STRATTON OF CRIPPLE CREEK.

A WONDERFUL DREAMER WHOSE DREAM CAME TRUE.

Because While He Was Dreaming He Was Working and Thinking and Counting Failures as Nothing—Took Him 19 Years to Find the Independence Mine.

Persons who are fond of discovering the dramatic element in things have often pointed at W. S. Stratton, the Cripple Creek millionaire, who died last Sunday night, as the most remarkable example of luck in the latter part of the nineteenth century. It has been their way to say that he rode out of Colorado Springs almost penniless one summer morning and came back so rich that he himself couldn't tell how much he owned.

Superficially, there seems to be some truth in this picture of Stratton's sudden change of fortune. Actually, however, it is most misleading.

The fact is that no man ever worked harder, thought more earnestly or overcame more difficulties to attain wealth than did Stratton. The great merchants who have built up vast businesses from small beginnings have had plain sailing compared with the long and stormy voyage that finally brought the Crœsus of Cripple Creek safe into port.

There is a tradition that as a young man in Jeffersonville, Ind., Stratton was wild and unamiable; and that when he went West in 1872 he left a bad name among the Hoosiers. Be that as it may, he had learned to be a good carpenter, and when he struck Colorado Springs he found plenty of work at his trade, which lasted as long and came as often as he cared to have it during the next nineteen years.

It wasn't many weeks after Stratton struck the Springs before the gold fever marked him for its own. It's a lingering disease at the best—or the worst, according to the way you look at it—but there are many who catch it, suffer acutely for a while and then recover.

Not so with Stratton. The longer he had it the more malignant it became, until along in the 80s folks got to calling him "Crazy" Stratton. That was because his faith in what other men regarded and abandoned as worked-out pockets and barren claims persisted and led him on through multiplied failures and disappointments.

The first investment in mining property which has been laid to Stratton was the $3,000 that he planted in the Yretaba mine at Cunningham Gulch. It isn't likely that he had $3,000 to drop there all at once, but whatever he had he began to put into the Yretaba in 1873, less than a year after his arrival in Colorado.

He got a lot of good schooling in that venture, but nothing more. For ten years he spent a large part of every summer working the claim for the gold that never came, and in the winters he plied the hammer and the saw to earn money with which to feed himself and lay in material for the next warm-weather campaign in the gulch.

When the Yretaba scheme had petered out Stratton made up his mind that he ought to have more scientific knowledge, so he took a course in metallurgy at Colorado College, and thereafter he carried a blow-pipe in his wanderings among the bleak hills that were to yield up their treasures to him. When he wished to test a specimen of ore he had both the implements and the knowledge with which to do it.

Years afterward when his ship had come in he gave Colorado College $50,000 as a mark of his appreciation of what it had done for him. This college training is a point that the exponents of the luck theory ought not to overlook.

Certainly a man who will pursue a forlorn hope for ten years and then go in for a scientific education to help him in the further prosecution of the same purpose isn't altogether a child of fortune if after years more of patient toil and careful thought he finally comes to his reward.

His college course completed, Stratton set out again on the old quest. The Yretaba was a vanished dream, but there were other fields to prospect, and in some of them he was sure he would find the means that would enable him to put away the carpenter's kit forever and a day.

In the meantime, however, he didn't despise his trade. Colorado Springs saw him intermittently and gave him work when he wanted it. Then when there was a little money in the stocking it saw him no more for a time and the neighbors knew that the carpenter had become a gold hunter again.

A good part of the time Stratton was spending his own money in the quest for pay dirt, but whenever he could find any one disposed to grubstake him and divide with him on the chance that some day his dream would come true he took up the partnership gladly.

It was under such an arrangement that he set out for Cripple Creek in April, 1891. Samples of ore which had lately come down from that region led him to believe that it would give up a great store of wealth to the man who had the persistence and the knowledge to examine it thoroughly.

He had been working on the grubstake contract for a month or two when the man who was putting up the money concluded that it was a bad bargain and quit within striking distance of millions.

Stratton went back to Cripple Creek, replenished his store of necessaries, and on July 3 rode out of town on horseback to resume his prospecting, this time on his own hook, with no one to stand the loss or divide the gain, as the case might be. The next day he did something which showed that, like nearly all persons with sufficient imagination to do great things, he was a man of sentiment.

He staked out two claims, and, as it was the Fourth of July, he named one Independence and the other Washington. It was a happy thought for the greatest day in Stratton's life.

Out of those two claims so patriotically named Stratton accumulated a fortune, estimated at $14,000,000, and other men also grew rich beyond the dreams of avarice. An early assay from the Independence showed ore that yielded $380 to the ton; so Stratton wasn't long in making up his mind that he would hold on to that claim and get the money he needed for further operations from the Washington; for he did need money, never more than at that moment, when millions lay just beneath his feet.

He sold or leased the Washington for a sum that is sometimes stated as $60,000, sometimes as $80,000. At any rate, he got about $10,000 in ready cash out of the deal, and later, when the buyer or lessee failed in the required payments, the Washington reverted to the possession of its discoverer.

And all this time the fellow who had quit on the grubstake agreement with Stratton kept up a power of thinking on what might have been. There are others in Colorado Springs who will tell you by the hour about the chances they had to go in with Stratton and how they turned him down, and it's a favorite pastime for not a few of them to figure out how many millions they would now be worth if on this or that day in 1891 they had said "yes" instead of "no."

With the first $10,000 that he got out of the Washington, Stratton set to work on the Independence. He was never in a hurry about taking out gold, even in later years when he had the capital to push things to the limit if he chose to do so.

"It's just as safe in the earth as anywhere else," he would often say to those who were urging him to work faster.

In 1894 $60,000 was all he had cleaned up from the Independence. From that time on, however, the product of the mine was fabulous.

Stratton was taking out not less than a million a year when in 1898 he sold a controlling interest in the mine to an English company for $10,000,000.

He sometimes regretted this bargain, and his faith in Cripple Creek never wavered. The bulk of his money when he died was still invested there.

He and some men associated with him had bought 900 acres of land under which he was convinced there was more gold than even the Independence had produced. His theory, formed after long and intelligent investigation, was that some where under that 900 acres a great number of veins and deposits converged and that if operations were carried deep enough in the earth this immense store of gold would be found. This theory will probably be put to the test before long, and it is quite possible that Stratton's brains will make others far richer than he himself was.

Prosperity made no essential difference in Stratton. His ways were simple and unaffected to the end, and he didn't forget those who had remembered him in his poverty.

A notable instance of the latter trait was his purchase of the Matchless mine, which he presented to the widow of Senator Tabor to restore her shattered fortunes. Tabor had given Stratton a helping hand, and this was his way of returning the kindness.

He had his eccentricities, too. One of them manifested itself in the buying of an expensive hotel so that he might discharge an employee who had offended him.

Another appeared when the leading men of Colorado Springs decided to give him a public dinner in recognition of his services to the city, which included the gift of the Exchange Building. Stratton had never worn evening dress, so one of his friends tipped him off about the proposed dinner and urged him to consult his tailor at once.

Stratton went to the tailor, so the story runs, laid down a one hundred dollar bill and told the man to make him a swallow-tail coat with waistcoat and trousers to match. A few days later he tried on the suit.

Looking at his reflection in a long mirror, he uttered an exclamation of disgust, took off the new clothes, threw them into a corner and never called for them. And, what's more, when the dinner came off Stratton wasn't there.

One day a year or two ago a neighbor asked him for a contribution to a worthy charity.

"Yes," was his reply, "I'll give you $5,000, provided I have that much money in the bank."

One of his clerks telephoned to the bank, and the answer came back that Mr. Stratton's balance was $380,000. Men who helped him to manage his business say that that was about as near as he often came to knowing how much ready money he had on hand.

There is one person who shared a great deal of Stratton's adversity, but not his prosperity—at least not to any great extent. That person was his wife.

When the prospecting project was new to her she rather smiled upon it as a healthful sort of outing for her husband, which might some day make her a rich man's wife. But as time went on and his absences grew more frequent and more extended, and her own privations correspondingly harder to endure, she developed an aversion to gold-seeking.

The carpenter's trade was good enough for her, she said. It didn't yield a fortune, but it was safe and certain. Finally there came a time of waiting and watching for Stratton that lasted longer than any of its predecessors, and when Stratton returned, ragged, impecunious and baffled, Mrs. Stratton said that it was the last call for her. The next time he went away he needn't return with any expectation of finding her.

The next time was the time the Independence was discovered, so the tradition says, and Mrs. Stratton was true to her word.

Whether this is the true story of the separation or not, it undoubtedly has many elements of truth. It certainly is a fact that just as Stratton was coming into fortune he and his wife parted and she got a divorce. They say, out in Colorado Springs, that he gave her $100,000. Maybe she is one of the many who would tell you what might have been if she had said "yes" instead of "no" to Stratton.

PROHIBITION IN GERMANY.

Official Rebukes to Two Advocates of the Movement.

According to the German papers the prohibition movement in Germany has received a serious setback, official disapproval having been placed upon it. In proof of this the fate of two advocates of the movement is cited.

The first case is that of Dr. Matthaei, formerly senior army surgeon of the garrison at Dantzig. Dr. Matthaei was the originator of the anti-alcohol movement in Dantzig, and several of his pamphlets on the subject were freely circulated among the officers and men of the regiments stationed in his city.

After having been permitted to carry on his agitation for a little less than a year, the authorities suddenly reminded him of the fact that under the army regulations no officer was allowed to publish anything without first having obtained official permission to do so.

Dr. Matthaei continued to make speeches in favor of the prohibition cause, sometimes at officers' banquets where beverages flowed freely. He was then strictly forbidden to continue his agitation. Thereupon he resigned his commission and is devoting himself exclusively to the movement.

The second case was that of Director of Railroads De Terra, stationed at Guben. He had been identified with the movement to promote temperance among the railroad employees for some time when he decided to try to obtain official support.

He was informed on behalf of the Minister of Railroads that the agitation would under no circumstances receive official approval, the Government having decided that temperance was a good thing but prohibition an impossibility. The Minister's representative added that, as a matter of friendship, he could only advise the director to drop the matter then and there.

De Terra refused to take the hint and a few days later published in a number of newspapers an appeal for the organization of the Society of Temperate German Railroad Employees. In less than two months the society had a membership of more than five hundred.

De Terra, however, has received his punishment for acting in opposition to the wishes of his superiors. He has been transferred to Stolp, in Pomerania, one of the least important posts to which a director can be assigned.

CALL IT THE CAN CITY.

New Name Proposed for Baltimore, Once Noted for Its Monuments.

That more attention is paid to matters of business nowadays and less to sentimental considerations is shown in the case of Baltimore, a new colloquial name for which city is sought.

It appears from the most recent census bulletin of the division of American industries that 60 per cent. of the oyster canning in the United States is done in Baltimore. It is not alone on oyster canning, however, that the fame and profit of Baltimore as the Can City rest, for in addition to oysters fruits, shrimps, mussels, crabs and corn are packed in large amounts in Baltimore, and the increase in these lines is continuous.

For many years Baltimore has retained the name of the Monumental City of the United States, not by reason of the great number of monuments it possesses, for Baltimore in that respect does not rank so high as New York, Chicago, Boston or St. Louis, but because it was the first city to commemorate the services of George Washington with a monument, the Maryland Legislature having made provision for one in 1809. The monument was begun on July 4, 1815, and completed in 1830.

Still another notable memorial in Baltimore is the Battle monument, begun in 1815 in honor of the defenders of Baltimore in 1812 when it was attacked by English soldiers. The popular opinion is that Baltimore is distinguished for the number and beauty of its monuments, but actually it gained the name of the Monumental City by its promptness in raising two.

Baltimore owes little of its present material prosperity to its monuments, but much to its large canning interests, and to this fact is ascribed the project, which has considerable local favor, to have it called hereafter the Can City, as Pittsburg is the City of Steel, Troy the City of Collars and Cuffs, Paterson the City of Silk, Lowell the City of Spindles and Washington the City of Distances.

TO PICTURE DYING TONGUES.

WORK NOW GOING ON AMONG WESTERN INDIANS.

The Purpose to Preserve Their Speech Accurately—Apparatus Invented by a Frenchman Used—Difficulties of the Task—Some Languages Almost Gone.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 17.—What would Latin and Greek scholars of to-day not give to hear the Iliad as Homer would recite it or the speech against Catiline as Cicero would deliver it, with all the accents, inflections, intonations and stresses accurately indicated? And even if they couldn't hear Homer and Cicero, how much would they not give to know how to pronounce ancient Greek and Latin as they were pronounced?

There is a band of scientific men who are now working to preserve in this manner the dying tongues of North American Indians. They seek to put them on record so that students in years to come will know how to repeat an Indian fable or legend or incantation just as the redskins of the West pronounce them now. If they are able to do what they confidently hope they can, the students of ethnology and phonetics the world over will have a vast field laid open before them.

One of the investigators so engaged is Pliny E. Goddard of the University of California. He has just returned from New River, a tributary of Trinity River, with a large number of phonetic records taken from some Chimariko Indians.

In a few years there won't be any Chimariko Indians and in all human probability the Chimariko tongue will die with those who now speak it. These facts explain Mr. Goddard's activity in his field this summer.

Chimariko is not the only Indian tongue that will soon die, either. For example, the ethnological investigators say that there is at least one Indian language which is spoken to-day by only two men. One of the two is so old that he can't talk and the other is so superstitious that up to this time he has refused to talk for the purposes of science. That gives an idea of the difficulties of getting at the speech of the Indians.

Working in about the same field, although in a different part of the State, is Dr. A. L. Kroeber, also of the State university. The work is being done under the direction of an Advisory Committee, among whose members are Dr. Franz Boas of the American Museum of National History in New York and Dr. Frederic W. Putnam, curator of the Peabody Museum of Harvard University.

When Dr. Kroeber and Mr. Goddard came to the State University a year or two ago they soon decided that in order to do their work well they must find some way of recording the sounds of the voice with more accuracy than is possible with any alphabet. For this reason they have recently experimented with apparatus designed to picture sounds of the voice in an accurate way. With their apparatus they have had some success, but by no means so much as they expect to have when the apparatus is improved.

Conspicuous among machines for recording sounds with sufficient accuracy for scientific measurements is an apparatus invented by the Abbé Rousselot of Paris. Mr. Goddard first used a phonograph which served his purpose very well until he found it necessary to slacken the speed to allow some measurements to be taken; the slackening of speed, changed other conditions to an objectionable extent and the phonograph was given up to a large extent.

The Rousselot apparatus makes a picture of every sound that is sent into it. In this machine a needle is moved by the vibrations of a diaphr gm and its deflections are accurately traced on a prepared sheet.

There are several attachments to the machine. One, for example, can be used to record the movement of the larynx in speaking any syllable; another, when attached to the chest, is used to indicate the movements of the lungs, and still another measures the air column in the nose as one pronounces a nasal.

One thing that the investigators have so far been unable to do is to distinguish the tracings of some of the vowel sounds. To all appearances the waves recorded by the uttering of "a" are the same as those made by an "o" or an "e." It is hoped that some distinguishing mark will soon be discovered.

The apparatus which Dr. Koeber and Mr. Goddard are using is said to be the only one west of Chicago, and it is also said that there are only two other similar machines in this country. The Abbé Rousselot used the apparatus principally for the study of French dialects; that in this State is probably the only one into which an Indian ever spoke.

Another device made by the Abbé Rousselot and in use here is a false palate, which is employed to record the position of one's tongue in the pronunciation of any letter or combination of letters. The palate is covered with a harmless powder which the tongue dampens, leaving a mark which can be sketched or photographed for reference or investigation.

To aid the investigators there is also an alphabet which has been adopted by the United States Bureau of Ethnology of which Major Powell is the chief. This, however, does not suffice for the recording of all sounds that the Indians make in talking.

For example there is one sound which is half way between "tl" and "kl," without being exactly either. Mr. Goddard has used a capital "L" to record that sound. But there are not enough characters in that or any other alphabet to record some of the sounds, their length, inflection and emphasis.

Not fewer than twenty-four absolutely distinct Indian language stocks have been discovered in California, where climatic conditions, especially in the valleys, have done much to preserve at least scattered remnants of the Indian races. These languages are not only dying out completely in some cases, but also rapidly deteriorating because of the admixture of the white man's customs and language.

The young brave nowadays is likely to think less of remembering his father's language and customs than of acquiring other things, some good and others bad. The consequence is that in many cases the language of an Indian tribe nowadays is known by only a few old members of the tribe.

The first thing an investigator has to do is to gain the confidence of the Indian whose language he wants to record. To a scientist unacquainted with the Indians this would be simply impossible.

In some cases, though, records have been made by men almost or wholly ignorant of the language they were recording. Such records have to be translated later with the aid of an interpreter, but to make them intelligible requires an extraordinarily sharp and well-practised ear.

The narrations of myths is one of the ways in which the investigators have found a chance to record something. Some of the Indian myths contain as many as 5,000 or 6,000 words, and the task of recording such a one is not easy.

All sorts of difficulties beset the recorder of these narrations. Perhaps when he is trying to put down a certain word in his notebook the Indian repeats it with a slightly different accent. Then the recorder asks him to repeat it, and then the Indian thinks it is necessary for him to give a long explanation of the meaning of the word.

Some of the myths are of great interest from the point of view of the ethnologist. Mr. Goddard was asked if in his opinion any of the myths proved a close connection between the North American Indians and the Asiatic races.

"I think not," was his reply. "Several efforts have been made to connect the peoples in that way, but up to this time nothing conclusive has been found. I understand that the members of an expedition recently sent out by Morris K. Jesup of New York failed to find any real connecting link."

Mr. Goddard is at present engaged in making a card dictionary of the Hupa language. In making this he was materially aided by a Hupa boy, who lived for a time in Mr. Goddard's house in Berkeley, and spent hours talking into the Rousselot apparatus.

Each card of the dictionary contains whatever sign representation Mr. Goddard is able to make for it and also a picture of the word as recorded by the needle-tracer of the Rousselot apparatus.

Mr. Goddard and Dr. Kroeber have also had a good deal of assistance from Ralph Moore, a young chief of the Yuki tribe, who spent several weeks at the State University telling the myths, traditions and customs of his people. Because of his natural intelligence and ability to speak and write English his assistance was out of the ordinary.

"On a recent trip to the Indians," said Mr. Goddard, "I discovered, or thought I discovered, a new Indian language, and a great part of this latest trip was taken up in the effort to establish that. It appeared, however, that I had found only a new dialect.

"The difficulties we meet with are many. For example, I found some nine or ten Indians who spoke a certain tongue. I managed to get some records from them, but when I made a second trip to get material from them they had all died or had been lost."

Besides recording whatever is available of the Indian languages, Dr. Kroeber and Mr. Goddard have gathered a mass of miscellaneous information about the different tribes, such as the formulas for their rites and ceremonies, and they have filled a large part of the university museum with a collection of objects illustrative of the ethnology of several tribes.

KUH-NE-KAMP'S CAT IS DEAD.

Mourners Relate Remarkable Things It Was Suspected of Doing.

The fame of Kuh-ne-kamp's cat spread so rapidly that people came from all parts of Brooklyn to see the big, white cat that had a snow man's face marked upon its back.

The cat was born with the peculiar mark. The only black spots on the cat were grouped so that they resembled two eyes, a nose and a laughing mouth in a human caricature. But this was not the only peculiar thing about Kuh-ne-kamp's cat.

Its owner, a saloonkeeper, got the cat from a sailor who staggered into the saloon one day a few years ago and said that the cat could talk. The sailor had trained the cat to perform many tricks, and was not long in convincing the saloonkeeper that the cat could really talk.

So the saloonkeeper paid $10 for it. The cat died a few days ago, and thereby hangs a cat's tale.

"I tink mebber she suicided herself mit scarbulic acid," explained the saloonkeeper to those who called to inquire about it. "I noticed so far back as Labor's Day she had somet'ing extractionary on her mind, because she would not talk at all to der barber's cat next door. Ain't it, Bross?"

"Dot's right," replied the barber.

"In mah opinion," chimed in the negro janitor, Jack, "dat 'ere cat jest eat herself to death. She certainly did love ham. For a while Mr. Kuh-ne-kamp were kind o' 'spicious of me. But I told him I seen dat cat open de ice-box door wif her own paws, and dat ain't no lie. And he said hisself she could cut dat ham jest as smooth as I could cut it."

"She vere educationed all right," said Bross; "for vhen she come on my barber shop vhile I vere at dinner my yourneyman barber explanationed all der time dot mebbe she took der cigars out of der case."

"She certainly were a right smart cat," added the negro.

"But only," said Kuh-ne-kamp, "vhat I can't understood is how a cat can open a box of sardines mitout a can-opener. 'Most every morning vhen Jack vere cleaning up dot cat vould open a coupler boxes of sardines for her breakfast."

"Yes," chimed in Harry, the bartender, "and that cat could drink like a fish. Many times I found the suction hose attached to the whiskey barrel in the cellar when no one was there but Jack and the cat. And Jack once saw her tugging at the end of the hose."

"Data cata eata mya shoe lace, too," said Joe, the Italian bootblack. "I looka my stan' one day sixa shoe lace gone. Me no care, buta what he maka use for shoe lace? He gota no shoe. Data funny cat. You think so?"

"Yes, and everybody else thinks so," replied the bartender. "She could stand on her hind legs and walk around the room, she could sit up and cry like a baby, she could drink out of a glass by holding it in her paws, she could waltz to music when the organ grinders came around, she could do a somersault, she could stand on one leg, she could juggle a ball in the air, and pretend to be dead when asked to perform that trick; but she is dead now and I think some one poisoned her. When I came to open up the place the other morning I found poor Minnie dead on the floor."

"Vell," said Kuh-ne-kamp, "she won't eat der rolls und drink der milk vhat is left for der people upstairs no more. Vhat?"

"And another thing," added Fred Eden, one of the saloon's patrons, "she won't look over my hand in a pinochle game and tip off the double trump cards I hold, will she, Bross?"

"No," replied the barber, "und she won't no more sit on der bowers in der euchre game, too."

"I wish ter goodness she had returned me new umbrella afoor she died," said Bart O'Reilly. "I remimber there was but two people in the place besides that cat whin the umbrella disappeared and both thim people belave ter this day the cat dragged it away in her teeth."

"I vonder if she go on heaven?" asked Kuh-ne-kamp. "Ve can't tell vhen she got a soul, ain't it?"

"Well," said Bart, "if she possessed a sowl it must have been the sowl of a thafe—wan of them Foorty Thaves. They tell me the sowls of Buddhists go into animals, and if Hinnery there iver dies a Buddhist his sowl'll turn up in a delicatessen store."

"Vhat have I got to do mit der cat?" asked Kuh-ne-kamp, wiping a tear from his cheek.

"You'll have to bury it," said the crowd in chorus.

"And if ye want luck," added O'Reilly, "ye must bury a gallon demijohn of good whiskey beside it in the back yard, and lave it there during the period of mourning, which is twinty-foor hours. It'll take away avil."

"Dot's right," added the barber, "I heerd someting like dot from my grandfather in Yermany."

"Den I bury it now," remarked Kuh-ne-kamp.

The crowd went into the rear yard and helped the saloonkeeper dig the grave. They waited until Kuh-ne-kamp had placed the demijohn of whiskey in the grave and than all returned to the saloon.

A few minutes later Kuh-ne-kamp was busy at the bar. O'Reilly went into the yard with a new spade. When he returned he had a bulky package under his coat.

He took it into the barber shop next door. The barber provided the glasses. The crowd sat around and seemed to enjoy the cat's wake. When the wake was over O'Reilly was seen at work burying an empty demijohn in the grave of the cat.

The following day the crowd again assembled in the salcon. O'Reilly told Kuh-ne-kamp that the twenty-four hours of mourning were over and he could reclaim the demijohn of whiskey. The saloonkeeper went into the yard and dug up the demijohn.

"Dot's empty," he said. "Vhen a dead cat can drink like dot it makes me feel like I am a damn fool. Ain't it?"

And the crowd said it was.

Honey Bees Kill a Horse.

From the Denver Republican.

FORT COLLINS, Col., Sept. 12.—A peculiar incident occurred near here a few days ago. William Hall loaded some honey at the Lindenmeyer ranch, fourteen miles south of town, and started with it for Fort Collins. The bees followed and attacked the horses, killing one and severely stinging the other. The driver was also injured. Ed Gibbon of Laramie witnessed the affair, and was finally compelled to drive away to escape the bees.

STREET FAKIR'S TRADE DULL.

THE SLACK SEASON HERE AND PEOPLE TIRED OF HEROES.

Still the Sidewalk Venders Have Some Toys That Sell—Many Inventors at Work for Them—Only One in Ten Succeeds—Profits of the Business.

"When a good novelty comes out in New York it makes employment for many men," said one of the five Ann street dealers in novelties who are responsible for all the dying pigs, roaming lobsters, jumping rabbits, flea-ball puzzles, &c., that the street venders are handling and that one can see any day attracting little crowds all over the downtown district.

"The best seller we are handling just now is a miniature camera, red and gold. You hold it up in front of your friend's face, tell him to look pleasant and pretend to take his photograph. Then you snap a spring and a picture of a donkey slides up.

"That is selling all over town now and we are getting orders from Buffalo, Rochester, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland and half a dozen other cities, for when a novelty goes well here it goes well throughout the country.

"I knew that camera was a go because I sent a dozen men down to the Stock Exchange with it and the brokers caught on like mad. We always try our new goods on the Stock Exchange.

"On account of that camera about one hundred pieceworkers on caps, trousers and buttonholes will drop their present employment and take to the streets, as they always do when there's a good thing to sell. Under the best circumstances they can make $20 a day—I've seen them do that; and I've seen them make as low as 50 cents a day. Two dollars is about the average profit for a good man.

"The brokers are our best customers, but the lawyers and insurance men are good, too. They come next. All over downtown New York, below the City Hall, there is business for street men if they have the right articles. On Fourteenth and Twenty-third streets, too, there are good stands, but the downtown district is the best for our men, the people there are used to them and the police are easier.

"Remember that there's a big difference between the street men and these pushcart pedlers. The latter are a different class altogether, all foreigners, most of them can't speak English. They have not interfered with us at all because they're in a different line. They can't handle our goods, they haven't got the art and besides they can't speak the language.

"Our street men are really high-class salesmen. They're too good to stand behind a counter at $8 a week. They can do better. They've got to be good men or they would not do on the street for they've got to attract and hold an audience that is intelligent, independent and critical. They're of all sorts in the way of nationalities—English, Irish, Americans and Hebrews.

"We have those among them who can talk steadily from 9 A. M. till 8 P. M. in a voice that can be heard a block—patter all about their goods. They don't study up their patter or write anything to say. It's all done impromptu and some of it is great.

"For instance, we have a man named Josephs, whom the boys call Mary Ellen because he made such a hit selling goo-goo eyes. He made the crowd laugh with his antics, and that sold the eyes.

"He is a whole show in himself and is one of our best. But there are others. Put five men in a block with the same article, and you will get five different sorts of patter.

"The old-style streetmen who used to come to town with a carriage and team and a band to gather the crowd can't operate in the city because of the move-on law. Fellows like Diamond Charlie and the great soap, tooth powder and patent medicine men must all be looked for in the West or South. They can't operate in any of the big cities.

"They can sell goods for twenty-five and fifty cents, even a dollar, when it comes to the shotgun prescription medicine that cures consumption, croup, whooping cough, blindness, measles, gout, rheumatism, love, old age and all the other troubles. Some of these men make fortunes, and the cures that follow in their wake from the medicine they leave behind them as they cut across country are very remarkable.

"But, though we have nothing so gaudy among our people as these men in the South and West, we have some good talent, and you may be sure that what won't go here won't go anywhere.

"Taken on the whole, the streetmen are hard-working and far from being a bad lot. I give credit, and I lose little money by bad debts, but other men in the same line of business as I am fail because the streetmen do them.

"It's all in the way they're handled. We take back goods that are not sold, but the streetmen will work hard and steadily when they have a good thing.

"What will go? That's the question we can't answer till we see the article, maybe not then. We can only say that articles to sell well on the street must be in the nature of tricks, puzzles or toys; they must be high colored, even glaring and must be big value for the money. Then they must not be dangerous things for children to handle.

"High color is a necessity. If you can get red, white and blue in on them, so much the better.

"A man came here during the war time with a song and we laughed at him for the cover was black and white. We told him it ought to be red, white and blue, with soldiers fighting and cannons going off. It was a good song and went in the music stores but not in the street. People want things glaring when they buy from the the streetmen.

"Then again they want plenty for their money. The limit is ten cents and five-cent articles are most frequent. So we have to sell many in order to make up.

"When a new article is brought to us by the inventor or maker we charge him for trying it. If it goes well we buy it, perhaps, buy the exclusive right for the entire country and start it going on the streets in all the cities.

"Only one article out of every ten invented for this trade sells well. Hundreds of inventors work to perfect things that are quite hopeless. They overlook some important point and all their months of work go for nothing.

"A man came in here the other day with a plate around which was a wire and a cork attached to the wire. He thought he had a fortune in that plate, for when a man at dinner had eaten his fish all he would have to do would be to wipe his knife on the cork and go on with the rest of the feast.

"The inventor had not thought of two things which I pointed out to him—first, that the plate would have to be washed and then the wire and cork would be in the way, and second that if a man wanted to scrape his knife he could do it on the edge of his plate. That inventor went away looking very thoughful, as well he might, for the wonderful plate had cost him six months' work and an expenditure of about one hundred dollars.

"If some of these inventors had their way the juvenile population would be greatly reduced. Half the things they get up for children to play with are deadly—knives and spears sharp as needles, guns that shoot like United States army rifles and fireworks that would set all creation ablaze are among them.

"On June 1 last a man came in here chuckling. He had the finest thing that ever was for the children to play with on the Fourth of July. It was a four-pound ball of iron in which you could put two cartridges at once.

"Dropped from a second-story window, by an enterprising boy this could kill one person by its fall, shoot two others with the cartridges and then set fire to the house. The inventor had not thought of that.

"The other day a man rushed in with a clothesline holder. He was sure that he had the invention of the century. It was to save women the trouble of tying knots in the clothesline.

"His holder was all right in dry weather, but in the wet, when the line swelled, it would have taken Jeffries to get that holder open. The inventor had not thought of that.

"The present is slack season for the streetmen. War time was high tide and good business was done, but the people are sick of heroes now, so many new ones came up during the war.

"Dewey was the chief friend of the streetmen for a long time after the battle of Manila Bay. We could sell anything that had Dewey's name to it or that sugested him in any way.

"But when he gave his house to his wife his goods fell flat in the street. I never saw anything like it. There was a tremendous amount of Dewey stock on hand and all of a sudden it took a frost. Nobody wanted it and we had to put it in prize packages—stuff that sold for 10 cents.

"The President has been a good friend of streetmen. Ten years ago when he was Police Commissioner, they sold 'Teddy's teeth,' and made a big hit. Lately they've handled his rough rider hat and done well.

"The last big business we did was on July 4, when we made a lot of money out of a new rattle that had two marbles in it. These marbles were covered with a preparation that caused an explosion when they struck together. The instrument was very noisy and quite harmless, which was just what was wanted on July 4.

"All the blow-out rubber things are doing well—China man, pig, chicken and bologna. All the roaming things like beetles, turtles, parrots, alligators, mice and cats, are doing well and young men are buying the water pistols freely. You pull this from your hip pocket, present it at your friends' head and shoot him in the eye with a clear stream of water. It is in the nature of a pleasant surprise."

MEDICINE FOR 400,000,000.

Ginseng, the Panacea for Many of the Ills of the Chinese People.

Physicians in the western world have not a high opinion of the medicinal qualities of ginseng. The Chinese, on the other hand, believe that this root is a heaven-given blessing specially designed as a panacea for many of the physical ills that afflict mankind. The Coreans share the same belief, but most of the rest of the world has little use for ginseng except to sell it to the Chinese.

Is ginseng, after all, a humbug as far as its medicinal virtues are concerned? At least one Chinese has said so. Dr. Chung King-u of the Imperial Medical College of Tientsin, who is versed in western medicine, asserted four years ago, that in all his experience he had failed to observe any definite results that could properly be ascribed directly to the influence of ginseng. He said that its use among his fellow countrymen was entirely empirical, and its efficacy depended upon the imagination.

There may be two sides to this question. Ginseng has preserved its reputation for centuries among many millions of people as a tonic and otherwise, as among the greatest of medicines. Could it keep this repute for ages among fully one-fourth of the people of the world if it did not possess at least some of the virtues attributed to it? If so, the use of ginseng is the greatest illustration of the efficacy of faith-cure on record.

At any rate, there is a great demand for the root in China. The market for a good article is practically unlimited. Consul Johnson wrote from Amoy a while ago that he believed $20,000,000 worth of the roots might be sold annually in China. Perhaps this is an exaggeration. Minister Allen, writing from Seoul, in May, on the ginseng crop of Corea last year, said that about a fifth of the crop had been burned by the exporters after they had bought it, packed and all ready for market, because the supply exceeded the demand and they did not propose to break prices by sending more of the commodity to the Chinese than they wanted.

This remarkable statement is, perhaps, susceptible of further explanation. A great deal of the Corean ginseng does not get into the general markets. It is very gilt edged and high priced, selling for $10 a pound and upwards and some of it is nearly worth its weight in gold. The millions of China cannot afford such luxuries and must be content with an occasional bit of the cheaper ginseng that comes from Japan or America. The dealers in Corea believe it is to their interest to keep up the price of the most valuable ginseng, even if they have to destroy a part of the crop to do so.

A great and lucrative business on the Corean frontier is to smuggle ginseng over into China. Minister Allen wrote, four years ago, that the declared amount of the ginseng imported into China from Corea was supposed to represent not more than one-half of the total importations, so great was the amount of smuggling.

The Chinese think that any ginseng coming from countries other than Corea is rather small potatoes compared with the superior product of that country. They appraise Corean ginseng, for example, about nine times as high as they do the American root. Our ginseng is of a different variety and is not so highly esteemed. But perhaps the Chinese would buy more of our cheaper root than is sent to them, as the poorer people use it, usually making a desperate effort, however, to buy a little of the Corean root mixed with the American importation. The keepers of Chinese shops prepare the mixture and thus cheapen the price. The cheapest ginseng comes from Japan and is used principally by those who cannot afford the other kinds.

Ginseng somewhat resembles the horseradish root. Wealthy Chinese use it almost daily as a tonic or invigorating tea. The root is regarded as among the most acceptable of presents and is often sent by the wealthy to their friends. It is prepared by putting a bit of the root and some water into a small covered pot which is placed in a larger pot full of water. When the water in the large pot boils the infusion is ready to drink, and it may be taken ad libitum. Besides its use as a tonic it is chiefly valued in the treatment of dyspepsia, vomiting and many nervous disorders.

American ginseng grows wild in the Catskills, is found among the mountains of our Western States, and farmers are raising it to some extent for the benefit of our Chinese friends. One of the American treatises on its culture says that it is worth its weight in silver. We read also of ginseng growers who find it necessary, when a crop is maturing, to guard it with shotguns. But the profit of raising ginseng has its alloy. It isn't a "get-rich-quick" crop. In the first place, the root must grow seven years at least before it is marketable. Then there are other facts that dampen enthusiasm. The business probably will never be overdone in this country.

Her Prompt Apology.

From Brooklyn Life.

A philanthropic lady visited the asylum at Kingston, Canada, not long ago and displayed great interest in the inmates. One old man particularly gained her compassion.

"And how long have you been here, my man?" she inquired.

"Twelve years," was the answer.

"Do they treat you well?"

"Yes."

"Do they feed you well?"

"Yes."

After addressing a few more questions to him, the visitor passed on. She noticed a broad and broadening smile on the face of her attendant, and on asking the cause heard with consternation that the old man was none other than Dr. Clark, the superintendent.

She hurried back to make apologies. How successful she was may be gathered from these words: "I am very sorry, Dr. Clark. I will never be governed by appearances again."

NEW BOOM IN CATTLE FEEDING

MANY WESTERN FARMERS GOING INTO THE INDUSTRY.

An Investment of Nearly a Billion Expected in the Business in Five States—Large Returns Expected—Belt That Produces the Best Beef—To Fatten Sheep, Too.

ABILENE, Kan., Sept. 18.—The revival of the cattle-feeding industry has begun in the great feeding centres of the corn States. The stockers are coming in from the range and will soon be in the feed lots to be fattened on the record-breaking corn crop that has been brought to maturity.

For two years little has been done in this line compared with the demand. Last season the corn crop was a failure and no feeding was done.

The result has been a high price for beef and that in connection with other causes has made the industry very profitable for the farmer. These are the estimated numbers of cattle that are to be fed in the corn States:

Kansas	800,000
Nebraska	400,000
Missouri	850,000
Oklahoma	150,000
Colorado	100,000
Total	2,300,000

This enormous amount of stock will call for a large sum of money. Few realize what it means to put so many cattle in the feed lot.

In the first place they will weigh on an average about 1,000 pounds, perhaps more. They will be worth four cents a pound at least when they go into the lots, or $40 a head, which means $92,000,000 invested by the farmers before they begin on the ninety-day process of transforming them into beef.

In addition there must be feed racks, fences, hay and, most important of all, corn to pay for. It is safe to say that practically all the corn that is grown in the States of the feeding belt will be put into fat stock, except what is needed for the home consumption.

Then there is another new element in the feeding industry. Of late years it has become very profitable to fatten sheep.

There are at this time along the line of the Union Pacific Railroad alone more than 1,000,000 sheep that will be offered to the feeders when the season opens. The estimate of the number to be fed in the States named is as follows:

Kansas	500,000
Nebraska	700,000
Colorado	400,000
Missouri	250,000
Total	1,850,000

Other States further east have only recently begun feeding sheep, but they will this year be large factors in the industry and heavy buyers on the Western markets.

Colorado is making remarkable strides in this direction and is proving herself able to produce the finest mutton that goes on the market. The profits are larger every year and with the extension of the alfalfa growing and the raising of sorghum and millet, the semi-arid region is proving equal to the task of handling vast flocks.

It is a curious fact that the South has not yet entered the feeding field. Even in northern Texas, where corn is grown or is accessible at a low rate of freight, there is a constant shipping of yearlings to the Northern pastures to be grown, fattened and brought back as dressed beef.

This is true of the South generally. Some notable