THE JOURNAL

LUCIAN SWIFT, MANAGER. | J. S. McLAIN, EDITOR.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS

Payable to The Journal Printing Co.

Delivered by Mail.

One copy, one month....................$0.35
One copy, three months.................. 1.00
One copy, six months.................... 2.00
One copy, one year...................... 4.00
Saturday Eve. edition, 20 to 26 pages.. 1.50

Delivered by Carrier.

One copy, one week............... 8 cents
One copy, one month..............35 cents
Single copy .... 2 cents

THE JOURNAL is published every evening, except Sunday, at 47-49 Fourth Street South, Journal Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

C. J. Billson, Manager Foreign Advertising Department.

NEW YORK OFFICE—86, 87, 88 Tribune building.

CHICAGO OFFICE—307, 308 Stock Exchange building.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Subscribers ordering addresses of their papers changed must always give their former as well as present address.

CONTINUED

All papers are continued until an explicit order is received for discontinuance, and until all arrearages are paid.

COMPLAINTS

Subscribers will please notify the office in every case that their paper is not delivered promptly or the collections not properly made.

The Journal is on sale at the news-stands of the following hotels:

Pittsburg, Pa.—Du Quesne.
Salt Lake City, Utah—The Knutsford.
Omaha, Neb.—Paxton Hotel.
Los Angeles, Cal.—Hotel Van Nuys.
Denver, Col.—Brown's Palace Hotel.
St. Louis, Mo.—Planters' Hotel, Southern Hotel.
Kansas City, Mo.—Coates House.
Boston, Mass.—Young's Hotel, United States, Touraine.
Cleveland, Ohio—Hollenden House, Weddell House.
Cincinnati, Ohio—Grand Hotel.
Detroit, Mich.—Russell House, Cadillac.
Washington, D. C.—Arlington Hotel, Raleigh.
Chicago, Ill.—Auditorium Annex, Great Northern.
New York City—Imperial, Holland, Murray Hill, Waldorf.
Spokane, Wash.—Spokane Hotel.
Tacoma, Wash.—Tacoma Hotel.
Seattle, Wash.—Butler Hotel.
Portland, Oregon—Portland Hotel, Perkins Hotel.

THIS INTERESTS EVERYBODY

The public affairs committee of the Commercial Club have invited the business men of Minneapolis to come to the clubrooms to-morrow evening at 8 o'clock to hear what that committee has to say about the work it was organized to do, what it has done, what it aims to accomplish—in short, to enable the committee to place before the business men the question of active work done and to be done, for the promotion of the general interests of the community.

This is not from the standpoint of what ought to be done, but particularly for the purpose of acquainting the business men with what has already been accomplished and what is under way, as preliminary to the consideration of the continuance of this effort and the accomplishment of still larger results.

The Commercial Club has made an excellent record so far as it has gone with this business of representing the city of Minneapolis commercially and in other ways, and furnishing the machinery for doing things that ought to be done for the general advantage. It has earned the support of the business men, and it is hoped that it will receive that support loyally and liberally, for it is not worth while to expect twenty or thirty young men to devote their time and energies to work of this kind indefinitely unless they can be assured of the financial backing and moral support of the business community.

A large number of business men have responded promptly and encouragingly in support of this work, and some who are expected to "lend a hand" have not yet done so. Both those who have and those who have not seen fit to take any part in this united effort are expected and wanted at the meeting to-morrow night. The committee will have important information to lay before the business men, and certainly there is no man so busy and none so indifferent to the public interest that he cannot afford to devote one evening to this important matter.

Mr. Quay gave it out when he was elected the last time that this term would satisfy him—that he wouldn't be a candidate to succeed himself. It would hardly seem to be necessary for him to have another term in view of the value which his friends seem to set on the Philadelphia street railway franchises.

RAILWAY PROGRESS AND PROSPERITY

The Western Passenger association reports the traffic of the immigrant bureau lines for the first four months of this year at $224,452.62 as compared with $181,-323.05 for the corresponding period in 1900, an increase of 24 per cent. These figures suggest the effectiveness of railways as developers of the western country. The great coast lines have been the recipients of the liberality of the government in donations of public lands, and, after all the severe criticism touching this liberal policy has been heard and digested, the fact remains that it has with remarkable celerity developed the agricultural and mineral and other resources of the region between the Mississippi and the Missouri rivers and the Pacific coast, and studded it with towns and cities, many of which have become industrial and commercial centers.

Last week the Railway Age celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary by publishing a review of railway progress during the quarter of a century. For instance, the freight moved has increased from about 197,000,000 tons to 976,000,000 tons; mileage increase from 76,000 to 195,000; capital and debt from $4,658,000,000 to $12,-553,000,000; gross earnings from $503,000,-000 to $1,336,000,000; net earnings from $185,000,000 to $447,000,000; dividends paid, from $68,000,000 to $109,000,000. The Railway Age says: Railroading has grown from guesswork into an exact art; disconnected, badly built, poorly equipped, unprofitable little roads have been merged into perfectly managed systems, covering thousands of miles with their continuous train service; steady reductions of rates and increase of facilities have taken from the public almost all excuse for fault-finding; the era of railway strikes has been followed by a long period of harmony between companies and employes and the standard of railway work and morals in all departments has been very greatly raised."

There is no exaggeration in this statement. The railway companies have learned prudence and economy from the disasters which resulted from wasteful expenditures and excessive stock watering, which, during the past decade, sent so many roads to bankruptcy. That costly amusement, the paralleling and duplication of roads, has been abandoned. The era of over-building railways has come to an end. This process planted several roads where the traffic only justified one road. Capitalists are not so ready to put their money in a new railway enterprise designed to crush out a parallel road, and the cost of securing a convenient terminal in a big city is so enormous that it figures as a preventive to the operation of paralleling. Having discovered the losing character and the recklessness of such rivalry, railway managers are now in full appreciation of the value of the "community of interest" principle, which, in actualization, is mutually profitable. The close of the first quarter of this twentieth century will, no doubt, show even larger progress in railway economies and facilities and benefits to the public than the record of the last quarter shows.

THE CASE OF H. CLAY EVANS

"Corporal" Tanner, the professional old soldier from whose intemperate and exasperating remarks the country has fortunately been free for some months, has again appeared with one of his freakish utterances.

This time the corporal, "standing in the White-'ouse," asserts that the republican national committee promised during the last political campaign that H. Clay Evans, commissioner of pensions, would be removed at the beginning of President McKinley's second term. Presumably Corporal Tanner was in the White House to demand the delivery of the goods. It is not likely that he will be gratified.

If such a promise were made without the president's approval, he is not to carry it out. If it was made with his approval, Mr. Evans would doubtless have been retired ere now. That the president still retains the commissioner after all these years of pounding is pretty good evidence that he will be permitted to remain through the present administration if he chooses to do so. At any rate, Corporal Tanner's demands are not of the right origin to have weight with the president. Certainly they have no influence with the country at large, and a majority of the G. A. R. members have no patience with his frothy, loud-mouthed, radical and ill-considered assertions, however much they may be displeased with Evans.

Judged by the records and resolutions of the last four national encampments of the G. A. R., its members would be well pleased to see the latter ejected from office, though those disinterested persons who have carefully watched his work, agree that he is a capable and efficient official. Old soldiers complain of him that he has not a pleasing personality and that he lacks in sympathy with them.

The particular official acts for which he is condemned by them are his observance of order No. 225, promulgated by Judge Lochren when he was commissioner, and his attitude regarding the maximum independent income a soldier's widow may have. The order referred to makes it more difficult for applicants to secure pensions under the act of 1890 than did Order 164, which No. 225 superseded. As to widows, the present commissioner refuses pensions to those having an income of $96 or more. The old soliders hold that the limit should be $250 and that it is within the discretion of the commissioner to make it such.

But while Mr. Evans has been roundly condemned in state G. A. R. encampments it is to be noted that the national organization does not demand his dismissal. At Chicago last year the resolutions adopted were limited to asking the president to direct that the obnoxious rulings of the commissioner be amended.

But without undertaking to discuss the legal and complex questions involved and the right or wrong of the commissioner's attitude on the points stated, it is safe to say that a majority of the old soldiers of the country will pay no more attention to the wild talk of Corporal Tanner, professional old soldier and pension raider, than the president himself. It does not please them to have such a man hold himself up to the country as their champion and mouthpiece.

A SHADOWY ANNIVERSARY

A Tientsin cable notes the celebration to-day of the first anniversary of the relief of that town by the allied forces last year.

The relief of Tientsin was the opening of the first chapter of a series of horrors which did not terminate with the capture by the allies of Peking on Aug. 15. The record of the outrages by the Boxers and the troops of that Jezebel, the dowager-empress, were paralleled on a smaller scale by the record of some of the troops of the allies. Little have the allies to boast of superior morality in this business.

And what are the results of eight or nine months of negotiations with the commissioners of a government, whose real and active head is a murderess and a usurper, who remains in a distant province in an inaccessible locality, protected by her troops and surrounded by the most bitter of the anti-foreign agitators, who only wait for the withdrawal of the foreign troops to take measures for revenge?

A big indemnity of $315,000,000 has been agreed upon, but the method of payment has not been agreed upon.

The Taku forts, which were to have been razed, have not been touched.

The readjustment of commercial treaties has not been accomplished and no guarantees have been given to the foreign governments that a single stipulation of the agreement which China is called upon to make, will be carried out by the treacherous woman who wields the scepter over that unhappy country.

The mutterings of rebellion in the interior provinces are heard and the temporarily slumbering volcano may soon be in open eruption. The Yangtse provinces are preparing a native Chinese rebellion to promote the restoration of the Ming dynasty at Nanking, while Prince Tuan is engaged in an active anti-foreign movement in the north. That fanatic is helped by every flood which sends the waters of the Hwang-ho with desolating force over the fields of the peasantry in the provinces of Pechili, Shantung and Kansuh, for such disasters are immediately attributed to the devilish machinations of the "foreign devils."

Suppose the elusive dowager-empress elects to set up her capital in the interior, remote from the sea, and proceeds to govern China according to her own exclusive ideas? Which of the powers is ready to undergo the enormous expense of invading China and marching five hundred miles into the interior?

Russia is the only power which has a direct political as well as a commercial interest in the fate of China, because her boundary line is coterminous for a long distance with that of China. Russia watches China and has watched her for many years with sustained vigilance. If every foreigner was excluded by decree of China, she could not be kept out. She has been for half a century nibbling on the frontier provinces of China and has thus acquired a vast amount of Chinese territory. Any struggle between the other powers and China would result in the acquisition of more Chinese territory by Russia, just as she acquired maritime Manchuria during the Anglo-French march to Peking in 1860, and as she has acquired the remainder of Manchuria during the past year of turmoil in China.

If anybody expects China to settle down to the quiet of a nunnery and "be good" internally and externally, he is likely to find himself in error of judgment. The apparently indestructible empress-dowager has as strong a grip on power as before, and the powers have courted her rather than condemned her, the head center of all Chinese villainy. Prince Tuan, the chief criminal in the wassail of blood last year, is high in her favor, and the empress has decreed his son, Pu-chun, the successor to the throne, having finally disposed of the emperor, Kwang Su, by assassination, as reported, while her favorite generals, who led the imperial troops in aid of the Boxers last year, are still close in her confidence.

Until the empress is effectively hamstrung there is small hope for the pacification of China.

The city of Cleveland has an enterprising public affairs body which lets no good opportunity to advertise Cleveland slip by without improving it. When The Journal's excursion party arrived at Cleveland the other day on the way to Buffalo they are presented a good sized pamphlet descriptive of Cleveland and advertising its business interests, the cover of which contained the title "Welcome to The Minneapolis Journal's Pan-American Excursion—Compliments of the Cleveland Business Men's Convention League." This pamphlet, of course, was not prepared especially for that party, but was issued in accordance with a general plan pursued at Cleveland to have these pamphlets ready in large quantities without a cover and put on a cover to suit the occasion. This makes it just as valuable a souvenir as if the pamphlet was provided especially for that occasion. Possibly some time Minneapolis may learn to do things this way.

Talked Too Much

A man named Kropff, who lives in Dickinson county, Kan., claims the power of prophecy. He is especially strong on weather. This spring he was early in the field prophesying drought and crop failure. When several skeptics at Abilene heard his mournful talk they offered him $1 an acre for his wheat. He has fifty acres of this cereal planted, and rather than back down he took the offer. The harvest is now on and Dickinson county is turning out twenty to thirty bushels to the acre. A reporter hunted up Mr. Kropff the other day and asked him where he stood. But Mr. Kropff had extracted good from his mistake. He said:

"I shall take it as a dispensation from the Lord not to talk so much, and to hereafter keep to myself what he tells me."

Very few men who know the weather so well for a year in advance are able to lie low and take advantage of their knowledge. They want to get out an almanac or something. It's worth millions to know when to keep shut up. The Hot Air Club has too flourishing a membership.

A mean contemporary, after looking up the census statistics, declares that there is one saloon to every prohibitionist in the United States. This means nothing unless the prohibitionist's dog is seen standing patiently waiting just outside the saloon door. Then we have to "demonstrate" against our suspicions.

A. Delacy Wood, father of thirty newspapers, found the strain too severe, and is said to be slightly started mentally. No wonder. One newspaper can furnish enough trouble for the ordinary man.

The prohibis are going to use Como as a watering place on July 4. The program indicates that the subject will be talked up, about and around.

The Lollipaloulers played the Leaky Boilers yesterday in Empty Lot park, and worship was seriously disturbed for many blocks around.

The Mormons are doing a heart-to-heart work in New England, and there are cold chills running up the spine of the old Puritan stock.

The loud tearing sound heard over the northwest is due to the weather helping the crops to rip the mortgages off of the old farms.

Denver wires a story that the United States government has planned to buy all the railroads. Say, the air is pretty rare in Denver.

The Mad Mullah is madder than ever. The British walloped him before he could get leg action.

With wireless telegraphy and wireless pictures, we may yet get some wireless politics.

AMUSEMENTS

Banda Rossa's Opening.

Lake Harriet was the mecca for thousands yesterday who journeyed thither on street cars, bicycles, carriages and automobiles to revel in the music of Banda Rossa. The Red Band was ready for the crowds, and when Signor Sorrentino appeared last night, baton in hand, he was greeted by a whirlwind of applause, interspersed with cheers.

The April weather which prevailed during the day kept hundreds at home, but as it was, thousands thronged the lake front to hear the great band. As on Saturday, Signor Sorrentino first offered his new military march, as yet unnamed, which was enthusiastically encored. This was followed by the overture of "Ruy Blas," and a Grieg solo for trumpet, "Solveig's Song," by Signor Bottega. The selections, however, which elicited storms of applause were Sorrentino's special arrangements from Puccini's latest opera, "La Tosca," which introduced the soloists, Signors Bettego and Liberatore, and a grand selection from the new opera, "Andrae Chemier," of Giarano. Both compositions possessed the charm of novelty for a Minneapolis audience. Few musical works of the past decade exhibit so much originality as the latter opera. The finale is strikingly original and brought many enthusiastic musicians to their feet with its glorious paeans of harmony. A solo by Loreley for the bass clarinet was beautifully played by Signor Sanna. Other less pretentious numbers gave variety to the program.

Signor Sorrentino announced at the close of last night's concert that he had received very many letters since arriving in the city requesting this or that addition to his programs. Most of these requests come from prominent musicians, and the leader is deeply flattered as well as embarrassed by them. He cannot please all, especially all the musicians, and he dare not break faith with the masses who love melody and popular music. Signor Sorrentino says he will do the best he can to make his programs attractive to all classes. The high character of Banda Rossa precludes the possibility of its descending to a common level, no matter what jingling tunes may find utterance through its instruments.

"If we play an occasional bit of rag time," says Sorrentino, "the musicians must not get squeamish. We are playing for all the people. And, if I may be pardoned for saying so, the musicians should understand that there is an art in playing popular music well. It has its legitimate province. We hope to keep our programs always at a high standard, and each one will contain several classical numbers by the best composers.

This evening the following grand compositions will be given: "March Triumphal," from "Cleopatra"; romanza for barytone, "Alice," by Signor Barilette; a grand selection from "Mephistopheles," introducing the famous Banda Rossa soloists; the glorious sextet from "Lucia," and a grand fantasia from "Faust" which latter comprehends solos by Signors Tedeschi, Bottega, Febbo and Barflotti.

Vaudeville at the Lyceum.

There is one glory of the lake and another glory of the band and another glory of the theater, for one show differeth from another show in glory, "which is why we remark" that the vaudeville bill at the Lyceum this week is one the best entertainments ever given in Minneapolis. The bill is simply immense. Every act is a stellar feature in itself, and there are enough of them to crowd an evening full of entertainment. Manager Charles P. Elliott has regained his prestige —a trifle tarnished by last week's "so middling bad were better" bill. But the vaudeville season closes with this week's show, and the gifted impressario, who has designs on the amusement loving public of Minneapolis, made up his mind to hire the best talent "at liberty" and finish his season in the enviable if hackneyed blaze of glory.

To begin at the end of the Lyceum attraction, Al Leech and the "Three Rosebuds," petite, adorable blondes, contribute a specialty that provoked screams of laughter and sent the audience home in fine humor. The Rosebuds and Mr. Leech appear in a school-room sketch, with an incidental spanking machine, which is deliciously funny. The "buds" sing, dance and look pretty, and they recite, too, in a way worth traveling miles to hear. But Leech, with his eccentric dance, and his tipsy attempt to mount four or five steps to his desk—nothing more grotesquely, hilariously comical was ever perpetrated. Mr. Leech's legs are reminiscent of Francis Wilson, D'Angelis and Sol Smith Russell, and the six legs pertaining to that remarkable trio are scarcely equal to the astounding eccentricities of Leech's one pair.

Another highly amusing sketch, "Pat and the Genii," given by Tom Nawn & Co., kept the audience in an uproar. Nawn as a rough and ready Irishman, in a "Pygmalion and Galatea" turn, kept well within bounds and won golden opinions by the naturalness of his efforts. The sketch introduces a young Egyptian girl who appears in classic drapery after an absence of 3,000 years. The situations are extremely mirth-provoking, and "the scenic investiture," as the press agent says, surpassingly rich.

The Delaur Debrimont trio, comprising two women and a man, sang with splendid effect selections from "Carmen," "Lucia," "Rigoletto," "Faust" and other operas. The fire and impetuosity which characterized their work was highly appreciated, and encore after encore was demanded.

Miss Cheridah Simpson, the full blown singer with the rich mezzo-soprano voice, sang herself right into the hearts of her audience. Miss Simpson will be remembered as the young woman who gives imitations of musical instruments on the piano. Last night she gave her music box and autoharp imitations to the great delight of the audience. For an encore she executed a Sousa march in seventeen different keys, the same being a burlesque of a country girl's piano playing. But Miss Simpson, who can play the piano legitimately, ought to contribute just one piece to show what a wonderfully clever performer she is. But she has to stop somewhere, in spite of the applause, to give the other entertainers a chance.

Burton & Brooke's "Quiet Evening at the Club" was a fetching "stunt," which closed with "More Work for the Undertaker," an old song made new by the addition of clever verses.

Moreland, Thompson & Amber, in a singing and dancing specialty, were well received, particularly in their song, "When Sousa Leads the Band." Miss Amber's singing was a delightful feature of this act.

Armstrong & Cassidy, who start the fun making, were entertaining as "The Prima Donna and the Sport," their operatic burlesque being unusually good.

—W. A. D.

The Pikes Are Coming.

T. D. Mackay, business manager of David H. Hunt's Pike Theater company, arrived from Detroit this morning to make arrangements for the engagement of that organization at the Metropolitan, which commences next Monday evening. Mr. Mackay says the season will be one of the most ambitious ever attempted in this city, both in the class of productions and the manner in which they will be produced. "Trilby," the play which the company will open its season in, has been put on by the Pike company twice during the past season and in each instance it scored very strongly. Mr. Mackay says the members of the company are all looking forward with the utmost delight to coming back to Minneapolis again.

OTHER PEOPLE'S NOTIONS

Six Tickets for a Quarter.

To the Editor of The Journal:

Your argument from the report of our street railway company's wonderful advance as an evidence of our city's prosperity was certainly good. There is cause there for hearty congratulations on the part of every citizen of our fair city, but most especially on the part of the stockholders of the Twin City Rapid Transit company.

Now, in view of this increasing prosperity, why would not this be a good time for the street railway company to favor the public in return for their generous patronage by selling six tickets for 25 cents and twenty-five for $1, and, as many believe, still further increase their patronage? Is it not a fact that this is about the only business in the country which is so prosperous, and still fails to make any reductions to those who are so liberal in their patronage?

There are many working people in this city, especially girls, who ride four times a day on the cars, spending $1.20 per week or $62.40 per year. In view of all this prosperity enjoyed by the street railway company, why should not these patrons be allowed to save out of their scant earnings this $12.40 per year, and thus equalize matters a little? In fact, why may not the public expect and claim this concession?

I firmly believe that if these tickets were sold for general use by the public, there would be an increase in traffic to more than offset the reduction made, so that at the end of the coming year their profits will still show prosperity.

—C. H. Gilkerson.

2201 Emerson av N.

BATTLES OF MONGOOSE AND COBRA

How Little "Rik-i-tik" Battles With the Deadly Reptile and Nearly Always Kills It.

Captain P. C. Gabbett in World-Wide Magazine.

Most of us who are exiles in India are familiar with the mongoose—"Rik-i-Tik," as Kipling has so aptly named him. Some of us have owned Rik-i-Tik as a pet; some of us are familiar with him as part of the stock in trade of the traveling snake-charmer or juggler; and those of us whose work lies in the district have watched him at play or on hunting excursions of his own in the freedom of the jungle.

Yet, widely known as he is in India, it is astonishing how few could accurately describe the way in which little Rik-i-Tik can tackle and kill a four-foot cobra, or how he escapes the penalty of his seeming rashness. Let me attempt to describe what I have often seen with my own eyes, and even photographed, though, of course, snap shots of the most exciting phases of the combat are practically impossible.

In the first place, it is a mistake to suppose that the mongoose and the cobra will attack each other whenever or wherever they meet, prompted purely by love of fighting or a deadly racial animosity. On the contrary, if the two are shut up in a small room, the mongoose will display the utmost indifference to the presence of the cobra, while the latter, though compelled to preserve a watchful and threatening aspect in the presence of his active little foe, will take the first opportunity of wriggling a safe retreat when he sees Rik-i-Tik's attention otherwise engaged.

It is clear that the mongoose, while confident and indifferent, is well aware of the awful risk he is running, and has no intention of losing his life. It may be otherwise with a tame mongoose, who is not distracted by the novelty of his surroundings or the presence of human foes, and who does not feel his activity cramped by the four walls of a room.

I have been told that a tame mongoose will attack a cobra without any provocation, and it may be so; but it is certainly not the case with a freshly captured mongoose. The cobra evidently stands in far greater dread of the mongoose, and displays none of that insulting confidence and indifference which characterizes the behavior of Rik-i-Tik.

The cobra is a pretty sight to watch as he lifts his expanded hood, displaying its fantastic heraldry, ever turning to face the enemy, and loudly exhaling warning and defiance with every swelling breath.

And now let us proceed to the veranda which we have selected as the arena of the coming contest. The snake-charmer whom we have engaged to handle the cobra opens one of the little round baskets and turns out its occupant with scant ceremony. At first the cobra tries to wriggle off, but he is caught by the tail and stroked the wrong way until he is induced to sit up and glare round, swelling himself angrily with every breath.

Rik-i-Tik now makes his appearance in the ring, tied round the waist with a string and cautiously held at a distance by a bare-legged syce, who has to be pretty smart in eluding the rapid rushes that Rik-i-Tik makes now and again at his unprotected calves. What a fierce little champion it is, to be sure! His snarling volleys of unreasoning rage are directed at everything near; his little red eyes are alight with wickedness, and every hair on his body and bushy tail stands on end. At first he takes no apparent notice of the cobra, but the cobra is fully aware of his arrival and does his best to keep his face toward his new enemy. Hither and thither rushes Rik-i-Tik as far as the end of his tether allows, when he is brought up sudden and snarling. Now he pauses on the edge of the empty snake-basket to gaze contemplatively at his towering adversary. Again he checks himself for a moment to give a playful nip en passant to the enemy's tail or to whisper a derisive challenge or an insulting remark into the cobra's ear derogatory to his parentage and his female relatives—for there is no doubt that Rik-i-Tik is ap ast master in the art of abuse. Now he pauses directly under the hooded terror and looks from side to side, seemingly indifferent—Ha! Missed!

The cobra's head strikes the ground with a thud, and Rik-i-Tik, having eluded the stroke by a quick little pump, enters on another of his mad rushes for freedom in the direction of the syce's calves. Again the foes are facing each other, and this time Rik-i-Tik means business.

Just as the "Hooded Death" launches his stroke downward—almost before he has commenced it—Rik-i-Tik, quick as the parry of a master fencer, springs to meet it, and their jaws interlock. Over and over they roll, the cobra winding himself strenuously round his relentless little captor. Now they are both seemingly exhausted and lie almost motionless, but Rik-i-Tik never relaxes his grip for an instant. After perhaps sixty or one hundred seconds of this death-grip the mongoose springs away. Again the cobra rears himself up to renew the contest, but not so loftily as before does he spread his diminished hood. He has been sorely wounded, but not to death. Rik-i-Tik stands, dusty and blood-stained, regarding his humbled adversary. At first we are afraid that he has been struck, but a closer examination shows that the blood is that of his adversary.

Even the taste of blood, however, has not made the mongoose any more anxious for the fray, and he is still just as keen as ever to flesh his vindictive teeth on the nearest bystander as on the snake, his deadly enemy. At last he comes again to the scratch. This time he entirely anticipates the cobra's stroke as, leaping upward, he secures his never-failing grip on the snake's upper jaw. The coba is now weakening, and Rik-i-Tik shakes his head savagely to and fro with all the strength of his little body—for all the world like a terrier shaking a rat. After three or four of these deadly grips the cobra can no longer raise his mangled head to fight, but crawls painfully and slowly away to shortly die, stiffen, be cast out and buried.

So much for the battle. Now, there are many questions which present themselves for solution. Is the mongoose always the victor? Not always, but usually. I have seen five cobras killed and only one mongoose. Even he had previously killed one cobra, and was probably not quite so fresh and quick as he would otherwise have been. He was struck on either side of the upper lid, having evidently once missed his grip, and after half an hour he lay stretched out beside his victim.

It is also unfair to pit a small mongoose against a large cobra. The height to which the mongoose has to spring must detract largely from that exactitude of grip which is so vitally necessary.

I have never seen the mongoose fix his grip anywhere except on the cobra's jaws, and then almost invariably on the upper jaw. For this reason he will only deliver a frontal attack—never an attack from the rear. It is wonderful that, in taking this grip, he should escape puncture by the cobra's fangs, lying, as they do, along the upper jaw. I believe, myself, that the grip is always placed behind the point of the fangs, so as to render a puncture from them impossible; while at the same time the teeth of the mongoose either strike off the fangs at their roots or else enter the poison-sacs and so let their contents escape. In either way the effectiveness of the cobra's weapons is destroyed. These are not altogether theories, but are founded upon dissections made of the cobra's head after the fight. Of course, a large number of such dissections would require to be made to prove that such were invariably the facts which accounted for the escape of the mongoose.

Next comes the interesting question: Has the mongoose any immunity? It is true, curiously enough, that he does possess a certain amount of immunity, relative to some other animals, such as rabbits, dogs, hens, etc.; but such immunity is not of the slightest protection to him if he is bitten. The cobra is the animal which possesses the largest amount of immunity from the effects of its own poison, and yet it is an interesting fact that a cobra may be killed by injecting it with poison taken from its own glands.

About half a gram of poison or more may be obtained from a fairly grown cobra; while a hundredth part of a gram is more than sufficient to kill a mongoose, or, indeed, any but large animals. Nature is munificent everywhere. Thus a very high immunity indeed would be necessary to protect any but the largest animals from a cobra bite that had reached fairly home. Rik-i-Tik, the mongoose—the born enemy of snakes—is protected solely by his quick eye and his own activity; if these fail him he is lost indeed.

STORIES ABOUT LINCOLN

A writer in the Philadelphia Times, referring to the accumulating stories about Lincoln says:

Winston Churchill lives in St. Louis. This may explain one weakness in his latest novel. With the liberality of the new school, he puts a lot of conversation into the mouth of Abraham Lincoln and makes him do things to help along the plot of his story. But he is too mild about it. Even our good friend, Joel Chandler Harris, kidnapped President Lincoln in one of his yarns. True, he got him back to the White House before anybody found it out, but he showed more action than Churchill.

The Lincoln climax was reached last year, when a Chicago man made him break up a game of cards on a Mississippi river steamboat, save a ruined family, and then shake hands with a fellow-passenger, who was none other than Jefferson Davis, and discuss with the southerner the questions of the day. Of course, this shows that Chicago is ahead, and St. Louis is not even a close second.

About the only thing left now is for some novelist to have Lincoln up in a balloon watching every battle of the civil war. Or he might put him aboard the Monitor when it whips the Merrimac, exclaiming in his quaint way, "The craft is well named." The begrimed gunner pauses in his work of destruction and looks upon the kindly face, asking, as he does so, "In what way, sir?" "Merrymack!" he replies solemnly; "see how her sides are shaking." And then a look of infinite tenderness steals over his sad face and he forgets to say, "That reminds me of a story out in Illynoy."

Really it is time to call a halt on the use of Lincoln by the story-writers. People are tired of it, and they resent having one of their greatest and best men made to do silly things and speak bad English.

THE ATTACHE.

By P. Y. BLACK.

Copyright, 1901, by P. Y. Black.

Cannon and Powers rose and howled with joy when their striker brought in the card, a most official card—"Mr. Kido Mabuchi, The Japanese Legation, Washington, D. C." In the big school in Massachusetts, where Mabuchi, as a boy, had studied the mysteries of American civilization, with Cannon and Powers as his chief instructors, he had struggled through a course of football. He now required all the power of muscular resistance thus gained to withstand the onslaught of these friends of his school days.

"You monsters! You dragons of America!" he cried, falling backward into the only arm chair the youngsters' bare quarters possessed. "Has West Point, then, not reformed you?"

"Shut up, you lovely little brute, and come to my bosom again! Ain't he sweet, Powers? Observe his little tan tootsicums. The dude has been built in London and Paris. Kido, O, Kido! Is this a grateful return for all the republican simplicity you imbibed at Halton?"

They sat down, one on either side of Mabuchi. Their tall, bony, wirewoven frames far overtopped that of the graceful oriental.

"Well, tell me, then," said Mabuchi, smiling.

"Tell you? It's you who's got to do the telling, Kido," they cried together. "We've nothing to tell," Cannon added. "When you left for the war we got through West Point somehow, and are existing among cowboys and Indians on these broad, unlovely plains. It was good of you to come to see us, as we could not come to Washington, but you always were a decent little specimen of foreign bric-a-brac. Now, tell us about yourself."

"It is not much to tell. When my country went to war with China I was ordered home, you know. Then I served with the army, and the honorable general spoke well of me in dispatches, and I was promoted. The war ended, and my government sent me to travel. I was everywhere—London, St. Petersburg, Berlin, Vienna, Paris."

"How I should have liked to do Paris with you. There's a French count, an ex-officer, here stopping with the colonel. I suppose you met heaps of them in Paris. He's studying America, too. Count—Count—what's his name—Count—"

"Count Diceandbass," cried the striker, opening the door of the young officers' sitting-room to usher in an elderly, wax-mustached Frenchman. Powers and Cannon advanced to greet the new visitor. Kido Mubachi rose slowly, his yellow-brown face turning gray.

"Count d'Eisenbas," Powers said, "we are honored. Let me introduce to you Mr. Kido Mubachi of the Japanese legation, and an old school friend of ours. We were just telling him it was curious that you and he, both studying us savages for the benefit of your governments, should meet at such an out-of-the-way hole as Fort Drake."

The count made a rush of effusive greeting at the Japanese, who coolly took his hand.

"Mon dieu, gentlemen. "You afford to me surprises the most welcome."

"You know each other, then?" said Powers.

"Know!" cried D'Eisenbas. "We are comrades since long time!"

"Yes," said Kido, and the laugh was gone from the eyes, which had sparkled on his old friends, "we met in Paris."

"And are ravished to meet in America," said the count with a hand on either of Mabuchi's shoulders.

Cannon and Powers looked at each other in amazement. It was impossible not to note the dearth of delight in Kido's face.

"On this hot afternoon, when I had nothing to do, I remembered our last game at pokair, gentlemen, and I said, "Ha! I shall go and have my r-revanche from the youthful giants, Messieurs Cannon and Powair, may I? For Mabuchi, at baccarat, ecarte, and the games of Paris. I know, but pokair"

"I pray—excuse me," said Mabuchi, gravely. "I no longer play cards."

"Ah? Since Paris?" cried D'Eisenbas, with a shooting galnce.

"Since Paris," Kido assented calmly.

"Pshaw, Kido!" cried Cannon, "you'll simply have to play poker in Washington. Count, let me offer you something cooling. Kido—why your glass is full yet."

"I don't touch anything," said Babuchi gravely.

"Since Paris?" again the Frenchman asked and mocked.

"Since Paris," said Mabuchi.

"Ah, I see, you want not to play pokair. You have much to talk. Au revoir, my American giants. We shall meet at the colonel's. Mabuchi, shall we meet?"

"We shall meet," said Kido, rising and bowing with grave oriental ceremony.

The school chums turned on Kido.

"What the devil happened to you in Paris?" Cannon cried again. "Why did that Frenchman grin in that measly way, as if—as if he owned you? Speak, you little lump of bronze. What mischief did you have the nerve to get into without Powers and me to haul you out again?"

In the corner of the colonel's broad verandah that night Count D'Eisenbas spoke in French briefly and coldly to the little Japanese.

"I cornered you here on purpose," he said. "I have given you a year and you are not ready. Well, to-morrow you must make good your promise or I shall hand these notes in my breast pocket to your chief."

Kido Mabuchi went home to his bunk, hastily fitted up in Cannon's room, and slept not at all.

In the morning, when his chums came in from stable and early company drills, they found the attache sealing letters, on which he had been very busy, and which he now put in his pocket.

He was very amiable, very cheerful and very calm. It is something to have had ancestors of oriental blood and oriental faith; it is something to be able to say, when the hour has come, "Is it then time? Good! Just a minute and I shall be ready!" to finish the cigarette calmly, to nod to friends a smiling adieu, and then to perform the hari-kari decently and with regard to other people's sensibilities.

The hour before sundown is admirable for target shooting. The four went down to the range late in the afternoon. The count had been bragging a little of his skill with a rifle, and Cannon and Powers had coaxed the Japanese into making a match with him. D'Eisenbas mocked at that. He seemed to have a great contempt for the attache.

"Mais—Mabuchi?" he laughed. "I shall beat him at the r-range, as I beat him at ecarte in Paris. What are the—en Anglais—stakes?"

Kido's eyes involuntarily flashed on the Frenchman's breast pockets, and the count grinned in a way which Cannon and Powers resented, but could not understand.

Powers and D'Eisenbas were to mark for Kido, and Cannon and Mabuchi for D'Eiseubas.

"It is very simple," said Cannon for the count's benefit. "While you mark, Count D'Eisenbas, bullseye, four, three, whatever the shot is, the targets revolve and Powers will paste the hole on the lower one. Remember, be careful to wiggle-waggle the danger flag distinctly if you want to examine closely."

Then Kido saw the gates open before him and was content. This matter of suicide might be very simply arranged. Powers would be in the pit with him, stooping down with his pasters at the lowered target. The count was a fair shot at least. At three hundred yards he could hardly miss. What so simple as to leap up in the nick of time and receive the bullet? It was not hari-kari to be sure, but in matters of suicide one should accommodate oneself to place and other circumstances.

D'Eisanbas won the toss and elected to have Kido shoot first. He and Powers went to the butt to mark. Kido began to shoot at 300 yards, mechanically, and, behold, the gates closed. Fate laughs at schemes. The plan of Kido was shattered. D'Eisanbas, wrathful at the Jap's good shots, forgetting where he was, forgetting the danger signal, leaped up with an oath to challenge a bullseye and fell back again in the pit, shot through his plotting brain.

Kido rushed into Cannon's arms, with strange, mad eyes.

"It is the gods!" he screeched. "It was no murder. I meant it the other way, because I could not perform hari-kari on myself in your honorable room. Look, then, look!"

Cannon clutched the letter Kido had written in the morning. In it the attache told his tale—the untold tale of many another in the clutches of the "secret service" of unscrupulous European governments. D'Eisenbas had failed to corrupt the secretary by bribe or promise, but in Paris he had seduced him to cards and women, and the women had got from the lad a few of Japan's plans for fortifications and army organization. Threatened with disclosure by the spy, who also held over his head notes of hand for "debts of honor," Kido saw but one way to escape disclosure and disgrace. But the gods had forbidden it. The count, instead, was dead.

"I shot him," he said over and over again, "but it was not murder. I meant him to shoot me."

"We understand," said his chums. "It's all right, and the gods have more horse sense to-day than usual. We'll take these papers from his pockets and destroy them and report the circumstances—sad accident—prominent men—you know."

"And he's really dead?"

"Sure dead," said Powers. "But try to look decently regretful, Kido."

Daily New York Letter

BUREAU OF THE JOURNAL, No. 21 Park Row.

Street Railway Express.

June 24.—A street railway express is the latest thing in the way of novelty in New York. By an announcement of the New York Electric in the way of novelty for New Yorkers. By an announcement of the New York Electric Vehicle company, it appears that a large proportion of the baggage, express and package delivery business of the Bronx, Westchester and other suburban sections of the town is to be handled in specially constructed express cars operated over the lines of the Metropolitan Street railway. Under the terms of the contract entered into by the companies, express cars are not to be run on any lines at times when the congestion of traffic is liable to result. By heavy operations along the lower avenues at night, however, and by the use of express cars which can be run by an overhead as well as an underground current, a parcel express will be devised for the swift delivery of packages of all kinds from the incoming railroads and the large department stores, not only below and in Harlem, but in practically all the villages of the annexed district north of it as well. Freight stations of sufficient size to store and handle packages will be constructed at various points along the line in Manhattan and the Bronx.

Trolley for Athens.

Equipment for a complete trolley system for Athens of classic memory is soon to be shipped from New York by the General Electric company. According to statements of this company, the line is to run from the Parthenon to Piraeus via North Hadrian street. The professors of several prominent universities have been retained by the General Electric to correctly letter the signs on the cars, a few of which—"Pericles Heights," "Demosthenes avenue" and "Parnassus Bottom"—give some idea of how the legends will read. Piraeus, the port of Athens, is famous as the rendezvous of the heroes of old who used to sit on the sand and gaze over the azure seas in the hope of espying additional worlds to conquer. Like the Acropolis and the Parthenon, Piaerus has fallen, and is known by all up-to-date Athenians as "Little Coney Island." There one can purchase anything, from conch shells to bock beer; but Iliads and Odysseys are debarred. It is said that a consignment of merry-go-rounds and hit-the-nigger's-head-and-win-a-good-cigar outfits are also being prepared for shipment. The shipment of material for all purposes will total about $1,000,000.

Building by the Astors.

Another attack of the hotel-building fever has struck the Astor family. This time the victim is Colonel John Jacob Astor, and the hostlery is to be an ideal road house in Pelham Parkway, near Fordham, not far from Williamsbridge road. It will be built in the French style or architecture, of stone and wood; will be 280 feet long by 60 in breadth, and the main structure will rise to a height of four stories. To those who have so long been disgusted and irritated by the inferior class of roadhouses around New York, Astor Lodge, as the new hotel will be called, will prove a great boon. Astor Lodge is intended to be a place of resort for all who are fond of out-door-life, and will doubtless be particularly agreeable to coaching parties. The site is surrounded by over 150 acres of land, which will be converted into golf links and tennis courts. The house will be reached by a macadamized road running through a magnificent lawn laid out in flower beds and serpentine walks, shaded by elm and maple trees. On the first floor of the structure will be a rotunda the full height of the house, while there will be room for 1,200 guests at the tables in the dining-room, summer garden and on the verandas. An interesting feature of the Lodge will be the kitchen, to which patrons will be given access to view the culinary operations of the army of chefs. The Lodge, in its complete form, will cost a quarter of a million dollars.

Business of Underwriting.

Underwriting is getting to be almost as profitable a business as it was before the tremendous underwriters' panic following the death of Governor Flower. Evidence of this can be seen in the announcement that the $50,000,000 Burlington underwriting syndicate is required to provide only $7,000,000 in cash in order to finance the deal. The amount involved is something like $220,000,000, Burlington stock amounting to $110,000,000 being traded on a basis of $2 in stock for one in bonds, with the privilege of demanding part in cash. One of the reasons why there is so little cash required is that the stockholders are so well satisfied with the outlook they prefer the bonds to coin. The syndicate will, of course, receive its full commission just the same.

Why Did It Stop?

Another perpetual motion theory has collapsed. This was not exactly the fault of the theory but rather of the machine, which had a perverse faculty of taking a rest when it should have been busily engaged in perpetual motioning. With the bursting of the bubble the inventor, William Herford, also thought he would take a short shift for unknown regions. For seven long years the inventor had tried to win the machine from the error of its way. Except that it wouldn't work, it was an ideal perpetual motion machine, and gave promise of running perennially except for occasional stops to catch its breath. Herford was puzzled, and though he waited and coddled and coddled and waited, the machine insisted on growing weary at just the wrong time and falling into a state of exasperating somnolence. At last his patience gave out. A handy revolver gave some business to a needy coroner. The machine, which was considerately for his family, consisted principally of two wooden cones placed upon a wire or rod which had an inclination of forty degrees. The point of the top cone rested upon the base of the lower cone, and revolved by a pneumatic apparatus supposed to keep the lower cone in perpetual motion.

—N. N. A.