

THE REVIEW

Entered as Second-Class Matter.

M. T. LAMBY, Editor and Publisher.

FRIDAY, JAN. 25, 1906.

We Can Stand It if England Can. Since Bishop Potter, fresh from across the water, made the statement that the English people do not really like Americans there have appeared in many quarters statements meant to prove or disprove the assertion. The controversy has progressed with some heat, as is usually the case when people rush into print to defend an opinion. Their blood is up or they wouldn't notice trifles. For it is of no consequence to us whether the English or any other people like us or otherwise. We all wish to have the good will of our neighbors and contemporaries, but where the fault is not on our side when we fall to hold it, why, we can go our way with a high head and exclaim, "What's the odds?"

Time has been with Americans were painfully sensitive as to the attitude of Europe toward this new venture in civilized government. We set out to do better for mankind than Europe has ever done. We had our troubles and fifty years or so ago were not just content that the republic would hold out. It was of consequence then that the foreigners thought of us, our traditions and institutions. But since we stood the test of a titanic civil war and came through the fearful ordeal united and vigorous no doubt can be had as to our perpetuity. For the rest who care? This is a government by the people, and so long as the people stand for what is right, it will last. It is to be. Europe may laugh or sneer or turn the cold shoulder altogether. America is full grown and can paddle her own canoe. If as individuals we are conceded it is no novelty. The Briton swells his chest over the fact that his nation's "drumbeat" is heard round the world, the German that his scholars and schools have given the world its philosophy and thought, and the Frenchman points to France as "le home de art, de poésie and de drama magnifique." We can "make good" on our boasts if called upon, but perhaps it is better to let facts talk and save breath. The world is fast finding out how colossal we are. If it doesn't give the full length or give the full measure of appreciation to match the work we do, it is not our fault. England's attitude toward us, it is the same toward all people. The motto of the English is "We never again anything were in on." Follow England's game and you're a good fellow, but play you're own and you're simply "na wsty" that's all.

Another "Century of Dishonor?" It would be hypocritical for us at this time to shed tears over the fate of the Indian, whose treatment at the hands of the American government was characterized by the late Helen Hunt as a "century of dishonor." We looked on and raised no hand in protest, just as we now look on while our less enlightened and humane neighbors, Mexico, does things to the Yaguis which we would blush to admit ever had a parallel in our own dealings with the red man. Mexico is playing her old barbarous game of setting wild beasts in human shape at work upon enemies she cannot conquer in any other way. It was here the practice of Mexico in the days of white colonization when her regular troops were too timid or too deceit to number settlers who dared defy the dictator to betray them by the vilest means into the hands of the most bloodthirsty tribes of the border and call the slaughter an accident. Now she is setting upon the Yaguis the descendants of those intrepid savage warriors to exterminate by Indian tactics the pitiful remnant of this once noble tribe. Some time ago the government began deporting Yaguis from their home in Sonora to the mines of Yucatan. It has been said that once there the captives would be doomed to slavery, which would wipe them out faster than Mexican bullets could do. And there are hints that shipments of the Indians dispatched from Guaymas never landed in Yucatan nor any other civilized country, but were disposed of in the Mexican-Indian fashion, and will never again disturb the quiet of Sonora. The world gets wrought up over cruelties far less deplorable than are reported from Sonora, and yet no word of protest reaches the responsible government. For eight years the Yaguis have been in revolt, and this new stage of man hunting must end in their annihilation, but only after an orgy of despicable cruelties which are a shame to this age. Desperate and cruel the Yaguis are, no doubt, and desperate and cruel they must be in order to match the power which aims to wipe them off the earth.

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THE END OF THE WORLD

By Wm. Hamilton Osborne

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I found Von Minden on that humid, sultry night of the 21st of June—lying the floor of his observatory, a huge box-like room that reared itself on steel legs far above his house. He was in a suppressed state of excitement, which he attempted to conceal as I entered.

"It's no use," I said to him. "I cannot work to-night. And, anyway, I'm going to the strikers' meeting. Wait you to come along, if you can."

He sprang to his feet and opened the window. "Look! Put your hand out here!" I did so. When I drew it in, it was sprinkled with a few small specks of what resembled soft coal soot.

"Rub your hands together," said Von Minden. "Now look at them. Where I had rubbed and where each speck had been there was a small greasy smear of a bright red color. I glanced up at him, inquiringly. "What are these?" I asked. He laughed a strange laugh.

"Those," he responded, "are the germs of lunacy. That's all." He laughed again. I looked at him anxiously. Though his mind was wandering under the terrific heat, I glanced involuntarily out of the window. It had become dark stuporously early for the 21st day of June. The moon was high in the heavens. As I glanced at it I leaped from my chair.

"Von Minden," I cried aloud, "look at that!" Von Minden sprang to the window. The moon was full and large—glared as fire. That was not all. The whole town seemed to be on fire. A thick haze had settled down upon the housetops, and like the moon, the haze was red as flame.

Von Minden stood with outstretched arm. "It's come!" he exclaimed. "The great epidemic of lunacy has come." He pointed far out into the space beyond.

The strikers met that night in an old, abandoned skating rink—a large, rambling wooden structure. It was filled to overflowing. A loud-voiced, red-faced demagogue stood in the rostrum, surrounded by an excited mass of humanity. We were late—Von Minden and myself. The speaker had had time to raise his hearers to a pitch of fury.

"It's a good time," he cried, "a good thing to be here, really easy 'n' quiet. What the h—dye mean by it? D'ye know what's happenin' up town these days?"

And the Men Went with Him.

Whiles were sweeter'n' daze here, you whiterived brooder! D'ye know that McDevitt, the oppressor—McDevitt, that calls himself your boss 'n' mine—d'ye know that McDevitt holds open house to-night for the silk stockings' crowd, while you 'n' me, starvin' 'n' ehokin'?" His house is ablaze with light—wine is flowin' like water. The sky is rainin' hot to-night! He cried. "Let those boys who will, I'm goin' to McDevitt's hall. Who'll come where Mullen leads the way?"

He leaped to the floor and plunged through the crowd and out of the door, with sheer grunting him as he went. And the men went with him, pulling guns and knives from their pockets, picking up stones and staves as they went along, with Mullen at their head. We followed them.

McDevitt's was ablaze with lights—but not for long. As we approached the house, it suddenly became dark. Some one produced a torch and held the house, filled as it was with horror-stricken guests. The flames spread, curling up on all sides.

Suddenly the clanging of many bells was heard upon the night air. Von Minden and I looked in the direction from which the sound came. It was help! Half a dozen horseless fire engines were charging down the hill. They drew up on the outskirts of the crowd. The water-butts were near where Von Minden and I stood—the crowd had forgotten it. Now they surged around it, and we were caught.

The firemen tried to get their machines through the throng. "Let us through!" they cried. "No!" yelled the crowd.

At the water-butts near which I stood, one of the crowd, a burly fellow, was waving a row of nuts and around his head. The firemen with their hoses tried to get near, but time and again he beat them off. I watched him.

"I don't know what happened. Everything was red before my eyes. I was conscious only that something fell with a thud to the ground—something that the crowd trampled under foot, and that the firemen were attaching the hose—and that I had done it."

"Blood! Blood!" I cried in a wild frenzy, breaking away from the crowd and running up the street. "Blood!"

"As I ran a great number of police officers passed me, on their way to the riot. Their eyes were wild and bloodshot."

I staggered on until I reached Von Minden's house. He had got there before me.

"Von Minden!" I cried, beating the door frantically. He came out, and I started back in surprise. Von Minden it was, but he was completely encased, from the waist up, in a metal cylinder that surrounded his body. It was full of holes and emitted a white vapor that almost completely enveloped him.

He laughed. "Steam!" he cried. "It's the only thing—the only thing I dole for the madness. Wait!" He opened a small valve, and out came a flood of steam. Instantly the blood left my brain. For the first time in hours I felt like a rational being.

Then he produced another portable generator and attached it to my person.

"We must go, Anson," he explained. "In the case of humanity."

We then proceeded to the two leading newspaper offices and dictated notes for their bulletins, directing everybody to keep their windows shut, to keep indoors, and to keep their kettles steaming. Von Minden and myself as we went through the streets, cried: "Steam! Steam!" to all whom we met.

The sun rose the next morning—soaked a sun as last night's moon had been—and wherever shone the sun that day, it shone down upon ruin and disaster. The whole world woke to find itself a good deal.

The next day every state in the union was clamoring for one man—Von Minden—the federal government most of all. A special session of congress was called. Congress had experimented with Von Minden's steam generators. They sent for mechanics and engineers from every state, and called Von Minden in. Inside of 48 hours Von Minden's apparatus was being manufactured and distributed all over the country.

In a week, however, the officials and Von Minden with them—began to take up to the fact that while steam was the great remedy, it was a remedy that the masses didn't want. To them madness was intoxication—they preferred it to sanity.

It was independent, July 1st, that the crisis came. On that day, from every town and city in the United States, by prearrangement, men by thousands and tens of thousands, started on their way, yet with semblance of order, bound for one common destination.

They were bound for Washington. They had become anarchists. They had determined to wipe out the United States government—the president, congress, and every department.

On July 15, that fateful day, they stood with Von Minden on top of the Washington monument.

The mob had surrounded the city. The entire government had left it, and was speeding west by separate routes.

At a preconcerted signal the mob entered. Nothing could have kept them out, and no attempt was made to do so. Von Minden sat at my side with his finger on a button. He was ready at any time to let loose upon the mass of humanity powerful jets of steam that would either kill or cure. For awhile there was no disorder. The great army entered, rank upon rank, and every street and every park. They were there to destroy, but to destroy within the time came. Suddenly we heard murmurs—something was wrong.

At that moment Von Minden pressed the button. A hot steam "breath" happened. Something was wrong. Von Minden became himself almost a raving lunatic.

"What the devil is the matter?" he yelled. Again and again he tried his apparatus. It would not work. The crowd had evidently cut his wires. He was about to descend to investigate himself, but I held him back.

THE PURSE AND THE PRISONER

By ALFRED HURRY

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Horvath)

Possibly she felt my gaze, for she turned. And her face was worthy of her figure. Two bright blue eyes met mine for an instant before their owner walked on. I stood still. I was a bit over those wrinkled pockets, and seconds before I had never seen.

I gazed after her till she was out of sight. Then I gazed at the sacred spot on the pavement where she had stood. I looked there for a little space. I picked it up reverently and hastened after her; but she was lost in the throng of Broadway.

I reached Twenty-third street and turned and retraced my steps, and presently I saw the girl again. She was gazing into another shop window. I picked my way delicately through the feminine crowd. My arm brushed hers, and the blood rushed from my heart to my ears. She turned. Our eyes met. And, by all the saints in heaven, her eyes were brown! It was not she, but some other girl dressed exactly like her.

"My hand fell from my hat, and I gasped an apology. I was wriggling away, when a hand grasped my wrist and tried to wrest the purse from me. I turned and beheld a large man in ill-fitting clothes.

"Ah, would you," he said. "Quiet!" He dug his knuckles into the back of my hand. I restrained a fierce desire to inflict similar treatment on his countenance. "Let go, you ass! Can't you see I'm not a pick-pocket? I picked up this purse five minutes ago, and—"

"Yes, I've heard all that before, several times, but I don't want to hear it again. Have you lost your purse, miss?"

The girl with the brown eyes searched for her pocket, found it, and then felt in it.

"Yes, 'havel'," she exclaimed. "I broke into a cold perspiration. Wrenching my wrist free I held out the purse. 'But this is not your purse.' 'But it is,' she said. 'Let go, you ass!'"

"But it is. Oh, you had, wicked man! I felt you take it!" This settled the matter. I was marched off between two policemen. The girl and the detective went in a cab.

When brought before the magistrate she made a pretense of being distressed in tears, and pathetically besought the authorities to release me.

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"Look, look!" I cried. "Below!" It is quite unnecessary for me to describe it. The mass of citizens below, in its frenzy and disappointment, had become uncontrollable—they had become a mob of rage, growing themselves, not upon the city, not against the public buildings, but upon one another. All day long that force battle raged within the streets of the city. It was not men it was men—it was man against man.

It was man against man. I was conscious only that something fell with a thud to the ground—something that the crowd trampled under foot, and that the firemen were attaching the hose—and that I had done it."

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