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AN ADMIRABLE AMERICAN.

Time was when it appeared easy to caricature Theodore Roosevelt. In the days when the present president of the United States was police commissioner of the city of New York the sense of American humor was tickled by the artists who pictured Roosevelt as attempting to break the obstreperous broncho of Gotham's municipality. Be it related to the credit of the former police commissioner, however, that no truthful pen ever depicted him as unseated by the restive forces he was attempting to overcome. He bestrode the municipal mustang and guided it as he desired, curbing vicious tendencies in his mount, and left the task easy to those who succeeded to the cares of the position he left when called to higher responsibilities. He disappointed the cartoonists who were waiting for a false step or unlucky accident to give them an opportunity to launch ridicule after their shafts of wit.

Roosevelt's experience in the city of New York has been repeated more than once. He has left his critics in the lurch time after time, and now stands upon heights too elevated to be sketched in any but the most heroic proportions. He has attained an eminence toward which hundreds of clever, brilliant and ambitious men have struggled and failed. He has shouldered responsibilities as they came upon him and pushed his way to the front. His life, he tells us, has not been sailed by a chart of his own making. He grasped opportunities as he met them, and exemplifies the highest type of the man of action, who does things while other men are lost in a maze of doubt and cogitation.

Roosevelt is an admirable type of American. He meets the requirements that are set up by the citizens of a country whose leaders are chosen by an expression of popular will. His career has been cumulative. He has moved from success to success, not once failing in what he has undertaken, not once making a mistake toward which critics might point as evidence of weakness or proof of wrong judgment. While other men have talked Roosevelt has worked, and his vigorous, thorough energy has enabled him to leave men of contemplative minds far in the rear. He has never asked praise of the American people for what he did not do, but rather preferred to be judged by what he did, and if he has faults he has never remained inactive long enough to permit a searching and critical review of his career to discover and point them out.

DANGEROUS DUPLICITY.

During the time that has elapsed since the assassination of President McKinley, four weeks ago, there have been numerous declarations of hostility to anarchy from unexpected sources. Politicians who trimmed the sails of their electioneering craft to suit the changes of the wind have come about with a sharp turn, and have been steadfast and outspoken in the declaration that anarchy must be wiped out and the menace to free institutions removed forever. Just how much of this outward show of opposition to the influences that have worked for the overthrow of law and order is sincere is hard to tell. Manifestly the trimmer in times of political strife would in the present instance be ready to echo the general condemnation of anarchy and eager to voice sentiments known to be popular with the majority of law abiding citizens. There is still a lurking suspicion in many quarters that the noisy lamentations of the yellow journals and the clique these pernicious sheets represent are almost if not quite as open to suspicion as the course they pursued before the shock of the pistol shot at Buffalo startled the entire world.

The danger that arises from misplaced confidence in the expressions of the yellow journals is not small. Fancied security on the part of nations and individuals has given rise to notable incidents that point a moral the people of this country will do well to heed in the present situation. Wolves in sheep's clothing are no more cunning and unscrupulous than the incendiary sheets that blow hot and cold in a breath and invade and dtsturb every article of domestic and official life in search of the sensations, which give their publications an excuse for existence. There is no means of telling just how far the apparent sincerity of the yellow press extends. Judging from past experience, which is the only valuable guide, the expressions of contrition on the part of the yellow press are fully as valueless and as little to be trusted as their trumped-up sensations, which have been their stock in trade since journalism was permitted to be discolored by this saffron taint.

The record upon which lawmakers will have to proceed when the matter of safeguarding the country from the violence of anarchists shall come before them, will be the course pursued by the yellow press and its dangerous disciples up to the time of the Buffalo horror turned the searchlight upon its daily misdeeds. The general sentiment of the American people is seldom wrong, and it is the deep and abiding conviction of the vast majority of citizens that the tragedy at Buffalo was directly traceable to the influence of yellow journalism. In a time of profound peace and quiet this pest of newspaper making was so busy with schemes for arousing contented and prosperous people against the government that the echo of the murderer's shot had not died away before the accusing finger pointed to the sensational press as the real culprit and the root of the evil of which the assassin was a poisonous branch.

This pernicious influence, so formidable for evil in a period of general prosperity and contentment, can, if unrestrained, work untold mischief in times when real or imaginary wrongs afford a basis for its fulminations. This form of journalism is a stumbling block in the way of those who work for real and permanent reforms. Its influence is equally harmful to those whose cause it champions and the forces arrayed against it, its present pretensions of lamb-like docility and repentance are the essence of hypocricy, and the evil has become doubly dangerous while using the habiliments of mourning to disguise its real character.

For the well being of all concerned it is advisable to place a check upon the yellow press. None know the need of this safeguard more than the sincere workers for reform who have been made odious to law-abiding people by having their views misrepresented and their expressions misquoted to make sensational reading for the patrons of yellow publications.

A HOUSE DIVIDED.

Once more the time honored axiom, "like father, like son," has been set at naught. The son of John Wanamaker has left the beaten path followed by his father and branched out into ways hitherto new and untried by the house of Wanamaker. Father and son have labored harmoniously for years, and among their multiplicity of enterprises has been a newspaper known as the Philadelphia North American. This publication has been issued but six days in the week while the senior Wanamaker held the reins, but last Sunday, when the restraining hand of the elder Wanamaker was removed, it came out as a regular seven-day-in-the-week newspaper. An editorial addressed somewhat pompously "To the Public" sets forth the fact that henceforth the paper will be controlled by the younger scion of the house of Wanamaker, and in cold type the declaration is made that John Wanamaker, senior, "has no authority over the property or management whatever."

The younger Wanamaker, in the full flush of his ambition to be up and doing, announces in unmistakable language that he will permit no gaps in his line of battle in the journalistic warfare he has entered upon. He overturns the traditions of the house of Wanamaker and spikes with one fell blow the cannon of opposition in the following language:

With today's issue, the North American enlarges the field of its opportunities for carrying on the contest of the people for good government and the rescue of the state and city from the evil forces that now dominate the administration. A duty so high and a service so important ought not, we believe, to suffer a lapse of one day in seven.

A large portion of the worthiest and best citizens of the community, we are aware, dissent on ethical grounds from Sunday publications. At least an equal number of citizens of the same worthy class believe, on the same grounds, in the continuity of journalistic service. A respectful recognition should be accorded to the opinions and motives of each.

The Puritan general, Cromwell, did not hesitate to make battle for liberty and free conscience even on the Lord's day. Some of his most important victories for freedom were won by his psalm-singing soldiers on the day they reverenced as of holy obligation.

By the issue of a Sunday edition the North American has added another arm to its equipment for the service of the people's cause.

There can be but little doubt, judging from the foregoing, that the son of his father is feeling his oats, and it is fair to presume that if he is looking for steady employment he has found it in his latest undertaking.

STATE PRESS OPINIONS.

A Second Paradise.

The glorious coloring of the autumn tints in Helena yards is just now in the zenith of its beauty. A walk through the resident districts on the east side is a revelation to those accustomed to the barren appearances of many Rocky mountain towns. The brilliant yellows and the bright shades of red on the vines against the dark background of the houses and the bright green of the lawns is in very truth a beautiful picture. The view from the court house lawn down Ewing street is superb. The same might be said of Rodney and several other streets on the east side. On the west side a striking picture is found, with the glorious colors of the Virginia creeper and the vines of brilliant scarlet, orange and yellows being especially noticeable.

We of the city of course grow accustomed to these beauties, and the fall to impress us as they do outsiders. The view of the valley farther out on the west side with its brilliant colors against the dark background of the mountains and the bright green of the nearby fields under the brilliant sunshine of these autumn days and the bright blue of the sky is a picture which the artist's brush would fail to do justice to. Mount Helena, with the bright green of the pines and the dashes of brilliant yellow of the aspens, bright reds of maple and rose bushes is indeed worthy of the attention of the lovers of the beautiful.

A MOTHER'S LOVE

DEAR MADAM:

Under ordinary circumstances, when the income is sufficient, when the love is mutual, when there are no other great obstacles in the way, is it justifiable for a man to marry a woman when he is certain, or reasonably sure, that the union must of necessity be childless? Is it not unreasonable for him to suppose that an ordinary woman under ordinary circumstances will not be compensated for the loss of maternity by the affection, however great, that she may feel for him.

J. G. A.

In spite of the fact that the impulse which attracts the sexes is an unconscious desire to propagate their species, children are not always a necessary adjunct to domestic happiness.

I call to mind a dozen instances of deep conjugal affection which has lasted into middle life unattended by offspring. Indeed, it has sometimes seemed to me that the most devoted lovers were husbands of childless wives. Very frequently the paternal and maternal instincts of such couples are absorbed into and strengthen the conjugal affection.

Maternity is a great experience, and one which every woman should be benefited by passing through. Yet how often we find the wife forgetting all the arts of coquetry and becoming the mere mother of her husband's children—no longer the sweetheart, but the nurse; and the husband's affection changed from that of the admiring lover to the devoted father, who calls his wife "Mamma" and is indifferent to her as the woman, but solicitous to the welfare of the child and the child's mother. I have seen this condition of things a hundred times where I have seen one husband remain the lover first, the father second after the advent of a child. I see no reason why two people who are in a normal state of mind and body should not marry and be happy, if they love each other, even if they are confident they will never become parents.

Here is a man who evidently thinks motherhood a poor accomplishment with many women. He says: "Have you ever noticed those poor dumb creatures, called 'babies;' have you even seen them propped up in the carriages, with pure white sunshades, the sun shining on them full blaze, the poor creatures, squinting with pain, the silly mother parading behind like a peacock, thinking all the while how much she loves her dearie? Or, again, have you seen the average baby being wheeled and bumped up and down curbstones? Not speaking of the poor creatures left in the care of their "big sisters and brothers" the latter scarcely able to care for themselves?" Yes, I have observed all these abuses of babies, and written columns of protest, while I heard the world uttering the same old platitudes about "No love like a mother's love." The increase of weak eyes, as evinced by the remarkable number of children who have imperfect sight, is greatly due to the carelessness of mothers during the child's first year of life.

Of course. Nature intended a baby's eyes to be protected from strong light most of the twenty-four hours. A cat knows enough to keep her little ones in shadowy corners during their early life, but I have seen a woman let her wee baby lie in the glare of an electric light, and call attention to the comical faces it made! Poor babe, it was vainly trying to pucker its little face into a shade for its suffering eyes, unfitted for the cruel light.

Over and over again I have seen stupid mothers and stupid nurses trundling infants along the street in the blaze of a noonday sun, while they carefully protected their own eyes by a parasol.

And yet we are told "There is no love like mother's love." We repeat the familiar phrase questioningly, as we see tired little baby legs made to run along the pavement to keep pace with an inconsiderate mother who hauls the child by one hand while she gossips with a companion, wholly unconscious of the cruel selfishness of her conduct toward her little one.

What an excellent idea it would be to have a national institution of motherhood through which every young woman must pass before she could obtain a marriage license!

Animals know how to take care of their young, but women need to be taught, since so rarely does instinct make them humane, or kind, to the helpless little beings whom they bring into existence.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

TWO LETTERS OF IMPORTANCE FROM HER DAILY MAIL BAG.

"EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE" for January, 1900, under the head of "How the Northwest Was Saved in 1864," publishes an interesting article about Mr. Maurice Langhorne, of Chicago, attorney at law and solicitor in chancery.

During the excitement over Admiral Dewey, "The Alumnus" said:

Hurrah for Dewey! He is the man of the hour, the ideal hero. Does it pay to be a hero? If so, it should, like wine, increase with age. Why should we seek one from afar, when within our own city stands one who is indeed deserving this title? Mr. Maurice Langhorne, a lawyer of this city, who is now daily in our midst, is almost forgotten. He saved the city of Chicago, in November, 1864, from being the vortex of the "Great Western Conspiracy," And thus the poet says:

"E'en to the dullest peasant standing by,
Who fastened still on him a wondering eye,
He seemed the master spirit of the land."

—From "The Alumnus," October, 1899.

Mr. Langhorne is now disabled in both hands and feet and both knees.

In a letter to me, Mr. Langhorne writes:

Now, almost helpless, it takes all my time and strength to get the little bite I eat, while I have the ability and knowledge to earn a fine living if I had a little help.

It would reflect credit upon the good and generous city of Chicago if Mr. Langhorne's case were investigated. There are kindhearted and public-spirited millionaires in that great metropolis who ought to feel it a pleasure to assist such a man in his declining years.

A young recruit of that splendid "Animal Protective League" writes me of his efforts to save the park squirrels, as follows:

As I went to Central Park one day, I saw four boys holding pistols in their hands. I sat down upon a bench, and was watching them. In a few minutes I saw two of the boys pick up small pebbles, and, putting them into their pistols, waited until they saw a few birds come near. At this time a few birds did come down. The boys, seeing these birds, started to shoot at them. Then I went over to them, and said: "Stop shooting these birds and put your pistols in your pockets," also showing them the badge at the same time. Then they said to me: "Keep your mouth shut and mind your own business, or we'll take that badge away from you." Hearing this, I went over to a policeman, who stood quite near, and told him the whole story—how they wanted to kill the poor birds. The policeman went right over to the boys, and, seizing two of them by the collars, gave them a good shaking, and said: "Why you thick-headed boys shooting at these birds?" The boys were too frightened to reply. The policeman then took away their pistols and handed them to me. But before letting the boys go he made them promise not to shoot at birds again.

SAMUEL CHERNUFF,
Tiger Chapter Our Animal Protective League.

How much better this is than the example of our "society people," who are preparing for their horrible and disgusting sport of shooting trapped birds—and killing deer! I heard a beautiful young woman boast of her ability to bring down a deer with her rifle the other day—and I confess all her beauty vanished for me.

She was the mother of two lovely children, and I could not help wondering what murderous impulse she might have imparted to those young minds by her thoughts and words on slaughter as a "sport."

She believes herself a Christian woman. There is where the religion of Buddha was more humane and Christian than our orthodox Christianity.

Buddha taught that all life was sacred, and no man could take the life (unless in self-defense) of animal or insect without committing a crime against his Creator.

I hope a more humane Christianity will be taught some time in our pulpits. It is creeping into our schools and kindergartens, and the growing generation surely promises to help make the world kinder and better and more just.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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MORE COPPER TALK.

The Boston News Bureau publishes the following interesting copper gossip:

One of the best informed copper men in Boston, and one who is associated very closely with the Calumet & Hecla property says: "The whole trouble with the copper situation at the present time is simply a disparity between consumption and production. Business conditions abroad are largely responsible for the reduction in the foreign demand. The mere fact that the Amalgamated company holds, as has been reported, 60,000 tons of unsold copper, does not, in itself, count for much. This amount is a relatively small surplus for a concern of that size, and seems to be of little account when put in comparison with the 167,000 tons which the French syndicate had on hand just before its collapse.

"I do not look to see the price of copper drop. At present the Amalgamated people can hold the market, if they see fit, a year at least, and perhaps much longer, and it is their evident intention to do so. The whole situation is now hanging upon the course of general business. If busness shall continue to improve in all directions, I have no doubt but what the surplus copper now on hand will soon be readily absorbed; but, if on the other hand, there shall develop any weakness in the business situation, I can not fortell what will come to the copper situation. If business holds well, the consumption will increase. Indeed the domestic consumption is even now showing a satisfactory gain, and many companies, including Calumet & Hecla, are sold ahead.

"So far as Calumet & Hecla is concerned, it may be said that it will do nothing whatever to injure any legitimate attempt to mantain the price. It will take this position purely as a matter of honor and self-protection, and not because any agreement has been entered into with the Amalgamated or any other company, and it should be said right here in the most emphatic manner possible, that no agreement whatever, direct or indirect, has been made with the Amalgamated company for the support of the market price of copper.

"The Calumet & Hecla company has, it is true, sold a large lot of copper quite recently at a price under 17 cents, but it is offering nothing at present for immediate delivery. It is sold for several weeks ahead—possibly well into November—and large lots for delivery at that time might perhaps be obtained at a trifle under 17 cents, although this is by no means certain. In this connection it might be added that the Calumet & Hecla dividend now due at any time, will undoubtedly be the same as the previous payment. There is no reason to believe there will be any change in the disbursement."

Killed Sixty-Six in as Many Ways.

Looking spick and span in new summer clothes, the two stood at the corner of Malwaukee and Wisconsin streets. They are talking confidentially. At a distance of ten feet, or thereabouts, stood a little crowd, which contained a callow youth, who was listening. Eavesdropping, in fact.

"One of the most effective murders I ever committed," said the dark man with the silver-headed stick, "was done by means of a poison spilled upon a bouquet which I presented to my wife. No one ever knew what killed her. And in New Orleans I killed two men by poisoning the tips of fencing foils. But for good, noisy jobs, blowing up a lighthouse with dynamite, just to kill the keeper, takes the palm. That was one of the first murders I ever committed," he finished, complacently. "I remember, too," went on the dark man, laughing heartily, "that I once kidnaped and killed two children because the mother wouldn't return my affection. And then there was the man I tied in front of a cannon and shot to death, and the woman whom I locked in the house and burned up. I was counting up the other day, and I find that I have shot 42 men and stabbed 12. I guess that in the last six years I have been shot at least 50 times and stabbed often enough to be cut into ribbons. I remember that while I was blowing open my father's safe to get money with which to gamble, father came into the room. I tried to shoot him, but the revolver wouldn't explode, and I grabbed a paper knife from the table and stabbed him. I was wearing evening clothes at the time, and after the killing I wiped the blood from my hands, threw the match into my father's face, picked up my kit and walked out. But the only time I was ever called was when I whipped Tom to death in Milwaukee."

The clang of the street car drowned the sentence following.

The two men walked south in Milwaukee street and entered the stage door of the Academy theater. The dark man was "Jack" Sainpolis, who plays "heavies" in the Thanhouser stock company. He was reciting to a newspaper man the many ways in which he has appeared. On the stage he has murdered 66 men, women and children.—Milwaukee Journal.

Editor Eckman Dead.

(By Associated Press.)

New York, Oct. 7.—William H. Eckman, a former newspaper man and magazine editor, 60 years of age is dead, the result of apoplexy. Mr. Eckman was for five years city clerk of Cleveland and at one time edited Winslow's magazine.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS.

At a regular meeting of Butte Bridge and Structural Iron Workers' union, No. 159, a resolution was passed fixing a rate of $5 per day and eight hours, to take effect Jan. 1, 1902.

DAVE RAITT, President.
P. E. ROONEY, Financial Secretary.

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PAPERING

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