

FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By F. O. Alexander
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In Make-up



Little Journeys in Americana

By LESTER B. COLBY

The State That Never Was
MANITOWMIE, the state that never was. Manitowmie, an Algonquin word. It means the "Land of God." Bold settlers planned that state, which would have been an island of civilization surrounded by red-skinned savages, so long ago that the story is all but forgotten.

Gold towns have risen in our golden west, caused tumults, scattered wealth, decayed and become Ghost Cities. But the metals that lured a host of men to what might have been Manitowmie still come out of the ground. They have been coming out of the ground for 200 years; since 1728. It was North America's first mining rush.

Philip Renault, a Frenchman, brought in more than a hundred Santo Domingo negroes in 1728 and started to sink shafts. He had with him almost as many artisans in silver. They had been enlisted in his cause in northern France, Belgium and Holland.

Renault was a friend of John Law, brains of that vast scheme which has come down in history as the Mississippi Bubble. Law got the trading concessions to the Mississippi valley from France. It was the first great venture in blue sky promotion. The Compagnie d'Occident was started with 100,000,000 livres capital.

The Banque Royale and the Compagnie des Indes, which followed, created a frenzy in France. The excitement was at its height in 1729. Law offered 50,000 shares for sale in the Compagnie des Indes and 300,000 profit-mad people battled for right to buy them.

All this excitement was started as the result of rumors coming down the river that vast treasures of silver lay somewhere up the Mississippi valley waiting to be taken out. Perhaps it was the greatest mining excitement that the world has ever known.

So Philip Renault, his hundred black slaves and his artisans in silver went up the Mississippi. They stopped where the fabulous silver mines were supposed to be. Here today stands Galena, Illinois. They sunk their shafts and found lead.

Never since Philip Renault opened those shafts in 1728 have the mines of the Galena district been wholly closed. For more than a hundred years his Santo Domingo slaves, and their descendants burrowed in those holes.

For more than 150 years Galena was a wild mining camp. Everything was wide open, the lid off—gambling, liquor, bad men and worse women; hell and pistols popping in every block. Galena was a city when Chicago was a village. It had a daily newspaper seven years before Chicago got one.

In its heyday Galena had a population of 30,000. That included Rag town where the floaters lived. Galena was built on the Fever river. It had brave stone wharves where Mississippi river steamers tied up. The wharves with iron rings in them are still there, but the river is gone; little more than a rivulet now.

General Grant marched down the main street of Galena one day with a black pipe between his teeth and a carpet-bag grip in one hand. He was going to war. He had been a sort of village n'er-do-well. He came back, years later, President!

Abraham Lincoln and Zachary Taylor, both later to become Presidents, helped to defend Galena during the Black Hawk war. Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederacy, and Albert Sidney Johnston, his general, who fell at Shiloh, both sought fortunes in the Galena mining excitement.

James J. Hill, who became an empire builder, learned his knowledge of transportation as a baggage smasher on the Galena wharves. The Washburnes, flour kings, who figured large in making Minneapolis, got their first dollars there.

Galena was the center of a rough, detached, isolated settlement of white men for many years. This district, now a part of Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota and Wisconsin, hundreds of square miles in its roughest places, the peaks of some ancient, weathered-off mountains, was never covered by the glacial cap.

It was this unglaciated area, so quickly settled because of its mineral deposits, that the early settlers planned to form into a state apart. It was to have been the state of Manitowmie—Land of God. The state that never was.

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Coffee Held in Esteem

Coffee was in use by the Abyssinians early in the Fifteenth century and was said to have been a drink in that country from time immemorial. It did not come into European homes until much later, the first coffee house in London being opened in 1652. It advertised the virtues of the new Arabian drink as follows:

"It much quickens the spirits and makes the heart lightsome; it is good against sore eyes and the better if you hold your head over it and take in the steam that way. It is excellent to prevent and cure the dropsy, gout and scurvy."—Detroit News.

THE FEATHERHEADS

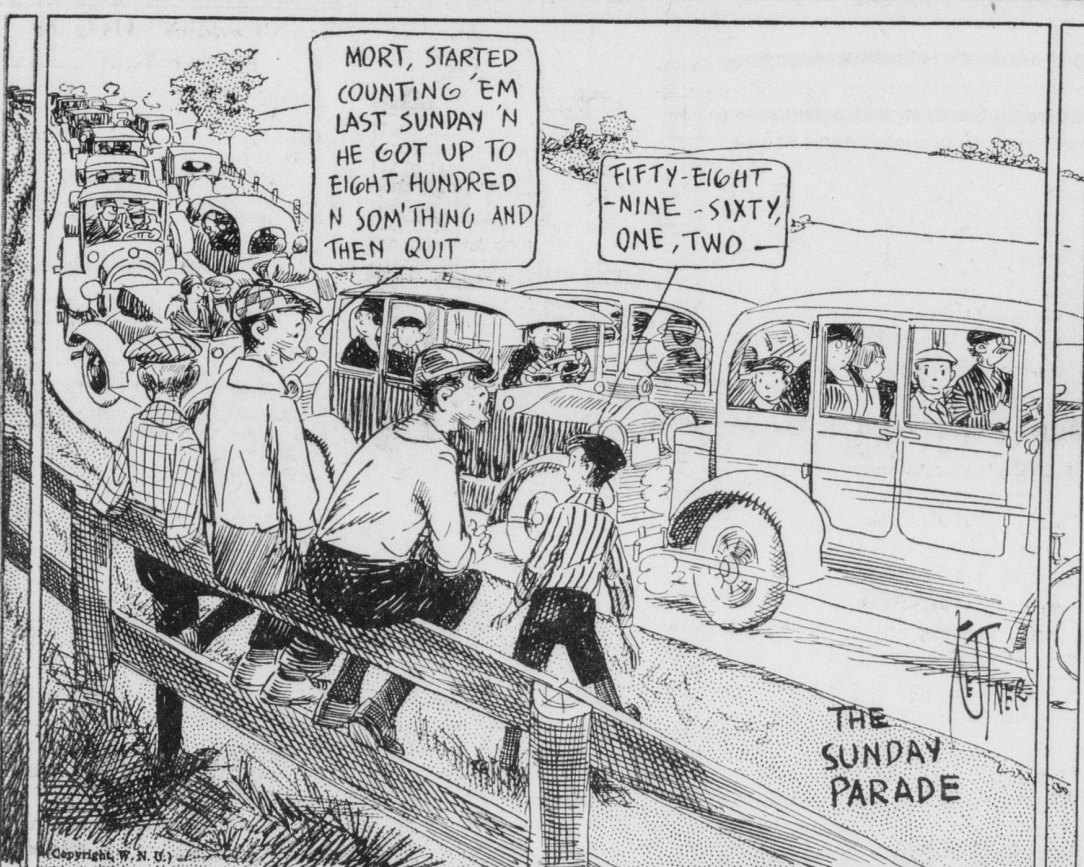
By Osborne
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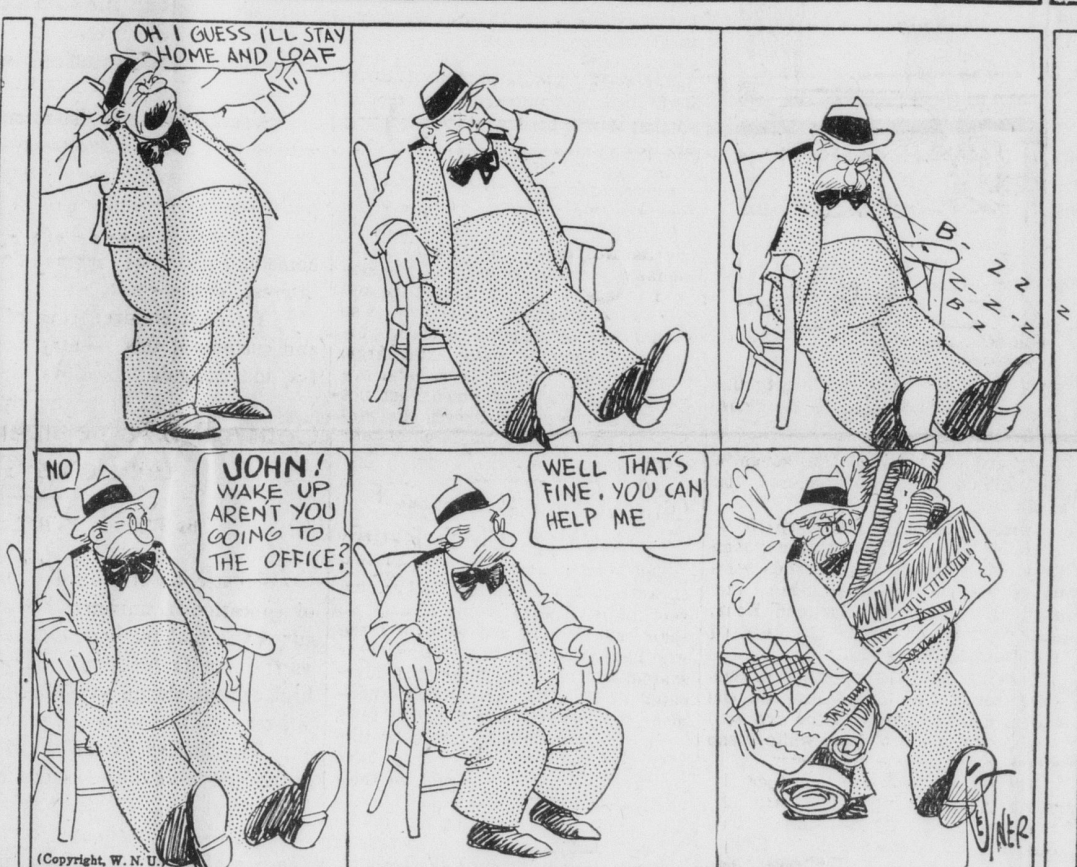
Just One of Those Things



Along the Concrete



Our Pet Peeve



MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughrue
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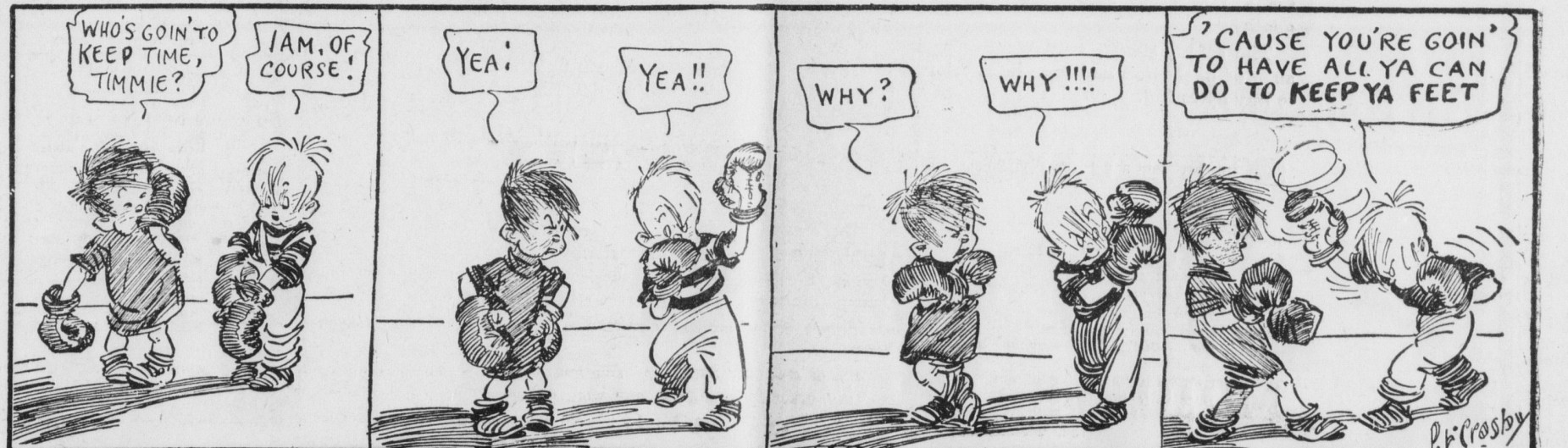
The Boss Never Took a Lesson in His Life



The Clancy Kids
Evidently, Timmie's Friend Doesn't Trust Him



By PERCY L. CROSBY
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Life

And convinced men they didn't... Don't diet, and remember Phillips... Always effective... It's important; it's important; it's important...

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