

The Second Hague Peace Conference.

THE second peace conference at The Hague is spoken of in different terms from those employed when the first conference met in 1899 on the call issued by the Russian emperor. At that time the project of holding such a conference was looked upon as one might view a movement for ushering in the millennium. Most people then thought that not until the millennium arrived would the era of peace between the nations be in sight. But, though there have been two dreadful wars since the meeting of that conference and though the leading powers of the world still maintain large military and naval armaments, there yet is a feeling that universal peace is not so far away after all and that the peace conferences are really doing something to hasten its approach. This is because something practical in this direction has been accomplished. A permanent peace tribunal or court of arbitration was established by the first conference, and to it important international questions involving disputes that might have led to war have been referred. Among these were the dispute between Mexico and the United States over the payment of moneys to the Roman Catholic church in California by the Mexican government, which was amicably adjusted through The Hague court of arbitration, and the Venezuelan case, in which European powers had threatened to use force in the collection of debts. This was satisfactorily settled by The Hague court, arbitrators being appointed by it whose decisions were accepted. The rules laid down at The Hague for the conduct of negotiations looking to settlement of international disputes have been of value already.

The conference of 1899 was held in the House in the Wood, provided for it by Queen Wilhelmina, and was attended by representatives of twenty-six na-



DR. DAVID JAYNE HILL AND THE HIDDEN-ZAAL.

Several other nations participate in the second conference, and practically every civilized country is represented in the body which was called to assemble at The Hague on June 15. This year the meetings are in the ancient Riddersaal, or Hall of the Knights, which has recently been restored. Probably by the time the next conference assembles the splendid Peace palace, to be erected through the generosity of Andrew Carnegie, will be ready for occupancy.

The American delegates to the conference are Joseph H. Choate, former ambassador to Great Britain, chairman; Horace Porter, former ambassador to France; Judge V. M. Rose, former president of the American Bar association; William I. Buchanan, former minister to Argentina; Dr. David Jayne Hill, American minister to the Netherlands; Judge James Brown Scott, solicitor of the state department, who is the expert of the delegation on international law; Brigadier General George W. Davis, judge advocate general of the army, military attaché, and Rear Admiral Charles S. Sperry, president of the Naval War college.

A leading figure at the conference is Dr. Hill, who was appointed minister to the Netherlands after a service as an assistant secretary in the state department. He was formerly professor of international law in Rochester university and was also president of this institution. Mr. Buchanan will be looked to for advice on some of the important questions to come before the conference on account of his experience as a delegate to two pan-American conferences, his diplomatic service as minister to Argentina and to Panama and his arbitration of the dispute over boundaries between Chile and Argentina. His knowledge of the questions involved in the Drago doctrine that European powers should not attempt the collection of debts in American republics by use of force will make his services at this conference especially valuable.

A LIKABLE DETECTIVE.

William J. Burns, Who Rounded Up Pacific Coast Grafters.

The detective who captured Abe Ruef, the San Francisco grafter, has all the skill of a Sherlock Holmes, but his methods are quite different from those of Conan Doyle's famous sleuth. This detective, William J. Burns, is in the secret service of the United States and has won a reputation as one of the smoothest men who ever entered it. He makes himself so agreeable that a man is almost willing to be arrested in order to enjoy his society. He worked in



WILLIAM J. BURNS.

a tailor shop and was twenty-six years old when he took up detective work. It was Burns who trapped the Oregon land grabbers. In the Ruef case the friends of the latter, the sheriff and coroner, had been pretending for a week to search for him in vain. Ruef was known by Burns to be at the Trocadero, a resort in the outskirts of San Francisco. Assembling his posse in a half dozen automobiles in front of the office of Francis J. Heney, the citizens' attorney, he started away. The office of Ruef's attorneys was but a half block off, but the open way in which he went about the job made them think it was a ruse. When he reached the Trocadero, he had the place surrounded, surprised Ruef at dinner and in three hours from the time he left Mr. Heney's office had his man there.

One of the hardest men to get in the Oregon land fraud case was Pater. Burns followed him to Boston. Not knowing his address there, after he had lost sight of him he went to the postoffice and waited for him.

Pater came. Burns was unarmed, but he took a chance at arresting him. Pater drew his revolver and shoved it up against Burns' breast. Then he suddenly struck him down with the butt and got away. Burns traced him across the continent and got his man in the end. Pater is serving his time now in the Oregon penitentiary. Some one asked him later why he did not shoot when he had Burns at his mercy.

"I was going to shoot," he answered, "but I liked Burns too well to kill him."

GEORGE A. PETTIBONE.

Former Miners' Federation Official Indicted With Haywood.

George A. Pettibone is not on trial for the murder of ex-Governor Steunenberg of Idaho, but he is under indictment with Moyer and Haywood and thus is deeply concerned in the outcome of the proceedings upon which the fate of Haywood depends. Should Haywood be acquitted it is doubtful if the case against Pettibone would be pressed. Should the trial of the former result in conviction Pettibone would in all likelihood have to prove to a jury his innocence of murder or take punishment for having a



GEORGE A. PETTIBONE.

part in the crime. Pettibone was formerly a member of the executive committee of the Western Federation of Miners, and it is alleged that he conspired with Moyer and Haywood to bring about various outrages, including the murder of Steunenberg. He was a leader among the miners during the rioting at Coeur d'Alene, Ida.

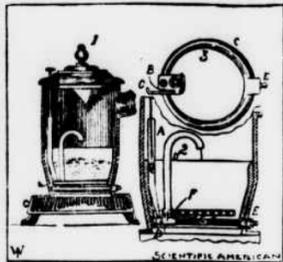
Pettibone is married, and his wife has often visited him during his confinement in the jail at Boise. The statement has been made that he was an inmate of the Detroit house of correction for several months in 1892-93. He was engaged in business in Colorado when Orchard made his confession.

ATTACHMENT FOR STOVES.

Provides For Forced Draft by Means of an Air Pump.

The accompanying engraving illustrates a novel attachment for stoves of the air tight type, whereby hot air with more or less of a strong draft may be delivered simultaneously beneath and above the grate or above the grate only when a slow fire is needed.

The attachment also comprises an air pump, which may be operated to provide a strong forced draft when it is desired to quickly start up a slow or dying fire. The pump is situated inside the stove, as best shown in Fig. 2, and the handle of the pump projects through the cover of the stove, so that it may be readily operated at any time. The pump piston is formed of asbestos, so that it will not be affected by the intense heat within the stove. The pump cylinder opens into a chest (B), which is included in the circular trunk (C). The trunk (C) is also formed with a draft box (E), which opens through the side of the stove. This



STOVE ATTACHMENT.

draft box is provided with the usual damper to control the amount of draft fed to the fire. Communicating with the chest (B) is a standpipe (D), which passes upward through the grate and is bent over to a central position over the grate. The chest (B) opens into the stove under the grate, and this opening may be closed by means of the damper (F), which is operated by the rod (G), as shown in Fig. 3.

In operation, then, when the damper of the draft box is open, the air will pass through the circular trunk (C) and through the chest (B) to the lower side of the grate; also some of the air will be drawn up through the standpipe (D) to consume the gases above the fire. If it is desired to keep the fire low the damper (F) is closed, when air will be supplied to the fire only from above through the standpipe (D). When it is desired to produce a forced draft the pump (A) is operated and forces air through the chest (B) and the standpipe (D) to the fire above and below the grate.

Pneumonia a Germ Disease.

Pneumonia is a malignant inflammation of the lungs due to the presence of minute organisms or germs. These germs corrode and blockade the air passages through the lungs and cut off a large portion of the patient's customary supply of air, and weaken the heart by the increased work put upon it. It is seldom a pneumonia patient dies of suffocation; usually his heart gives out or the germ poisons kill him by invading his brain. There are many forms of pneumonia and it may be caused by any one of a dozen different germs, but the most common type is that caused by a little organism called Fraenkel's pneumococcus, after the German savant who discovered it. The pneumococcus under the microscope appears as a tiny dark speck surrounded by a transparent capsule. It is a germ of the very lowest order.

Japanese Metal Alloys.

The Japanese are celebrated not only for their skill in making decorative articles, but also for the beauty of the materials used. It is said that the secret of the composition of some of their alloys of brass and copper has only lately been revealed. The finest Japanese brass, called *shincho*, consists of ten parts of copper and five of zinc. Another very beautiful alloy, named *shadko*, to which splendid hues are imparted by treatment with acids, is formed by mixing gold and copper, the proportion of gold varying from 1 to 10 per cent of the entire mass.

First Discovery of Sun Spots.

The first recorded discovery of a sun spot was by Fabricius in 1610. Later Lord Herschel decided that these spots were breaks in the photospheric clouds surrounding the sun and that these holes varied from mere "pores" 100 miles across to enormous chasms 40,000 to 50,000 miles in diameter. The largest on record, measured Feb. 2, 1902, was 100,000 by 65,000 miles in area and covered one-twentieth of the sun's disk.

Breathing Appliances For Miners.

In consequence of the official inquiry into the causes of the Courrières catastrophe, the French minister of public works has decided that the winding shafts of mines must be provided with breathing appliances, ready for immediate use and permitting their wearers to remain at least an hour in an irrespirable atmosphere.

Shirts Made of Glass.

One of the latest novelties in dress material is reported to be a cloth made from spun glass, and it can be had in white, green, blue, pink and yellow. The inventor of the fabric is an Austrian, and he declares that it is as bright and as supple as silk, and is none the worse for being either stained or soiled.

To Restore Color in Aluminium.

To restore gray or unsightly aluminium to its white color wash with a solution of thirty parts borax in 1,000 parts water, with a few drops of ammonia added.

THINKS BOWSER CRAZY

Mother-in-law Drops In on Him and Is Given a Welcome.

IT MADE HER SUSPICIOUS.

Fearing He Was Planning Attempt to Poison Her, She Went to a Hotel to Sleep, as She Did Not Want to Die Just Yet.

[Copyright, 1907, by Homer Sprague.]
Mrs. Bowser had received a letter from her mother stating that she would arrive on a certain date and by a certain train for a brief visit—just long enough to straighten Mr. Bowser out and make him understand who was boss of the roost. Not a word had been said to Mr. Bowser about the letter. On various occasions, when told that the mother-in-law was to arrive, he has expressed his opinion of the "brand" in language both forcible and jagged. How he discovered that the event was coming off will always be his secret, but discover it he did. Instead of arriving home from the office at the usual hour he was twenty minutes late, and to Mrs. Bowser's in-



"WELL, MOTHER, I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU," tense surprise he arrived in a carriage, and the mother was with him. He had been at the depot on her arrival to meet her.

"Well, mother, I'm glad to see you," was the salutation that greeted her astonished ears, and she had turned pale and almost whispered the words:

"Is—Sarah dead?"
"Why, of course not," he laughed.
"Then what are you here for?"
"To meet you, of course. I have a carriage here at the door for us. Got the check for your trunk, or didn't you bring anything but your satchel? Glad to see you looking so well. Come right along."

It Was Her Son-in-law.

The mother-in-law looked again and again to see if she was mistaken in the man. He was a short man. He was a fat man. He was a baldheaded man. Yes, it was Mr. Bowser, but what sort of a game was he playing? After she had been riding five minutes a sudden suspicion came to her, and she wheeled on him and said:

"Samuel Bowser, don't think you can drive me off to some lonely spot and have me murdered! I'll fight for my life to the last gasp!"
Mr. Bowser roared with laughter, and then taking her hand he replied:

"Why, mother, what put such an idea into your head? Instead of wanting to murder you I want to give you the best visit you ever had at my house. You will find chicken potpie and all your favorite dishes for dinner."
"But you call me mother."
"And why shouldn't I?"
She didn't know. She knew that he had called her "old bulldozer," "that old woman," "that she wolf," and other things in the past, and that of a sudden an awful change must have come over him. It was he, but she couldn't believe it was him. Her relief was great when the carriage stopped at last in front of the house. To the very last minute she had expected to be abducted or blown up. Her very first words to Mrs. Bowser were:

"Sarah, has Samuel gone crazy or anything?"
"Why, no, mother. What makes you think such a thing?"
"Met Her at the Depot."
"He—he met me at the depot."
"I didn't know that he was going to, but I am very glad of it."
"He—he called me mother."
"Yes."
"And he—he had a carriage."
"Just as it should be."
"But it isn't like him, Sarah—it isn't a bit like him. Think how many times he has let me come alone on a street car. Think how many times he has welcomed me here with only a sneer and a grunt. It was only the last time I was here that he called me a dodo. I tell you, Sarah, that there is something wrong with the man. He has either gone crazy or is planning to put me out of the way."

During the dinner Mr. Bowser was solicitous. He was also full of good cheer and lively conversation. Even Mrs. Bowser, who knew his every eccentricity, was surprised. The mother-in-law drank her tea and wondered if it had been slyly poisoned. She ate of the potpie and wondered if she would be found dead in the morning. Mr. Bowser told jokes and made her laugh. But she was on her guard just the same. When dinner was over he asked her if she wanted to go to the theater, and when she begged to be excused he went out and bought her

a fine bouquet. She accepted it with fluttering heart, and when he meekly sat down to take the curtain lecture she was always sure to give him she found herself unable to begin it. It was a glad relief to her when he said he guessed he'd drop into the club for an hour or so. With the slightest encouragement on her part he would have kissed her an revoir as he went out. When he was clear of the house she returned to her daughter and demanded:

"Now, then, how long has this thing been going on?"
"Do you mean Mr. Bowser?"
"Noticed a Change."

"Of course I mean Mr. Bowser. When did you first notice the change in him?"

"Mother, Mr. Bowser is all right. He's just the same as other husbands. He has his good spells and his bad ones. Sometimes if he finds a hatpin on the floor or a broken dish in the back yard he'll stand up and scold and jaw for half an hour and tell how we are going to the poorhouse. Again, I might break three or four windows and he'd have nothing to say. You have happened to hit him with one of his good spells on."

"It may be so; it may be so," muttered the mother as she shook her head in a doubtful way. "Does he keep an ax down cellar?"

"I believe there's an old ax down there."

"Then tell the cook to get it and hide it. She should also hide the butcher knife. Have you paris green or rat poison in the house?"

"Not a bit. You don't suppose—"

"Sarah, you listen to me. Samuel may have what you call one of his good streaks on, or he may be as crazy as a bedbug and dissembling for a certain object. That object is my death. I have made him sit up and take notice. I have made him sit down and shut up. I have bluffed him out of his boots. Don't you forget that he would like to get even with me. Suppose he brings home poison with him? Suppose he sets the house afire tonight and rescues you and leaves me to perish in the flames?"

She Was Suspicious.

"Now, mother, you are talking as if you were crazy yourself," chided Mrs. Bowser. "No man is in love with his mother-in-law, but they generally respect them. You have given Mr. Bowser many a hard rub, but I am sure he bears no enmity."

The mother-in-law walked over to the telephone and called up the family doctor and asked:

"Doctor, what are the first symptoms of insanity in a man?"
"Just what do you mean?" was queried in reply.

"I am Mr. Bowser's mother-in-law."
"Yes, I have heard of you."
"I arrived here this evening."

"Yes."
"Mr. Bowser found out some way that I was coming, and he was at the depot with a carriage to meet me."

"You don't say! That's the first time I ever heard of such a thing in all my life."

"And wouldn't you consider it a sign of insanity on his part?"

"I should. The man must be as crazy as a loon. When you go to bed tonight double lock your door, pile all the furniture against it and sit up all night with a hatpin in your hand."

"That settles it," said the mother-in-law as she hung up the receiver. "Sarah, I'm going to a hotel to pass the night!"

"Why, mother!"
"No use to talk to me. I've felt that my life was in danger from the moment I saw Samuel at the depot, and now your own family doctor, who knows him from head to heel, has confirmed my worst suspicions. I have not come here to be murdered in my bed!"

Half an hour later Mr. Bowser came home. He asked for "mother," and Mrs. Bowser replied:

"She's gone to a hotel for fear of you."
"But what's the matter with me?"
"You are too good."

"Oh, —" said Bowser as he sat down with a chug.
M. QUAD.

Putting It Mildly.

"You resent that critic's opinions?"
"Not at all," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "What I resent is his egotistic presumption in considering his opinions of sufficient importance to warrant their public expression."—Washington Star.

In Old Kentucky.

"I hear Colonel Bourbon's left arm was cut off in the railway accident."
"Yes, sah; a most unfortunate occurrence, but fortunately his drinking aria was entirely uninjured."—New York Life.

In the Jungle.

Mrs. Python—I think Mrs. Cobra is very extravagant.
Mrs. Boa—In what way?
Mrs. Python—I see she has got her baby a new rattle.—Baltimore American.



Captain—Put on this lifebelt quick madam; the vessel has struck.
Madam—What me put on an old belt like that? Never!—Pele Mele.

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