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The War Department, at Washington, has just hired twenty-three dentists, and it is safe to say that each of them had a pull or he wouldn't have secured his job.

As in all the other civilized countries so in the United States population tends away from the country and toward the cities. Whereas twenty-nine per cent. of our people lived in towns of over 8000 inhabitants in 1890, over thirty-two per cent. of them are now living in towns of that size. Especially in the North Atlantic group of States is the population crowding more and more into the cities and large towns. Nearly fifty in every 100 of the inhabitants of those States, which include New York and New England, are city dwellers.

The Electrical Review remarks that there is a noticeable falling away in the number of fires that are attributed to "electric wires." Whether this is due to an increasing morality on the part of fire marshals, or whether some other fashionable cause has sprung up, is hard to say. For years past the electric wire has borne the brunt of attacks from various sources, and its responsibility for every mysterious fire has hardly been questioned—except by those who know something about electric wires. It is to be hoped that the slow progress of common sense will finally remove from electrical conductors the unjust odium they have so long borne and lead to a more correct popular understanding of the real causes of conflagration.

It was said by Margaret Fuller, "The only object in life is to grow." In the light of the scientific interpretation of life this saying is full of meaning, for growth is necessary to continued and successful existence. Whatever does not grow has already been taken possession of by death. When there is effort, there is growth or development, but, when there is cessation of effort, there is stagnation or death. The scientific term for stagnation is atrophy or degeneration, but these are only other names for what results when growth ceases. Work, struggle, effort, produces growth or evolution, but laziness, cessation of effort, refusal to toil, results in degeneration or atrophy, a slow but certain failure of our powers, reflects the Christian Register.

Ginseng Farms in Wisconsin.
Before the days of the triumph of the buzz saw in Wisconsin, the woods abounded in ginseng, but with the cutting away of the forest the source of the supply diminished. Not only is this true in Wisconsin, but in all other States as well. In order to meet the increasing demand which has come with the decreasing supply several ginseng farms have been established in Wisconsin, the most celebrated of which is that of Emanuel Lewis, at Hemlock, as well as those of H. S. Seymour, at Richland Centre, and W. G. Palmer, of Boynton. Mr. Lewis was the first man in the State to conceive the idea of propagating the root and now has over 36,000 healthy plants. The product brings over four dollars a pound at the present time. There are others who desire to engage in the ginseng culture, but find it difficult to obtain either the plants or seed at a reasonable price. The unabated demand for the root in the Orient keeps the price at such a mark that it would be unprofitable to use the roots in starting a farm, and the seeds are so rare that they sell for one dollar per ounce. The root is almost exclusively used by the Chinese for nearly every ailment.—New York Sun.

Bumkins Island, near Hull, Mass., was given to Harvard College by Samuel Ward, a friend of old John Harvard, and it cannot be sold outright. It has, however, been leased to A. C. Burrage, of Boston, for 399 years, and he will build a hospital on it, and make it a free summer home for the crippled children of Boston.

BELZIE, A WASHOE CANARY.

The Subterranean Siren of Steamboat Springs.

BY JOHN HAROLD HAMLIN.

Belzie was a good mule—yet he had seen better days—and in view of the fact that his ribs were protruding in a truly remarkable style, and that his labors had been unusually steady and entirely creditable, it was deemed advisable to grant him a holiday. Therefore Belzie's driver, Tim Murdock, led him out of the great Suro Tunnel and where he cast off the halter and turned loose a mule to a week's holiday.

Belzie blinked his brown eyes. The bright, hot sunlight dazzled his visionary organs. Four years under ground is conducive to blindness, and Belzie had pulled ore cars in the drifts of the deep Constock mines, and trotted to and fro through the Suro Tunnel fully that length of time. So Belzie blinked his eyes and gazed about him in a dumfounded manner. He didn't know whether to be pleased with his unusual freedom of movement, or to be alarmed at the existence of such a brilliant atmosphere.

Perhaps Belzie remained on that particular spot for a week or so longer. It is certain, however, that as soon as the sun dropped behind the crest of bald old Mt. Davidson, the mule seemed relieved; he grew quite sportive by the time night's sable pall fell upon the dreary landscape. Thus did the overworked mule's vacation begin; the days slipped by, and ere long the bony, long-eared, solemn-looking Belzie became a familiar object as he roamed about the Virginia hills.

Strange things will happen, and it became apparent that this visible-ribbed donkey was thriving on his sage brush diet. His master noted the fact, and decided to terminate Belzie's furlough. Mules were none too plentiful just then; work was pressing, and, take it all around, Belzie could ill be spared, especially since he no longer cut the same figure as did the rack of bones that emerged from Suro Tunnel four weeks previous. So Tim Murdock was detailed to round-up the rejuvenated Belzie. His accustomed haunts were searched, no brown mule with the peculiar markings of Belzie could be discovered. Inquiries were made, but no one remembered seeing him within the last week. Finally the stage driver informed Tim that he "seen a mule ambling down Geiger Grade, pretty close to Steamboat Springs, day before yesterday." This seemed a self-evident clue, and Tim got an extra day off, mounted a spare mule, and struck out in pursuit of the wandering Belzie.

Steamboat is noted for its hot springs, geysers and the altogether extraordinary formations in and about that locality. These springs are a favorite resort for natural scientists, and offer a splendid field to the researchers of geologists.

There happened to be a particularly zealous professor sojourning at Steamboat about the same time Belzie was rustling for a new growth of bone and muscle. Two prospectors, firmly believing they had struck a "bonanza," were extending an old tunnel in a hillside, about half a mile from the main springs and geysers of Steamboat. Quite a friendship sprang up between the young professor and these two miners. The three made frequent expeditions, bent on investigating the wonders of hot springs, surmising causes and effects of internal heat, and the prospectors listened in utter fascination to the theories propounded by Professor Mellins.

One sultry night a heavy earthquake shook up a goodly portion of western Nevada and California. It played odd tricks in and about Steamboat Springs. The main geyser went dry. When Professor Mellins discovered this fact, his rapture knew no bounds. He recorded voluminous notes on the natural phenomenon, and began the preparation of exhaustive lectures for future classes to digest. While busily engaged in jotting down notes, and gazing into the cavernous dry vent of the erstwhile geyser, the two prospectors hovered in sight. They were breathless, tired, yet gasped out a voluble and excited description of an unprecedented freak of nature that had taken place on the site of their tunnel. So incoherent was the account given by the two men that it was with difficulty they were understood; but Professor Mellins comprehended at once that something stranger still than the mere disappearance of the spring had followed it, the wake of the tremor.

"By the trumpeting elements, boys, this is great!" Professor Mellins forcibly expressed himself by using his favorite term, as he beheld a long irregular fissure beginning a few yards from the mouth of the tunnel and running directly into it, extending as far as the eye could penetrate the gloom. Puffing jets of steam arose in thin columns, converting the prospectors' tunnel into a veritable steam resort. "Assuredly the subterranean force that ejected the water in the main spring has found a new outlet here," said Professor Mellins.

"But, professor, that ain't the phenomenon that amazes us. Just you listen to the infernal racket!"

Even as the miner spoke a decided rumbling resounded within the tunnel; it grated on the ears and appeared to emanate from the very bowels of the earth. The three men were silent; the mysterious workings of nature were seen and heard. Another cloud of steam spurted up; another grinding roar; it reverberated in a jerky, hollow manner, then dwindled away to an almost in-

audible gurgle. The miners' bronzed faces turned a shade paler.

"Boys, this is wonderful, wonderful! If Dr. Endlin were only here! Trumpeeting elements! I have it. I'll telephone him. He can't afford to miss the opportunity of beholding this odd spectacle." Impulsive Professor Mellins let his enthusiasm have full sway; and with the final rumbling sound echoing in his ears, he dashed madly down the hill to the hotel.

His impatience and anxiety caused him to speak harshly to the "hello" girls, and by the time he got to the Francisco his mind was turbulent. Nevertheless telephone facilities in the Far West eventually bring about the desired connections, and Professor Mellins's heart beat rapturously as he recognized Dr. Endlin's voice over the wire.

"Yes, this is I, Mellins; am at Steamboat Springs, Nev. Big earthquake here last night. Springs went dry, but cracked other big fissures in earth's surface. Subterranean rumblings plainly audible. Come up at once; bring Professors Smith and Landers. Wonderful, I tell you—it's wonderful. Hurry!"

Dr. Endlin, the noted geologist, placed a deal of confidence in Professor Mellins, and as he had felt the earthquake in San Francisco, he thought the professor certainly had due reason for his graphic phone message. "All right, Mellins, we'll be up in the morning."

"Greatest recent phenomenon, doctor, I guarantee you."
"Thank you, professor; will be glad to investigate it. See you in the morning. Goodby."

Professor Mellins paced nervously between the dry basin of the late Queen of the Springs and that fresh crevice at the tunnel. He heard with satisfaction the irregularly repeated rumbles, denoting unparalleled interior disturbances.

Hours will slip by, no matter how tedious the minutes hang. Dr. Endlin, with Professors Smith and Landers and a couple of newspaper reporters, alighted the following morning from the bright yellow "V. & T." coaches. Professor Mellins greeted them with delight, his ruddy face beaming as only a man's can who has played the stellar part in a commendable act.

Time was a valuable item to these scientists, and, directly after a light lunch, the party sallied forth to investigate the outbursts of Dame Nature. Professor Mellins piloted them to the gaping hole where the madly boiling waters were so suddenly and completely ingulfed. This ostensible fact duly impressed the learned men, and they examined everything in a practiced and professional manner.

"But we fail to hear the internal explosions, Professor Mellins."

"Ah, that you soon will, Dr. Endlin; pray accompany me up this hill, and I will conduct you to the spot."
Now, various reports had spread rapidly and over a wide field in regard to this shaking up of the earth at Steamboat Springs. Accounts varied from a faint rumor describing a dried-up spring to the disappearance of the whole Steamboat station. It depended, of course, on the number of times the tale had been repeated. Curiosity got the better of a number of these good people, consequently the scientists beheld at least a score of men and women persistently following in their wake.

The fissure still zigzagged into the tunnel; hot, vapory clouds hung over the crevice; but the activity of the steam-jets could not be compared with those of the preceding day. Professor Mellins looked slightly crestfallen. The two prospectors, not having a reputation at stake, took a cheerier view of things. Besides, they were not unconvincedly eager to have their bonanza tunnel forever filled with steam and uncanny noises echoing through it. Therefore, after a few minutes spent in silently and fruitlessly endeavoring to catch a subterranean crash, one of the prospectors interceded with: "Well, Doc, this here phenomenon kinder goes by fits and starts, and it 'bears to be resin' betwixt a fit and a start right now; but just you wait a spell."

And they awaited a spell—nearly half an hour long enough to disgust the simply curious, and several retraced their steps toward the hotel, letting fall rather uncomplimentary remarks about a "pack of fools." Even the patient Dr. Endlin strode back and forth somewhat perturbed in thinking about his fatiguing trip and the precious time wasted.

But the long-expected really happened. A fierce column of steam sashed up from the fissure, quickly succeeded by two lesser upheavals; then a rasping groan, drawn out in jerky notes, each more weird and penetrating than the foregoing. It created a big sensation—everybody looked at everybody else; the incredulous ones trembled, and the prospector who uttered the suggestion "wait a spell," shouted out, "What'd I tell you!"

When the last vibrations of the surprising din died away, Professor Mellins fairly hugged himself for joy. Dr. Endlin said nothing when pressed for an opinion. The lesser lights volunteered their private theories; those who had deserted in disgust appeared upon the scene once more.

observed at the jagged rent in Mother Earth. Nevertheless, a dozen men had heard the unearthly racket; these were busily engaged in telling the others just how it sounded, and bidding them to remain and convince themselves in spite of their incredulity.

It was this aggregation of humanity that caught the eye of Tim Murdock, who had been scanning the country all the way down from Virginia City for a sign or sight of the vagrant Belzie. Tim was not a man who let slip an opportunity of finding out a bit of news, and he reined his mule up to the trail leading to the group of people at the tunnel's mouth.

"Phwat's the disturbance, Hank?" "It's you, is it, Tim? Disturbance, you say? Well, I wonder! If you never heard underground thunder, now's your chance."

"Faith, an' did yez have an airthquake here, Hank?"

"Sure, Tim. It's paralyzed our bonanza tunnel, and locked up a roarin' fury inside of it, to boot."
"Who's the gentlemen with the specks and knowin' jibs?"

"Scientists, Tim, and they hail from some big institution of big learning."

"B'jakers, an' yez are strictly in it wid yer little wan-horse tunnel, ain't yez, Hank?"

And Hank nodded a ready acquiescence.

Tim had guided his mule directly in front of the tunnel; he halted there and gazed in open-eyed astonishment. The mule appeared unduly interested, too, pricked up his long ears and sniffed the air suspiciously. A spurt of steam was ejected from the crevice; it was a forerunner of several denser columns. Professors and all other drowsy men, expecting to hear the resultant rumble. It came; not so distinctly as formerly, but loud enough to startle them. A hush fell upon the throng. Man's significance seems infinitesimal when Nature's stupendous force asserts itself in a manner that indicates only a tithe of what she might do.

The hush was rudely broken—not by a commenting human voice, not by another internal clamor, but by a strident, grating cry issuing from the throat of Tim's mule. The bray of an ass is akin to the filing of many saws at once, and never an agreeable sound. This particular bray created all of this effect and more in addition. Although not exactly a repetition of the subterranean cannonading, there was much similarity between the two.

"Mither of Moses! Yez gaping gawks! An' it's a foine thrick yer after playin'! Underground thunder it is—is it? Him that shtuck me good mule Belziebub inter that sweatin, shteamin' hole fer the identification of blitherin' scientists will plaze to shtep out an' O'll paste his ugly mug!"

Professor Mellins fell back against a convenient bank in a dazed condition. The noted Dr. Endlin's countenance reflected a sardonic sneer. Several derisive hoots passed the lips of the hereinbefore-mentioned incredulous ones.

"Shtand back, yo' damned fools, an' let me rescue me poor darlin' Belzie!"

Tim Murdock had leaped from his mule's back; he tore wildly into the now comparatively clear atmosphere of the tunnel and disappeared from view.

Different emotions filled the breasts of the different individuals. Dr. Endlin's face was a study; he glanced at the hopelessly dispirited Professor Mellins, and seemed to pity him, yet he maintained a dignified and unapproachable aspect that best becomes a man of letters. The majority of the spectators chuckled, looked wise, and a number of "I told you so's" were overheard.

Two or three brave souls ventured a few feet within the tunnel; after 10 minutes or so had elapsed, a commotion was heard in the darkened depths.

"Back, back, I tell ye! Back again, me Belzie! Och, an' it's a fool set of fools out there, Belzie! It's homesick yez are for a tunnel, acushla, me own. Back wance more, darlin'!"

Slowly, carefully, surely, Tim Murdock steered his charge out of the treacherous tunnel. Once the sure-footed mule slipped, and his hind feet went down into the crack that made the tunnel's floor dangerous ground. Then, and only then, would Tim permit any of the "fools" to assist him.

When Belzie backed out into daylight, it added the last straw to Professor Mellins's undoing. He merely glanced at the unsightly animal, then slunk quickly down the hill. Dr. Endlin and his comrades could appreciate the ludicrous side of things, and smiled, laughed, then fairly roared, as they beheld the cause of the "subterranean rumblings, plainly audible."

Tim's riding animal welcomed Belzie with a prolonged bray. Belzie, bruised, famished, and with huge patches of hair actually steamed from his hide, responded in a woe-begone groan. The warm-hearted Tim lavished endearing terms upon his luckless Belzie; he procured a can of axle-grease and liberally plastered this "ointment" over the scorched mule's burns. Every now and again he would pause in these proceedings and let forth such a volley of strong language, "for'ninst the loikes of yez idiots," as almost guaranteed an immediate growth of new hair on Belzie's scalded limbs.

On the day following, several prominent Western newspapers contained sensational, and luridly ironical accounts of Professor Mellins's brilliant phenomenon at Steamboat Springs. Professor Mellins's pride forbade him appearing in public for months afterward, and the bray of a mule is to him the most agonizing sound on earth.—San Francisco Argonaut.



Bread and Butter.
My mother says, if little girls
Want curly hair, they must
Eat all their bread and butter up,
And especially the crust.

So very many little girls
In all the wide, wide world
Would be so very happy if
Their hair were very curled.

And can I be so selfish, then?
No, dear mamma, I must
Give other little girls my bread,
And especially the crust.

Big Prices for Wild Animals.

Because of the difficulty of getting it to America, and of keeping it alive after it arrives, a good giraffe is quoted at \$7000.

Next to the giraffe, in the aristocracy of cost, come the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus, worth from \$4000 to \$5000 each. If a dealer could breed these animals he could get rich; but the big mammals rarely breed in captivity. About the only place in America where hippopotami have been known to raise their young is in the menagerie in Central Park, New York.

A chimpanzee of size is worth \$5000, and when one reaches the intelligence of the late Mr. Crowley, Chico or Johanna, he is beyond a fixed price. The monkey kind are most uncertain property. The animal man says they are certain to die. But the ordinary ones can be bought very cheaply.

One can buy a nice young baby elephant for \$1000 at times, but a really good animal is worth from \$1800 to \$3000. An elephant does not command the maximum price because of the beauty of his countenance, the elegance of his figure, his intellectual endowments or his size, but because of a sweet, sunny disposition. A mean elephant is about the most evil of living things; sooner or later he has to be killed, usually after he has slain two or three keepers and done more damage than he is worth. Of two animals of equally good disposition, the bigger, and finer commands a higher price, of course; but the most magnificent beast with an inclination for murder isn't worth as much as a very common one that is trustworthy—that is, ordinarily so, for the sweetest tempered have days when they seem inspired of Satan.—The Junior Musey.

A Pretty Legend.

According to legendary lore the goldenrod was once snow white. It is said that great fields of these white flowers nodded gracefully to and fro as the winds swept over them, and were quite happy until the wild flowers of brilliant hues began to ridicule them.

"What tame, pale, uninteresting creatures," said the tiger lilies. "Truly they are," said the scarlet sage; "they are not worth looking at." Other wild flower neighbors made like remarks and cast scornful glances at the white blossoms, until the latter bowed their heads and wept.

"We are poor, colorless beggars," they wailed, "while all our neighbors are clothed in gorgeous apparel."
The Autumn Wind knew why the white flowers were grief stricken, and he resolved to help them. Calling to him the many-hued fairies that live in the rainbow he told them how the white flowers had been ridiculed by their neighbors.

"Leave it all to us," said the fairies, "and soon the ill-treated ones shall have cause to rejoice."

Away spend the fairies to the end of the rainbow, where, as you have heard, there is a great pot of magic gold dust. Together the fairies lifted the gold dust, hastened back to the field and meadows and sprinkled it lavishly over the drooping, heart-sick flowers, now sunk in sound slumber.

When morning came the sun looked down upon a gorgeously arrayed army of goldenrod and so great was the surprise of their wild flower neighbors that some of them withered and died from sheer envy.

But, rejoicing in their good fortune, the goldenrods proudly held up their heads and faithfully kept guard until the icy Winter Wind, in a hoarse voice, bade them go to sleep.

A Gallant Thrush.

A young Highlander, having set a horse-hair noose in the woods, was delighted one morning to find a female song-thrush entangled therein.

He carried home his prize, put it into a roomy open-braided basket, secured the lid with much string and many knots and then hung the basket upon a nail near the open window.
In the afternoon the parish minister was called in by the boy's mother, who wished him to persuade her son to set the captive free. While the clergyman was examining the bird through the basket his attention was called to another thrush perched on a branch opposite the window.

"Yes!" exclaimed the boy, "and it followed me home all the way from the woods."

It was the captive's mate, which, having faithfully followed his partner to her prison, had perched himself where he might see her, and she heard the broken notes that chirped his grief.

plaints. His joy was unbounded. Springing to the topmost spray of the tree, he trilled out two or three exultant notes, and then alighted on the basket lid, through the hole in which the captive thrush her shrill which the captive had thrust her head and neck.

Then followed a touching scene. The male bird, after billing and cooing with the captive, dressing her feathers and stroking her neck, all the while fluttering her wings and crooning an under-song of encouragement, suddenly assumed another attitude. Gathering up his wings, he erected himself, and began to peck and pull away at the edges of the hole in the basket's lid. The bird's ardent affection and his effort to release his mate, touched the clergyman, mother and boy.

"I'll let the bird go," said the boy, in a sympathetic voice, as he saw his mother wiping her eyes with her apron. The basket was carried to the spot where the bird had been snared. Her mate followed, sweeping occasionally close past the boy carrying the basket, and chirping abrupt notes, as if assuring her that he was still near by.

On arriving at the snare, the clergyman began untying the many knots which secured the lid, while the male bird, perched on a hazel bough, not six feet away, watched silently and motionless the process of liberation.

As soon as the basket lid was raised the thrush dashed out with a scream of terror and joy; while her mate followed like an arrow shot from a bow, and both disappeared behind a clump of birch trees. It was an excellent lesson for the boy—one which he never forgot.—Presbyterian Record.

How Beryl's Watch Went on a Strike.

Beryl's watch hung on a hook beside the bureau. It ticked away to itself when nobody was listening, and this is what it said: "I've made up my mind to stop, yes, to stop. Here I've been working—so hard ever since Christmas morning, when Beryl found me in her stocking, and I'm tired, I'm very tired. Wouldn't anybody get tired of going all the time and never getting anywhere? I am."

So it ticked thoughtfully for awhile and then it spoke again. "I think I'll strike. That clock there on the mantel piece strikes all the time, but somehow it keeps on going. I don't know why I'm not treated right, indeed, I'm not. Here it's summer time and I think I ought to have a vacation—or else I'll run down. There, I am running down—Beryl forgot to wind me last night. Well, I'll take a rest, a nice long— And it stopped.

Pretty soon Beryl ran in a great hurry and threw the watch chain about her neck. Then she dashed out of the room again, tucking the watch into her belt as she went. "She don't know I've struck," it thought, with a chuckle.

"Are you ready now, Beryl?" called Jenny Sands, as her friend came running down stairs. "We must hurry or we won't reach the park in time to meet the others."

"I just went for my watch," panted Beryl. "We have lots of time, it's only 20 minutes past 2." She went on, as she glanced at the watch. She never heard the little chuckle it gave, how could she?

But when they reached the boathouse in the park, the other girls were nowhere to be seen. "They said they'd wait till a quarter of three," said Beryl. "And now I'm sure I don't know where they've gone. It's all your fault, Jenny; why didn't you come for me sooner?"

"Why, Beryl Kirke, did I ever?" cried Jenny. Didn't I wait for you ever so long? And you fussed and fussed till I most went without you. I think your old watch must be slow."

"My watch doesn't get slow, Jenny Sands," said Beryl. "You just see if it isn't the same as that clock in the boathouse. What time does it say?"

"Ten minutes past three," said Jenny, "and your watch is just 20 minutes after 2."

"Why, why—I must have forgot to wind it last night," Beryl cried, "but I never did that before, Jenny, never." And she wound it carefully and put it back in her belt, saying, "I won't set it now 'cause that boathouse clock mayn't be right. I can remember it's an hour slow."

"Why, girls," cried a wondering voice, "what kept you so long? We've been all around the lake in the steam launch, for we thought you never would come." And their Sunday school teacher kissed them both heartily.

"It was all my fault, Miss Hendrickson," said Beryl. "My watch stopped 'cause I forgot to wind it, and I kept Jenny waiting beside."

"Well, you're here now," said the teacher, "and we'll have our picnic lunch under those trees by the lake yonder."

And nobody heard the little watch grumble to itself, "I didn't get much of a vacation, after all, did I?"—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Chinese Newshy.
Ki-Ko is the name of the only Chinese newshy in New York. He works in Pell and Dover streets and sells the Chinese Weekly Herald. That's what is called in English. The Herald is printed in the Chinese language, and, according to a regular subscriber, contains all the news of the flowery kingdom and the Philippines, together with the latest gossip of the United States in which the Chinese are interested. Ki-Ko yells "Extra!" and tells wonderful stories about the contents of his paper, just the same as his American brother does.—Chicago Journal.