THE JOURNAL

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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.

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OUR TREATY WITH COLOMBIA

The Bidlack-Mallarino treaty of 1846 between the United States of America and the Republic of New Granada, now called Colombia, justly occupies the public eye in the present juncture. Though not in recent years so well known or so conspicuous as the Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1849, the convention with Colombia is really of broader scope and fills a larger international office.

Recent events have given the Panama route for an interoceanic canal a prominence superior to that of the Nicaragua route. It is generally felt that American commercial interests call for a Panama canal. If a water route across the isthmus proper is at all feasible mechanically, the Panama route is believed to be the one of first choice. Should that route prove impracticable, then the Nicaragua route might loom into importance as a necessary second choice.

The Clayton-Bulwer convention is addressed principally to the construction of a canal in Nicaragua and the guaranty of its neutrality, and the Panama route comes into its purview only secondarily. So that after all the past decades of discussion over the real meaning of the treaty with Great Britain and the extent to which we are bound by it, we discover that there exists an older treaty of higher importance. A greater than Clayton-Bulwer is here; it is the Bidlack-Mallarino convention.

Our agreement with Great Britain is a mutual guaranty of the neutrality of any canal built across the Isthmus of Nicaragua. Neither party is to obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control of, nor erect or maintain fortifications on the canal, and both are to protect the canal when built. This is, in brief, the scope of the agreement as controlling the action of the parties. They agree to invite other states to enter into similar stipulations, but this calls for persuasive influence only. Neither Great Britain nor America undertakes to build the canal. It may be read between the lines that the inherent rights of the owners of the soil are recognized, to either sanction or forbid the actual construction of the waterway. The contracting parties finally agree to enter into further treaties for extending the same stipulations to any practicable interoceanic communication, whether by canal or railway, at either Tehauntepec or Panama. This, the sole reference to the center of present interest, binds only the two contracting nations, to favor the neutrality of the Panama canal when built. It imposes upon America no duty in the present contingency, except toward Great Britain.

Our Colombian treaty of 1846 was made directly with the territorial proprietor of the Panama route. It is well settled in public law that a state may control the passage of foreign armed vessels through a water route within its domain, and may admit private merchant vessels to pass under such tolls, duties or privileges as it may establish. Colombia, by this treaty, guarantees to the United States that:

"the right of way or transit across the isthmus of Panama, upon any mode of communication that now exists, or that may hereafter be constructed, shall be open and free to the government and citizens of the United States."

subject to the same tolls and charges only as are levied upon Granadian citizens.

In consideration of these friendly and liberal concessions:

The United States guarantee, positively and efficaciously, to New Granada, by the present stipulation, the perfect neutrality of the before-mentioned isthmus, with the view that the free transfer from the one to the other sea may not be interrupted or embarrassed in any future time while this treaty exists; and, in consequence, the United States also guarantee, in the same manner, the rights of sovereignty and property which New Granada has and possesses over the said territory.

Here is a frank and unequivocal engagement by this country to insure continuously, while the treaty lasts, the neutrality of an isthmian canal, and to protect and enforce the national rights of Colombia over the isthmus.

This is a plain national contract with Colombia, of a much higher grade than the obligations assumed in the Clayton-Bulwer convention. It is an "entangling alliance," indeed, and our citizens have sometimes objected to it as such. But the present situation shows its wisdom. Entered into with a South American republic, it did not transgress the spirit of Washington's farewell advice to his countrymen. It is but a promise to one sister state that we will, in this particular case, adhere actively to the spirit of the Monroe doctrine.

From the time that doctrine was announced, it has been our national policy and tradition to secure the neutrality of any interoceanic waterway.

Our country has several times in the past been called upon to enforce the guaranty of this treaty, and has responded. A notable instance was when, in 1885, the Colombian government, afflicted with civil war, asked our help. President Cleveland sent to the isthmus a body of soldiers, who kept the transit of the isthmus open and free from interruption by insurgents, and when peace was restored, they were withdrawn.

We guarantee "the rights of sovereignty and property" of Colombia over the territory of the isthmus. This does not mean that we shall interfere to help Colombia suppress her insurrection. It does mean that we may, and will, use the military and naval force of this nation to preserve the transit across the isthmus from obstruction or embarrassment by any insurgent force, under whatever pretence. Our military and international rights and powers on the Panama isthmus at this contingency are superior to those of Germany or France or any other state under general international law; they are commensurate with the obligation of our treaty with Colombia. Doubtless the McKinley administration will exercise the full measure of our privileges under the circumstances. Colombia has ever stood by the treaty of 1846, though it is subject to be terminated on twelve months' notice. De Lesseps vainly endeavored to induce her to abrogate the treaty, in order to better prosecute his own schemes for building the canal. Now let America sustain faithfully the sovereignty of Colombia over the isthmus. A firm and fair course will redound to our credit in the end.

The state press is agitating a proposition to have H. P. Hall of St. Paul write a history of Minnesota, and the suggestion has been made that the state editorial association raise $500 to help defray the necessary expenses, and that the legislature be asked to appropriate $5,000. Few men are better qualified than Mr. Hall for such a task, and a history of the state from his pen would prove an invaluable addition to the literature now bearing upon the subject. He has known personally nearly every prominent Minnesotan, since the admission of the state into the union, and his chapter on the old capital fight alone would be worth whatever he might chose to ask for the book.

KNOX AND THE TRUST

The reading public will hardly acquit Attorney General Knox of the charge of indifference to the demand that he prosecute the steel corporation for the violation of the anti-trust law. Indeed, it is likely to accuse him of something worse than indifference. Whether the anti-trust people who appealed to him for help in prosecuting that corporation have good legal grounds upon which to rest their case or not, Mr. Knox's reply is expressed in such tone as to create the impression that his sympathies are entirely with the corporation and indicate no interest or sympathy whatever with the anti-trust proposition.

Mr. Knox may be correct on the legal proposition. There may be nothing in the organization of the steel corporation which could make it amenable to the law, but ordinary political prudence would have suggested to him a less offensive reply to the anti-trust people, and one less calculated to create the impression that he, as United States attorney general, cannot be relied upon to do anything to annoy or disturb or restrain the trusts in any particular.

An unfortunate fact in that connection is that Mr. Knox stands for the administration. He is placing it before the country in an exceedingly unfortunate attitude. The probability is, he ought never to have been appointed to the position which he holds. He is recognized as a fine lawyer and a good fellow, but he has been a corporation attorney for a long time and that he has been influenced by the corporation atmosphere in which he has lived for so long is plain enough in the language of his reply to Secretary Martin. It is safe to say that that reply would never have been made, at least not in that form, if he had consulted the President or any other member of the cabinet in regard to it.

Of public libraries wholly or mainly supported by taxation, Massachusetts recently had, acording to the most available list, 179, Illinois 35, New Hampshire 34, Michigan 26, California 18, Ohio 15, Rhode Island 13, Indiana 13, Iowa 11, New York 11; Wisconsin 9, Maine 8, Kansas 7, Minnesota 7, Connecticut 5, New Jersey 4, Colorado 2, Missouri 1, Vermont 1. Mr. Carnegie's activity, and the attention called to the matter by it, will bring these figures into better proportion, before another quarter of a century passes. The rich man will never have a better chance to give his home town a library than now.

INTERVENTION TALK

From Copenhagen it is reported that the Czar Nicholas has determined to discuss the subject of intervention in South Africa with Emperor William and President Loubet, of France, and will, while in France, give Kruger a privte audience.

It is quite likely that any proceedings of this kind will hardly be acceptable to the British government and it is not likely that the nephew of the King of England, who is on friendly terms with his uncle, will enter into any mediatorial arrangement in behalf of the Boers after the distinct declaration of the British government that it will entertain no proposition for foreign intervention in the South African war. Especially is it improbable that any attention will be paid to any motion of Europe for intervention just after Lord Kitchener, with the sanction of his government, has issued a proclamation declaring that 35,000 burghers are prisoners of war or have made their submission, and that the British army is in possession of the Boer capitals and territories, and the Boer forces are without regular military organization and their operations are of a purely predatory nature. Notice has also been given that the leaders of the enemy's commandoes, who have not made their submission by September 15th, shall be banished for life from South Africa and that the property of burghers unsurrendered by that date will be chargeable with the cost of maintaining their families in the concentration camps.

This proclamation has been received with much indignation by the Boer sympathizers in Europe and in England. The terms are not as severe as those of proclamations issued by the federal authorities during our civil war, who found it necessary to adopt severe measures in order to weaken the rebel strength. The Czar and the Emperor William, under the same circumstances would be a hundred times as severe with insurgents. The Czar is every day actualizing far more severe measures in Finland and Count von Waldersee's late Chinese military exploits furnish a fair specimen of what Germany is capable of doing to insurgent enemies. The proclamation of Lord Kitchener is mild in comparison with the methods of either Czar or Kaiser. "War is hell," there is no doubt, but one can imagine how much of a hell von Walderseen would have made of South Africa.

It would be interesting to know how the Czar proposes to intervene in South Africa, if, indeed, he has such a purpose in view. He is an enemy of free government and has no use for it. Great Britain, on the contrary, upon the submission of the Boers, would give them without much delay, the advantages of a crown colony government, which would be a larger autonomy than they have even in fact enjoyed, for under Kruger, the Transvaal Boers were under the heels of an oligarchy. No intervention, which will restore the Kruger oligarchy, is possible in South Africa. It would be a result certainly not conducive to the liberty of the Boers.

Labouchere, the fabricator of London Truth, says he "feels no misgivings as to the spiritual condition of the king." Evidently the nation at large is not so optimistic about royalty. Parliament provides the king with two reverend deans of the chapels royal, four reverend clerks of the king's closet, two domestic chaplains, fourteen chaplains in ordinary, thirty-three honorary chaplains, five priests in ordinary, and five honorary priests in ordinary. Sixty-five spiritual guides thus uphold the king lest he dash his foot against a stone.

AMERICAN SUPREMACY

A vienna dispatch gives the views of the eminent publicist, Professor Edward Sues, of that city, on the subject of our industrial and political preponderance in the world.

The professor very candidly tells the nervous gentlemen in Europe, who are saying venomous things about our continued progress, that it is a serious question if the present political units of central Europe are strong enough to make an effective defense, taking into account the physical conditions. He looks for the creation of three great units—China, Russia and America, by the present shifting of the center of gravity of the world's force, the greatest of which will be the United States, to which European capital is destined to flow and increase her economic prosperity.

This is depressing prognostics for our disgruntled competitors. The enormous clearances of export wheat during this month represented purchases made for Europe two and three months ago, but the Mark Lane express shows that this country will probably be called upon to furnish 266,000,000 bushels to foreigners during the next twelve months. These figures are a reminder to Europe of her occasional dependence upon us for breadstuffs and Professor Sues has, no doubt, taken this feature into account, as well as the fact that our manufactured exports to the old world are increasing and that the balance of trade in our favor at the close of the first seven months of this year aggregated $324,546,625—an increase of $15,000,000 over last year's credit balance. Europe has discovered that what it regarded as a temporary spurt of American business, a few years ago, and not to be feared, has developed into a permanent thing, a movement which cannot be sneered or laughed down and which all the angry threats of European manufacturers and agrarian combinations are not able to successfully combat. Professor Sues points to the possible financial supremacy of the United States. This is more than possible. The financial center of the business world has shifted from Paris to London and its ultimate transfer to New York is already distinctly foreshadowed. The great banks of Europe are preparing for a possible urgent demand from this country for gold to meet the grain payments. If we want the gold we can get it just as we have gold to lend Europe if she wants it.

Professor Sues's prognostics do not suggest any device for Europe's benefit. He seems to take Europe's decadence as a matter of course. Americans want to get all the trade they can from Europe. And they can continue to get trade if they recognize the value of reciprocity treaties, which alone can bring about harmonious relations. The reciprocity convention next month, which will be held at the suggestion of the National Association of Manufacturers, will throw light upon this subject. The vision of American commercial and financial empire, seen by Prof. Sues, will be realized but it will be realized in a larger and more liberal sense than he perceives.

A New Social Star Henry B. Clifford, formerly of Arizona but now a New York millionaire, is aspiring to the place formerly occupied by E. Berry Wall and J. Waldere Kirk as "king of the dudes." Mr. Clifford is something of an artist in clothes. Instead of the old-fashioned straighaway front, with four or five buttons, Mr. Clifford has designed a coat similar to a Tuxedo, but instead of the four-button effect, it has six buttons. It is built loose in the back with a baggy appearance, and on the sleeves, around the cuffs, the tailor has cut several V shaped niches, which give the coat an embroidered appearance. On some of his winter apparel he wears a little velvet. In trousers, instead of the peg-top, baggy-leg affairs common among the chappies and the college boys, Clifford has introduced the wide bottom, tight-top trousers. The Clifford trousers are never pressed above the knee.

Fancy shirts are strictly barred—nothing but white showing. His waistcoats are cut low in a half circle. One of the striking effects about Mr. Clifford is his "collateral." It is strictly en regle, showing some millions of dollars gathered by Mr. Clifford in the mining business.

Mr. Clifford is a gentleman of unquiet tastes, and, like the circus poster, he desires to be seen and heard of all men. He will doubtless be admitted to the Fat Boys' club under the by-law allowing certain eccentricities of dress and manner.

Professor Dickson of Yale University, who is camping on Indian creek in Colorado, claims to have successfully grafted the tail end of an adder on the front end of a rattlesnake. It will be rather difficult for the professor to show to a disgusted world just what value the new snake combine carries.

The Brooklyn Eagle, after studying the South American situation over Sunday, comes to the conclusion that "nobody knows as yet why the troops from Ecuador are invading their neighbor to the north. It may be that Ecuadoreans do not wish to become a part of any Greater Colombia and it may be that they had no better prospect of excitement just now and have gone over the border for fun." If they don't look out down there somebody will get killed in one of those pesky revolutions.

The best way to buy real estate is to go and put in a good loud livery stable near by. Then you can get almost anything in the neighborhood for a song. Then move your stable to some other neighborhood.

The one-legged baseball miracles expect to play the one-armed champions of the solar system soon. The Armless bowlers have also challenged the Legless Bicycle Union to a series of games.

The Gatling rapid-fire plow will break up thirty acres a day, and is so arranged that when it strikes a stone the bone and sinew of the land, the contented agriculturist, does not have to cuss.

A Colon cable says that an American dollar at Barranquilas is now worth $41 in Colombian paper money. An American dollar often looks as large as that in this land.

No Chicago college professor who has read "You Kissed Me" has declared that Ella Wheeler Wilcox is not numbered among the Wisconsin "immortals."

The ordinary bee weighs five-thousandths of a pound, but sometimes, when disturbed, she steps with about fifteen pounds pressure to the square boy.

France is out wildly gesticulating and gnashing teeth at the stolid Turk, who hasn't got around yet to ask what in thunder he has done.

A copper combine is reported from Denver. Here the copper combines with beer quite frequently if all hot-weather stories can be believed.

An aeronaut fell 300 feet in the east and lit in a New Jersey marsh. He was nearly killed by mosquitos who bit him on the wing.

The trade paper "Tobacco" has statistics showing that the use of cigarettes is falling off. Many of the cigaretteurs have fallen off also.

Eastern papers are printing a picture of Mrs. Nation in her bathing suit at Long Branch. No wonder David Nation ducked.

Every time a South American pounds his thumb somebody hollers war and Europe begins to cuss the Monroe doctrine.

It might be well to hire the asphalt trust to jump in and upper cut these three quarrelsome republics.

Jerry Simpson has $100,000 salted. It looks as if Jerry was responsible for the drought.

The Iowa resurrectionists put up a democratic ticket the other day.

'WARE THE FLY

Dr. Smith Ely Jelliffe has an article in Munsey's for August on "Insects as Carriers of Disease." There has been much talk of the guilt of the mosquito as a dispenser of malaria, and the fly has been censured for being careless about allowing microbes to adhere to his person. But the fly, it seems from Dr. Jelliffe's article, deserves more than censure; indeed, if all the doctor says of him be true, he is worthy of all the torture that sticky fly paper and the good housewife with a folded newspaper can inflict. Perhaps his worst habit is that of carrying the germs of tuberculosis about. This is what the doctor says on this point:

"We may license our cows, but who will license the flies? For they, too, have tuberculosis. In every instance when a fly caught in a consumptive's room has been examined, germs were found in its body. It needs no elaborate argument to make it plain that every single fly, as it goes to the kitchen for its next meal, will add a few germs to the food of the family, and that somewhere, probably in the body of a little child, the infection may take effect. The flat should go forth, in any case of typhoid and consumption, that not a fly should be permitted on the premises under pain of death."

THRIFT AND POLITICAL REFORM

Lake Benton News.

A person doesn't have to place his ear close to the ground at present to hear the distinct rumble of county politics, as a number are already working for different offices. The campaign will open up many moons earlier hereafter on account of the primary law, and the prospective candidates who think that printer's ink will cut but little figure in the contest, if they have oposition, will wish that they had kept strictly out of the race. Announcement cards of candidates, to run in this paper during the contest, $5 each.—Lamberton Star.

The Star has hit the nail on the head this time. Let's all jump in and get rich before the blamed politicians repeal the law.

A Gayly Colored Affair.

Boston Herald.

A military parade in the Samoan islands must be worth climbing a fence to see. The Samoan troops wear red turbans, white navy undershirt, blue dungaree "lava lavas," or breech cloths, with two red stripes around the hem. The legs and feet are bare. In this country the soldier's arms are always an object of interest, but in Samoa his legs must be quite a feature of the show.

Checking the Trusts.

Indianapolis News.

We have very grave doubts whether any laws we have will prove of any value in breaking up these great semi-monopolies or in checking their formation. If they were compelled to pay a franchise tax on the face value (or the actual value, if that were greater) of their capital stock and bonds the formation of enormous corporations, with vast amounts of water in the capital stock, would, we think, be checked.

Too Particular.

Ortonville Herald-Star.

Some one has charged Mike Dowling with being "dizzy" because he wears soldier clothes and a yellow helmet. It was probably the same party who charged Frank Eddy with being homely because he has irregular features and spits on his chin. We are getting altogether too fastidious about our politicians.

STRIKING IT RICH IN MINES

New York Times.

People have a notion that success in mining is due entirely to luck. This is true, perhaps, to a greater extent than in any other business, but it never explains the whole thing. There are always other causes involved.

For instance, old H. A. W. Tabor, one of the first men in Colorado to acquire fame as a mining man and a United States senator, was popularly supposed to have got his money by bullhead luck. It is true he was an ignorant man in many ways, but he was a splendid judge of ore; one of the very best. He was walking with a friend once in the outskirts of Leadville, in the early days of that hustling camp. They came to a prospect hole, heaped with ore around the edge. Tabor stopped and examined the rocks. Then he called down the hole to the prospector, who was working below, and asked him how much he would take for his claim. The prospector called back that he would take $1,000. Tabor closed the bargain on the spot. The mine afterward produced hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Most people think, because Winfield Scott Stratton was a carpenter, and never heard of until the Independence made him a multi-millionaire in twenty-eight days, that he had nothing whatever to do with his own good fortune. But Stratton had been an indomitable prospector for years before he struck it. He lived at Colorado Springs, and in the winter he would work at his trade, and in the summer he would pack a burro with his outfit and follow the beast on foot over the hills until the storms drove him into winter quarters again. Several years he tramped it from Colorado Springs to the San Juan country in this way. His first venture in mining was down in the San Juan. A miner had come up from there the previous winter, and shown Stratton some beautiful ore from an alleged claim of his, which, according to his story, he had discovered, but hadn't money enough to work, and therefore had to sell for what he could get for it. Stratton had saved up 3,000 hard-earned dollars from his labor with the hammer and the saw. He put every one of them into that claim. The next spring he cinched up his old burro and walked to the San Juan. He found his mine a plain, simple hole in the ground; not even salted; not a trace of color in it. He lost every dollar he had put into it; a thing sufficient to utterly discourage any ordinary man.

Stratton was invariably unsuccessful in these summer trips. Year after year he prospected, in the San Juan, at Leadville, and in other sections, but found nothing. But he was all the time acquiring an unrivaled knowledge of the ore-bearing ground of Colorado. And he was no common prospector or miner. After a while he took a course in geology, mineralogy and assaying at Colorado college. After that he went armed with a blowpipe, the only process of assaying available to the prospector in the field. He also went and worked in a mill at Breckenridge, so as to acquire the process of treating ores by amalgamation. It was such things as this that made him able to understand the ground at Cripple Creek; and it was his little old blowpipe that found the first gold in the great camp. The territory where he located the Independence, July 4, 1891, had been deserted by even the few prospectors who had staked claims there, as entirely outside the gold belt. Stratton was left alone, and they called him "the hermit of Battle mountain." The Independence began to produce in 1893, and by 1899, when he sold it to the London company, it had produced $4,500,000. He got $10,000,000 in cash for it. After he had got it into shape to sell, with $7,500,000 of ore reserves in sight, no such spectacle was ever seen in any mine. For miles along its walls you could walk in the constant glitter of sylvanite, free gold, wire gold, and all other combinations of the yellow metal.

Of course, the element of luck entered into his discovery, but the long years of preparation, and his indomitable perseverance, counted for more than the luck. The biggest gift that Stratton has made since he struck it was $50,000 to Colorado college, where he learned to use the blowpipe that founded Cripple Creek. He also testified to his belief in the educated miner by a gift of $25,000 to the Colorado School of Mines.

OTHER PEOPLE'S NOTIONS

Cedar Blocks as a Pavement.

To the Editor of The Journal.

I believe no person, after making a thorough examination of the merits and demerits of the different kinds of pavement, will favor cedar blocks. The moment they are put down decay commences and goes on rapidly, the blocks become damp and filthy and miasma constantly arises. After a few years it becomes next to impossible to ride over them without danger of being thrown from your carriage or bicycle, and I think it a great wonder more horses have not broken their legs. If any one doubts the above statement, I would invite them to ride down Harmon place from Tenth to Eleventh streets, or over Ninth street from Hennepin avenue to First avenue S, and your doubts will vanish. Remember, the pavement on Ninth street was put down in 1891—only ten years ago.

As for asphalt, it makes a very nice, smooth street for a year or so, when the repairs commence and must be patched and patched and patched the rest of its life. Deep depressions occur at short intervals and great cracks present themselves along the street, giving one the impression of being near Mount Vesuvius. The sprinklers do their best to keep the streets well watered, but fail to do much good. One moment they are drenched and for the next hour they are hot and dry and a fine dust rising which penetrates the office, store and homes, compelling unwilling and unsuspecting persons to inhale the same, which becomes a factor in destroying life and a menace to health.

Brick pavement has none of these objections. It holds moisture a reasonable length of time and does not breed disease by decaying. It rarely needs repairs; can be removed and placed back without leaving patches; its life is far longer than any other pavement ever used in Minneapolis except stone. It must appeal to taxpayers as it is much cheaper in the long run. The only objection raised against its use is the noise. I think the objection must have been raised by new residents, as Minneapolis people are a live people and not afraid of a little noise, and if there are any such would suggest a residence for them in North St. Paul or Stillwater. Minneapolis is a live town and a noisy town and we want a noise, too. When it ceases to be such, she will cease to grow. We want brick pavement and believe every unbiased citizen of Minneapolis does.

—S. F. Sanderson.

A COLLECTION OF WAR GODS

As ethnographic studies, it is alleged that few specimens of primitive art are more valuable than the oddly sculptured effigies of war gods which were at one time regarded with such awe by the natives of Hawaii, New Zealand and certain other countries. The reason is, because on many of these figures, grotesque though they seem to us, various human emotions are finely, if rudely, portrayed. A fine collection of these war gods has just been made by a scientist.

In Hawaii these figures were made of the roots of osier and were adorned with red

feathers from the bird known as "viiwi," and with yellow and black feathers from the bird known as "oo." In 1800 these birds had become so rare that a law was passed prohibiting any one from killing them and ordaining that those caught alive should be released after the necessary feathers had been carefully plucked from them.

Various emotions were expressed by these war gods. Thus one, notable for his horizontal eyes, his open mouth and his sharp teeth, expresses calm ferocity; and a second, distinguished by his drooping lips and his enormous eyes, expresses sadness.

A MODEST MAN

Munsey's Magazine for August in "Literary Chat" comments upon Edward Bok and his methods as a lecturer as follows: "Edward Bok, who is easily the most amusing young man in America, has been giving lectures about the country. Sometimes he gives one called 'Explaining the Editor,' and sometimes with equal modesty his theme is 'The Key to Success.' The most interesting thing about his recent tour was not his diffident choice of topics but the circular given out with the program. It was in itself a magnificent object lesson on methods of attaining success. It was adorned with a picture of a square-jawed young man, printed in a pretty violet tint—the hue of retiring and sensitive worth. Below was what purported to be the autograph of the explainer of editors—and above was this simple and reserved description of him: 'The Most Successful and Popular Young Man in America.'

"Mr. Bok's history followed. It was sprinkled with such gems as this: 'Almost like a page from the Arabian Nights is the story of the success of Edward Bok.' The most charming paragraph, however, touched upon a more delicate topic. 'Mr. Bok's popularity with women,' it ran, 'has perhaps never been equaled. To young women his personality is perhaps the most attractive in American public life to-day.'

"Fie, fie, Mr. Bok! This unblushing style of boasting of feminine conquests went out long, long ago—say about the time of the porter of Bagdad and the three Calenders. The likeness to the Arabian Nights must not be pushed too far."

A Mistake in Babcock.

Kalamazoo Gazette.

Congressman Babcock maintains that it is "a part of the policy of protection to protect the consumers." A grave mistake has been made in Congressman Babcock. He is not a statesman. He is a humorist.

Fun Comes Later On.

Burlington Hawkeye.

The Iowa political campaign as yet has reached only the lawn tennis stage. The football season will be due in October.

ABORIGINES

by

Esther Harlan

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BY ESTHER HARLAN.

The "Cliff-dwellers," from the dizzy altitude of their apartments in the old studio building, were on terms of semi-rivalry (veiled, of course, by the usual billowy courtesies) with the "Mound-builders," who "burrowed" on the first floor. The former "drew with a pencil," and the latter "did things with a pen," and there was absolutely no ground for collision in their work, but instinctively they pretended there was (each secretly wondering if the others guessed facts), merely to disguise the real cause for the friction—a man, as usual, or, rather, three men, who also "bunked" in the studio building. The sum of the situation was, the Cliff-dwellers were the poster sort, both as to occupation and personality. They dressed smartly, chatted entertainingly, even wittily, were trammeled by no traditions, and were a match in most ways for any "up-to-date" young man of their acquaintance.

Whereas, the Mound-builders were not full fledged Bohemians, and far from "smart"; they still had ideals and illusions, also a chaperone, who was the mother of one of them. They had taken the ground floor apartment because the rent was lower.

When Dal and his chum and "the other one" spent an evening either separately or collectively with the Mound-builders they came away feeling decidedly jolly, almost boyishly so, on good terms with themselves and the rest of the world.

"A call on the Builders leaves a good, wholesome taste in a fellow's mouth," "the other one" had remarked one night.

"The little girl's mother's a brick," Dal chimed in. "She makes one feel like the time when the treetops 'seemed close against the sky.' "

Dallas Sinclair had dropped in this afternoon for just a word with Vivacia, she of the Cliff-dwellers, and had stepped back of the screen to examine some of her latest sketches. Vivacia had paused in the next room to slip on a pretty house gown. Somehow she always liked to look her best when Dal came.

So it happened that while Dal was back of the screen they left the elevator and paused to study the card carelessly left in the ground glass door.

" 'Back at 2'—it's five minutes of. Let's wait. I can never screw my courage up to this point again."

It was the voice of "the little girl," she of the Mound-builders. Then the door was pushed farther open, and the two entered.

"Oh, mamsie, dear. If our den only looked like this! I wonder people ever come to see us—we're so 'sparse.' "

Dallas was in an agony—it would certainly not do to disclose his presence—his soul loathed the role of eaves-dropper: Yet he did so want to know which one she cared for himself or "the other one."

"If only my last wee bit story will be a 'go,' " the sweet voice went on, "then I can accept Mr. Sinclair's invitation at last. I suppose most of our friends really believe our 'no place like home' excuses by this time."

"Is that the bachelor girl story—'Tips?' " the older voice asked. "Why didn't you let Mr. Sinclair have that, Dorothy? He told you he was on the 'Up-to-Date' staff."

"Now, mother mine, you know I couldn't do a thing like that. I would rather never have it printed."

"Well, maybe not. You're a funny little chick of a daughter; but one can overdo even so desirable a thing as independence. If Mr. Sinclair wants to be of service to you, I don't see why—even if he is merely a casual acquaintance"—the color crept up over the girl's fair throat—"you would do the same for him, I am sure."

"But, anyway, it's lot more fun, mamsie, dear," the girl began with an effort at lightness, "to blaze one's own trees."

"And that is why you said 'No' to Tom Davenport last week and refused Aunt Sageman's gifts—"

"Now, mother, dear, you know Aunt Sageman treated you atrociously not so long back—I'm not going to swallow that just because I happen to need togs."

"Still it don't do to be too proud, dearie—who was it—Elijah—who let himself be cared for by—wasn't it—ravens?"

"Mamsie, you must read up," the girl exclaimed, laughing. "Ravens are all right, or even English sparrows, for that matter, but I draw the line at relations—and as for Tom, he was good and he had pennies and ancestors and all the usual means of grace—but—well, I just couldn't, that's all. It would seem nice, though," (reflectively) "not to have to calculate whether my shoes will hang together till I get back before I accept an invitation for a stroll. I'm afraid providence has grown a trifle absent-minded in my direction of late."

"Dorothy, my dear," the older voice cried, "you frighten me; you must not talk so," and then with a change of tone and apparent irrelevance, "Dallas Sinclair was talking to me last night about his home; he has a very lovable nature, Dorothy, such a contrast to Mr. Mortimer."

" 'The other one'—oh, he's just a nice playfellow. What—what did Mr. Sinclair say to you, mother?"

There was a clatter of heels in the hall, a momentarily astonished face in the doorway, the glibly false assurances of welcome and delight, during which Dal silently and unnoticed slipped from screen to open door. He took the first cab for his office in the "Up to Date" building to importune the long-suffering MMS, reader as to a story entitled "Tips," which he represented as having been turned in by himself "incog" after a bad quarter of an hour. "But wait till I touch it up, and you'll howl for it," he said.

"I believe she'd forgive me if she knew," he assured his conscience, "and I'll tell her all about it—afterwards."

A week later a typewritten note of acceptance with a double-dosed check, which Dorothy in her inexperience did not stop to scrutinize (it was not from the Up to Date check book), made sunshine in a certain dark studio, and made possible a certain long deferred outing from which two people returned tired and happy as the children they really were at heart.

"The flat seems so stuffy after—to-day," Dorothy had said.

"Let's go up on the roof just for a send off—"

"Oh, the Cliff-dwellers staked that off long ago as their claim," Dorothy objected wistfully.

"Nonsense, what's that to—'us-es.' We'll counterstake," and they laughed as they entered the cage-like old elevator. Up among the chimneys and under the stars, sitting without discomfort on the edge of the ugly brick cornice—

"If I only had space like this to write in," Dorothy said, "but in my slice of a room—just a pigeonhole—"

"Why, that's all right," the man returned cheerily, "you're just a sketch yourself yet—pigeonholes are the places for such things—wait till you get to be a volume—and a number of them—"

"Then I'll be laid on the shelf?"

"No, you'll have a whole library to yourself."

"I think I'll tell you a bit of luck that came my way lately," Dorothy began, after a pause, and then she related all she knew of the "Up to Date" incident. Dallas Sinclair was properly surprised, appreciative and congratulatory, and when conscience twinged he repeated, "I'll tell her the truth—afterwards."

It was so good to be there—in the mellow autumn starlight, so free, so still, so—yes, so near together—"togetherness" is one of the goood things of this dear old earth. For a moment the thought of it all thrilled the girl's sensitive being, the little white hand that was nearest Dal's trembled and turned its pink palm half outward, then its owner drew it back into her lap and put the other demurely over it. The man had seen, and his heart throbbing joyously had—understood.

"Why don't you let it have its way?" he said simply, taking gentle possession of the little fingers.

"How could you know?" she acquiesced happily.

"No, I don't feel like going up on the roof to-night," their owner said wearily a few minutes later to the other Cliff-dwellers. "I—I don't feel—I think I'll say good night."

"Don't squeal till your hundred dollar 'Autumn Leaf' poster comes our, Vivacia," somebody called after her.

"Oh, I'll be all right—in the morning." Women are all alike—whether they make red and green posters or dream dreams—on housetops.

Daily New York Letter

BUREAU OF THE JOURNAL,
No. 21 Park Row, New York.

Important Trolley Decision.

Aug. 23.—Strange as it may seem to be in the light of past events, the trolley companies do not own the fee simple of the city's streets, nor can they do as they like in them without the consent of the property owners. Justice Stover of the supreme court, Brooklyn, to-day permanently enjoined the Brooklyn Heights Railroad company from constructing trolley tracks on Union street in front of property owned by two people who have contended that their consent had not been obtained by the railroad company, and that they owned the fee in grant of their property as far as the middle of the street, as the old city of Brooklyn only acquired the easement of land through which streets were run. Justice Stover holds that the condemnation of an easement for a highway does not carry with it the right for any and all persons to use the street for all purposes not inconsistent with its use as a highway in the case of a street railroad, although true, in a limited sense, otherwise. The plaintiff's right cannot be taken from him without his consent, he says, and the road has not the right of condemnation. The company will appeal.

Electric Light as Fish Bait.

Hereafter, when you want to go fishing, it will not be necessary to take bait along—that is, bait for the fish, although the other kind will probably continue in demand. Two Yale students have discovered that electric light is the best bait for fishing ever invented. As a result of this discovery, the fishing industry promises to be revolutionized. It has been found that the rays of an electric light under the water hypnotize the denizens of the deep. When they see the rays they flock to them like a moth to a flame, and nothing can drive them away as long as the light shines. If it is turned off, they scamper away in all directions. A company has been formed which proposes to enter into the capture of fish by electric light upon an extensive scale. Several boats will be fitted up with great nets, the center piece of which will be an electric light. This will attract the fish, and as soon as the nets are filled they will be dragged aboard the boats.

Accident-Proof Boy Killed.

Daniel Morgan Ellison is dead, and he died from natural causes. Daniel was only 12 years old, but he has been the victim of more accidents than a dozen ordinary men af three times his age. When he was a very little boy his right arm was broken. Then his two legs were broken at different times, and on another occasion his left arm was fractured. Then his right wrist and one of his ribs met the same fate. These were only a few of his accidents. He was in half a dozen runaways, was thrown off of a street car, kicked by a horse, and just before his death fell off his bicycle, sustaining very painful bruises. Daniel was the pet of Oyster Bay, where his father had a summer home, and was a great favorite of Vice-President Roosevelt. Several days ago he was seized with appendicitis, and, although an operation was performed, the lad succumbed.

How "Major Taylor" Got Rich.

Unlike most members of his race, Marshall Taylor, the negro racing cyclist, generally known by the sobriquet of "Major," bestowed on him by some facetious member of a Brooklyn bicycle club in which he was employed as porter a few years ago, is an excellent business man. He is already comparatively wealthy, and owns a handsome home in the best residential part of Worcester, Mass. At Manhattan Beach, recently, Taylor was challenged by Frank Kramer of East Orange, N. J., for $500 a side. Indicative of the business-like attitude he takes in all money matters was Taylor's reply:

"I don't ride for my own money. I ride for other people's money."

—N. N. A.

PERSONS CHASED BY WEALTH

When Hodson Barnett, the copper millionaire, gave away his fortune, he went to live for a time at Wootton, a village near Bedford. Barnett was one of the richest men in Britain, being worth over £3,000,000, and certainly the biggest copper merchant and worker in the country. However, he got tired of his millions, and eventually gave nearly his entire fortune away to charities, townships and his political party. He was offered a baronetcy, which he refused, and with an income of £400 a year invested in consols, he took a cottage at Wootton, with one servant, and lived as quietly as a retired doctor.

But within ten months a copper mine of his in British Guiana, the now famous Lo Coria mine, which had seemed so worthless he had not troubled to sell it, brought him another fortune. A prospector who examined it offered him £50,000 for it, and was told by post to keep the mine for his trouble. That mine is now the chief asset of the great Powell syndicate, and brings in £90,000 a year. But Barnett's troubles were not over, for in another two months he was left a legacy of £100,000, and this, grumbling at the work involved, he presented to the Norton Institute for Waifs and Strays. Feeling unsafe from wealth at Wootton, he quietly changed his address to Tavistock, in Devon, but there he was pursued by another legacy of £30,000, which he distributed among the hospitals, and at his death, eighteen months ago, at Hampstead, he had just been assailed by another fortune.

Mrs. Camden Brett, the famous heiress, took as much trouble to avoid wealth as most people do to gain it. She began life with a settlement of £30,000, and by the time she was 45 had come in for £300,000 more. She came to the conclusion, however, that wealth was more trouble than it was worth, and in the summer of 1893 commenced giving enormous dinners to the poor of London and other great cities. Within a year she had disposed of her entire fortune in charities except a very small competence and bought a little house in Fulham. This house, shortly afterward, was claimed for the site of the Hawarden building. Mrs. Brett was forced to sell, and the price allotted was £12,000 and about six times the sum she had paid.

Saddled with this £12,000, she spent it in founding the Cottage hospital, at Ilfracombe, and settled again in a tiny villa at Suribton. Here, being a qualified nurse, she took to amateur nursing, and having attended a wealthy manufacturer named Morley, was bequeathed £50,000 at his death. This she mostly distributed to missionary societies; but there was no escape from the fortune that dogged her, and two years ago she befriended a patent inventor, who, in gratitude, assigned her a half royalty in one of his inventions, which became a huge success and brought her in £11,000.

No one had a harder struggle to get away from money than Corbey, the ship-owner, and once proprietor of the Corbey line. He sold out his great business, realizing over £1,500,000, and made it over to his heirs, not even leaving himself a competence to retire on. He bought a little farm just outside Exeter and turned it into market garden, making it pay very fairly. The first attack of fortune was the news that a ship of his which had been abandoned uninsured in the Pacific a year before, was found with all her cargo intact. But he wanted nothing more to do with wealth, and he made her over to the finders. She was worth £16,000. Finally, before he died, only six months ago, he received a new legacy of £8,000, which he gave to Guy's hospital.