

THE BISBEE DAILY REVIEW

All the News That's Fit to Print
Entered as second class matter at
the postoffice at Bisbee, Arizona, under
Act of March 3, 1879.

Published at Bisbee, Arizona, the
best mining city in the west, at the
Review Building, corner O. K. Street
and Review Avenue.

CONSOLIDATED PRINTING
AND PUBLISHING COMPANY

WEO. H. KELLY, President

TELEPHONE 39

SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY MAIL
OR CARRIER
ONE MONTH \$ .75
SIX MONTHS 4.50
ONE YEAR 8.00
ONE YEAR in Advance 7.50

Address all Communications to
THE BISBEE DAILY REVIEW
Bisbee, Arizona

CONSERVING THE
PUBLIC DOMAIN.

The United States Geological Survey
is pushing steadily ahead in the
classification of the public lands,
pricing coal lands, recommending the
restoration to agricultural entry of
lands found to be nonmineral in
character, designating lands subject to
enlarged homestead entry, and recom-
mending the reservation of lands
suitable for water power sites.

During the month of May the survey
appraised 2,472,659 acres as coal
land, with a value of \$49,233,112, and
1,359,032 acres as noncoal land. Had
these coal lands been appraised at
the old minimum rate in force a few
years ago (\$10 or \$20 an acre), their
valuation would have been \$35,379,
766; the present valuation therefore
shows a difference in favor of the
government of \$13,853,346. In New
Mexico, Utah and Wyoming four
withdrawals were made of land prop-
osed to be underlain by coal com-
prising 1,442,953 acres, while in Colo-
rado, Montana, New Mexico, Wash-
ington and Wyoming six restorations
were made of coal land comprising
3,989,845 acres. One area of 499
acres of phosphate land in Florida
was withdrawn, making the total
area of phosphate land withdrawn
2,548,545 acres. Three power site
withdrawals were made, covering
9,364 acres, and one restoration of
160 acres, leaving a total of 1,507,
443 acres withdrawn for power sites
at the end of the month.

Under the enlarged homestead act
243,788 acres were designated, mak-
ing a total of 190,179,595 acres de-
signated as enterable under the pro-
visions of this act.

It is the policy of the Geological
Survey in the classification of the
public lands to recommend the with-
drawal of such areas as may be con-
sidered necessary from the stand-
point of the federal government for
the protection and conservation of
its mineral and water sources; to
make such withdrawals as accurately
as possible, on the basis of the
information available; and to make
further investigations and procure
additional data in order to restore if
possible any areas not necessary to
the protection of the people's inter-
ests.

MR. TAFT AND
THE PEOPLE.

Some of the opponents of the
Canadian reciprocity policy of the
president are very severe in their
criticism of his recent speeches in
Chicago and in New York City in
brocacy of that policy. They find
these frank discussions before the
people without warrant in the con-
stitution. They can find no author-
ity in that instrument for anything
on the part of the president beyond
his messages to congress, and they
are properly scandalized when Mr.
Taft lays directly before the people
the reasons for his public action.
They intimate that he is undertak-
ing to "coerce" the representatives
and senators by these "appeals."

Even on the narrow ground of
constitutional authority, as construed
by the predecessors of Mr. Taft,
these gentlemen are not strongly in-
trenched. The constitution does not

and could not forbid the president
to address his fellow citizens in any
way he thinks best. Washington did
so in his memorable farewell ad-
dress, and his speeches to congress
were often directed to the whole
country. Lincoln's first and sec-
ond inaugural address, his wise let-
ter to Mr. Greeley on the policy of
the administration toward slavery,
even his immortal Gettysburg ad-
dress, were intended to have and did
have a profound influence on the
public mind. Mr. McKinley's speech
at Buffalo was exactly in the line
of Mr. Taft's recent utterances, not
only in appealing to the people for a
particular principle, but in selecting
precisely the principle Mr. Taft is
now advocating. Mr. Roosevelt was
always talking to the people.

Why should not the president go
before the people in explanation of
his official conduct? Senators and
representatives do it, and his part
in legislation is substantial and im-
portant, more so than that of any
one member of congress in either
branch. He can say No to anything
they do and it takes two-thirds vote
to override that negative. He is ex-
pressly charged with a certain guid-
ance of legislation. The final arbiter
is public opinion. Why should he
hesitate to enlighten, convince, en-
lighten and lead public opinion?—New
York Times.

Country Town Sayings
(By "Ed" Howe)

After a woman has realized on
her man, and receipted for his
life insurance, she goes to move
to a town where people will never
know she was once poor.

When a man throws a thing
away, he usually throws it where
it will annoy others as much as
possible.

Criticism is not far removed from
the gossip of the perfect lady who
throws an apron over her head, and
goes next door to regulate the
neighborhood.

Nearly every man lets go of a
dollar with a snarl.

I have noticed that when hair
is red, there is usually enough of
it.

The only time I feel really im-
portant is when on a train pass-
ing through a little town, and the
train doesn't stop.

It is surprising how men re-
member their old jokes, and re-
fuse to laugh at your new ones.

The privileges you grant people
soon become their rights.

No great harm is done, probab-
ly, when you step on a cat; but
you can't help being disturbed by
the incident.

People shake hands on mighty
small provocations.

(Copyright, 1911, by George Mat-
them Adams.)

Stray Topics
From Little Old New York

NEW YORK, June 17.—This year
is the centenary of the building of
New York's City Hall and of the
first session therein of the Board
of Aldermen. It has been decided to
commemorate this on the 17th of
July by a gathering in the City Hall
of the descendants of the officials of
the De Witt Clinton administration
of the city, before the parade of
nations and the formal exercises,
over which Mayor Gaynor will pre-
side. The members of the Common
Council of 1811 were De Witt Clin-
ton, Mayor and President; Aldermen
Peter Mosler, Thomas Carpenter,
Charles Dickenson, Richard Cunn-
ingham, William Hoagland, William
Torrey, George Buckmaster, Caleb Peck,
John Peck, and Assistant Alder-
men Samuel Jones, Jr., Peter Hawes,
August A. Hardenbrook, and Abra-
ham Van Gelder. The descendants of
these men are scattered all over
the country, but it is expected that
school will be sent any. The super-
intendent to attend the commemorative
gathering.

Another Centennial.
Another centennial to be celebrated
in this city this year is that of
Public School No. 2, at Henry and
Pike streets, which is the oldest
school in the city. It was
opened on November 13, 1811 and the
Board of Education, together with
the principal and the teachers of the
school are making arrangements to
celebrate the centenary in an appro-
priate manner. Former pupils of that
school will be invited to take part
in the exercises.

Superintendent A. J. Demarest, is
president of the Civic Pride associ-
ation of that city. He is a great

enthusiast and thoroughly convinced
that the people of Hoboken have a
great deal to be proud of. He also
believes that the process of instilling
civic pride should begin early.
For that reason he made determined
efforts to get the children in the
Hoboken public schools interested
in the objects and aims of the Civic
Pride association. To keep up the
interest Mr. Demarest sent to a but-
tonmaker in Newark and had 10,000
buttons bearing the insignia of the
association and the words "Hoboken
Civic Pride" made. The buttons were
distributed among the children and
boys and girls proudly displayed
their badges of "Civic Pride." The
very day the buttons are evidently
were called in by Mr. Demarest,
who promised the children that he
would soon furnish them with new
buttons. The reason for this action
was that several days after the but-
tons had been distributed, the dis-
covery was made that each one of
the buttons bore upon the reverse
side the legend, "Smoke Sweet Cap-
oral Cigarettes." The firm which had
furnished the buttons explained that
in some unaccountable manner a mis-
take had been made and promised to
supply the school children of Ho-
boken with new buttons, devoted
exclusively to the advertising of
Hoboken's "Civic Pride."

Rowdiness is increasing.
The members of the burglars and
hold-up men's fraternity in New
York are working overtime. They are
so busy that the police are evidently
not long enough to give them a
chance to finish their daily penum.
Daylight burglaries and hold-ups are

(Continued on page 12.)

"Naughty" Paris Mirrored for New York Summer Theatre-Goers-
Tragedy of Lion in Dreamland Fire-Gossip of Other Amusements

(By Franklin Fyles)

NEW YORK, June 17.—You don't
have to cross the Atlantic to see the
naughty deviltries of Paris. You
may sight them here in stage
mimicry more amusing than the
real-ies. Also, safer and cheaper. If
I had notched a cane for the plays
in which I saw Parisian misbehavior
since I began to go to the theaters,
it would by now look more like a
saw's edge than a walking stick.
They started with the farces of
marital infidelity that Dico Boucaut,
Augustin Daly and others im-
ported to American taste; they
passed on to plainer copies of the
originals; and now no one need
travel to the French city of cut-up
to see its diversions.

"La Belle Paree." Broadway's
summer show, leaves out all glimpses
and echo of Paris decorum, if there
are any, and mimics things as like
those of our tenderloin—with vari-
ous. We have no code duello over
these men puncture one another's
skins with hatpin sorts of rapiers,
with absurd formalities, in cases
where Americans would fight it out
with fists, or maybe with pistols, on
the instant spot. A thrilling incident
in this play is a duel by young wo-
men who have quarreled over a man
in a cafe. If you are old enough you
may recall how old-time actors just
under the grade of "Boo"—such as
Eddy, Daventry and May—used to
enact the moonlit forest duel in "The
Corsican Brothers." Well, the au-
tocrats in the new extravaganza,
Dazie and Grace, pantomimists per-
sonating a French ballet premiere
and a Spanish opera prima donna,
like from a Latin quarter hall to a
stage in the Bois de Boulogne,
where they don't give us the old
fashioned two strokes up, two
strokes down, and then cross criss
in the manner of my childhood's mel-
odrama, but display proficiency in
spirited bouts of fencing. Of course,
though, it is bedeviler to tinkle our
frivolous summer taste. Dazie and
Grace strip off their gowns and face
each other in what, in the moon-
shine, we are permitted to take for
nudity down to her hips.

Stella Mayhew Looms Big.
"La Belle Paree" was made, I
guess, by first hiring a company of
humorists, next choosing the fun-
niest of their own stuff and nonsense,
and finally locating them and the
grunts in Paris. Stella Mayhew is a
big factor—in size and quality. Do
you happen to know that throughout
Europe Caucasian antipathy to Afri-
cans is no stronger than to Chinese,
Japanese or East Indians? A full
blodded negro may sit at the next
table to you in a London, Paris or
Berlin hotel, and there's no use your
making a row about it. Not till "La
Belle Paree" has a point been made
of the fact: for fun on our stage.
Stella Mayhew is an unctuous coun-
tess with winds of money in her
pockets as bulging as the rolls of fat
on her person. She is astonished to
find that her cash is as good as
anybody's in Paris. Tinted as an
octonoon, she saunters into a shop of
modes, says she has come to have
some fits, and she gets 'em variously.

Stella has come to the fat point
where there's no use ignoring her
excess of weight, and so she jokes
about it. One of the fits she gets as
the modiste is a hobble skirt so
tight that—of course—she calls it a
convulsion. And the audience laughs
at the old jest for the funny, roly-
poly figure she cuts. "Will you let
me I can't do it," she asks. That is
the new turkey trot waits in the
skirt-fettered robe. The principle
are turned loose in a so-so they please
competition for laughter. The
Dreamland portion of Coney Island
had burned this morning Taft's a
furtive look at her fan, where she
has written it too late to memorize.
Stella says "T'm the fat lady from a

Coney Island show. A noble little
"tremant rescued me from the flames,
but he had no make three trips."

neck and neck racer for the jolity
stakes. Do you identify him when I
tell you that he is that pulpy comed-
ian with a murky voice, who has his
own way of confusing his propo-
sitions, and who makes one minute
kill him for his silliness one minute
and at the next you are laughing
at his original oddity? Fisher is an
American tourist in "La Belle Paree"
with an Irish wife. She ought to be
played by George Munroe, but she
isn't and Fisher is provided instead
with a mechanical cat horse, with
an athlete inside to make fun with
on a boulevard. He won't hire the
outfit at 5 francs an hour, but buys
it outright at 6; and of the hundreds
of comedians who have got into the
skins of basis on all four, I've
seen none more humorous than the
one who operates the dancing horse.
Later in the play Fisher evens up
with Miss Mayhew by taking from his
cuff he cue for a new joke. He
has gone to an artist's studio in the
Latin quarter to order 100 square
yards of painting for his New York
house. The painter is a shabby Bo-
hemian whose ability he doubts.

Poverty and art go hand in hand
in Paris," the man argues; "many a
great masterpiece has been painted
on an empty stomach."

"A queer place," says the comed-
ian, "o paint a picture."

Beautiful and Frotesque.
Do I seem to belittle this summer
play? I don't mean to. It is beautiful
as well as grotesque. It starts at a
Paris tourist agency and in ex-
traordinary showiness to fine imita-
tions of a theatrical cafe and a stu-
dent's hall. A pretty girl violinist is
an odd interloper. She pretends to go
mad over her fiddle and bow. She
looks a womanish right from her
eyes in a scant nightgown, but what
cares she for clothes when a rapt
wrapt in melody? She is a mere nit
of a young woman anyway. Yet not
to be overlooked, as tossing her
loose hair in unison with the tune,
and flinging out her bare feet, she
presents a musical picture.

The finality is a ballet of pierrots
and harlequins. It is strange how
little Americans care for classical
dancing. Here's Dazie, of grand opera
premier grade, and a whirling dervish
doing wondrous things on tip-toe
and the program has to beg the peo-
ple to wait to see what a European
audience would not think of missing.
More to the liking of Broadway is
the spectacle that the curtain goes
down on. Six great panels, high up
in the walls of the student's hall,
turn into tableaux of women posed
in imitation of tinted, undraped stat-
ues.

Dreamland Before The Fire.

Dreamland was my choice for a
first section of Coney Island to
see for you this summer. I spent
an evening there, and went back in
the small hours of the morning to
see its thirty acre of showy edifices
burned flat to the grounds. My party
shot a chute, needed on a gravity
railway, floated in the canal of a
miniature Venice, swirled through
a mythical Hell Gate whirped, and
many other things that held over
familarly from past years. Of as-
tonishment there was none. The
atrical performances were lacking or-
derly. An outdoor circus was a free-
sight for those who had paid their
dimes for entrance to the ground.
The extra half dollar show was Fer-
rari's menagerie. In that we saw
lions, tigers, leopards, bears, pumas
and panthers and other beasts count-
ing up to a hundred.

Also, Bonavita, whom I had seen
him last before he was in a barred
arena with seven fella, lording it
over the beasts with a whip that
cracked like a torpedo whenever he
lashed them, and attitudinizing in

spangled tights for the spectators.
Now he saunters around in plain
clothes as a manager of the con-
cern. He had one arm less than when
he had been complete. I had missed
him for two nights seeing him sprung
upon by a lion, bitten, clawed and
Harry Fisher is Stella Mayhew's
almost killed.

"You don't figure in the arena any
more!" I said.

"A man needs two hands for that,"
he replied.

"What became of the lion that at-
tacked you?"

"There he is. The big one on the
pedestal. His name on the program
is this year Black Prince. I call him
other things."

"Does he remember you?"

"Right well does he. Having once
downed me, he'd spring on me at
sight if there weren't bars between us."

From Dreamland at midnight we
motored three miles along the shore
to a restaurant noted for its "shore
suppers" of seafoods—and cham-
pagne. There may be beer there, but
I've never seen any. The supper is
a dollar and a half, with four dollars
added for each bottle of wine limit-
lessly. Fifty private automobiles out-
side prepare us to see everything
sizzling and fizzing inside. A negro
ballet dancer as he sings in front
of a negro orchestra. The late sup-
pers were in a hilarious mood. A
popular song writer was moved to
rise and sing his latest composition.
The listeners became vocalists at the
second refrain in an uproarious
chorus. At 1 o'clock the negroes
left and we did the aisles of tables
singing "Romulus" and holding out
bats for coins. Three smart-set com-
ples—whose names are in the top
social roster—fell in behind with the
turkey trot that has superseded the
cake walk and the Apache dance.
After that three no-doubt, sure thing
young matron belles from Murray
Hill bore the triole of the Little
Maidens from school in "The Mikado."
It was, sure enough, an exceptionally
caloric, temperamental assemblage.
Was that psychosomatic unconscious
of that dress and about what space
high. Indeed, she pleased one citi-
zen so much that he married her
and took her from the stage. While
quietly darning the family socks the
other day, it would appear. Mrs. ex-
Grace Freeman said she would like
to reappear before the footlights.
Fortunately, Mr. G. F. is rich enough
to afford a light and easy "Sure!"
to such a wish. Therefore this re-
tirement.

The actress gathered as many of
her former associates as possible
to an American original of the title
to go to wait to see what a European
audience would not think of missing.
More to the liking of Broadway is
the spectacle that the curtain goes
down on. Six great panels, high up
in the walls of the student's hall,
turn into tableaux of women posed
in imitation of tinted, undraped stat-
ues.

"Dreamland's afire" The message
came by phone and was announced
officially in the program for the
automobiles the waiters evinced a
degree of mind that left no check un-
paid by the hastily departing people.
I was delayed. My Chaffin had been
seated next to a negro at the table
set for chaffeurs, and with racial
repugnance had rolled away to an-
other lun. However, he got his auto
into line before the end of it and
perked out all the speed steps. It
was a mad race for Dreamland!
There were no motorcycle policemen
along the route. They had gone on
ahead of us to the fire.

You have read how Dreamland was
swent out of sight in an hour of
confagration. I shall tell you only
of an incidental tragedy. The elec-
tric outlines of the great tower had
been turned off into darkness two
hours before we as motored away.
Now flames shot on the structure
as we returned. A woman shrieked
pity as with something under each
arm. She was a nurse in the labo-
ratory exhibit and had saved
two of the human mites. Next, a lot
of midsets shrieked aloud. Then
came the camels and donkeys from
the Oriental show and some perhaps
least valued koochie-koochie girls in
their night clothes.

With leaps and bounds a panther
leapt into Ferrari's menagerie,
which is all after and disappeared
into the darkness. He was one of the
few beasts that escaped alive. A
dozen men tugged at a rope and
dragged a baby elephant into view

but the leash broke and the dazed
brute dashed back into the flames.

Tragedy of the Lion.

Now the tragedy. A ponderous lion
emerges from the menagerie. His
four comrades have been hustled into
wholesome cages and pushed to safety.
But he is Black Prince, the beast that
bore off Bonavita's hand. Aram is
was unaccountable. His name was
afame. Even the fluff of hair at his
tail's end was flaring like a torch.
For an instant he glared at our auto-
mobiles, and the people on foot ran
behind our cars. But Black Prince
was no jungle-bred king of beasts.
Taken captive as a cub, like all the
lions of the show, and beaten into
subject fear of men, his latent ferocity
had once broken out on Bonavita,
but on this spectacular occasion he
slunk and cringed like a cur. He ran
to the ornate portal of an edifice
near by, struck his claws into the
stucco imitation of marble like a
huge cat escaping a dog, and
crouched over the portico glaring
down on us. We saw no menace in
him. The people took a cue of bra-
vado from the cowering lion and
crowded toward him.

"Don't do that," shouted Bonavita.
He's likely to leap into you. Fall
back."

Then, taking aim slowly, carefully,
he sent six bullets of his pistol into
the beast that had gnawed off his
right hand. Black Prince glared down
at him as though about to spring,
until three shots had failed to reach
a vital spot. The fourth dazed him.
The fifth pierced his heart, and the
sixth missed him as he tumbled dead
into the street. So ended the trag-
edy of Bonavita and Black Prince.
The revival of "A Country Girl,"
a sort of "old home week." When the
English operetta was new on our
side in the early autumn of 1902,
Grace Freeman pleased folks as the
country girl who gains such success
as a London actress as to afford
a stunner before the footlights.
high. Indeed, she pleased one citi-
zen so much that he married her
and took her from the stage. While
quietly darning the family socks the
other day, it would appear. Mrs. ex-
Grace Freeman said she would like
to reappear before the footlights.
Fortunately, Mr. G. F. is rich enough
to afford a light and easy "Sure!"
to such a wish. Therefore this re-
tirement.

The Geisha Revived.

A revival of "The Geisha" makes
many wish some English company
would sing it once more. It is given
by Italians in a forgotten Bowery
theater—that is, forgotten by Broad-
way. The audiences show it by no
means forgotten by every one. We
were Mexico to thank for this enter-
tainment. These Italians had made
a tour of South America and were on
the way to the capital of our neigh-
bor nation, but conditions looked too
unfavorable and so they came to New
York. An Italian Mollie Seymour,
who, by sticking her fingers to her
nose at him, was hardly our idea of
the role; but after all a group of
essentially Italian Jack tars were
hardly more absurd than Caruso's
American ally officer in "Madame
Butterfly." And the singing was de-
lightful—indeed, less—although only
than the management of the orches-
tra, which was truly excellent. It
was in the title role of this opera,
by the way, that Nancy McClatch
made her best and last success.

Women's Secrets

There is one man in the United States who has perhaps heard
more women's secrets than any other man or woman in the
country. These secrets are not secrets of guilt or shame, but
the secrets of suffering, and they have been confided to Dr.
R. V. Pierce in the hope and expectation of advice and help.
That few of these women have been disappointed in their ex-
pectations is proved by the fact that ninety-eight per cent.
of all women treated by Dr. Pierce have been absolutely and
altogether cured. Such a record would be remarkable if the
cases treated were numbered by hundreds only. But when
that record applies to the treatment of more than half-a-
million women, in a practice of over 40 years, it is phenomenal,
and entitles Dr. Pierce to the gratitude accorded him by women, as the first
specialist in the treatment of women's diseases.
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Advertisement for Stenzel's Eczema Liquid, including a bottle illustration and text describing its benefits for skin conditions.

Advertisement for The Right Route East and Route of the Golden State Limited, featuring a table of summer fares to various cities and contact information for Eugene Fox.

Advertisement for Engagement and Wedding Rings, featuring a large diamond ring illustration and contact information for L. L. Gilman.