

not reduced to the necessity of waiting for the kindly offices of a bishop, the initiative of the profit-monger nor the paternalism of the plutocrat, that their children may receive the benefits of a higher education; but, organized for self-help, and with the machinery of their governments, constructed by themselves and improvable at their own option, they have gone about the work of providing for the higher education of their children in their own way; and impelled by their own initiative, in their state normal schools, technical schools, agricultural colleges and universities, with characteristic independence and practical instinct, they are furnishing free to all comers the water of the higher education.

Church schools and money-making schools and schools endowed by millionaires may come and go; there is room for them in this free country if they can occupy and hold it; but of one thing we may rest assured—the state institution for the higher education, the one institution of its class which is of right, and, in fact, of, for and by the people, has come to stay; and to it we shall learn more and more to look as the institution of higher learning, and a bulwark of our liberties.

WHAT LIES BEHIND ROYAL ASSASSINATION.

The latest successful attempt on the life of royalty by an anarchist, whereby the accomplished and philanthropic empress of Austria has met a cruel death at the hands of an assassin, again revives discussion of the question: What shall be done with the anarchists? The dastardly deed which all Europe is mourning has apparently brought no nearer the solution of the problem. True, additional safeguards and precautions have been taken to guard the persons of the royal family, but this is merely a makeshift, and manifestly does nothing to remove the causes which breed anarchy and anarchists.

A study of the antecedents of the assassin of the empress of Austria may serve to indicate in some degree the circumstances and conditions under which men of his stamp are reared. He is said to have never known his father or mother. Brought up in a charity school in Parma, Italy, at the age of ten years he was thrown on the streets without resources. Having worked as a common laborer until he was 20 years of age, he entered the Italian army. After serving three and a half years he became valet du chambre to the prince of Aragon,

which position, although apparently a desirable one, he held only for three months. Then anarchist ideas began to possess his mind, and, to use his own words, prevented him from "remaining in servitude." Of his subsequent wanderings the assassin gives a somewhat vague account, but he seems to have seldom obtained employment because of his antipathy to "servitude." According to his own statement, he committed the deed "in order that such crimes, following one upon another, might cause all who impoverish the populace to tremble and shiver." Without doubt, if this was the purpose of the murderer he has fully accomplished it. Whether the act was due to a mere impulse, or was the outcome of a preconceived and well-laid plot, royalty throughout Europe is trembling, and extraordinary precautions are being taken to prevent a repetition of the act in other directions. The question what form of punishment shall be meted out to this particular assassin appears to have been given altogether too much prominence. Death, of course, would be, according to the consensus of opinion throughout the civilized world, none too severe for such a criminal; but it appears that Geneva, where the tragedy was enacted, is one of the ten cantons of Switzerland in which the death penalty is not inflicted. The extreme penalty, therefore, must be imprisonment for life, with solitary confinement. This form of punishment is generally conceded to be worse than death. But no matter what the punishment meted out to assassins of royalty—even though horrible torture were included—the deterrent effect would doubtless be unappreciable. Anarchy is merely one form of expression of the implacable hatred of the ruling classes entertained by a considerable proportion of the population, who believe that they are being ground down and despoiled, deprived of their rights and liberties, made beasts of burden by the prevailing social and governmental systems, and unless this implacable hatred and resentment can be in some way removed, we may expect to see a recrudescence, more or less frequent, of these anarchist attempts.—Editorial in Albany Law Journal.

THE KLONDIKE LAST WINTER.

Extracts from an article on "A Winter's Work in the Klondike," written by Tappan Adney, special correspondent for Harper's Weekly, at Dawson, under date of March 15, 1898, and published in Harper's Weekly for October 1. Mr. Adney spent last winter in the Klondike country.

Dawson is now, or is about to become one of the world's great mining camps, yet little that is authentic is

known of the vast region in which it is located. . . .

The country lies under a thick bed of moss, even to the tops of the hills, and under this moss the ground is mostly frozen as far as one can dig. When this moss is stripped off, the ground thaws readily enough. Formerly, all gold work was conducted by stripping and washing in summer. About three years ago it was discovered that the ground could be thawed by burning, which opens up the whole winter, till then spent in idleness, for work.

The streams here are not what are called bed-rock streams—that is, the water does not run over a rocky bed—but under the present streams is a deposit of decayed vegetable mold or peat, called muck. This muck is often of great depth—in one place in a part of Bonanza, 48 feet. Under this is gravel, then the bed-rock. The gold lies in this gravel, and not only on, but in the bed-rock. For bed-rock in miners' parlance does not necessarily mean hard rock, but anything that will catch and hold the particles of gold as the water carries it down.

The hole which is sunk is usually about three by five feet. Each fire burns down about a foot, and is usually started at night. By morning the hole is clear of smoke, the earth is softened and can be lifted out. When the hole has been sunk ten feet, or as deep as a man can shovel, a windlass is set up, and the dirt is hoisted out in a square board bucket, and lifted upon the dump. Every little while, after gravel is reached, a pailful is taken to the cabin and washed out, and by this it is known when "pay" is reached. When the creek bed is wide, or when there has been much sliding in, several holes will often have to be sunk in a line across the creek from rim to rim, and there connected by drifting, before the pay, which lies in the old bed of the stream, is found. It will thus be seen that much time, both of actual work and "dead work," is consumed making any prospect of a claim. When one stands on the Dome and sees the miles of creeks all staked to their sources, likewise every pup, he realizes the years that will elapse, and the thousands of men that must work, before what is in every claim can be known. . . .

The evidence that the gold is not from one, perhaps distant, source, brought hither by glacier or river, is that the gold in creeks adjacent is dissimilar and easily distinguishable. El Dorado gold is paler, being more silver, than Bonanza gold. Hunker is

purest of all. The gold has come from the disintegrating of the quartz in the immediate vicinity. There is one curious thing: the "bench" claims, on the side of the hill above the creek claims are paying sometimes more than the creek. This is especially so about the Skookums, just below El Dorado. The largest nuggets, one of \$455, found this winter, came from a bench on Skookum; another, of \$262, came from a bench on El Dorado.

In consequence of these finds, the whole side of the creek, from the lower numbers of El Dorado down to Little Skookum, has been staked out to the fourth tier, holes have been sunk to bed-rock, and the most sensational discoveries have been made. The singular thing is that even though abutting on Bonanza, they bear El Dorado gold, showing that at one time the old bed of El Dorado ran across these benches. In further corroboration of this belief, which prevails here, it has been observed on Bonanza that ledge crops out every few claims on the creek. The claims at the crossing of the ledge are barren, but just below is the gold, coarse gold, and the farther down one goes the finer and more scattered the gold, until it peters out. Below the next ledge the same is repeated. At the present time, below the ledge, scores of men are piling the dirt into large dumps. As one goes down, the dumps grow smaller and there is less work being done, while at the end the men have thrown up their lays, leaving the deserted windlasses and dumps.

It is really impossible to know what is being got on the creeks. The mine-owners cannot be expected to tell, and, as a rule do not. The reports of rich finds are generally, though not always, the invention of those with interests in the creeks to boom. . . .

The ground is not frozen in all places; there are spots where one can go down 20 feet through thawed ground. Probably this is due to the presence of warm springs, for in all the creeks there is a flow of water from springs on the side of the hill that often fills the creek-bed with so-called "glaciers," and puts a stop to work in the holes by filling them up.

The present method of working is most primitive and wasteful. With wages at \$1.50 an hour, all that will pay to work is a small and exceedingly uncertain "streak" of "pay." Color, even ten cents to the pan, is hardly "pay," and if nothing more is found, the prospect is abandoned, or more holes sunk. There may be an immense quantity of gravel showing that much, but they

can only afford to work that portion of it which goes as high as 25 cents. The drain that this makes on the resources of a mining region will be better understood when it is known that the hydraulic propositions have been profitable at as low as ten cents to the cubic yard, a cubic yard containing some 200 panfuls. The method of sluicing, too, is wasteful, no means being employed to save the fine gold which goes off in the tailings. If some cheaper method could be employed, or even if wages were reduced to, say, five dollars a day, the value of every mine in the region would be doubled or trebled.

If every winter is as mild as the present one and last year's, the climate need not deter anyone of fairly cheerful disposition and good lungs from coming into this country. The Yukon has not frozen this winter, an air-hole remaining in front of Dawson all winter, while the Klondike is open in hundreds of places, and remains open under nothing less than a covering of snow, which makes it exceedingly dangerous to travel except on the beaten trails. The Indians always use a stick, with which they feel the way. There has never been a time this winter when one could traverse, say, Sulphur or Too Much Gold, without getting wet, often over one's moc-casins. In consequence of the water in the creeks, there have been a number of freezings on stampedes. The temperature has not been lower this winter than 65 degrees below, but this temperature is withstood without any discomfort by one provided, after the way of the country, with fur-lined mittens and a sufficiency of foot-gear. The hands, feet and face are all that need to be guarded, the smallest amount of covering sufficing to keep the body warm. Buffalo coats are wholly out of place, deerskins and drill "parkas" being worn over woolens or moose-hide. The winters are dark and somber. We are far south of the Arctic circle, no further north than parts of Norway. The sun does not wholly disappear in midwinter, but appears for five or six hours, or say from ten to three. On this account wages at \$1.50 an hour are far from being \$15 a day. Six or seven is nearer the mark. In the deep gulches and on the north sides of hills there is practically no sun, merely a glow in the southeast that dies away in the southwest.

The summers are short, but the amount of sunlight is great, and vegetation springs up in profusion. Potatoes have been raised at Forty Mile, and no doubt other vege-

tables will be grown. The mosquitoes here are very bad, but they are also very bad not a thousand miles from New York city. Last July, in the very papers that were sensationally serving up the horrors of this arctic region, was described the death of a baby from mosquitoes in New Jersey. Had that happened here, what a morsel it would have been for the sensation-mongers! The Indians find smoke sufficient protection, but the white population mostly wear veils over wide-brimmed hats. It is in the low country, down river, that the mosquitoes are so bad. At the mouth of the Tanana a horse was stung to death in a night. They tell of the Tanana country that when a man wanted to see the sun, he had to throw a club up into the air.

The river at one time supported a large Indian population that maintained an existence on meat and fish. The natives are dying off rapidly, until there are scarcely over a hundred at Dawson, but the food supply remains the same. Moose are very plentiful on the Klondike to its headwaters. The Indians have been hunting all winter and killed large numbers. The miners are driving them further away from Dawson, but almost every day come reports of moose killed on Bonanza, Hunker, etc. The foothills of the Rockies are the range of the reindeer. A herd of 10,000 to 20,000 passed across the head of the Klondike last autumn. They are abundant on the head of Forty Mile. Fur-bearing animals are somewhat scarce, but a short time ago were more plentiful. They are mink, marten, otter, beaver, weasel or ermine, rabbit, lynx and wolverines. The wolves do not venture near the lower Klondike, but all winter a herd have made their center of operations about the forks, 40 miles up. . . .

The snowfall this winter is about three feet, and is exceedingly light, so much so that in the early winter snowshoeing was exceedingly difficult. The snowfalls are not large and permanent. There is a general absence of heavy snow clouds here. Almost the only evaporation is from air-holes on the Yukon. From them a mist arises which hangs low in the gulches, making it at times a trifle raw. This mist turns into a gentle snow, which day by day falls, adding imperceptibly to the total depth. One result of the absence of wind in early winter is that the snow accumulates on the trees as nowhere else, in masses the size of hogs-heads, bending the birches and spruces quite to the ground. By the middle of January the winds have begun to

shake the snow off; by the middle of March it is about all gone.

Very many have lived in tents all winter, with stoves, in comfort. The chief drawback is that the blankets every morning are covered with dense frost, which must be dried out. There are some men who take their first colds when they go into a cabin.

There has been a great amount of scurvy. Half the patients in the hospital are suffering from scurvy. Scurvy manifests itself in a variety of ways; it is a state of the system resulting from poor cooking and lack of a variety of food. Those bringing outfits into the country should not stint themselves in the least, but provide themselves with every variety of the best food that money can buy. Spruce tea is the remedy for scurvy, a simple and effective one, as well as a preventive, in a measure. . . .

Assuming, what is not the case under present conditions, that every claim thus far staked contains pay, and allowing that two men can work out 50 feet across in a year, it requires 150,000 men to work out every claim. The number required, in fact, would be much less, but when the unlocated regions elsewhere are considered these figures will afford some notion of the work needed to develop the placers, while if the quartz shall prove profitable the Yukon will support a tremendous working population. Few have realized the possibilities of this country. There is no need of lying, as it is to be expected those having interests here will do. What was considered wildcat the other day, is solid investment. But this is not yet the place for the man with a few dollars. Every man will not make a fortune. Thousands of disappointed men will go back, broken in health, many of them, and broken in fortune, but wiser and more apt to be content with home.

Cornwall, England, is a puzzle to the sage criminologist and sapient sociologist. Cornwall is intellectually as low as Englishmen can get. No other section of the empire can show so small an attendance in the schools. Nowhere should we expect to find crime more rampant, if we are to credit those who claim that education is an antidote for all moral ills, a curer for all crime. For some reason the results do not bear out these claims. Instead of being more criminal than any other section of the empire, it is decidedly less. Frequently the judge who comes to hold court is presented with a pair of white gloves as a token that no crimes have been committed and that there are no

cases to try. Nowhere, except in Ireland, and there very rarely, is such a thing heard of. The people are poor and industrious. They work hard and do not dissipate. Wise essays have been written to explain the phenomenon, but the nearest anyone has come to explaining it is to call it a coincidence.—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

An official report made by Gen. Calixto Garcia, recently commander of the Cuban forces in the province of Santiago, to Gen. Gomez, the Cuban Commander-in-Chief, deals at length with the statement that Cuban troops fired on the officers and men from Admiral Cervera's squadron after the warships had been abandoned and the men were encamped on the shore. Gen. Garcia says that Admiral Cervera and his men endeavored to escape eastward by land to Santiago after the destruction of the squadron, and that the sailors surrendered to the Cubans after the latter had fired a volley at them.—N. Y. Evening Post.

According to the newspaper reports there is a brave little girl living in Colorado Springs. In the terrible fire of the last day of September, which swept away two railroad stations, the great Antlers hotel and much other property.

A one-story, three-roomed house, as dry as tinder and in the very center of the fire's pathway, escaped unscathed through the courage of a 14-year-old girl. She climbed to the roof with a garden hose and stuck to her post, although the air was almost suffocating about her and burning timbers were flying everywhere. Once a burning board struck her in the back and felled her to the roof, but she climbed back and remained on the top of the house until the clouds of flame and smoke and debris had swept on.

Gen. Wheeler took up the common report that the Cubans stole goods discarded. It was not fair, he said, to thus accuse the natives, for there was so much of this flotsam and jetsam that, hungry and poorly clothed as the Cubans were, they were not to be blamed for helping themselves.—Gen. Wheeler's testimony before Commission of Investigation.

Once in awhile Mark Twain has taken a hand in politics. On one occasion, being invited to speak in the interest of his fellow townsman, General Joseph Hawley, who was a candidate for reelection to the United States senate, he said: "General Hawley deserves your support, although he has about as much influence in purifying the senate as a bunch of flowers would have in sweetening a glue factory. But he's all right; he never would turn any poor beggar away from his door empty-

handed. He always gives them something—almost without exception a letter of introduction to me, urging me to help them."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Count Leo Tolstoy recently visited a famishing locality in the Orel province, Russia. He found that the peasants' food consisted of "soup" made of grass, and of an insufficient quantity of rye bread. When he wished to change a banknote of three roubles (about \$2.50 in value) he found this to be impossible, as the whole village did not possess so much as one rouble!—Commonwealth.

Would our armies have been raised, clothed, maintained, or kept together without paper money? Without it, the war would have stood still, resistance to tyranny would have stopped, and despotism with all its horrid appurtenances, must have depressed our country.—Patrick Henry, in 1791.

We anticipate pleasure in seeing Capt. Mahan demonstrate that the real cause of the Khalifa's collapse was his defect as a sea power. It seems he had no warships at all, and had to run away on camels, jettisoning his wives in the desert as he went.—Life.

It seems pretty hard when we are getting the worst of it to be told that the best is the cheapest.—Puck.

"What is a sonnet?"

"A poem of 14 lines, not necessarily unintelligible."—Puck.

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