

CALDWELL TRIBUNE.

DAVIS & SHORR, Publishers.

CALDWELL IDAHO.

A man's second love nearly always owns more property than his first one.

The inference is that Pat Crowe went to South Africa disguised as a Missouri mule.

The Mormons refrain from attempting to defend polygamy. This shows progress.

If the home team wins it's owing to good playing; but if the other fellows win it's simply an accident.

When a woman has had nine children she begins to have suspicions about some of the beautiful passages in love stories.

Chicago's cigar-smoking dog is dead. Somebody shot him. If he had smoked cigarettes shooting would probably have been unnecessary.

Prof. Garner is still working his monkey language graft. The only thing seriously feared is a book of monkey poems in the Uganda dialect.

General Corbin says that "marriage makes a man a better soldier." That stands to reason. The first requisite of a model soldier is to obey orders.

Sitting Bull's son is working as a section hand on a Western railroad. Can it be doubted any longer that republics are ungrateful to their princes?

It may be wrong to question the motives of a high official, but the public is already wondering what excuse the Postmaster General can offer for issuing a 13-cent postage stamp.

If a person who feels inclined to tell somebody all about his fit of sickness would talk into a phonograph and then listen to it himself he might understand how exciting and interesting the account is to his friends.

A German critic has been compelled to pay \$25 for the luxury of saying that a certain actress moves as gracefully as a hippopotamus. We have known cases where the hippopotamus would have been the proper one to bring action.

A priest of Naples gave his congregation such a realistic picture of hell that a panic resulted in which many were hurt. Now and then a page from the dark ages manages to get itself bound in the enlightened history which we are supposed to be making.

Considerable interest would attach to the proposed visit of President Loubet of France to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis in 1904, not only because he is the head of a friendly power, but because it was France that sold the Louisiana territory to the United States.

A New York young man who inherited \$10,000,000 has gone down into the poor district of the East Side and joined a university settlement for the purpose of working among the poverty stricken. That's almost as good as teaching a fashionable Bible class up on Fifth avenue.

Emperor William, on his recent visit to England, led the First Royal Dragoons in cheering for the king, and did it, the papers say, with snap and gusto. The American boy will appreciate the difficulties under which monarchs labor when he remembers that the call was "Three cheers for His Majesty King Edward," not "Rah, rah, rah, E-d-w-a-r-d."

The discoverer of a new element or the investigator into the records of the past may be conferring as great a blessing on mankind as the business organizer who has built up a big factory. Men have an insatiable craving for discovery, for progress of every sort. It is as legitimate to devote one's self to reaching the north pole as to spend one's life refining oil. The existence of art galleries, or parks, or universities, of scientific organizations of all sorts is testimony to the fact that the life is more than meat. It is quite possible that a few hundred years hence the name of the discoverer of the north pole may be remembered when that of the organizer of the steel trust is forgotten.

A proposition that warns one's heart is that which, it is reported, a wealthy Westerner has made to his five sons, that they unite for business purposes in a corporation in which each of the six men shall have an equal share. "I want all my sons to be successful and all to advance together," he says. "I don't believe in this thing of one getting rich and another working for a small salary. The boys will have control of our family syndicate, when it comes to a vote, and will elect their own board of directors and president. Perhaps I can be more serviceable than some. In the way of counsel, but there will be no 'boosing' and no jealousies, and all the profits will be divided equally." All this suggests the way in which fathers and sons—and mothers and daughters, too—should pull together. Will contests, and other unseemly squabbles in and out of court, would be fewer if more families were guided by the Western man's views.

Franklin Stone, of Philadelphia, has for years been living a double life. To those who knew him and his wife and

two sons, socially, he was the ideal family man. He was a banker and broker, a leading member of a church, liberal in his contributions to charity, and to all appearances a high-toned gentleman. There was another side to this man. Away from home he was intimate with gamblers, owned race horses on which he risked heavy bets, belonged to a club which promoted all sorts of questionable sports and had capital invested in one of the most notorious pool rooms in New York City. Of course he was discovered. It is only strange he was not found out long ago. And this case affords occasion for saying, There is in every man a dual nature. Some years ago Dr. Squard-Brown promulgated the theory of the dual brain and it is said that his idea set Stevenson to thinking along this line of duality, resulting in the conception of "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." And it may be said that every man has within him, whether in his brain or not, a dual self. He may not develop either to its outcome. It is the business of education and religion, to merge the two, resolving the worse propensity into the better, forming what we call the character. Every person has a certain reputation. That is the Dr. Jekyll part—what one appears to be. Every person has a certain character. That is the Mr. Hyde part—what one really is. The Dr. Jekyll is honored and respected until it is discovered that he is really the stealthy, ferocious Mr. Hyde. Then comes denouement and surprise. "A man in high station fallen," says the headlines. It is not true. There has been the struggle of years between Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. The former hates, fears, abhors the latter. He turns sick with apprehension at the mere mention of the name. The two fight for the possession of the man. If Jekyll wins Hyde disappears. If Hyde wins Jekyll disappears.

Not often has the public had so good an exhibition of the characteristic attitude of the medical profession—which includes the profession of surgery—its feeling of responsibility, its unselfishness and its fidelity, as has been afforded by the great Austrian surgeon who has lately been operating in this country. He was called to Chicago to attend a child who had suffered since birth from a dislocation of the hip. The child's father, a man of large wealth, brought him, at great expense, to Chicago, because he was considered one of the greatest specialists in the world in cases of the kind. No sooner was the operation completed than the surgeon sought the hospitals of Chicago, St. Louis and other cities, and there, entirely without payment, he treated the children of the poor. Other physicians came to witness the operations, so that not only has the skill of this man changed the future for many small sufferers, but it will be disseminated in geometrical progression; for the doctors who saw the operations will, in turn, teach others. The course of Dr. Lorenz has attracted more than the usual attention only because the man himself is so well known and because he came to this country under peculiar circumstances. The standard of conduct of the medical profession is something of which one can hardly write without a glow of admiration. No profession is the world has a higher code of ethics. The Hippocratic oath is no longer administered, yet physicians still observe its obligations. They make public all discoveries and inventions which may benefit the race and take no patents upon nor profit from them. They give the same faithful service and exercise the same skill for a small fee as for a large one, and the amount of work which they do gratuitously is known only to themselves and to the recipients of their charity. The medical man is indeed a noble figure in our life. We take off our hats to him.

Generally Used.
A discussion has been started in Germany, urging that German children drop the words "mama" and "papa" in favor of "Mutter" (mother) and "Vater" (father). "How," say they, "can anybody prefer the unmeaning 'mama' to the deep and impressive 'mutter'?" Nothing can replace for a German the word 'mutter,' certainly not the French 'mamma.' A certain philologist, however, asks how it can be suggested that the word 'mamma' is derived from the French, seeing that it is probably to be found in all languages of the world. In the numerous dialects of Africa, and in India, the word is 'mamma,' which is given as a title of honor to every elderly dame deserving of esteem and respect. 'Mamma' and 'papa' (baba) are so generally used in all parts of the world that they probably date back some thousands of years."

Did as He Was Told.
A little freedom is a dangerous thing, but it is a most luxurious one, thought young Alfred, who, according to the Utica Observer, went to a party under instructions from his father not to walk home if it rained, but to take a cab.
It did rain, and great was the father's surprise when his son arrived home drenched to the skin.
"Why didn't you take a cab, as I told you?" asked the father, sternly.
"Oh, I did!" was the sage reply. "But when I ride with you, you always make me ride inside. This time I went on top with the driver. Say, dad, it was grand!"

Shortest Name Known.
G. Uz of Sargent, Mo., has possibly the shortest surname on record.

A famine of silver dimes annoys the average man more than the scarcity of \$1,000 bills.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

EVOLUTION AND INFLUENCE OF THE CARTOON.

By Thomas Nast, the Great Cartoonist (Written April 14, 1902.)



THOMAS NAST.

There is no telling when the art of caricature began. There are a number of grotesques that have come down to us from earliest Egyptian times. The Greeks employed pictures to emphasize their satire, and so did the Romans. All through the Middle Ages there were numberless examples of "grotesqueries," which, curiously enough, were used in enforcing the doctrines of the Church by means of satirizing the devil. But the eighteenth century was the heyday of the cartoon. Beginning in France, and overrunning into Holland, and thence across the Channel into England, the flood of caricaturists carried everything before it; and it is safe to say that we read the history of the time with clearer vision and with more accuracy of detail for the mirror which the caricaturists held up to reflect the striking peculiarities of the men and events passing before it. Gaultier mentioned a Spanish cartoonist, Francisco Goya y Lucientes, a mixture of Rembrandt, Watteau and Rabelais, who preceded the two great caricaturists of the latter half of the eighteenth century; George Cruikshank, in England, and Mons. Charlet, in France.

It has been reserved for America, however, to bring forth a new race of caricaturists, which, for lack of a better title, may be called the personal cartoonists—men who seize upon the characteristics of an individual and so exaggerate them that the subjects of the cartoons are known by the most prominent features in their physical, mental or moral make-up.

Perhaps we Americans look at the droll side of life more than other people, but certain it is we have more and better cartoonists than elsewhere. The very quickness with which we see the point of a joke demands equal facility in portraying drollery in a cartoon. We sketch boldly and leave much of the unnecessary detail to our slower cousins. Then, too, our public events happen with such startling rapidity that a cartoon of yesterday's doings would be flat to-day, and we must keep very much alive and be ready for a political change over night. In other words, the alert American must have depicted in his cartoon the very traits of character that have made him what he is—the quickest and brightest of men.

HOW HUSBANDS AND WIVES DRIFT APART.

By Harriet A. Armstrong.



Despite the romantic and affectionate elements in it, much of marriage resolves itself into a commonsense partnership. If people only realized this there would be fewer liquidations in love and bankruptcies in matrimony. If women were not so fond of hugging grievances and thinking themselves martyrs for nothing at all, few married folk would "drift apart." A woman thinks her husband has slighted her. Perhaps he has. Anyway, if she thinks he has, it's just as bad from her point of view as if he really had. Sometimes she says nothing. Sometimes she says too much!
In the first case she goes about with a sense of injury smarting within her. Of course, if she is in this frame of mind, she is naturally on the lookout for more slights and injuries. And it is so easy always to find what we look for. Presently her heart swells with all the indignities and martyrdom she thinks she has been subject to. Perhaps the whole situation has arisen from a misunderstanding; and Jack or Jim would be horrified could he see the big mountain of martyrdom which has arisen from the molehill of that careless action or sentence of his.
Now, we will take the case of the wife who does not

A VEGETARIAN CHURCH.

Its Essential Tenet Is that Men Shall Eat No Meat.

It may not be known to many that there is a Vegetarian Church, whose chief tenet is that men should eat no meat. This church has only one meeting house in America and only forty members here. In England it has only one meeting house, and only seventy-five members. And yet it is a church nearly 100 years old. Its American meeting house is in Philadelphia, and its American leader is Rev. Henry S. Clubb, an old-time friend of Horace Greeley.

In 1807 an Englishman, Rev. W. Cowherd of Manchester, founded this branch of the Bible Christians, and today, after the passage of nearly 100 years, they are still existent, and are still almost unknown. In their two churches—the English one, in Manchester, and the American one in Philadelphia—it is possible to see little children whose fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers, and whose great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers never once in their lives tasted meat; little children are as ignorant of the taste of meat as ordinary



THE VEGETARIAN CHURCH.

persons are ignorant of the taste of human flesh. For vegetarianism is the chief article of their creed.

With their century of abstinence from meat they afford a good example of the effect of vegetarianism on mankind. Their records, which appear to have been kept carefully, cover about 300 cases, and show that:

- The average longevity of a member of the sect is 61.
- He is not in his old age obliged to resort to false teeth.
- His eyes in seven cases out of ten do not ever require spectacles.
- His weight keeps close to the normal or proper weight his frame and height

brood silently over a fancied wrong. She belongs to the type which says too much. Tempers on both sides are aroused, and each gives utterance to rather harsh sentiments, which neither really feels. A "misunderstanding" arises, and who can say where it will end?

Few among us quarrel with those we love over things that really matter. As a rule great crises in our lives, real troubles, and deep sorrows draw us much closer to those with whom we share them. It is the little nagging trifles, the cross-words, and trivialities over which estrangements and deep resentments arise.

FINANCIAL ADVERSITY AHEAD.

By J. J. Hill, President Great Northern Railway.



JAMES J. HILL.

I am not one of those fellows who cross their bridges before they come to them, "alarmists," I think you call them. I am disposed to be cheerful about most things. But I can't see anything in the present financial situation to cause me to do any rejoicing. Things look serious. They are bad already, and, what's more to the point, they are destined to grow worse. This country has reached the top of its prosperity. If the serious downward movement has not already begun, it is not far off.

There are more reasons than one for this; chief among them is the uncertain state of mind in which the New York men find themselves from day to day. Uncertainty is the worst thing on earth for the moneyed interests of a country. One does not need to look to Wall street for support of this opinion. Tight money is not felt there alone. The manufacturing districts are suffering already. Their suffering will increase as things grow worse. Good evidence can be found, too, among builders. Where they were receiving orders for five buildings a year ago they are lucky if they are getting one to-day.

Of course, I am not saying that my opinion is held by everybody. Probably a good many men who have positive ideas about things would flatly contradict everything I have said, but there are many people who agree with me.

CAPITAL AND LABOR SHOULD AGREE.

By United States Senator Hanna.

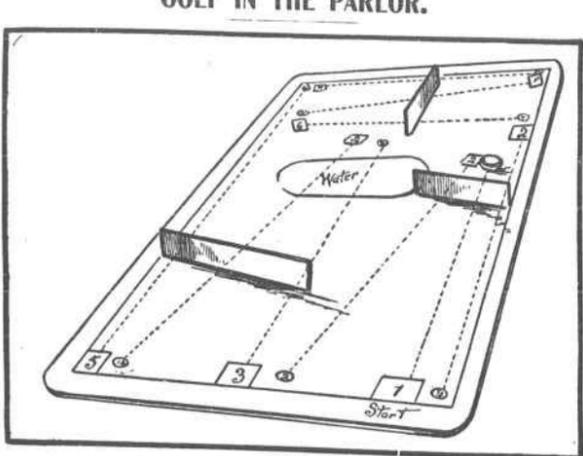


M. A. HANNA.

Organization of capital has come to stay, just as organized labor has come to stay, and for the same reason—it is necessary. You cannot separate the interests of capital and labor. If it is good for one to be organized for any purpose, it is good for the other for the same reason. They are both good and necessary as applied to our conditions to-day and our development for the future. The combination of capital has brought to our industrial institutions greater economic results; it has brought an increase in trade and higher wages to the laborer. As capital is organized and produces beneficial results, labor, which was organized many years before, will be the first to feel and recognize its effects. We must strive to bring the different factions together upon the ground that both sides want to do what is right.

In its early days organized labor went upon the theory that the only way to settle labor difficulties was to strike, but it is my theory that it is becoming recognized that there is a better way to settle such differences. My theory is that if you bring men together in a way to make them know each other and if you appeal to the head and the heart you establish a bond between the two factions that cannot be broken. We should remember the Golden Rule and try to live up to its principle. This is the only way that I know to settle the dispute between capital and labor.

GOLF IN THE PARLOR.



GOLFERS who desire to play their favorite game in a parlor can now do so, a quick-witted inventor having fashioned the necessary apparatus. This apparatus, or game, consists of a board, a cup and obstructive surface, and on it are marks indicating a golf course. The cup, which is the hole, and extends above the surface of the board, and the aim of each player is to get it over the course and obstructions and into the cup. Croquet, cricket and even baseball have been played in parlors, and there is no reason why golf should not prove equally attractive.

Behind the Scenes.

The Author (meekly)—Could you advance me \$20 on my royalty account?

The Publisher—Great Caesar! If you haven't got the nerve of your swash-buckling hero.

The Author—But you are advertising that 50,000 copies of my novel have been sold in advance.

The Publisher—I see you know how to read.

The Author—And how am I to keep up the appearance of a successful author?

The Publisher—Go away back and hibernate for a month or so, and by that time we'll probably know how much you've cost us.—Judge.

The Scottish Sabbath.

Scotland cannot very much longer be quoted as a model in the matter of Sunday observance; and surely it is a profound pity that Scotland should suffer itself to be robbed of its priceless heritage.—The Presbyterian.

A New York artist made a fortune painting purple landscapes—and lost it painting red towns.

HAVE A MANIA FOR SURGERY.

Too Many Needless Operations Performed by the Professionals.

A mania for performing operations seems to have seized upon the surgeons of the country of late years. The introduction of anaesthetics, by which the horrors of an operation are reduced to a mere discomfort, breathing a few times into a mask, the extended use of hospitals and log homes, which has the result of leaving relatives and friends all in trouble and all the disfigurements of an operation, and, finally, the fact that with modern anaesthetic methods the scar left by it is so quite trivial, have conspired to make people regard the ordeal with indifference and enter with a light heart into adventures from which they would perhaps have shrunk had they known a little more. And while operations are necessary all this is good. It has to be admitted, however, that there is another side to the question.

Partly owing to the publicity given to operative work, partly to the fact that the successful case is apt to be no means reticent about the advantages of "getting the thing over," partly to the fact that dead men tell no tales the public at large has come to look with unlimited and undue confidence upon operations as a way of every difficulty—a deus ex machina which can always be invoked to humiliate matters should the treatment of a malady prove a little tedious. A curious sort of demand for operative treatment has arisen. People are each other not to allow their doctors to "dally" with their cases, but to do something "radical," and it is to be feared that sometimes if the doctor does not adopt this radical policy—at least do something that requires an anaesthetic—they regard him as "old-fashioned" (the very hardest thing that one can nowadays say of any doctor) and run off to some one else. This is a kind of public sentiment which it is by no means easy to combat. The irresponsible chatter of the patient's friends condemns the cautious surgeon, while the unmeasured praise bestowed upon the occasional success of an adventurous operator leads to undeserved fame. As we must harden say, the effect of all this must be injurious upon the medical profession. Some medical men, indeed, assume that the evil consequences of the mania for operating have already attained considerable dimensions.—Chicago Chronicle.

LANKY MORRISON, UMPIRE.

The flag rush between the sophomores and freshmen at Northwestern University the other day reminded the father of one of the latter of his schoolboy days. The master of the school was a cadaverous six-footer known as Lanky Morrison.

"Our game," said the father, "was shinnny. Shinnny then was a sort of cross between polo and Donnybrook fair.

"The game was played between the big boys and the little ones, and every small boy in school had his shins doped up in bandages, and usually carried one arm in a sling. The big boys took special pleasure in knocking the little ones.

"One day about half the school had to be excused on account of bruises from shinnny. Then Lanky Morrison addressed the school about as follows as I recall it:

"Until further notice the game of shinnny will be played by the Parvies and the Bullies as heretofore, except that the title of either side will be as I have stated.

"I also desire to say that I will be present as umpire. Whenever a Bully sees fit to hit one of the Parvies I shall take it upon myself to hit one of the Bullies."

"When Lanky Morrison appeared on the playgrounds he had a stick as long as his body, and when he reached on he came pretty near covering the field. When the stick got into play the Bullies almost lost the game.

"The boys who grow up in the town were always known by the name of the side with which they played shinnny. On Lanky Morrison's school ground the two sides became famous in that part of the country.

"It was enough to say of a young man, he was one of the Parvies or a Bully in shinnny at Morrison's school. One of the Bullies became a minister, but as long as he remained in that part of the country he was known as the Rev. Bully.

"I do not think the teams would have ever become as famous as they did had not Lanky Morrison come into the game as umpire. And when he died the Bullies and the Parvies turned out, and the plain shaft which marks his grave in the old town cemetery was erected by the two teams.

"The shaft is exactly Lanky Morrison's length, 6 feet 4, from the base and on the base is the inscription, 'For the master's name, birth and date of death, Erected by the Bullies and the Parvies.'—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Land of Fair Weather.

Puerto Rico is an almost perfect land as regards climate, and serious forms of sickness have been banished. It is a land where crops can be raised in almost all seasons, and there is scarcely any intermission in production.

Town Deals in Rabbits.

Torquay, England, possesses a municipal rabbit warren, where over 15,000 rabbits have been trapped during the past year and sent for sale in the northern and midland markets.