

Romance of the French Founder of Dubuque

THE story of Julien Dubuque reads like a romance. We have been taught to think of him as "the first white settler in Iowa," and to revere the few bones crumbling under the gray tower on the bluff. But this puts miles of distance between his life and our own.

The early settlers of St. Louis tell of his handsome face, his courtesy and the French grace that was typical of him. All of these characteristics make his life among the Indians most mysterious.

He had been living near Prairie du Chien, where bands of Indians had carried the news of wonderful discoveries of lead near the Great River.

Four years before, the wife of an Indian warrior, Peotia, had discovered a rich mine of lead. A little investigation on the part of Dubuque soon convinced him of its value.

The grant gave him the right to mine on a tract of land extending along the river from the mouth of the Little Maquokete to the cete des Moines, a distance of seven leagues, and running westward about three leagues.

The grant was dated at Prairie du Chien, September 22, 1788. As soon as he had secured the lease he went back to Prairie du Chien for assistants.

As he worked he found time to cultivate the Indians. He learned the habits, superstitions and traditions of the Fox nation, as he learned the language.

In 1805, the year after the departure of Lewis and Clark, the government sent out another expedition to explore the Mississippi valley.

"We were saluted with a field piece by Monsieur Dubuque, the proprietor. There were no horses to take us to the mines, which were six miles west of the river, and it was impossible for me to make an inspection of them from the river.

The shores consist in general of prairie, which, when not immediately bordering the river, can be seen through the skirt of the forest that in some places hie the banks.

It was this fertile soil that supplied a large part of the living to the white settlers. Dubuque encouraged his assistants to make homes for themselves in the strange land.

THE SEAMEN'S INSTITUTE.



FAREWELL SERVICE

WHICH is the way to the Seamen's Institute? The inquiry was made by a short, thick-set youth whose badge, cap, and brass buttons at once told me he was an apprentice.

Upstairs are two comfortable and tastefully furnished rooms for apprentices and officers. Here the chaplain also has his quarters. The chaplain's walls are covered with photographs given as tokens of the respect and gratitude which all feel who come within his influence.

Just then we came in full view of the building itself, the warm light shining from the windows, giving the place a comfortable and cheerful appearance. The chaplain was standing in the doorway, and with a cordial grasp of the hand, he bade us welcome.

I could not help thinking what an inestimable blessing the place must be for such as this boy; arriving here far from home and without a friend; so far as the shore is concerned, where could he go, if it was not for the institute?

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REV. C. CUMMING BRUCE

Livingston, and T. B. Wilcox. In 1901 after two years of excellent work Dr. Hay was transferred to New York, and the present chaplain, the Rev. C. Cumming Bruce, was appointed.

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Strauss, the Robert Browning of Music.

The importance of the work will be best understood when it is realized that this is no isolated effort, but part of a world-embracing scheme by which the church is reaching seamen.

The Mission to Seamen has 168 similar institutes in different parts of the world, and their blue flag is known and honored by seamen in every corner of the globe.

That was sufficiently demonstrated by Wagner, not to mention others. But what is not so clear is whether music is as good a vehicle of philosophy as it is of vision, and that is the whole problem of Strauss.

In the face of such temptation the institute is a veritable harbor of refuge. No wonder a mother writes: 'I don't know what my son would have done without the Mission to Seamen institutes in different parts of the world; they have been the only home he has had during his long absence.

When we get outside the feeling in art we begin to trample about in the field of reason, and reason makes short work of the treasuring emotions not likely to be "Zarathustra" is reasoning in verse. Reasoning is good in a way. But men have never been much awayed by it, and until we live in a world where we are perpetually upset by chance and circumstance and fate they will not be.

Reasoning in prose is futile enough; reasoning in poetry and music is like making marks on the sea sand. It is the greatest of all talents, that, exactly like Browning, Strauss has the highest gifts along the regular and accepted lines of his art.

After all, feeling is best. The reason of man, how foolish, how trivial, how evanescent in the face of the stars! The wisdom of the reasoning domain is the mockery of the feeling of men. Works of art founded on the universal emotions of mankind do not need explanation or apology, and they alone have had the gift of life.

THE DARK BEFORE THE DAWN. O, mystery of the morning gloam. Of haunted air, of windless hush! O, wonder of the deepening dawn. Afar, aloft, the morning's blush! My spirit hears, among the spheres, The round earth's ever-quickening rush!

THE FURST GETS A SOAKING. From the New York Press. "It looks like rain. 'I beg your pardon. 'I say it looks like rain. 'What does it? 'The weather, my dear sir, is a condition. Rain is water in the act of falling from the clouds. It is impossible that they should look alike."

Mr. Martyr Sends a Hurry Call for a Doctor

WHAT IS THE MATTER with Willie's face, Mrs. Martyr? It's all broken out. Don't tell me. I know he has scarlet fever. You can't deceive me.



"I SAY HE HAS SCARLET FEVER, AND I KNOW."

Listen! he's coughing. That's one of the infallible signs, and I know, it is covered with perspiration. That's another. They always have cold sweats when they are coming down with scarlet fever.

Oh, when will you learn to safeguard your children as they should be safeguarded? I warned you when I saw the flag out across the street to keep your children at home. I told you what a terrible thing scarlet fever is; how it leaves children deaf and dumb and blind and bereft of reason; how it spreads from one child to another until a whole family is decimated.

I told you that that baffled medical skill, that calling a physician would be useless, and what you did? You sent your children over to the very house where the terrible malady is raging in all its fury, and allow them to breathe in the infection and come home to die.

Now, please do not interrupt me. I say he has scarlet fever, and I know. You'll call Dr. Skaggs? No, you will not. You ought to know that he belongs to a school of medicine which I disapprove of. I will not have the man in my house. Where was Dr. Dopey? Out of town?

Well, you might have sent him word that your child had been exposed, it seems to me, before he went away. You did know all right when he was exposed. You sent him right into the jaws of the scarlet fever microbe yourself. I suppose that was a ruse of yours to get acquainted with your neighbors, and you imperilled your child's life in order to gratify your paltry social ambitions.

That Mrs. Mascon across the street is not a proper person to know, anyway, and I don't see why you should run after her. She is always gadding downtown when she ought to be at home attending to her children.

Why don't you call that doctor? The boy is coughing again and I know the crisis of the disease will be here in a few minutes, and he will go into a spasm. Then what will you do? Call him immediately. It does seem to me that if I was a doctor like Skaggs, when I was summoned in a life and death case my wife would come at once, instead of dawdling along.

Never mind! Even if I don't approve of him, we have got to have somebody. You have demonstrated your unfitness to meet such a serious catastrophe as that which has befallen our child.



"LET ME FEEL YOUR PULSE."

What did you say, Mrs. Martyr? They had an auction of household goods over at the corner yesterday, and I saw a red flag in front of their house.

Doctor Skaggs. How do you do! I fear my poor child here is in the last stages of scarlet fever. You should have called earlier, sir, but unfortunately, I was not acquainted with his condition until tonight.

Poison ivy? Nonsense; where would he get poison ivy? I tell you it's scarlet fever. I should think a man of your experience would know the disease when you saw it.

None in town? My dear sir, there was a case across the street not three days ago. I saw the flag myself.

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She always worries about the children, and I never can laugh her out of her fears.



"SHE ALWAYS WORRIES ABOUT THE CHILDREN."

From the St. Paul Pioneer Press. Even if the most expensive of the machines on the market were selected they would pay for themselves in two of three elections under our election laws. The saving in rent, clerk hire, stationery and printing and in the compensation of judges because of the shortening of hours and the possible consolidation of precincts would amount to a large sum. One machine that was offered was found inapplicable to our primary election system for some reasons, but this may not be the case with the other approved and tested kinds of voting machines. And even if no machine can be found that is adapted to both primary and final elections it is probable that the use of machines for the final elections alone would be found to effect a heavy saving in expense. The introduction of machines at final elections would expedite the count, insure absolute accuracy, prevent fraud and under contracts, if possible. Probably also a way would be found to adjust them to primary elections when that problem was thoroughly understood. Very little stands in the way of such an adjustment now in the case of the best known type of machine.

From the New York Press. 'I'd give a dollar,' said the man who coddles his stomach, 'to find a cook who doesn't measure. She would gladden my soul. The cook who does things by guess is a rare bird nowadays. She has genius, else she could not dispense with the cart-iron rules that regulate modern cookery, and geniuses are sel-