take an overgrasp with the other, and if you cannot climb, just hang on to the situation.

Make it apparent that you have confidence in yourself. While doing this, you assure to yourself the trust of others in your ability and in your force to carry it into effect. It is very hard, often bitterly difficult, to act this part when you are feeling utterly crushed. But you must do it in order to achieve.

There are lots of hard things that must be done in achieving and sustaining a business of social or artistic success—and one of the hardest is not to seem discouraged when the tide of adversity is sweeping you off your feet. But, no matter how soul-wrenching it is, the direst calamity that could happen in your darkest hour is to seem to be losing your grip.

So hang on tenaciously when everybody can read clearly that only obstacles are coming your way. Don't forget that the world casually pities and never sympathizes with and soon forgets the lost grip.

All this is cold comfort for the day of need—cold and brassy. But is a simple and straight telling of one way of the world—a way of the world that is cold and brassy.

So don't seem to be losing your grip.

Bunyan Warrant for Sale

The announcement of the impending sale of the original warrant on which John Bunyan was arrested 230 years ago and clapped into Bedford jail for a canting, crop-headed vagabond has evoked many expressions of fervent hope from English bibliophiles that the document will not be allowed to cross the Atlantic.

Interest in Bunyan relics is very keen among collectors, and it is sure to fetch a big price. Three years ago a first edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress"—published at thirty-six cents—fetched \$3,375. But when the warrant was first offered for sale at Sotheby's many years ago, in some inexplicable way it eluded the vigilance of some of the keenest eyes among European antiquaries. Perhaps this was due to the way it was catalogued among a lot of valuable old manuscripts, the entry relating to it reading: "Bunyan—Letter to the Constables of Bedford relative to the imprisonment of John Bunyan for preaching.

Autograph signature and seals, March 4, 1674."

The only man who recognized its value was the late W. G. Thorpe, who tells the story in his "Still Life of the Inner Temple." By "lying low and saying nothing" he managed to buy the document on the fateful day of the sale for a few sovereigns. Great was the dismay of the rich collectors gathered at the auction when Mr. Thorpe explained to them what a treasure they had allowed to slip through their fingers.

In the warrant Bunyan's name appears twice, the first time spelled "Bunnyon" and the second, "Bunnon." It is signed by thirteen justices of the peace, six of them baronets and seven esquires, and little they could have dreamed that in their ordering the arrest of the said "Towne Tynker," as he is styled in the warrant, they were doing the only thing in their hands that would preserve their names from complete oblivion.

Tract Has Bloody Record. On the six miles between the two rivers, North and South Canadians, there have been forty-two lives lost, all being in good health at the time of their death. On this six miles of railroad and wagon road, running parallel with the railroad, seven negroes, twenty whites and thirteen Indians have been killed one way or another.

Twenty-four of these went the gun route, one committed suicide, two were killed by being run over by wagons, three by falling on the rail-

road right-of-way, two were killed by horses on right-of-way, a tramp was burned to death, a bridge had met death by falling off a bridge, one, a woman, not known how she came to her death, one boy was killed by a horse.

Out of this great lot of killed only seven were killed by officers; two by Creek Indian officers, who were executed by shooting. In this lot of deaths there was no accidental shooting; they all knew that the gun was loaded and used it to kill.—Kansas City Journal.

Crane Took the Hint

Comedian Crane has for many years been socially prominent as well as theatrically successful in the West. At least socially prominent to the extent of having many acquaintances among the first citizens of the various communities. In Denver, for instance, Mr. Crane was frequently the guest of David H. Moffat, the millionaire banker, and a New Yorker has revived the story that used frequently to be told of these two, among others.

On one occasion when Mr. Crane was playing a Denver engagement he stopped, with Mrs. Crane, at a hotel directly across the street from Mr. Moffat's club, and as the comedian was frequently the banker's guest at the club Mrs. Crane was enabled to keep very effective track of him by looking out her window.

There was usually a quiet gentlemen's game on at the club, and it was Mr. Crane's habit to take a hand for awhile after the theater. One night it was a particularly interesting game, and the actor prolonged his stay. Luck, which had been persistently against him for a long time, turned his way toward morning, and with a promising looking bobtail flush

in his hand he was waiting for the draw, when a messenger came to the table, asking if there was a "man there named Crane."

"My name's Crane," the actor replied.

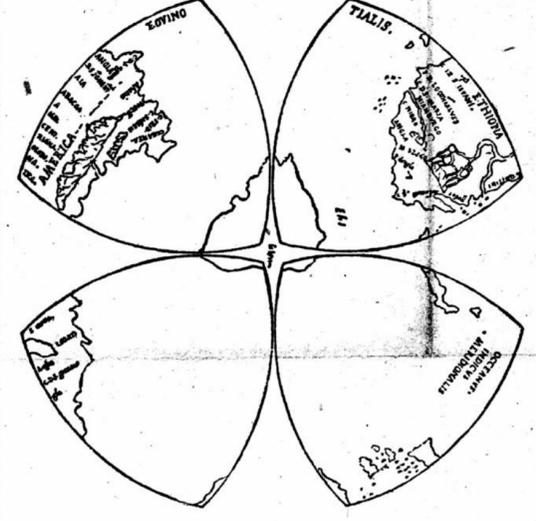
"A package for you, sir," said the boy.

The actor laid down his hand, took the package, and, while the other players watched him, deliberately opened it and unsuspectingly held up the contents to view. A shout of laughter rose from the players and several onlookers.

The package contained Mr. Crane's nightshirt. With an indescribable grin on his face the actor got up from the table, went to the window and looked out. At a window of the hotel opposite stood his wife, smiling across the street at him.

Mr. Crane beckoned the other players to the window and pointed to the woman in the window. "Guess I'd better go home, eh?" he said.

"It is pretty late," said Mr. Moffat; and they all cashed in and quit. The actor did not even wait to fill his flush, but took his nightshirt and went home.



This is Believed to Be the First Map Ever Made on Which the Name "America" Was Used to Designate the Western Hemisphere.

but not the coveted map for which the world had been seeking so long.

The search had been abandoned and the subject almost forgotten when a German professor stumbled over the missing map in the princely library of the castle of Wolfegg. Here it had lain hidden amid tomes of rich morocco and parchment.

The professor's name was Joseph Fischer, of Feldirch, who was making an examination of the library of Prince Francis, of Walburg-Wolfegg. He found "a volume of great size," says "The Monthly Bulletin of the International Bureau of American Republics," "antiquarian folio, Gothic style, substantially bound, and having for its covers two beech boards, supplied with clasps or brass fasteners, in which were found united, forming a kind of atlas, various leaves of three distinct maps.

"One of these was the original Waldseemüller map of 1507, which had been so persistently searched for and of which so much had been spoken, magnificently printed in twelve sheets, and in an excellent state of preservation."

The price permitted the map to be photographed, so that the facsimiles which have been made public are correct reproductions.

When its parts are put together the Waldseemüller map measures 8 feet wide and 4 feet high. It represents the new continent with a vagueness which seems comical to a man of to-day. Yet when one considers that it was drawn only fifteen years after Columbus had crossed the Atlantic on his first voyage, it is possible to understand the cloudiness with which the new land is bounded.

A few of the West Indies are depicted by clumsy blotches and North America is pinched into a strip of land, which looks more like an attenuated island than a continent. The proportions of South America are more near the truth, and represent to a certain extent the V shape character of that continent. The name "America" appears written transversely in capital letters in the southern part of the continent to the north of the Tropic of Capricorn.

Russia's Universities. Russia has five great universities, besides three provincial ones—St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kiev, Warsaw, and Kharkoff. The number of students in the five is some 15,000. Russia represents 125,000,000 people. There is, therefore, one student of all sorts, liberal and professional, to about 8,000 of the people. The number of students in the corresponding classes in America represents one to some 606 of the people.

arabesques which embellish the bows, which in this utilitarian age are replaced by ordinary metal rings. The keys were first cast and then chiseled by an expert artisan. The so-called "Strozzi key," formerly the property of Henri III of France, changed hands a few years ago for the enormous sum of \$6,000. The bow represents two sphinxes with grotesque heads, back to back, on the capital of a column. The stem is in the form of two concentric pipes; the bit is shredded like a very fine comb. Another famous key dates from the beginning of the seventeenth century; the elaborate bow represents two

Julius Caesar to Date

"In our company," said the returned actor, "was an exceedingly tall man, who had been specially engaged for a high part in the play. The remarks that outsiders made concerning that actor's length were often more than interesting, but he always looked down upon the persons making them as if they were far beneath him—and they were."

"One day in a hotel at Troy I heard a chap say to his chum: 'Gee, but that fellow'll be a big help to his mother when he grows up.' To which the other added: 'Looks like some body had been pullin' his leg—both on 'em.'"

"Parts in a play are measured by 'lengths' and 'sides.' Often the actors would perpetrate jokes on this long fellow, ringing the changes on 'lengths' and long 'sides.' Finally he got to be nicknamed 'Hiawatha,' either because that tune held out so long, or because Longfellow wrote a Hiawatha.

"We played a week in Portland, Oregon. At another theater was a company with a young man at the head who had once been with Booth and Barrett. He had determined to

take the places on the stage—both of them—left vacant by those great tragedians. At the time mentioned he was preparing to produce 'Julius Caesar.' He invited myself and running mate to come in and see the dress rehearsal, 'which we did,' as Bill Nye would have said. In the Brutus' tent scene a big globe occupied a prominent place on a table. After the rehearsal I got my pal to ask the tragedian if he intended to use that globe in the play.

"Of course," he replied. 'Why, man, I've had a prop boy hunting three days to find that globe.'"

"Then he was asked why he did not have a telephone machine hitched to the centerpole of the tent. He had not considered the fact that in the days of Julius Caesar people thought the earth was flat; that it stood on the backs of four great elephants—one at each corner—and that they stood on the backs of four monstrous turtles, though they never got far enough down to discover what the turtles stood on."

"But the tragedian used the globe, and possibly the telephone, and he may have come in on an automobile."

Risk of Fast Traveling

The German engineers are spending a large amount of time and money on experiments whose aim is the production of an electric car or steam locomotive which can run 100 miles an hour. According to a cable dispatch they succeeded last week for the first time in reaching 100 miles an hour; but the question which naturally suggests itself to railway engineers in the United States is, Who wants to travel at such speed? Side by side with the speed records of the German experiment we would set the discussion which took place on the location of distant signals at the recent meeting of the Railway Signaling Club, reported in our last issue. The signal engineer of a leading railroad there stated that he had not been able to work satisfactorily a mechanical signal with a greater length of wire than 3,000 feet.

It is well known that if trains are to be run with safety under the block signal system the spacing of the dis-

tant signals from the home must be proportioned to the speed of the fastest train. The distant signal tells the engine runner that the home signal stands at danger, and that he must stop his train before reaching it; and the faster the train is running the farther back must this information be given him. With present train speeds it is not uncommon to place the distant signal 2,500 feet back of the home; and if this is a proper distance for sixty-mile-an-hour trains, then for 100 miles an hour the distant signal ought to be placed at least 7,500 feet back.

But trains are run a large share of the time when the signal cannot be made out at 1,000 feet, or anything like that distance. They are often run when a semaphore cannot be clearly seen till one is within, say, 200 feet. Under such conditions the engine runner would have just one and one-half seconds to decide whether his train were dashing on to safety or destruction.—Engineering News.