THE JOURNAL

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TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

The Journal would be glad to receive by mail, or otherwise, the names of all persons who were readers and subscribers to this paper when it started, twenty-five years ago this fall, or who became subscribers during the first year of its existence, and their present addresses.

The Journal would also be pleased to have the names of men living who were newsboys in Minneapolis twenty-five years ago, and their present addresses.

The English War Against Cobdenism

The citations from Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's manifesto, which was issued in London to-day as a definite pronouncement of his protective policy, embody largely the utterances he has made in public since the prorogation of parliament. It is evident that the irrepressible Joseph will awaken Englishmen to a realization that there is something in his proposition which is likely to make the next few political campaigns in the United Kingdom very warm with a particularly vigorous discussion, which will strike fire of a quality calculated to consume popular faith in the optimistic miscalculations of Richard Cobden. Premier Balfour's deliverances in the protective interest have been notably tame and insipid beside the sturdy arguments of Chamberlain, who has taken up the variant tentative talk about "fair trade" and the failure of Cobdenism, heard in England during the last twenty years here and there, and has massed the disabilities of the United Kingdom, under the pressure of the disastrous competition of the outside world, for the contemplation of his contemporaries that they may be won to what he believes to be the only rational way of saving British trade from disaster irretrievable.

Some of Chamberlain's arguments are very forcible. He shows that the trade with the colonies is all that enables Great Britain to retain her commercial supremacy, as without it her export trade would be smaller than that of Germany and about equal to that of France. This colonial trade is slipping away from England and gravitating toward Germany and the United States. Hence the Chamberlain bugle-call to hold colonial trade thru the preferential policy, by which he firmly believes the enormous food consumption of the United Kingdom may ultimately be supplied by the colonies.

In ten years the colonial exports to foreign countries increased nearly $100,000,000, or nearly as large an increase as between the colonies and the United Kingdom. The Chamberlain idea of a self-contained empire knit together by national and commercial ties is not as chimerical as charged. The task of the leader of the anti-Cobden movement is difficult, but not impracticable. What he has to do is to demonstrate that Cobdenism has failed and that self-interest demands a United Kingdom tariff, as a weapon to obtain concessions from foreign nations, and preference duties upon foreign foodstuffs.

The opponents of Chamberlain have raised a strong protest against any food tax, as inimical to the workingman, but this objection is met by a program of readjustment of other duties in a compensatory way.

Mr. Chamberlain's observations upon the effect of free imports into the United Kingdom enter strongly into the force of his argument. That country has been furnishing a convenient dumping ground for the surplus products of the protected nations. The British manufacturer is continually stabbed under the fifth rib by the uncomfortable fact that, if he has a surplus and the home market is dull he can't protect himself by dumping it abroad at cost or a little over because of hostile tariffs, and he finds himself undersold by foreigners right in his own home market.

It is contended by Chamberlain that coal only remains as the most profitable article of English export and that is the removal from the United Kingdom of a kind of fixed capital which can never be replaced and, at the same time, coal exports are made to countries which are manufacturing competitors of England, who is thus furnishing them with weapons to destroy her trade supremacy. It cannot be denied that free imports without free trade, as Chamberlain says, have upset all the optimistic theories of Cobden, who did not foresee the enormous industrial development of the nations and their adoption of protection for their own industries.

That Chamberlain, with characteristic coldbloodedness, has shaken the totem pole of Cobdenism to its foundations in England is evident. He is known as "the man who does things" and it is not impossible that, under his stalwart blows, the aforesaid totem pole may be made to totter and fall.

There has been comparatively little said of late regarding reciprocity with Cuba. That is not because the people are indifferent, but because they have made up their minds—the case is closed. If the special session of congress doesn't act on that view of the case, the people will be heard from. Formerly we had 80 per cent of Cuba's trade. Now we have only about half. A reciprocity treaty will put us back where we were.

Reform in Philadelphia.

Even corrupt old Philadelphia is improving its municipal government and throwing the rascals out. Taine says that the reformation entered England by the back door. It may be said that the civic reformation has entered Philadelphia by the back door. Indeed, it entered St. Louis the same way. In neither city was reform brought about by known reformers or public opinion forcing it. In St. Louis there came a cleaning up because Joseph W. Folk was accidentally elected circuit attorney. The men who made him circuit attorney never dreamed they had caught a Tartar of a reformer.

In a sense, the Folk of Philadelphia is Mayor Weaver. He was nominated and elected by the republican machine which thought it knew its man. It seems that the Municipal League of Philadelphia was wiser than the machine. It approved of Weaver and supported him. The machine has been finding out its mistake ever since the election, five months ago.

The first thing the mayor did was to go after the police graft, and already, asserts Clinton Rogers Woodruff, official graft has been abolished. It is admitted that there is some petty personal graft yet, but that will always exist in every city until every policeman and every subordinate in municipal offices is "on the square." The gambling-houses and dives have been closed up. At first there was some difficulty in making the police understand that their orders to close up the objectionable places were not to be taken in a Pickwickian sense as of yore. The dismissal of one lieutenant and several patrolmen made them understand. The police still tend to give the word of the ward boss consideration, but the mayor insists that the police must obey his orders given thru the director of public safety. The graft of the contractors has also been abolished. Formerly the contractor whose standing as a contributor to campaign funds was good got public work without trouble. Now it is the contractor who puts in the lowest bid. Moreover, the mayor insists that contracts are contracts and must be observed. In May the derelict street cleaning contractors were fined $15,313, and in June, $6,754. They complained to Director Costello that they had never been treated that way before, but his answer was, "Clean the streets if you want to escape fines."

"Show me the law," says Mayor Weaver, "and I will enforce it."

He has not yet taken up the enforcement of the civil service rules and laws, but a big city like Philadelphia cannot be reformed in every particular at the same time.

The cases of Weaver and Folk show the weakness of the strongest machines. There come times when they must have men of good character and reputation to put before the people. If these candidates do not stultify themselves for the sake of office, the machine is bound to have trouble, trouble which was inevitable. There is something very delicious about this accidental reform thru the machine's weakness, this reform of the backdoor variety.

British trade is supposed to be waning because the imports so greatly exceed the exports. Yet the United Kingdom is now exporting per capita more than twice as much as the United States.

Make It Interesting.

A gentleman who saw the football game Saturday between Minnesota and Grinnell expresses some surprise that something is not done to make interesting football games between strong and weak teams. According to his view football is both a contest and an entertainment. On the contest side, each team is striving to win, of course. On the entertainment side there ought to be some interest. If the elevens are closely matched the contest is necessary interesting. If they are not closely matched, this critic thinks, the superior eleven ought to play a game that will give the inferior team a chance to be doing something. In other words, he would have the winning team, as soon as its superiority is demonstrated, play an open, kicking game, thus giving particularly good players on the weaker side a chance to distinguish themselves and give the crowd thrills.

There is no doubt that if this idea were acted on the preliminary games of each season would be worth seeing. At present they are not so interesting by a long way as games between the regulars and the scrubs, because in such games the latter are encouraged to do their best and are permitted to get at the ball very frequently. But in the game between the weak and the strong team, the latter endeavors to wallop the earth with the former, and the steady march to touchdowns becomes monotonous.

But football is too intense a game and the rivalry is too keen for the spectator's wishes to be considered in such a matter, even tho he does pay the bills. The coach fears the effect on the temper of his men, if he permits them to let up at any time or in any way during a game. Big games are won by hard work from start to finish, and the coach will not let the players think of any match game as one in which any fooling can be permitted. Then again it adds to the eleven's prestige to run as big a score as possible, even over sandlotters and high school boys.

Finally, in an open game the weak side is liable to score occasionally by a combination of accident and individual skill; and it has become a part of the unwritten law of football that big teams must not allow weak teams to score on them.

We Americans take our sports seriously, and none more seriously than football. We play it to win and win overwhelmingly. The pleasure of the game is an incident; even half the crowd would rather see the home team win a dull game than lose a lively one—and, besides, the crowd will go to the game anyway.

Mayor Low is right. Whoever is not against Tammany is against Low. No man can be with Tammany and be right. Tammany is evil.

Stealing Republican Thunder.

The action of the Massachusetts democratic convention in unequivocally declaring in favor of reciprocity with Canada is significant. Equally significant, perhaps, is the action of the republican convention in the same state a day later when it adopted the stereotyped resolution about revising the tariff sometime "if," etc.

Reciprocity, as Governor Cummins of Iowa so ably insists, is the counterpart of protection. It is the only way in which a protectionist nation can widen its foreign markets without abandoning protection. For that reason reciprocity as a general policy has never been in favor with democrats. It doesn't go far enough to suit them. They want a tariff for revenue only, with all the world on the same basis, regardless of the attitude of other nations toward our commerce.

Still, it must not be forgotten that the democrats have very generally maintained that the other countries of the North American continent occupy a distinct position in our foreign relations and are entitled by virtue of their peculiar position to special tariff relations with the United States. The Canadian reciprocity treaty of 1854-66 was negotiated by a democratic administration and ratified by a democratic senate. President Cleveland, in speaking of Mexico, in his message to congress in 1886, showed that while opposed to reciprocity as a policy he saw no objection to a reciprocity convention with Mexico. And, of course, Canada is fully as much entitled to the advantage of the exception as Mexico.

The republicans do not seem to appreciate, at least officially, how widespread is the feeling in favor of reciprocity in general and reciprocity with Canada. They do not understand that thousands of manufacturers no longer care so much as they did for a high tariff, and are very much more concerned than formerly about getting their goods into other countries. There can be very little doubt that when the business men of New England read the reports of the two conventions their hearts were softened toward the democrats. Possibly, the democrats all over the country intend to take advantage of republican dilatoriness and apathy on this subject and curry favor by advocating reciprocity with our neighbors. It would be ironical, indeed, if the party which is opposed to reciprocity should be the one first to make it with regard to Canada an essential part of its program.

Did you ever see a strike conducted with less disorder and violence than the millers' strike? Up to date the conduct of the men has been remarkably creditable. One would hardly know, so far as the preservation of good order is concerned, that there was a strike on in what is generally regarded as the biggest industry in the city, if he were not located near the mills or identified with the milling business in some way. It is to be hoped for the good name of the city and for the credit of organized labor that this fortunate situation may be maintained.

We hear of too many catastrophes nowadays properly to sympathize with the victims of any. The cyclone at St. Charles was a terrible destroyer of life and property. Only those who have been thru a cyclone or have been on the ground soon afterwards can understand what it means in a small village to have $300,000 worth of property destroyed, a dozen persons killed or fatally injured and many others wounded.

An Ohio college has suspended all its students except three. How long can a college last with all its students suspended? Longer, possibly, than it could if it had not had the courage which such an act displays. People will generally conclude that a college which would rather be right, without students than wrong with students is entitled to the confidence and patronage of the public.

The argument goes on from day to day before the Alaskan boundary commission, while the civilized world looks on with amazement at the patience of the United States in deigning to argue a matter about which no other country, able to defend its rights, would have entertained the slightest suggestion of controversy.

The International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers is three votes to the good. The notorious Sam Parks was beaten by three votes in the person of his candidate for the presidency of the organization. This is better than defeat—but not much.

RULED BY NINE

New York Evening Post.

The prophets are already busy with forecasts of the probable length of the new pope's reign. One of them attributes a prediction on the subject to the pope himself, dating it back to 1893. In that year Sarto was made a cardinal and patriarch of Venice, and on being congratulated by some of his friends, he is said to have observed, "For nine years I studied in the seminary, for nine I was curate at Tombola, for nine parish priest at Salzano and for nine bishop of Mantua." Then he added jestingly, "I shall now be patriarch of Venice for another nine years, and then, no doubt, pope for as long as heaven wills—perhaps for nine years more, since that is the way things are going." This autoprophecy, it is pointed out, has been in part fulfilled, for the patriarch has become pontiff after precisely nine years.

For One Flea, $5,000.

Five thousand dollars is a big price to offer for one flea, but that is the amount positively offered by Charles Rothschild, of England, for one of those bothersome insects. Mr. Rothschild needs a polar flea to complete his collection of these insects, and the $5,000 will be paid over to the person who brings him a flea from the back of the Arctic fox. The flea of the Arctic fox is to flea fanciers what the egg of the great auk is to the collectors of birds' eggs. Mr. Rothschild has fitted out a whaler, which is now in the far north, to look for this flea among other Arctic curiosities.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

There are a good many people who would like to see Congressman McCleary enter the race for governor, and they keep up a persistent agitation in favor of the schoolmaster solon. Most of the talk comes from opponents of the state administration who do not favor Bob Dunn, and are anxious to see some other man with positive strength come out. The McCleary shouters urge that he could go into the convention with the second district solid, and with support from the first, third and seventh. The second would support him solidly because the anti-McCleary men would welcome any chance of pulling him loose from his seat in congress.

Mr. McCleary has refused to heed the siren song. He is not ambitious in the direction of the governorship. Doubtless he would make a strong bid for it if he tried, but there is only one thing that would tempt him to enter. That would be a prospect of using the governorship as a stepping stone toward the United States senate. As the outlook for such a move is not very auspicious at present, the Mankato man is not tempted.

The Hills Crescent, which has been booming H. J. Miller for railroad and warehouse commissioner, says it has been informed on good authority that he does not care for that position, and that "his eyes are cast on the congressional nomination in this district." Of course, J. T. McCleary will say that he saw it first, and George W. Somerville may also put in a claim.

While still declaring against the third term for Governor Van Sant, H. J. Miller reiterates his adherence to the merger issue, and says in the last week's Luverne Herald:

"Whether the contention of the state on the various legal questions involved is right or wrong, the republican party and Governor Van Sant were eternally right in declaring that no corporation is powerful enough to override a statute of this state with impunity and that the laws must be rigidly and impartially enforced at all times and under all circumstances. This position must be steadfastly maintained. Manifestly, having made a magnificent fight and won an overwhelming victory on this issue in the last campaign, the republican party cannot in the next campaign abandon its position and stultify itself by nominating for governor a candidate who does not stand unqualifiedly for the principles for which Governor Van Sant and Attorney General Douglas have fought so valiantly.

"The objections to a gubernatorial third term heretofore urged by the Herald are good under all ordinary circumstances. It cannot be admitted that under anything but the most extraordinary conditions there is only one man in the state fit to fill the office of governor. The conditions at the close of Governor Van Sant's present term are not likely to be extraordinary and it may be safely assumed that a candidate for governor can be found who can safely be trusted to uphold the laws."

Colonel J. A. Everett, who did not land as insurance commissioner, and who made a gallant but unsuccessful fight as the second district candidate for clerk of the supreme court last year, says in his Fairmont News:

"In all this talk about a candidate for governor, it is well for the second congressional district to remember that it owes none of the proposed candidates anything and can take such part in the fight as it pleases, untrammeled by any former political obligations. Van Sant has had two terms in which to show his gratitude to the district that gave him the largest majority and has given it one $1,800 position, which was something the district did not want. This leaves us entirely unhampered in that direction, and as the other candidates never had a chance to do anything for the second, of course there is no obligation there. This being so the district is in a position to get together, stick together and swing the next convention in any reasonable direction it wishes. It has an opportunity to convince the politicians of other districts that it is still on the map of Minnesota, a fact that could not be learned by scanning the list of public officials, either elective or appointive. Let us first consider the good of the state, but at the same time see that the strongest republican district in the state is recognized."

The Waseca Journal-Radical in a discussion of the gubernatorial situation, says:

"From a Minneapolis source comes the information that Eustis is entitled to another nomination; that he was defeated in 1898 because Lind could have beaten anybody that year; that he has been loyal and useful to the party each year since; that he was euchered out of te office of appraiser in New York when he supposed he was sure of the position that was good for $7,000 a year for life, and that as a matter of fairness to a bright and useful republican who always stands up to the rack, it would be good politics to nominate him for governor and elect him. Meantime, let us not get committed to anybody until the lists are full and we know exactly just who the candidates are to be."

The Lakefield Standard is after Sam Fullerton. The animus of the editor's attacks may come from his friendship for Wm. Kerr, the reputed owner of the 2,500 ducks recently seized by the wardens, who has been battling with the protectors of the state's game for years.

People who have been reviling "Tom Lowry's board of equalization" seem to hesitate about attacking that dish of crow.

—Charles B. Cheney.

'RAH FOR THE OYSTER!

Luverne Herald.

Minor issues disposed of and out of the way, "the democracy of Maryland, in convention assembled," solemnly "recognizes the necessity of protecting the oyster of the Chesapeake bay."

The synopsis of the platform sent out by the Associated Press contains no reference to free silver or revision of the tariff. To be sure, after the one tariff bill with the making of which Senator Gorman had part, was characterized by President Cleveland as "perfidy and dishonor," and had brought the worst panic and the longest period of depression the country has ever experienced, and would be reluctant to reopen the subject. But with the oyster an issue, why refer to tariff or free silver?

The framers of the Maryland platform must have had in mind the fact that the campaign will be conducted and the ballots will be cast in those months which have an "R," the season which is given over to indulgence in the "succulent bivalve." Whether the campaign cry is "'Rah Oyster!" or oyster stew, who could resist?

The Maryland democracy had no difficulty in coming to the decision that the preservation of the oyster was far more important than the preservation of the negro's rights of citizenship.

USE FOR THE PORCUPINE

Chicago Post.

He looked at the porcupine thoughtfully for quite a long time.

"I wish I had that," he remarked at last.

"What would you do with it?" his father asked.

"Take it to school," he answered promptly. "It would be a whole lot better than a bent pin, and I never did like our teacher anyway."

WHY HE BROUGHT SUIT

Atlanta Constitution.

"Dey tells me Br'er Johnson is suin' de preacher in jestice court."

"Dat so?"

"Yes; lost his razor whilst dey wuz a-baptizin' of him, en couldn't go ter de watermelon party."

Books and Authors

NEW BOOKS

DISCOVERY AND EXPLORATION OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY. By John Gilmary Shea. Albany, N. Y.: Joseph McDonough, Nos. 39 and 41 Columbit street. Price. $5.

This is a very picturesque and attractive story of the early explorations of the Mississippi River valley including the original narrative of those eminent pathfinders, Marquette, Hennepin, Allouez, Membre and Anastase Douay, with a fine steel portrait of La Salle. There is a facsimile of the autograph map of the Mississippi or Conception river drawn by Father Marquette at the time of his voyage, from the original preserved at St. Mary's College, Montreal. The Mississippi river under the name "River of the Holy Ghost" was not unknown to De Soto, who struck it by a very circuitous route and reduced theory to fact, geographically speaking. Spain's obtrusion upon the valley was weak from the first. France crowded her out and became the chief disputant as against England for the control of the North American continent. There is an interesting account of Father Le Clerq's "Etablissement de la Foi" a very rare work from which most of the interesting narratives in this volume have been drawn. The book was published in 1691 at Paris and dedicated to the Comte de Frontenac, governor of New France, and contains the narrative of the first attempt by La Salle to explore the Mississippi. The new edition of this book is a welcome contribution to the literature bearing upon the centenary of the Louisiana Purchase.

MASTERPIECES OF LATIN LITERATURE, Edited by Gordon Jennings Laing, Ph.D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., No. 4 Park street.

While this is not as satisfactory a work on Latin literature as Simcox's fine history which is far more complete, yet, for an outline of that literature and an indication of its quality, Mr. Laing has acquitted himself well. He did not have space in which to give an adequate idea of the quality of the wit and satire of Petronius and quotes only a small portion of his "Trimalchio's Dinner." Horace and Virgil are fairly well represented. Tacitus' account of the fourteen-ward fire in Rome is given. Livy is represented by some fine passages, as is Cicero, and the De Natura Rerum of Lucretius is quoted sufficiently to convey a fair idea of his atomic theory adapted from Epicurus. Terence's "Phormio" appears in a fair translation. Mr. Laing cites Catullus as the "sweetest of Roman singers" and gives him twenty-five pages. Catullus was a most ardent lover and showed his ardor by quarreling with Lesbia forty times a day and making up. How the pretty woman played with the youth (he was ten years her junior)! Mr. Laing has included the poem on the death of Lesbia's sparrow and two or three on Lesbia's varying moods. Catullus' longest poem on the nuptials of Peleus and Thetis he does not quote, and perhaps it is well. Mr. Laing's biographies are admirably written. He very properly contends in his introduction that it is erronous to suppose that the Latin writers were largely copyists from Greek models The Romans admittedly made no original contributions to philosophy and founded no school of philosophy, but in oratory they had a method of their own, altho deep students of Greek rhetoric, and in history, satire, lyric poetry, there was developed real originality, while the Romans were lame in dramatic originality.

JEFFERSONIAN DEMOCRACY, By John R. Dunlap. New York: The Jeffersonian Society, 120 Liberty street. Price, 50 cents.

The author refrains from falling back upon the last two democratic national platforms for a definition of "Jeffersonian democracy." He informs us, however, that it is the democracy of Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson and Abraham Lincoln. The first introduced the spoils system as far as the limited number of offices permitted, promulgated the dogma of state sovereignty embodying the right of a state to secede, a dogma which ultimately brought about the bloody struggle for the preservation of the union; opposed the collection by the federal government of a national tax levied upon whisky for revenue purposes by congress, and favored letting the revolting taxpayers alone. The second "Jeffersonian," in 1833, gave the Jeffersonian dogma of nullification a clubbing with the force bill which authorized him to use troops for the collection of customs in South Carolina, where the Jeffersonian democrats undertook to oppose the collection of tariff duties by the federal government. This exponent of Jeffersonian principles also acted upon the principle, as Webster put it, that it was permitted to him to do whatever public opinion sanctioned; or to express it more simply, that it was permitted to him to do whatever he could do. An analysis of this "principle reveals something which Jeffersonians tell us is not Jeffersonian at all. The third "Jeffersonian" named, is the man who met the peril and menace which struck at national existence and which were the outgrowth of the particularism of Jefferson and the autocracy of Jackson, and actualized a loftier sentiment of human rights and human liberty than can be found in the platitudes of Jefferson, based on the crude conceptions of Jean Jacques Rousseau, or in the patent demagogism of Jackson thru its whole range. In this volume the author gives a very pessimistic view of existing conditions in this country and, concurrently, assures us that his idol Jefferson's influence is still dominant and pervades every fibre of our governmental systems. If so, according to his own showing, the sooner we get rid of what remains of Jeffersonianism the better will it be for the country. The author knows very well that Jefferson said a good many fine things in print which he never undertook to put in practice. After he became president he found that his theories were not built to meet positive, tangible conditions and circumstances. Hamilton's theories on the contrary, were so adapted. Government according to circumstances has triumphed over the weaker Jeffersonian theory, which has been a failure in practice.

THE DOG BARBERS OF PARIS

Brooklyn Eagle.

One of the most characteristic of these strange tradesmen is the dog barber. The favorite dog of the Parisian is the French poodle, or "mouton," as he is popularly called. It is chiefly for his benefit that the dog barber exists. His headquarters are the banks of the Seine. Here the main body can be found at all times, tho in the summer some go about the city carrying on their occupation from house to house. In the hot days one continually hears the long-drawn-out cry, "Toondeur de chiens!" and meets the familiar figure of the dog barber, with his box of instruments slung over his shoulder. Many of them have their regular customers, whose houses they visit at stated intervals to make the toilet of these privileged poodles—for the Paris mouton is the "spoilt child" among dogs. He is clipped, brushed, combed, perfumed and generally has his "top-knot" fastened with a pink or blue ribbon. Some even wear gold or silver bracelets round one paw.

The result has been the development of the dog barber as an artist. He clips and shaves his customers' dogs in most elaborate fashion. Some are left with shaggy manes, with a tuft at the end of their tail, to imitate a lion. Others, again, are clipped in stripes, making them look like black zebras, and others have their faces clipped, and nothing but a fierce mustache left, with fluffy bracelets of hair round each foot. At any time of the day, as long as daylight lasts, the dog barber will be found at work on the Seine embankment. Seated on a campstool, and generally surrounded by an admiring crowd, he clips and shaves according to the directions given him by the owner. The banks of the Seine have been selected for his operations because the river is handy to bathe the animal after he has been clipped and combed.

SMOKED OUT

The following story is taken from Allen Kelly's interesting book, Bears I Have Met—and Others. Drexel Biddle, publisher, Philadelphia.

What a bear may do under given circumstances may be guessed with reasonable certainty by one who has had experience, but it is not always safe to risk much on the accuracy of the guess. Bruin's general nature is not to be depended upon in special cases. He has individual characteristics and eccentricities and is subject to freaks, and these variations from the line of conduct which he is expected to follow are what make most of the trouble for people who are after his pelt. Morgan Clark, the old bear hunter of Siskiyou, never hesitates about going into a den in the winter to drive out a bear, provided the cavern is wide enough to let the bear pass him. He takes a torch in his hand and stalks boldly in, because his experience has made the proceeding seem perfectly safe.

"All you've got to do," says Morgan, "is to stand to one side and keep quiet, and the bear'll just scoot by without noticing you. It's the light that's bothering him, and all he's thinking about is getting out of that hole as fast as he can. He don't like the smoke and the fire, and he won't pay any attention to anything else until he gets outside, but then you want to look out. He goes for the first live thing in sight when he's clear of the cave and the smudge, and he don't go very slow either. Jim Brackett found that out over in Squaw valley one day. He found a bear in a den, and built a fire at the mouth to smoke him out. The fire was burning rather slowly, Brackett thought, and he stood looking around and waiting for something to happen. While he had his back turned to the den something did happen, and it happened dog-gone sudden. That fire was plenty fast enough for the bear, and the old cuss came out without waiting to be choked. He came out galleycahoo, and the first thing he saw was Brackett leaning on his gun and waiting for the show to begin. He just grabbed Brackett by the back of the neck and slammed him around through the manzinita brush like a dog shaking a groundhog. Brackett told me that he never felt so surprised and hurt in his life. He hadn't cal'lated on that bear coming out for a good two minutes more; but mebbe the bear had strongar objections to smoking than Brackett knew. If it hadn't been for Brackett's little cur dog, that he supposed wasn't fit for nothing but barking at chipmunks, I reckon the bear would have chawed and thumped the life out of him. The cur seemed to tumble to the situation right away, and he went for the bear's heels in good shape. It generally takes time and a few knock-out cuffs from bear's paw to teach a dog that there's two ends to a bear and only one of them safe to tackle, but that little ornery kiyi knew it from the start. If there's anything a bear can't stand, it's a dog nipping at his heels, and when the cur began snapping at his hind legs and yelping, he lost interest in Brackett and attended to the disturbance in the rear. The little cuss was cute and spry enough to keep out of his reach, tho, and he made such a nuisance of himself, without doing any serious damage of course, that the bear got disgusted with the whole performance and hiked out thru the brush. Brackett was hurt too badly to follow him or to fire a gun, and it was two months before he was able to get around. But he wouldn't have sold that little scrub cur for all the money he ever saw."

Budd Watson, who used to hunt and trap on the Pitt river and the McCloud, had an adventure with a bear that didn't conduct his part of the hunt according to Hoyle. Budd and Joe Mills tracked a big cinnamon to a den in the mountains near the McCloud and built a big smudge to smoke him out. The wind blew the wrong way to drive the smoke in, and so Budd took a torch and went after the bear, leaving Mills on guard outside. Like Morgan Clark, he knew the bear would pass him head down and make for the open air without delay, and he wasn't afraid. When the bear got up with a growl at the appearance of the torch and started for the exit, Budd quietly stepped aside and gave him room to pass, but the cinnanmon developed individuality in an unexpected direction and made a grab for Budd's right leg as he passed. Budd threw his leg up to avoid the grab, lost his balance and fell flat on top of the bear. Instinctively he caught hold of the thick fur on the bear's hind quarters with both hands, still holding the torch in his right, but dropping his gun, and winding his legs about the bear's body he rode out into the daylight before he hardly knew what had happened.

Mills was ready to shoot when the bear appeared, but seeing his partner riding the game, he was too much surprised to take the brief chance offered at the bear's head, and in another instant it was too late. To fire after the pair had passed was too dangerous, as he might hit the rider instead of the steed. The cinnamon, in his first panic, plunged wildly down the hill, trying to shake off his strange burden, and went so rapidly that Budd was afraid to let go. But Budd's principal fear was that the bear would recover his presence of mind and turn upon him, and his game was to keep the beast on the jump as long as he could, trusting to chance for a way out of the scrape.

The torch, made of rags soaked in oil, was still blazing in his right hand. Taking a firmer grip with his legs and a good hold just above the tail with his teeth, he applied the torch to the bear's rump. This application and the hear-raising yells of Mills, who was plunging along madly in the wake, caused an astonishing burst of speed, and the cinnamon thundered thru the brush like a runaway locomotive on a down grade, with such lurches and rolls and plunges that Budd dropped his torch and hung on, tooth and nail, for dear life.

The unfeeling Mills was taking a frivolous view of the case by this time, and as he strode rapidly along behind, losing ground at every jump, however, he encouraged Budd and the bear alternately with flippant remarks: "Stick to him, Budd! Whaouw! Go it bar!" "You're the boss bar-buster, old man. Can't buck you off!" "Whoopee Hellitylarrup!" "Who's bossing that job, Budd; you or the bar?" "Say, Budd, goin' ter leave me here? Give a feller a ride, won't ye?" "Hi-yi; that's a bully saddle bar!"

But Budd was waiting for a chance to dismount, and as the bear rose to leap a big log in his path, Budd let go all holds and slid head first to the ground. He bumped his forehead and skinned his nose on a rock. His legs and back were scratched and torn by the brush, his clothes were in tatters, and he was almost seasick from the lurching motion of his steed.

Mills came up roaring with laughter. He thought it was the funinest thing he ever had seen in his life. But Budd was not a man of much humor and he failed to appreciate the ridiculous features of the adventure. He got up slowly, ruefully brushed away the blood and dirt from his face, and solemnly and methodically gave Joe Mills the most serious and matter-of-fact licking that a man ever got in this world.

AT THE THEATERS

Bijou—"Across the Pacific."

"Across the Pacific," a melodrama that has done duty for so long that it ought to be pensioned off or, at least, relegated to the one-night stands, is at the Bijou, this week. In its first season this play was a success because of its novelty and because it treated of a subject much in the public eye. But the Philippines have been pacified. Aguinaldo has turned from insurrection to reconstruction and even the "anties" have found other issues. Therefore, "Across the Pacific" should be consigned to the ash heap.

The newest thing about this season's production is a parody on "Hiawatha," the music which has delighted admirers of barrel-organ harmony for some time past. This parody is merely an advertisement for certain brands of breakfast food, whisky, hats and other articles having liberal-minded publicity agents. However, it is really clever.

Harry Clay Blaney is still the shooting star of the piece and his shooting still serves to amuse those persons who, like the small boy on the Fourth of July, regard noise as the acme of enjoyment. Blaney, however, is fitted for better things and he should find them.

Many of the players have been retained from previous seasons. Kittie Wolf is one; "Chinese Johnny" Williams another. The Gatling gun, also, is an old friend.

—J. S. Lawrence.

Lyceum—"At Valley Forge."

The war is on at the Lyceum this week; sensitive girls will "go 'way back" with their gum, or they will poke their fingers in their ears as soon as the master of ceremonies up aloft cries out "Hats off!" A more explosive plot no anarchist could demand; and as miners, sappers, artillerymen and flint-lock riflemen the Ferris Stock company has become one of the crack regiments of the American revolution.

Nothing goes off—or on—"At Valley Forge," however. Three of the four acts are fought at Philadelphia and one at the Hessian headquarters near the Delaware. The melodrama is called "At Valley Forge," perhaps, as Charles Lamb called his rooster Mary, "for emotional contrast."

Yet it is a play of action, which is good, and of patriotism, which is better. It's a very old play, indeed, but the program is mistaken in calling it "a drama of 1777"—it is not quite so old as that. The story, no doubt, is mainly disjointed incident, the climax is an anti-climax, for the hero rescues everybody "an' gets de whole bunch pinched," as a first-nighter pointed out with some impatience. The sentiments would be admirable, even edifying, were it not for the author's choice of villainy. His red-coated miscreant seeks, at one time, to have a soldier search the person of a young lady; on two other occasions the fellow threatens to assault the young woman grossly. Such vulgarity, unnecessary, unamusing, uninstructive, ill becomes a theater that has heretofore been harmless.

The heroine, Virginia Preston, advertised as Miss Grace Hayward, is really Miss Leslie Bingham. Miss Hayward is indisposed.

Miss Bingham is arch and piquant in her calmer moments, but too often she stands, like Liberty, with one hand pointed towards the sky. A. Byron Fairfax is a prepossessing Captain Fairfax, self-trapping hero; and Charles Burnham contrives a superior Dr. Willard. The stage director effected some excellent detonations and made the historic discovery that in revolutionary days, twilight was purple and moonlight was a brilliant blue.

—H. B. Curry.

WHAT THE KAISER CAN DO

Washington Times.

The kaiser is fond of recounting the number of things that he can do. He is as proud of being able to cook his own dinner as he is of having composed considerable music. He can also play chess, it seems, give a lecture, preach a sermon, sing a song, manage a yacht, a regiment or a battleship. He has also studied ejectricity and engineering, has written a play and conducted its rehearsal, drawn illustrations and caricatures and conducted a choir.

THE SECRET OF STRONG MINDS.

O. S. Marlin in Success.

How little there is in an ordinary education or even in a college course which teaches the art of grasping things with the mind with that vigor and force which increases mental power.

Most students labor under the delusion that to know things increases power, when in fact it may have just the opposite effect. Bookworms and walking encyclopaedias are usually very weak people; they lack that power of initiative which can seize things with a firm grip and manipulate them at will.

Overloading the memory with facts, statistics and theories, like overloading the stomach, may defeat mental digestion. It is not knowing a great many things that avails, but knowing how to use one's powers to the best advantage.

Our observations have convinced us that the students who are always memorizing and making notes of statistics, and who seem to get everything possible into the memory, are apt to impair their executive faculties. While they know a great many things, they do not know how to use them effectively. They are so overloaded with facts that they cannot marshal their knowledge to good purpose. They cannot concentrate. Doing must accompany thinking or there will be no power of execution.

Mental vigor is gained not by memorizing, or thru teachers and professors, but by that mental self-help which utilizes knowledge as it is acquired. We grow in power by investigation, deep concentration, thinking, planning and bringing about results without the assistance of others.

One self-wrought problem will give more vigor than a thousand worked out for us. It is the constant stretching of the mind over large problems, over large models—it is independent thought—that increases mental power.

MUST BEGIN AT THE BOTTOM

Preston Times.

The state board of equalization is at work. It commenced with a statement from Governor Van Sant to the effect that three-fourths of the personal property in the state escapes taxation, and he spoke truly, but what is the state board going to do about it? In the case of a few large corporations, such as the Twin City Rapid Transit company, the remedy is easy enough, but what about the hidden millions in the hands of smaller concerns and private individuals? It is clear that the state board can never find the time to ferret out these dodgers, even if they wanted to. Their only recourse is to raise the various articles in the several counties, and here again comes the crying injustice—the few honest taxpayers, who have given in their all or at least a decent portion of their property, are the only ones to suffer, thus actually imposing a penalty on the honest man, while the lying scalawag who refused to give in anything to the assessor in the first place, escapes without a scratch. Under our existing laws, the Times can only see one way to end this farce. Let every community appoint a vigilance committee for the purpose of forcing these tax dodgers to disgorge, and if they fail let the several communities make it so hot for them in every conceivable manner that they will eventually be glad to cry quits. They are no better than thieves and should be pointed out as such.

Liked Tea from a "Reservoir."

A woman of the "newrich" type set up a pretentious establishment in New York with the view of gaining an entrance into society. Among her choice possessions was a Russian tea urn wrought in embossed brass. The term for this device is "samovar," and the woman treated her urn like a new toy. She gave a reception in order to exploit her tea device and her guests were in continual subdued fits of laughter because their hostess said: "I do so love tea out of a reservoir. This reservoir came from Russia. Of course, it is really a tea urn, but I prefer the national term, don't you!"

AMPLE.

Judge.

Ada—Do you get much exercise?

May—Why, yes. I have no maid, and I have a waist that buttons in the back.