

# Miss NONE SUCH and Her Home release Public Inspection as they did U. S. Government Food and Sanitary Inspection in September. The Inspectors reported no changes required in

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welcome Public Inspection as they did U. S. Government Food and Sanitary Inspection in September. The Inspectors reported no changes required in either our plant, process, or product and passed the Home of None Such Mince Meat 100 per cent. Uncle Sam's men actually congratulated us on so complete and perfect a Food Factory. So you see Uncle Sam's men endorsed what we have always claimed. If you are a doubter after Uncle Sam's call, we invite you to prove this for yourselves. Come and inspect it when you like. We want no notice of your coming, and you may go anywhere and everywhere, from the top of the Factory to the bottom, see everything, roam around by yourself, peer into corners, open closed doors, ask questions of the operatives, and then—just stop on the way out and tell us whether you really believe there is a cleaner Food Factory in all the world. After your tour of inspection and investigation you will not wonder that NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT conforms strictly to the National and all State PURE FOOD LAWS. This is the way we keen it clean: Every night after the day's work a cleaning crew goes on duty. They use live steam which not

This is the way we keep it clean: Every night, after the day's work, a cleaning crew goes on duty. They use live steam, which not only cleanses and purifies, but sterilizes everything it touches. They clean and wash and scrub everything. They open up machinery and take it apart and turn on the hot steam. They scrub every utensil; yes, every chair, table, and piece of furniture, just as carefully and conscientiously as you scrub your own shining pots and pans and your pet china.

# NONE SUCHMINCE MEAT

is more than clean; more than pure and sweet, more than honestly made. It is the most delicious "filling" that ever went between two crusts of a pie. We use the best of beef, cooked right here in our own factories; choice selected raisins and currants, cleaned, seeded, hand-picked and sterilized; fine New York State apples; the best Louisiana sugar; and our own famous blend of spices which gives **NONE SUCH** a most delightful and exquisite flavor, positively without an equal in all the great Kingdom of Piel And yet this delicious Mince Meat costs but ten cents a package, and the package makes two fat, generous pies. The price is never changed, no matter how high the market cost of the ingredients may be and the rich quality of **NONE SUCH** never changes. The price is possible only for the reason that we make Mince Meat in enormous quantities—over a million packages a month—and because we buy materials in such vast amounts that we get low prices and the first and choicest offerings. The result is a mince meat which, for actual food value, healthfulness, richness and splendid flavor, you could not duplicate in your own kitchen for double the price. Ask the grecer to-day for a package of **NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT** and try it as directed on the carton for Pies, Cakes, Puddings and Cookies.

MERRELL-SOULE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N.Y.

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

2

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If there is an intelligent woman in America who has not longed for a great daily newspaper of her own, full of the things WOMEN want to know, clean, fearless, independent, ready to flight womankind's buttles and handle without gloves the things busy money-seeking men are afraid of for "business" reasons, we have not found her vet



This great puonsoing plant, built expressly for The Woman's National Doily, covers a city block and will print, fold, address and mail ONE MILLION E 1G HT-P A GE PA-PERS IN 200 MIN-UTES, sending the m whirling to all parts of America by the fast night mails. It is owned by nearly thirty thousand small stockholders and has three and a half million dollars capital.

After a year of vast preparation, the building especially for it of the largest and finest publishing plant in America and the largest and fastest printing press in the world at a cost of hundreds of thousands of dollars, a great national daily newspaper to circulate from coast to coast by fast mail each day has become an accomplished fact. By special facilities this great daily paper, already having more subscribers than any newspaper in America, can be delivered in homes even on rural routes a thousand miles from St. Louis the day of date of issue. Fublished by a corporation with three and a half million dollars capital, but owned by the prople, **fearless**, **clean**, **independent and poweriut**, it will give the TRUTH of each day's world events. The only woman's daily newspaper in America, every member of the family specified for in its columns. If you want to know more about what is really going on all over the world each day than the idea do, the latest news from Paris, Louion, Berlin, Rome, the best daily short stories, the latest advance daily fashion notes from Europe, the daily information about them, all beautifully illustrated, if you are interested in some of the woman's National Daily

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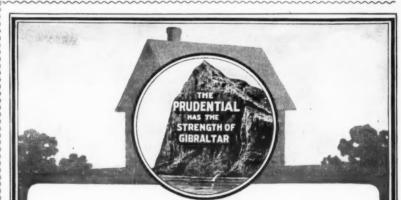
The women of this country have never been united as a force in public life because the daily papers are published for men. The Woman's National Daily will make them a force that will be felt. We want you to see and read this great daily woman's newspaper, to know what it is doing for women to be better posted, better read. You need not send us any money in adyeance. The subscription price is one dollar per year (313 issues, every day but Sundays). Simply send us a postal card as follows: "Enter my subscription to The Woman's National Daily for one year, and if at the end of three months, thirteen weeks, I do not want it longer I will send you 25c for the 78 issues I will have received and you are to stop the paper." Sign your name and rull address and we will send the great daily to you by fast mail each night, delivered to you every morning but Sunday. If after three months you do not want it longer, simply send the 29c and it will be stopped. We know that once you have read it you will always wonder how you got along each day without it before.

got along each day without it before. IF THE THE THEN OF YOUR FATILY CAN TAKE A DOZEN DAILY NEW SPAPERS, CAN YOU NOT HAVE ONE OF YOUR OWN? After looking over the "news" in your husband's daily paper you will find the FACTS in THE WOMAN'S NATIONAL DAILY and can tell him some things,

The Woman's National Daily Care of LEWIS PUBLISHING CO., - Dept. 34, - ST. LOUIS, MO.







# "THE LITTLE RED SCHOOL HOUSE

On the Hill is the Real Symbol of the Strength and Perpetuity of American Institutions. The greatest Legacy a man can leave his children is a sound Education. A child's Endowment Policy in The Prudential creates a Trust Fund for the Maintenance and Education of Children. A heritage of millions is not so valuable to the individual as the legacy of schooling which puts into his hands the tools with which he may carve his own fortune, the weapons by which he may achieve his own destiny. The individual, the home, the nation, owe the founders of safe and reliable methods of Life Insurance a debt of gratitude which words cannot express, but which hearts can feel and homes can show."

Thus writes Dr. Nathan C. Schaeffer, President National Educators Association and Superintendent Public Instruction of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

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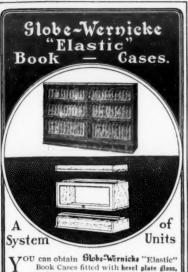
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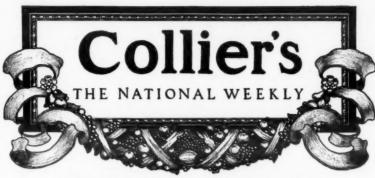






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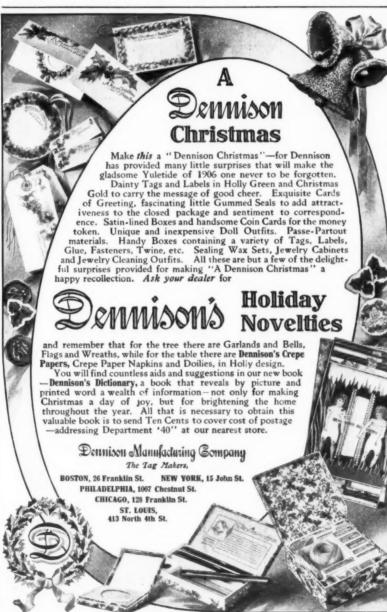
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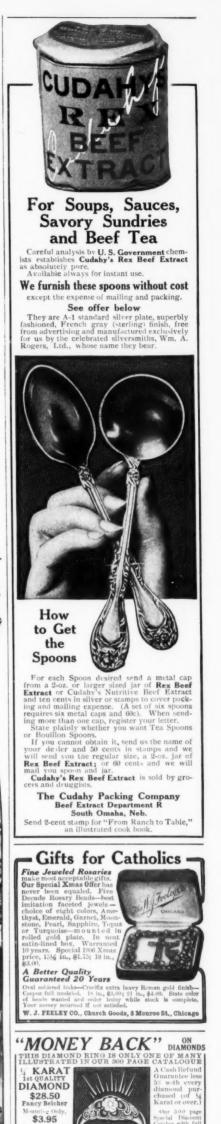
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P. F. COLLIER & SON, PUBLISHERS NEW YORK: 416-424 West Thirteenth Street LONDON: 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C., and The International News Company, 5 Breams Buildings, Chancery Lane, E. C. TORONTO: Yonge Street Arcade COPYRIGHT 1906 BY P. F. COLLIER & SON Entered as necessited and the Foldmark Foldmark for Just, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of March 2, 1859 Volume XXXVIII Number 9 10 Cents per Copy \$5.20 per Year



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# Liome Comfort

Do you know what comfort there is in a PERFECTION Oil Heater? Do you know that without any fuss or bother you can quickly warm a cold room, a chilly hallway, heat water, and do many other things with the PERFECTION Oil Heater that are impracticable with a gas heater, coal or wood stove?

There may be some particular room that you cannot heat with ordinary methods; the furnace heat may not reach all the rooms; you cannot carry a stove about. All these difficulties are easily overcome with the **PERFECTION** Oil Heater.

Light it, turn the wick up as high as it will go without forcing. To extinguish it turn it as low as you can, there is no danger. It can be easily carried around from room to room. Now in a bedroom, then in a hall, heating a living room,—anywhere from basement to attic it imparts warmth and coziness as no other oil heater will. The

# **PERFECTION** Oil Heater

#### (Equipped with Smokeless Device)

gives intense heat and is as easy to operate as a lamp. It cannot smoke because the smokeless device prevents turning the wick too high. The oil fount and the wick carrier are made of brass throughout,—which insures durability. The fount is beautifully embossed, holds four quarts of oil and burns nine hours. Made in two finishes,—nickel and japan.

An ornament to any room. For general excellence the PERFECTION Oil Heater cannot be equalled. Every heater warranted. If you cannot get heater or information from your dealer, write to our nearest agency for descriptive circular.

LAMP can be used in any room and is the safest and best lamp for all-round household use. It is equipped with the latest improved burner,—gives a bright light at small cost. Absolutely safe. All

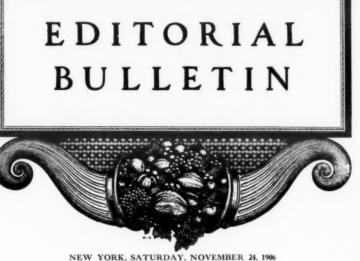
parts easily cleaned. Made of brass throughout and nickel plated. Suitable for library, dining-room, parlor or bedroom. Every lamp warranted. If you cannot get the **Rayo** lamp from your dealer, write to nearest agency.



#### STANDARD OIL COMPANY.

THE





#### **Collier's Fiction**

**COLLIER'S** wishes more short stories. Our stock of fiction of the standard we try to maintain is not as far ahead of current requirements as we should like. Of the hundreds of stories received during our last quarterly contest eight were accepted; during the quarter previous, eighteen.

THE contest is a continuing one. Every three months we shall give a prize of \$1,000 for the best short story received during the period. This will be a bonus in addition to the usual payment for the story. Such other stories as, falling below the prize one, seem to us sufficiently meritorious to print, will be paid for at the rate of five cents a word. Authors having an established price above that rate will receive their rate. A booklet telling in detail the conditions of this contest will be mailed to those who ask for it.

A MONG stories which will be printed in an early issue of Collier's are "An Explanation by the Editor," by Harrison Rhodes. This was the winner of our last thousand dollar prize contest. It is a narrative of an incident in the personal experiences of the Editor of "The Glaive," an editor now old enough to recall with mellow humor how seriously he took his youth. The incident taught him that "there are other things in the world besides real art and real literature and real geniuses; there are, praise God, real mothers."

#### **Our Christmas Fiction**

"THE Ghosts of Senzeille," by Arthur Colton, achieves the humor which Collier's continually strives for to balance our somewhat strenuous seriousness in other directions. The scene is a medieval abbey, the time Christmas night. The characters are the abbot, who laughed with "a shaking, a jelly-like oscillation of fat ribs"; the baron, "one of those who know what good living is and follow discretion whenever she leads by green pastures"; and the sub-prior, "a lean man, argumentative, deferential, learned not less in scholastic divinity than in condiments and savors." Besides these, there were a youthful knight who took himself rather seriously for so jovial a company, and the ghosts of twenty-six strangely affected monks whose malady "was a certain extraordinary light heartedness, gaiety, friskiness, or merriment, unedifying and remarkable." This is one of the stories which will appear in our Christmas number.







\$5.75 PAID FOR RARE 1853 QUARTERS. Keep all money coined before 1875 and send 10 cents at once for a set of 2 coin and stamp value books. It may mean a for-une to you. Address C. F. Clarke & Co., Department 22, Department 22, Section 2012 (Section 2012) (Se

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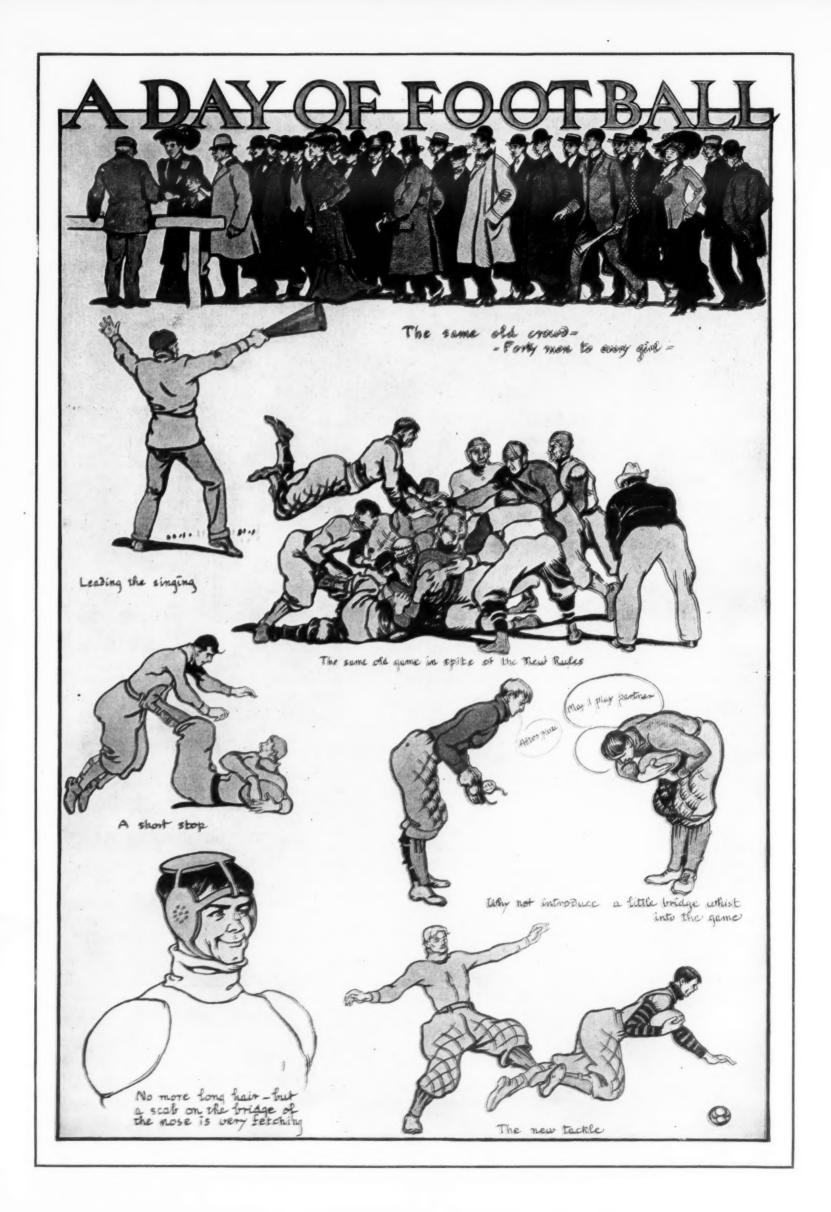
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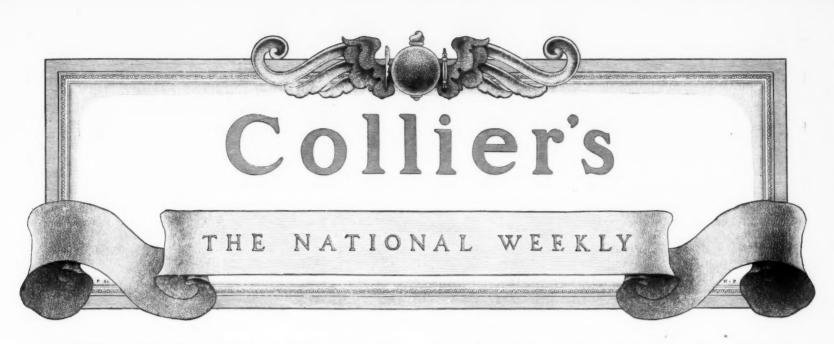
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VERY PRESIDENT has the right to arrange his Cabinet to satisfy his taste. A few Presidents, in all our history, have subordinated their personal liking and antipathy. GEORGE WASHINGTON, for the country's good, used the services of his enemy, THOMAS JEFFERSON. ABRAHAM LINCOLN called to the War Department a man who had spoken of him openly with contempt. He kept in the Treasury an incumbent who plotted to supplant his chief. He had as his Secretary of State a leader in a faction of the party which had opposed his nomination. Such magnanimity is rare, and, when it is combined with insight into men, is most valuable in a statesman. WILLIAM MCKINLEY had this

HITCHCOCK

attribute. He saw deep into men, and he selected them, not from his private liking, but for their suitability to the needs at hand. HAY is dead. The country demanded his retention while he lived. Root and TAFT are working in harmony with the successor of their chief. Нитснсоск, worthy to stand with the other three in service to the country, is about to leave. No selection of McKinley's showed profounder insight. Without blare of trumpets, so quietly that his personality is comparatively unknown, but relentlessly, without rancor or personal favor, this official has builded solidly toward the newer justice by which rich and poor, enemy and friend, Senator and obscure workman, are to have an equal hearing before the dread tribunal of the right.

 $M^{R.\ HARRIMAN}$  is looking for more fights. The quantity of chips on his shoulder is out of proportion to the number of persons who desire to fight him and are able successfully to fight him. For two years past he has jumped into the arena about once every three months, hurled a defiant and profane insult at public opinion, and then scurried back to the subterranean and rubbershod passages where he does business. Nevertheless, those with a bent for reading shadows believe that a year from to-day this Colossus of Railroads will walk with a chastened air. As Mr. HARRIMAN is the most detested representative of capital in the United States, so is Mr. FISH among the most respected. If the contest between capital and public opinion ever becomes more acute, Mr. FISH, by virtue of having the confidence of the radicals, will be able to render valuable public service as a mediator.

A BOLD PIRATE

Mr. FISH has been for twenty years president of a railroad which enjoyed ideal relations with the public. If all railroads were as his there would have been no demand for a rate law. Mr. HARRIMAN wanted this road. The good old rule sufficeth him,

> "the simple plan That they should take who have the power, And they should keep who can."

Mr. HARRIMAN's instruments were directors whose names and traditions had taught the public to expect better of them. Some were in his bonds by favors past, others succumbed to favors promised. If, among those who walk in Wall Street, there are any who have influence with Mr. HARRIMAN, the word for their wisdom is that this man's defiance of public opinion is the most potent single agency engaged in stirring up the angry discontent deplored in Wall Street.

THERE IS A STORY, now so widely circulated at the New York Republican headquarters as to be no longer a secret, concerning his attitude in the recent campaign. During the ODELL regime Mr. HARRIMAN was a heavy contributor to the campaign fund. During the recent campaign a representative of the State Committee went to Mr. HARRIMAN's office for a similar donation. Mr. HARRIMAN received him with truculence and

treated him with scorn. He would give no money to the Republican Party so long as Mr. ROOSEVELT was the head of it. reminded that the defeat of Mr. HUGHES would mean the triumph of a reckless and dangerous radicalism, Mr. HARRIMAN averred that he didn't care, he could continue to get what he wanted in his own way. The exact connotation of "his own way" may be interpreted from certain passages of testimony in the Armstrong Insurance Investigation. Doubtless the opinion is HARRIMAN'S correct that legislators and judges who come to the CHOICE surface of a swirling whirlpool of violence are more

susceptible to the inducements which Mr. HARRIMAN offers for "his own way" than men of character and substance and of tried capacity as reformers, who promise formally to do certain definite things. During the last campaign a large portion of Wall Street feared more the definite promises of banking investigation and Brooklyn Rapid Transit reform made by Mr. HUGHES than the general threats made by Mr. HEARST.

REMARKABLE FEATURE of the recent election in Missouri A REMARKABLE FEATORE of the formed of the fo twenty years Senator MORTON has been a Democratic leader, and was prominent among those who opposed the nomination of FOLK for Governor. For twelve years he has been the recognized spokesman and leader of the corporation interests on the floor of the Missouri Senate. He is an astute politician and a skilled campaigner. His district, a rural one, is normally Democratic by nearly three thousand. Governor FOLK's first campaign speech this year was delivered in MORTON's section of the State, and it was there the Governor made his first appeal for the election of none but honest men, regardless of party. When BRYAN came into the State he was taken into MORTON'S district, and there, at Carrollton, Missouri, he made a special appeal to the voters in behalf of Senator MORTON. The appeal was heard in silence. Not a word was said against MORTON in public by any speaker. Apparently there was no concerted effort to defeat

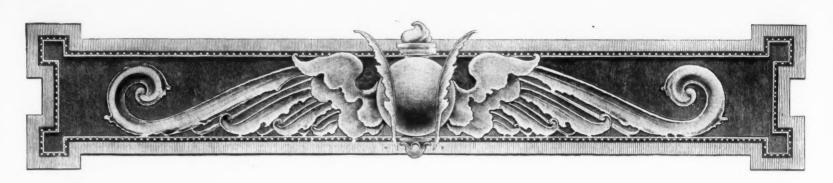
him. But the farmers had resolved what to do, and in his own county he lost nearly two thousand MISSOURI

Democratic votes. Contrast with this the result in St. Louis. At the opening of the campaign the Republicans were divided, and the Democrats seemed to have an excellent chance to carry the The Democratic Convention was dominated by friends of city. the lawless liquor, race-track, and bucket-shop interests, and by attorneys for the public service corporations. To a Democratic judge who had rendered a decision against "The Big Cinch" a renomination was refused, and a corporation tool was placed on the ticket in his stead. Governor FOLK's name was publicly hissed in the Convention. Among the Democratic nominees, as among the Republicans, were found ex-convicts. Governor Folk, in a speech at Fulton, Missouri, stated that if some of the men running on both the Republican and Democratic legislative tickets in St. Louis were sent to Jefferson City, he would instruct the Warden of the State Prison not to permit the convicts to associate with them. As a result about fifty thousand citizens of St. Louis failed to vote at all, and the Republican ticket was elected.

TWO CONSPICUOUS "Standpatters" in Congress, McCLEARY of Minnesota and LACEY of Iowa, both old in service and high in power, have gone down to a defeat that seems incredible considering the Republican majorities they have HIC JACES had for ten years past; and the lesson of their

BABCOCK defeat is a looming shadow of menace to the party of the tariff. An even clearer significance lies in the defeat of BABCOCK and WADSWORTH, and the calamity which seems des-

tined to fall upon DRYDEN of New Jersey. BABCOCK was potent



in the party. He was on coveted committees. Certain of his activities came out in the insurance investigation. Others were alluded to in an article printed by us last spring. At the time, we read in the papers of a libel suit against COLLIER's, but have heard nothing of it since. Be that as it may, the Republican organization found it expedient to appoint another campaign fund collector. Now a hypersensitive constituency has made it easy for BABCOCK to escape the public glare. He was not of the fibre to adjust himself to the new dispensation. He had to go.

WITH BABCOCK has gone WADSWORTH. The two were alike only in both belonging to another era, and in a blindness, almost pathetic, to the light of the new. WADSWORTH is a man of rugged honesty, but notions too old-fashioned concerning the sacredness of vested interests. Few Congressmen were so intrenched in power as he. He is a sort of feudal overlord in the Genesee Valley. He and his brothers and cousins own thousands of acres of the most fertile land in America, and the family have been Livingston County barons for generations. His son and namesake was last year, at the age of twenty-seven, Speaker of the New York Assembly. Mr. WADSWORTH has served eighteen years at Washington; at the election two years **ET TU, WADS**-W O R T H But least lumber by the limit of one. But last June he obtained the limelight in an unhappy way. He tried to block the Meat Inspection At committee hearings he bullied Mr. NEILL, one of the dent's Commissioners. There was an exchange of tart law. President's Commissioners. letters between him and the President, and WADSWORTH was

letters between him and the President, and WADSWORTH was publicly marked as a reactionary against the Pure Food and the Meat Inspection laws. An opportune enemy bought a banner, painted thereon an honest, meek, and patient cow, and under that emblem of pure beef defeated WADSWORTH. With BABCOCK and WADSWORTH gone, and DRYDEN squeezing frantic fingers on a slender and slippery tail-hold, is the lesson too insignificant for the mightiest of all the reactionaries? For Mr. CANNON?

DRYDEN MAY YET be beaten. Four Republicans with courage and endurance can save New Jersey from having him stand for her in the Senate of the United States. Two of these there are already; Senator COLBY of course will never vote for DRYDEN, and Senator FAKE has announced that he will not. Two more men of determination and good purpose can win gratitude and fame more than local by giving Mr. DRYDEN an opportunity to devote his time and talent to spreading "philanthropy" and "stimulating thrift among the poor" through the Prudential Insurance Company. The New Jersey Assembly last year consisted of 57 Republicans and 3 Democrats; by the recent election it became 31 Democrats and 29 Republicans. The landslide perl haps was chiefly on the issue of DRYDEN. In



Northern New Jersey, where DRYDEN, his insurance company, and his public service corporation

are best known, the vote of years was reversed, and solid Democratic delegations were sent to the State Legislature. DRVDEN will not have a single vote or friend from his own county. The total vote in both houses of the Legislature will be 44 Republicans and 37 Democrats. A man of thinner skin than DRVDEN might see the handwriting and spend next winter away from Trenton. DRV-DEN, however, doubtless considers that the duty of such fragments of the Republican machine as remain is to die fighting for the noble cause of sending him to Washington. Can these needed two men, bold of purpose and masters of themselves, be found to side with COLBY and FAKE, among the remaining 42?

THE LOW STANDARD of American judges might be remedied to a large degree if they were selected at a time when there was no exciting party conflict. The victory of the Murphy-Hearst judges in New York was expected, but the success of the Republican judiciary nominees in Chicago is more of a surprise, for the independent and critical vote in Chicago is more organized and more effective. "Clothes-line Courts" were the central object of attention in the election at Chicago. The situation grew out of an act by the Illinois Legislature abolishing the office of justice of the peace. Citizens of small means and narrow experience will not after December 1 derive their sole idea of the dignity of the law from going into untidy, crowded rooms above small shops, to see how "their honors," in unseemly haste, hand over short-weight packages of justice to collection agency lawyers. They will go to a new municipal court, properly characterized as "the people's court," which is to have such extensive jurisdiction that leading lawyers declare they would be honored if called to places on it. So much is gain. But machine leaders saw to it that the long list of new judicial offices should be filled at the time when thirty-eight other officers—county, State, and national—were to be elected. For the Third Municipal Court list a set of independent lawyers, most of them

strong men, permitted their names to be placed on the full ticket of the Independence League, as

Mr. HEARST professed to be for a free judiciary in Chicago, seeing no reason there for a step corresponding to his deal with MURPHY about the judges in New York. The Bar Association drew a scathing rebuke from Dean JOHN H. WIGMORE of the Northwestern University Law School for negligence at the time when the partizan leaders made their slates. A non-partizan committee of citizens recommended an eclectic ticket and the independent newspapers did their part, but the Republican landslide, like the Democratic majority in New York, did its usual evil work.

A RT THOU THERE, old Truepenny? The railroads don't like the People's Lobby. The "Railway Age" screams indignation, scorn, and sadness. It enumerates the names of the founders of the organization, including BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER, WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, MARK TWAIN, EVERETT COLEY, FRANCIS L. HENEY, and others of renown. Then the "Age" hands down this dictum: "Truly, the People's Lobby will bear watching, if its interesting career is not nipped in the bud!" Is the "Railway Age's" skepticism RAILWAY

the bud? Is the Kallway Age's skepticism **BARKS** concerning the usefulness of lobbies based on painful memories of the million-dollar one maintained at Washington last year by the Southern and some other railroads? That was the most formidable effort ever made to stifle the expression of public opinion and corrupt its sources. That it failed, with somewhat the effect of a boomerang on its employers, was due to its exposure by a few newspapers. Had the People's Lobby been in existence last year, that exposure would have been a

 $A^{S}$  AN IMPORTANT example of cheerfulness Addison names a rural English magnate who, in order to promote optimism in the world, offered a cash prize to the contestant who could grin the longest, the farthest, and the most expressively. Optimists in large numbers were entered for the standing broad grin. And among them there were a few pessimists. The first notable contestant was a Frenchman who, in grinning, showed a row of enormous white teeth like an octave of piano keys; the second (nationality unknown) offered a smile so perilous as to cleave his face into a chasm that stretched even to the pregnant hinges of his spine. After the mediocre performances of several obscure smilers there came an English cabman who astonished the judges by a grin which, in depth, was like the yawning of a nut-cracker. This last exhibition would, no doubt, have taken the purse had not a pessimist (from Russia, no doubt) burst into the room and clamored for his right to try for the prize. This fellow's skill was miraculous.

Expelling every trace of cheerfulness from his face, he limited himself to wonderful feats in the

little earlier and more drastic.

THE DAY WE GRIN

way of grim grins, sour smiles, paroxysms of ironic merriment and ghoulish levity. The effort was, artistically, so superb that the donor of the prize, although grudgingly, pinned the blue ribbon to the coat of the pessimist. And thus cheerfulness was defeated on its own grounds. Perhaps we might apply this parable to our own anniversary of Thanksgiving, when the Chief Executive has, figuratively, offered a prize turkey to the citizen who can, for the space of twenty-four hours, look and think the most pleasantly. The ordinary citizen may be thankful, in an ordinary sort of way, for plain, domestic virtues and spiritual graces; ANDREW CARNEGIE may be thankful for gifts delivered and JOE CANNON for presents received—but may not the prize, after all, go to some chronic pessimist who, counting his diminished blessings, exclaims like Mr. Blossom's old lady: "I've got only two teeth, but thank God they hit"?

# IF ART TOLD THE TRUTH



# THE CALMING OF THE UTES





Troopers of the Tenth Cavalry, a negro regiment, with a young Ute mascot in the centre of the group Moon Face, the Ute medicine man, who never was friéndly with United States soldiers until he met Captain Johnson, Tenth Cavalry (sitting beside him)

Photographs by T. W. Tolman

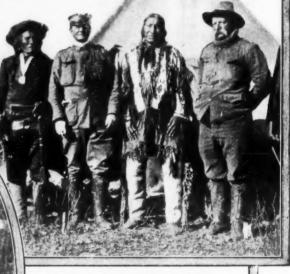
Indians who took a leading part in the Big Talk: Woman Dress, on the left: Red Cap, in the centre, and American Horse

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Wagon train of the Sixth Cavalry

SOON after the troops of the Sixth and Tenth Cavalry arrived in the neighborhood of the Big Powder River where the restless Utes had their camp, Captain Johnson, Tenth Cavalry, arranged for a Big Talk with the Indians. Captain Johnson displayed rare diplomacy and obtained great influence over the red men. With the soldiers were two "heap gcod injun" whose influence was also of assistance.



The Government's representatives at the Big Talk

They were Woman Dress, who many years ago destroyed General Crook's wagon train, and American Horse, who has always been friendly to the paleface. These are shown in the group above with Major Grierson, Sixth Cavalry, Captain Johnson, and an interpreter. The Utes agreed to return south on the promise of the Government to feed them during the coming winter and provide new hunting grounds



Cavalry troopers feasting the Utes the day after the Big Talk

The escort of twenty men that will accompany the Utes to winter quarters 1

Distributing rations to the negro soldiers

Collier's for November 24 1906



#### EDITED BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

# MR. HILL ON TRADE HANDCUFFS

UNLIKE most monarchs of finance, whose mental operations are limited to devising schemes for annexing more of other people's money, Mr. James J. Hill frequently thinks on large subjects, and is a cause of thought in others. Mr. Hill addressed the Merchants' Club of Chicago on November 10, primarily upon the subject of reciprocity with Canada. Reciprocity is a topic in which Canadians used to take a great deal of interest and Americans very little. Now it is one in which Americans are beginning to take a very keen interest, while Canadians profess indifference. It is fashionable in Canada now to say that the Dominion has no use for reciprocity, but this is the natural reflection of the illiberal attitude hitherto maintained by the United States. A fair American offer would probably change Canadian sentiment. Professor Goldwin Smith, who had been invited

Professor Goldwin Smith, who had been invited to the Merchants' Club dinner, sent a letter of regret in which he told of his early efforts for freer trade relations, efforts which did not meet with a hearty response upon the American side, and added: "Reciprocity is the voice of nature, and her dictate to all whom she has made partners in her bounty on this continent. I hope yet to see it triumph before I die."

Mr. Hill told the business men of Chicago that, speaking geographically, commercially, or in any other sense except that of politics, their possibilities and therefore their duties were contained, not in a rectangle with the forty-ninth parallel of latitude on one side, but in a

circle centring at the southern extremity of Lake Michigan. "Place a pair of dividers with one leg on Chicago and the other on Key West, Florida; then swing the latter to the northwest and it will not reach the limit of good agricultural land. There is the field for your labors."

We have rosy dreams of the South American trade to be won by the Panama Canal, but Mr. Hill reminded his hosts that this trade was only with the little fringe of country between the Andes and the Pacific Ocean, containing three-quarters of one per cent of the population of the world, and having a total commerce with all nations of only \$190,000,000 a year-considerably less than Canada's commerce with the United States alone. North of us, separated only by an imaginary line, need-ing no canal to reach it, "lies a country of enormous possibilities for development, inhabited by between five and six million people. It has 19,000 miles of railways, with several other great projects actually under way. It has a foreign trade of only a little short of half a billion dollars per annum. Its capital invested in manufactures is over \$400,000,000, and the value of the product is \$480,000,000. Its people have deposited in their savings banks \$82,000,000. It has achieved this growth without outside aid, exactly as the United States has grown, by virtue

of its inheritance of fertile land, rich mines, and noble forests, and by the industry and integrity of its people. And it is only at the beginning of its development. Its unworked resources are immense. There is land enough in Canada, if thoroughly tilled, to feed every mouth in Europe. There are more than a quarter of a million square miles in each of two Northwest provinces, and there are a quarter of a billion acres of timbered land in the Dominion. This is a neighbor to be taken note of."

The great central valley of the United States is the body of the nation, and all other parts are only the limbs. Mr. Hill asked us to fancy the possibility of having that precious national possession in some way duplicated. "That," he asserted, "is substantially what unhampered trade relations with Canada would mean." The whole continent had been made by nature one and indivisible. Commercial unity "may be postponed, to the certain loss of both parties. It can not be defeated ulti mately." The States of the Union have enjoyed free trade among themselves, thanks to the wisdom of the framers of the Constitution. But for that, "each State would speedily have levied a duty on all commerce crossing its boundaries." Experience has shown that the commercial abolition of State lines has been one of the greatest factors in the wonderful progress of the American Union. Mr. Hill expressed no opinion on the question whether this argument applied to our relations with European countries, but he was very sure that it did apply to Canada, which was "merely a portion of our own Western country, cut off from us by the accident of original occupation and subsequent diplomatic agreement."

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The fact that the manufacturing interests of both countries are opposed to reciprocity, each fearing to meet the competition of the other, is curious, but not alarming. Mr. Hill could see no danger in that direction. "We have as much reason to dread Canadian competition as Pennsylvania has to cry for protection against North Dakota. Canada would be as much endangered, no more, as Montana is by the competition of Ohio." Iowa, the first agricultural State of the Union, succeeded in producing \$164,000,000 of manufactured goods in 1900 without a tariff against New England. Mr. Hill remembered that a few years ago there was not a smelter on Canadian soil west of the Rocky Mountains. Now British Columbia has six, largely occupied in the reduction of American ores. "Commerce will go her own way, even though she must walk in leg irons. Why not strike them off, and permit her to pursue her journey freely to its end?"

permit her to pursue her journey freely to its end?' Instead of being rivals, Canada and the United States, in the view of the Great Northern chieftain, complement and aid each other. The American supply of pulp wood, for instance, has been practically wiped out by the demand for white paper, but the Canadian forests can meet that demand for an indefinite time to come. Under reciprocity the Canadian farmer would profit by

access to a larger market at good prices, and the American farmer would have nothing to fear because the home demand is rapidly becoming greater than he can supply.

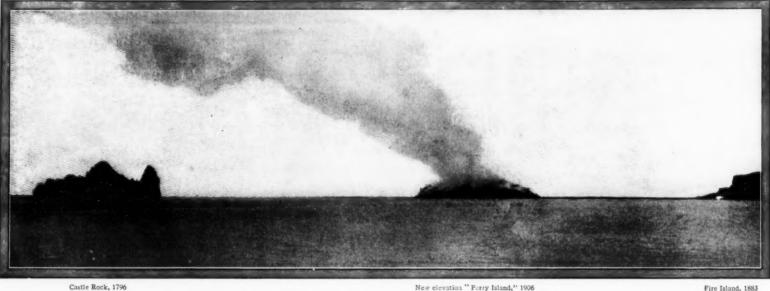
than he can supply. The old arrogant idea of the American protectionists that Canada could be forced into accepting any commercial arrangement we might choose to offer must be outgrown. "Every turn of the tariff screw by the United States," said Mr. Hill, "merely creates exasper-ation and hardens a determination to achieve industrial independence, even though it be purchased at the cost of industrial isolation. Each year has seen lately a diminution in the Canadian desire for reciprocity." Nevertheless the present opportunity is favorable — more favorable, perhaps, than any that will come again. The temporary failure of the Chamberlain scheme of preference in England has disposed the Canadians to look for other commercial alliances. Now is the time for the United States to attract them by showing, for the first time in a generation, a liberal spirit.

As to the extent to which reciprocity should go, Mr. Hill believes that the ideal arrangement would be the total abolition of the custom houses on the frontier. But if that be considered too strong meat for the economic babes on both sides of the line, there should be at the very least "a free interchange of natural products and raw materials."



From the Chicago Record-Herald

Geographically speaking, commercially speaking, indeed speaking in any sense except that of politics your possibilities and therefore your duties are contained not in a rectangle with the forty-ninth par allel of north latitude for one side, but in a circle described from the southern extremity of Lak Michigan as a centre. Place a pair of dividers with one leg on Chicago and the other on Key West Florida, then swing the latter to the northwest, and it will not reach the limit of good agricul tural laad. There is the field for your labors. Nature knows no political parties, no race exclu siveness, no division of territory by artificial boundaries. JAMES J. HILL at Chicago



Castle Rock, 1796

CREATING NEW ISLANDS BY VOLCANIC FORCES IN NATURE'S GIANT LABORATORY IN BERING SEA

The Bogoslov group of the Aleutian chain in Bering Sea has all risen from the sea wi hin historical times. This year a new cone seven hundred feet high has been pushed up from the western spit of Fire Island, and at last accounts was pouring out from its crevices a column of vapor that could be seen for over thirty miles. The new island has been visited and explored by officers of the revenue cutter "Perry"

# **INSURANCE BOSSISM**



HE public had a shock of pained surprise when it

learned from the investigations of the Armstrong Committee that the elections in the Mutual Life, with its half million policyholders, had been habitually decided by the votes of a few dozen clerks in the New York office. But now that the new laws give all the policy-holders a chance to vote, the management does not

GEN. HELMUTH VON MOLTKE Probable German Chancellor

seem to have mended its ways. President Peabody and his lieutenants are engaged in a campaign of wholesale intimidation which makes the old plan of having the officers reelect themselves seem dignified and honest in comparison.

In the litigation now pending to compel the Mutual's management to keep its hands off the election it is set forth that the company employs about a hundred managing agents, six thousand soliciting agents, nine hundred office employees, and five thousand medical examiners-about twelve thousand persons in all, of whom nine thousand are believed to be policy-holders and entitled to vote for trustees. As soon as the three tickets from which the trustees for the coming year are to be chosen were put in nomination, President Peabody and Vice-President McClintock sent to each of the one hundred managing agents this telegram:

"All persons connected with this company are called upon to sustain the administration ticket wholly and unreservedly. Any report that any one in this office is not supporting the administration ticket solely and with all his energy is false and malicious."

This despatch was immediately given out for publication, and so became an official notice to each of the twelve thousand employees of the company that they would have to electioneer for the administration ticket or lose their jobs. Thus, in effect, the money of half a million policyholders, paid in salaries for the necessary work of the company, was diverted from its legitimate use and turned into a vast campaign fund to be used in defeating reforms which a great number, if not the majority, of those policy-holders earnestly wished to succeed.

The management did not rest with mere threats. It proceeded to make examples of refractory em-ployees, "to encourage the others." It happened It happened that Mr. T. Reid Fell, one of the Mutual's managing agents, had been nominated for trustee on both the United Committee's ticket and the

Selected Fusion ticket. Mr. Fell was promptly notified that his contract had been canceled, and this fact was published for the benefit of all who might be thinking of dallying with sedition. The next to feel the ax were Frederick O. Paige,

manager at Detroit, and Herbert N. Fell, a branch manager at New York. Mr. Paige had been nomi-nated for trustee on the Selected Fusion ticket and Mr. Fell was a brother of T. Reid Fell, the first victim. Their decapitation was announced in a public statement, which ended significantly: "The Company has no reason to question the loyalty of the support of any manager or agent in its employ.

Finally President Peabody sent for Mr. Edward O. Sutton, a managing agent whose father had been selected as one of the committee to receive proxies for the Selected Fusion ticket, and told that it was mandatory upon managers to work for the administration ticket. Thereupon Mr. Sutton resigned.

Mr. Peabody vehemently denies any attempt at coercion, but his published notices speak for themselves. Of the moral turpitude of the acts of the Mutual's management there can be no question. If the criminal law can not reach them, then the criminal law is gravely defective.



THE U. S. TRANSPORT "THOMAS" BURNING IN MANILA BAY

Thomas" caught fire on October 4 and burnt for forty-eight The Manila Fire D-partment, the fireboat "Gamecock," and a) tugs from Cavite finally succeeded in suppressing the flames

#### STERN LESSON Α

THE disorders at 1 Fort Brown, Texas, on August 13, when some colored sol-

diers of the Twenty-fifth Infantry "shot fifth Infantry "shot up the town," have had a sensational sequel. On November 5 President Roosevelt ordered, in accordance with the recommendations of Inspector-General Garlington, that every man of Companies B, C, and D of that regiment be discharged from the ser-



LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON Possible British Ambassado

vice without honor and forever debarred from reenlisting in the army or navy of the United States, as well as from employment in any civil capacity under the Government (that is to say, until the appointing authorities should forget or change their minds). This radical action was taken because the men seemed to be all standing together to shield the guilty, and to prevent the discovery of any clues by which the criminals might have It was admitted that there were been traced. many who could have told nothing because they knew nothing, but the innocent had to suffer with the guilty. General Garlington's report, in which the guilty. President Roosevelt concurred, insisted that the people of the United States "must feel assured that the men wearing the uniform of the army are their protectors and not midnight assassins or riotous disturbers of the peace of the community." The President's unprecedented action was se-

verely criticized in some quarters on the ground that such a wholesale punishment by an arbitrary executive order was a violation of the right of every individual to have a fair trial on the merits of his It was said that even if the President own case. had the legal authority to make such an order, which was questioned, it was a violation of an implied contract. Some of the men had served with honor for twenty-five years. They had fought bravely in Cuba, the Philippines, and the Indian country, and in a few years more they would have been entitled to take their ease on retirement pay for life. Now they are thrown on the world resourceless after their working days are nearly over.

The battalion was disarmed at El Reno, Oklahoma, November 12, and some of the veterans wept as they turned in the rifles they had carried Surprise is expressed that the whole long. brunt of punishment has fallen upon the enlisted men, while the officers, who ought to have been able to prevent the trouble or to find the guilty as soon as it had occurred, have been undisturbed.

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Comparative size of the airship and lake boats

#### Count Zeppelin going aboard the airship

Flying over Lake Constance

THE HUGE NEW DIRIGIBLE AIRSHIP OF COUNT ZEPPELIN The indefatigable aerial navigator of Lake Constance has just put into commission this new monster, four hundred and twenty feet long, and driven by two motors of eighty-three horse-power each. The balloon is divided into six compartments, each filled with gas. The trials over the lake whre completely successful. The balloon reached a height of a thousand feet and traveled for two hours at the rate of two miles an hour

### HARRIMAN'S REVENGE



THE effort of Mr. Stuyvesant Fish to protect the interests of the policyholders of the Mutual Life last winter has brought its threatened punishment. On November 7 Mr. E. H. Harriman deposed Mr. Fish from the presidency of the Illinois Central Railroad, which he had held for nineteen years, and put Second Vice-President James T. Harahan into his place. Mr. Harri

JAMES T. HARAHAN President Illinois Central Railroad

man's most active agents in carrying out this scheme in the Board of Directors were President Peabody of the Mutual Life Insurance Company and John W. Auchincloss of the Mutual's whitewashing committee, whose work had been so discredited by the refusal of Mr. Fish to become an accomplice in it. It turned out, however, that there was grave doubt of the legality of the election, and to make a test of that question Mr. Fish and his supporters on the board declined to vote. Governor Deneen of Illinois, who represented that State on the directorate, refused to take any part in the proceedings until he could obtain an opinion from the Attorney-General on the constitutional points involved.

It seems that the constitution of Illinois requires a majority of the directors of any railroad incorporated under the laws of the State to be citizens and residents of the commonwealth. This condition has been ignored for years. Only three members of the present board are residents of Illinois, and only one of those voted for Mr. Harahan as president. Unless the lawyers can find some way of circumventing the constitutional restriction, it appears that both the old and the new administrations will be declared illegal, and it will be necessary to appeal to the stockholders for another election.

While revenge has doubtless given zest to Mr. Harriman's campaign against Mr. Fish, it has not been by any means the only motive for his action. Mr. Harriman is not a person who acts upon revenge, or any other sentiment, alone. He knows how to turn his revenges, like his friendships, into meney. The control of the Illinois Central will be an extremely valuable asset to him, in connection with his Union Pacific and other enterprises. It may also help to bring him into collision both with the Illinois and the national laws against combinations of competing lines.

Mr. Harriman's conquest of his new railroad province is not universally welcomed in the financial world. It will be remembered that Mr. Thomas F. Ryan, who is not himself the object of unmixed confidence and admiration, explained that one of his objects in securing control of the Equitable Life was to keep it out of the hands of Mr. Harriman. The London "Economist" warns British investors that there is danger for them in the American market by reason of the manipulation illustrated in the ejection of the railroad president "under whose guidance the Illinois Central became the present splendid property." The "Economist" recalls Mr. Harriman's connection with the Union Pacific dividend scandal as the matter by which his name is best known in England. The Illinois Central coup, with the singular part played in it by the management of the Mutual Life, came too late to have any effect on the State elections, but it was early enough to serve as a factor in the balloting of the Mutual's policy-holders for six weeks. With the Illinois Central the various "Harriman

With the Illinois Central the various "Harriman lines" are capitalized at nearly fourteen hundred million dollars, and form a transcontinental system crossing the United States both ways, from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Gulf to the Lakes. Mr. Harriman directly controls an eighth of the railroad mileage of the Union.



JULIUS HAUSER

dected State Treasurer of New York on the Democratic ticket. Mit lauser is a baker of Sayville, Long I-land. After the election h rent on baking, promising to take care of the State's "dough" late

### OFFICIAL SHIFTS

O<sup>N</sup> the eve of the President's de-parture for Pana new Cabinet ama change was announced, completing the shift previously arranged. Secretary Hitchcock was to leave the Interior Department on March 4, and be replaced by the present Commissioner of Corporations, Mr. James R. Garfield. It was announced at the same time that Attorney-General Moody would



JAMES R. GARFIELD Next Secretary of the Interior

be appointed a justice of the Supreme Court to succeed Justice Brown, retired. Mr. Garfield's successor as Commissioner of Corporations is to be his present assistant, Mr. Herbert Knox Smith. Another change that is to come on the 4th of next March will be the retirement of Mr. William A. Richards as Commissioner of the Land Office. His successor has not yet been selected.

When Secretary Hitchcock leaves office he will have had charge of the Interior Department for eight years, during all of which time he has been a terror to rascals and a never-failing source of aid and comfort to honest men. He initiated the war on the land and timber swindlers that Mr. Heney carried on so effectively in the field—a war that put three out of four of the Senators and Repre sentatives from the sovereign State of Oregon into the prisoner's dock and narrowly missed putting the fourth there at the same time. Mr. Hitchcock protected the Indians from robbery. He fought the attempts of the railroads and the Standard Oil Company to jockey the Government out of millions of acres of coal and iron lands, and he has cooperated with the President in the preparation of the revolutionary order that will reserve for the peoplall the remaining public lands containing coal.

Mr. Garfield will be the youngest member of the Cabinet, and his promotion will enable the President to look down paternally upon two official advisers younger than himself. His work in the Bureau of Corporations has shown him to be in thorough sympathy with the Roosevelt policy, and he is counted upon to carry out Mr. Hitchcock's work against the land, coal, oil, and timber thieves and the plunderers of the Indians. The Interior Department is more beset by politico-commercial vermin than any other branch of the Government, and it needs incessant vigilance to keep them under control. Mr. Garfield is believed to have learned a lot since his first report on the Beef Trust gave immunity baths to so many eminent citizens.

Collier's for November



The Rhodesian scouts, 1893



In the first Matabele was



nham at Pretoria

#### VI.-Frederick Russell Burnham

MONG the Soldiers of Fortune whose

A MONG the Soldiers of Fortune whose stories have been told in this series were men who are no longer living, men who. to the United States, were strangers, and men who were of interest chiefly because in what they at-tempted they failed. The subject of this article is none of these. His adventures are as remarkable as any that ever led a small boy to dig behind the barn for buried treasure, or stalk Indians in the orchard. But entirely apart from his adventures he obtains our interest because in what he has at-tempted he has not failed, because he is one of our own people, cne of the earliest and best types of American, and because, tempted he has not tailed, because he is one of our own people, one of the earliest and best types of American, and because, so far from being dead and buried, he is at this moment very much alive, and engaged in Mexico in searching for a buried city. For exercise, he is alternately chasing, or being chased by, Yaqui Indians. In his home in Pasadena, California, where sometimes he rests outputs for a larget a wask at a time the pairbhors know

In his nome in Pasadena, California, where sometimes he rests quietly for almost a week at a time, the neighbors know him as "Fred" Burnham. In England the newspapers crowned him "The King of Scouts." Later, when he won an official title, they called him "Major Frederick Russell Burnham, D. S. O."

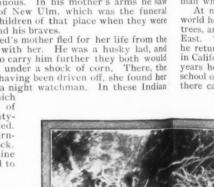
him "The King of Scouts." Later, when he won an official title, they called him "Major Frederick Russell Burnham, D. S. O." Some men are born scouts, others by training become scouts. From his father Burnham inherited his instinct for woodcraft, and to this instinct, which in him is as keen as in a wild deer or a mountain lion, he has added, in the jungle and on the prairie and mountain ranges, years of the hardest, most relentless scholing. In those years he has trained himself to endure the most appalling fatigues, hunger, thirst, and wounds; has sub-dued the brain to infinite patience, has learned to force every nerve in his body to absolute obedience, to still even the beating of his heart. He reads "the face of Nature" as you read your morning paper. To him a movement of his horse's ears is as plain a warning as the "Go slow" of an autemobile sign; and he so saves from ambush an entire troop. In the glitter of a piece of quartz in the firelight he discovers King Solomon's mines. Like the horned cattle he can tell by the smell of it in the air the near presence of water, and where, glaring in the sun, you can see only a bare kopje, he distinguishes the muzzle of a pom-pom, the crown of a Boer sembrero, the leveled barrel of a Mauser. He is the Sherlock Holmes of out of doors. Besides being a scout he is soldier, hunter, mining expert, and explorer. Within the last ten years the educated instinct that as a younger man taught him to follow the trail of an In-dian, or the "sport" of the Kaffir and the trek-wagon, now leads him as a mining expert to the hiding places of copper, silver, and gold, and as he advises, graat and welley syndicates buy or refuse tracts of land in Africa and Mexico as large as the state of New York. As an explorer in the last few years in the course of his expeditions into undiscovered lands, he has added to this little world many thousands of square miles. Personally Burnham is as unlike the scout of fiction, and of the Wild West Show, as it is possible for a man to be. He possesses



#### By RICHARD HARD

Los An for a tin grinding

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Burnham and Ingram in the first Matabele war of 1893



Living-room in Major Burnham's house at Pasadena, California



Burnham's latest portrait: Coding off in the

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Taylor, the boy good. wilderno quest of and Cyr set his on the s military veteran of the c douts, a been a v been a v he sold which in man wh for November 24 1906

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Los Angeles, California, where two years later he died; and

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ag from the Matabele

The shooting of Prophet Umlin

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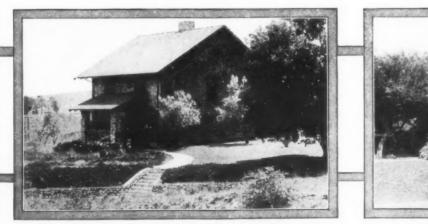




The day he was decorated by the Kng



cortrait: Coling off in the Yaqui country





Major Burnham's home at Pasadena, California

Burnham's father-in-law's house in Pera 'ana

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waters, they were forced to swim. They reached the other bank only to find Forbes hotly engaged with another force of the Matabeles. "I have been sent for reenforcements," Burnham said to Forbes, "but I believe we are the only survivors of that party." Forbes himself was too hard pressed to give help to Wilson, and Burnham, his errand over, took his place in the column, and began firing upon the new enemy.

took his place in the column, and began firing upon the new enemy. Six weeks later the bodies of Wilson's patrol were found lying in a circle. Each of them had been shot many times. A son of Lobengula, who witnessed their extermination, and who in Buluwayo had often heard the Englishmen sing their national anthem, told how the five men who were the last to die stood up and, swinging their hats defiantly, sang "God Save the Queen." The incident will long be recorded in song and story; and in London was reproduced in two theatres, in each of which the man who played "Burn-ham, the American Scout," as he rode off for reenforce-ments, was as loudly cheered by those in the audience as by those on the stage.

as by those on the stage. Hensman, in his "History of Rhodesia," says: "One hardly knows which to most admire, the men who went on this dangerous errand, through brush swarming



BURNHAM AT THE TIME OF THE BOER WAR DRAWING FROM LIFE MADE BY MRS. RICHARD MARD

with natives, or those who remained behind battling against overwhelming odds." For his help in this war the Chartered Company pre-sented Burnham with the campaign medal, a gold watch engraved with words of appreciation; and at the suggestion of Cecil Rhodes gave him, Ingram, and the Hon. Maurice Clifford, jointly, a track of land of three hundred source miles

Suggestion of Cechi Rodes gave him, ingram, and the Hon. Marrice Clifford, jointly, a track of land of three hundred square miles. After this campaign Burnham led an expedition of ten white men and seventy Kafirs north of the Zambezi River to explore Barotzeland and other regions to the north of Mashonaland, and to establish the boundaries of the concession given to him, Ingram, and Clifford. In order to protect Burnham on the march the Char-tered Company signed a treaty with the native king of the country through which he wished to travel, by which the king gave Burnham permission to pass freely and guaranteed him against attack. But the son of the king, Latea, refused to recognize the treaty and sent his young men in great number to surround Burnham's camp. Burnham had been in-structed to avoid a fight, and was torn between his desire to obey the Chartered Company and to prevent a massacre. He decided to make it a sacrifice either of himself or of Latea. As soon as night fell, with only three companions, and a missionary to act as a witness of what occurred, he slipped through the lines of Latea's men, and, breaking through the fence around the prince's hut, suddenly appeared before him and covered him with his rifle. "Is it peace or war?" Burnham asked. "I have the king your father's guarantee of protection, but your men surround us. I have told my people if they hear shots to open fire. We may all be killed, but you will be the first to die." The missionary also spoke urging Latea to abide by the treaty. Burnham says the prince seemed much more impressed by the arguments of the missionary

The missionary also spoke urging Latea to abide by the treaty. Burnham says the prince seemed much more impressed by the arguments of the missionary

than by the fact that he still was covered by Burnham's rifle. Whichever argument moved him, he called off

On this expedition Burnham discovered the ruins of

In swarriors. On this expedition Burnham discovered the ruins of great granite structures fifteen feet wide, and made entirely without mortar. They were of a period dating before the Phenicians. He also sought out the ruins described to him by F. C. Selous, the famous hunter, and by Rider Haggard as King Solomon's Mines. Much to the delight of Mr. Haggard, he brought back for him from the mines of his imagination real gold ornaments and a real gold bar. On this same expedition, which lasted five months, Burnham endured one of the severest hardships of his life. Alone with ten Kaffir boys, he started on a week's journey across the dried-up basin of what once had been a great lake. Water was carried in goatskins on the heads of the bearers. The boys, finding the bags an unwieldy burden, and believing, with the happy optimism of their race, that Burnham's warn-ings were needless, and that at a stream they soon could refill the bags, emptied the water on the ground. The tortures that followed this wanton waste were terrible. Five of the boys died, and after several days, when Burnham found water in abundance, the tongues of the others were so swollen that their jaws could not meet. On this trin Burnham passed through a

of the others were so swollen that their jaws could not meet. On this trip Burnham passed through a region ravaged by the "sleeping sickness," where his nostrils were never free from the stench of dead bodies, where in some of the villages, as he expressed it, "the hyenas were mangy with overeating, and the buzzards so gorged they could not move out of our way." From this expedition he brought back many ornaments of gold manufactured before the Christian era, and made several valuable maps of hitherto uncharted regions. It was in recognition of the information gathered by him on this trip that he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. He returned to Rhodesia in time to take part in the second Matabele rebellion. This was in 1896. By now Burnham was a very prominent member of the "vortrekkers" and pioneers at Buluwayo, and Sir Frederick Car-rington, who was in command of the forces, attached him to his staff. Carrington was looking about for some measure by which he could bring the war to an immediate end. It was suggested to him by a young Co-

end

ne could bring the war to an immediate end. It was suggested to him by a young Co-lonial, named Armstrong, the Commissioner of the district, that this could be done by destroying the god Umlimo, who was the chief inspiration of the rebellion. This high priest had incited the rebels to a general massacre of women and children, and had given them confidence by promis-ing to strike the white soldiers blind and to turn their bullets into water. Armstrong had discovered the secret hiding-place of Umlimo, and Carrington ordered Burnham to penetrate the enemy's lines, find the god, capture him, and if that were not possible, to destroy him.

Winkino, and Carrington ordered Burnham to penetrate the enemy's lines, find the god, capture him, and if that were not possible, to destroy him.
The adventure was a most desperate one. Unlimo was secreted in a cave on the top of a huge kopje. At the base of this was a vilage where were gathered two regiments, of a thousand men each, of his fighting men. For miles around this village the country was patrolled by roving bands of the enemy. Against a white man reaching the cave on the top of one, and the difficulties of the journey are illustrated by the fact that Burnham to ene, and the difficulties of the journey are illustrated by the fact that Burnham the rate of a mile an hour. In making the last mile they consumed three hours. When they reached the base of the kopje in which Umlimo was hiding, they concealed there began the ascent.
Directly below them lay the village, so close that and they could smell the odors of cooking from the huts, and or knee would have dislodged and sent clattering into the village. After an hour of this tortuous climbing the cave suddenly opened before them, and they beheld Umlimo. Burnham recognized that to take him alive from his stronghold was an impossibility, and the twillage as would a stone hutled into an ant-heap. In an instant the yeld below was black with running the name who had boasted he would turn the bullets of the wonors, for so quickly did the Kaffirs spread out on ever discovered. The race that followed lasted two hours, for so quickly did the Kaffirs spread out on ever show hours, for so quickly did the Kaffirs spread out on ever show the max to aclose. The max has the very kopje from which the max ho had boasted he would the was forced to ever diven back to the very kopje from which the max is not only. At the set of the same to aclose the white men to be the they everded assagai and gun fire, and they were discovered. The race that followed lasted they have head the would the were foree them, and they were discovered. The race that fo

race had started. But in the end they evaded assagai and gun fire, and in safety reached Buluwayo. This exploit was one of the chief factors in bringing the war to a close. During the hard days of the siege, when rations were few and bad, Burnham's little girl, who had been the first white child born in Buluwayo, died of fever and lack of proper food. This with other causes led him to leave Rhodesia and return to California. Burnham did not rest long there. In Alaska the hunt for gold had just begun, and, the old restlessness (Continued on fage 20)

# FINAL STAGE OF THE FOOTBALL SEASON

This is the last of Mr. Camp's discussions of the changes wrought in football by the new rules. In this paper he reviews the developments of the season in a way to prepare the spectator to appreciate the final games. The All-America Team will be picked, as usual, by Mr. Camp, and announced in a December issue of Collier's

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#### By WALTER CAMP



No. 1 - Driving the runner through the centre for a touchdown



No. 2-Centre passing the ball directly to the half-back



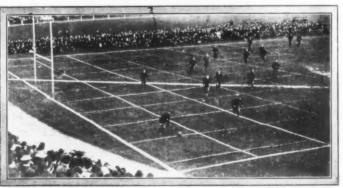
No. 3-Inside the twenty-five yard line-taking to the rushing same



No. 4 Defensive formation with centre playing slightly back of the line



No. 5 Princeton practising a "cross-buck" play on left side of line



No. 6 A long kick comfortable for the back, hard for the ends. The present necessity of catching with the ends a the difficulties of the back rambling fo

mp, and announced in a December issue of Collier's touched the ball, and hence he could take his time about getting it. To do this well was nothing for him. When that ball now comes sailing down he knows that he must catch it on the fly, or, failing that, he must scramble for it with one or two men of the opposing side as soon as it strikes the ground, and this scramble is rendered all the more hair-raising for the poor back because he knows that if he gets it he is at once tackled and stopped, whereas if one of the other men gets it the chances are very good for his dashing past him and making a touch-down. No wonder, therefore, that the backs lie awake nights thinking about catching and handling punts. The back's only relief is that, if the ball is coming over close to the goal line on a kick, he can generally count safely on its bounding across the line, and in that event it does the opponents no good, for if it goes across the line without touching a player of either side, it is a touchback whether any of the de-fenders secure it and touch it down or not. This fur-nishes a sort of temporary relief, but at the same time it imposes upon the back an additional duty of guess-ing with considerable accuracy where his goal line is when he is looking up in the air to catch the ball, and also what sort of a bound that ball is going to take after it strikes the ground. To watch opposing rushers coming down the field, to take a casual look at his own goal line, and finally to keep his eye on the oncoming ball present a combination decidedly difficult of execu-tion. Illustration No. 6 shows a kick that has gone diagonally across the field, and is rolling on the ground. Fortunately, as it will be seen from this illus-tration, the defensive back has a good deal more time on account of the diagonal kick to determine what he is going to do, and it is manifest that he can pick the ball up and run back with it three or four yards before he opposing end reaches him. As can readily be seen, however, if this had been a h

the five-yard line it would have been a much more difficult proposition. With the greater development of kicking and quar-ter-back running the direct snap by the centre to a man in the back field, instead of the passes with the help of the quarter-back, has assumed considerably more prominence. Illustration No. 2 shows the centre rush snapping the ball directly back to the so-called half-back, who promptly becomes a quarter in that he is the first man receiving the ball. The man thus receiving the ball may not, in running with it, cross the line of scrimmage within five yards of the centre, or the point where the ball was passed back. It does enable the backs, however, to get the ball more quickly for runs around the end. The so-called "cross-bucks," that is, a back striking the line just on or outside tackle, have become favorite plays, and illustration No. 5 shows Princeton execut-ing such a play in practise. It will be noticed that the end and tackle on the left have secured a very quick start, and the runner with the ball will pass nearly across the spot originally occupied by tackle. The problem of the defense, as already noted, has become a most important one. In illustration No. 4 we give the Princeton team in defensive forma-tion. In order to make up somewhat for the weaken-ing of the secondary line of defense. due to drawing a man back to take care of forward passes and outside kicks, the centre rush has been played somewhat back of the line, giving him a little greater angle of vision and a possibility or stopping the play coming nearer the guards. This method of defense is, of course, greatly assisted by the ten-yard rule because it is no longer so serious to a team to have the opponents gain the length of the runner in a single plunge. Princeton, however, has one very pretty play with McCormick going through the middle of the line which has proved one of the most effective of the New Jersey team's attacks.

Tarking<br/>the tarking<br/>backaracking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/>tarking<br/

new rules.

# PICTURE-GALLERY GEORGE

#### SHORTY DEVELOPS AN ACTIVE INTEREST IN ORIENTAL ART

BY

### STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN

"Take the credit; 'twas you hounded um to his grave," declared Patrick with deep unction. "Grave! You'd think he was dead. He's a great man in his line to-day, makin' a fortune, an' me to thank. I'm his philantherpist. I made him what he is." "You did," assented Patrick, grinning. "An' what retoin does he make when he sees me long after?" declaimed Shorty passionately, "an' him all bloated up in the mi'st of, his successes? On sight, he takes an' tries to jump through me. It needed t'ree cops—

all bloated up in the mitst of his successes: On sight, he takes an' tries to jump through me. It needed t'ree cops— "Wait; I'll tell it from the beginnin'. "Ye see, George should never 'a' went into the Soivice. He mistook his callin'; he was no sailorman, he was a born hamfatter. One o' them smooth, oily guys wit' a shaved neck an' a bang he could chew the end of. Every move a pitcher. An', stuck on his shape? Say! In the shower-baths he was forever humpin' up his shoulders an' pinchin' his muscles, tryin' to get a hand. He had himself mugged at a bum photographer's in Yoko, in a pair o' swimmin' tights, wit' his arms folded to bulge out his bicepts an' a grin on him. One day the bunch, washin' up, begun to say what a fine developed chest George had. An' George, havin' swelled himself out wit' wind as far's he'd go, hadn't the heart to let it out an' collapse an' spoil the tablo. He got quite faint, just from suffocatin' himself an' had to lie down in the suds an' be slapped. We thought his heart was stopped on him. "That's the kind George was . . . till I got done wit' him." "I gather that you disliked George?"

it' him." "I gather that you disliked George?" Patrick smiled discreetly and put a disreputable cigar

into his mouth. "I couldn't a-bear him," said Shorty, with dazzling

"Why?" Patrick took the most elaborate interest in lighting

Patrick took the most elaborate interest in lighting his cigar. Shorty looked at him swiftly, once—I thought to gage his present faithfulness. "Well, thishere George, ye see, he had a notion when goils was consoined—" "Ah, which was it? The New York girl in Hong-kong who used to cry to hear the Elevated again? That pretty, red-headed nursemaid at Manila, then? Or some one home? "Not me: not me!" Shorty protested, reddening. "It was a friend o' mine was doin' this skit. An' George, wit' his shaved neck an' his hair all poifumed offen the barber, comes woimin' his way into it. He fixes me friend wit' her. He tells her to look at the tattooin' on me friend's arm. "An', at that, they was only two initials there an'

"An', at that, they was only two initials there an' he 'Ada' an' a brace o' bleedin' hearts on a skewer. 'youse ever see Kelly, the bos'n's mate? In his young

#### Illustrated by F. C. Yohn

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<text>

 ShortY and Patrick, in liberty blue and new gilt

 U. S. S. Oklahoma hat-ribbons, were prisoners

 of mine in a pleasant little East Side place of

 them in a tight wooden alcove and had posted,

 within hearing of any sudden outcry, a blond, profuse

 worther in a tight wooden alcove and had posted,

 within hearing of any sudden outcry, a blond, profuse

 worther in a tight wooden alcove and had posted,

 within hearing of any sudden outcry, a blond, profuse

 worther in white and black. I was determined to be

 worther in the balconies of no more theatres that

 worther in Third Avenue, when one's companions start

 worthing and their shins wedged against the

 worth; on the small of their backs, with their knees up

 worth; on the small of their shins wedged against the

 worth, cramped attitude of purely American comp

 worth, on the shoulder, to reach the glasses on the table, the shoulder, to reach the glasses on the table, they smoked and found that, in this pose, an infinitely

 worth the shoulder, to reach the glasses on the table, they thought themselves supremely comfortable. They

 worth the shoulder, to reach the glasses on the table, they thought themselves supremely comfortable. They

 worth the shoulder, to reach the glasses on the table, they thought themselves supremely comfortable. Theis

 worth faces

of their recent disgrace. It was Shorty who voiced that amazing state of mind. "At any rate," said he, sucking his teeth with self-complacency, "the crowd was wit' us." I was forced to admit that. I remembered how, at the shameful moment, the gallery mob, approving and relishing that emphatic form of criticism, had clam-bered on its seats and bawled passionate protest at our of their

"Not only its seats and bawled passionate protest at our off-taking. "The noise was turrible," reflected Shorty proudly. "Not only in the Pea-nut, but in the or-chestra as well. Piercin'screams from the or-chestra. Prob'ly society goils, gone bug-house at our puril. ..." Prob'ly society goils, gone bug-house at our puril. ..." "I think it was a guy fell out o' the balcony," re-marked big Patrick calmly, endeavoring to account more prosaically for that. "No!" cried Shorty, obviously finding in this a touch delightfully spectacular. "Out o' the balcony, hey, the dam' fool? Just delib'rut'ly, I s'pose! Patrick, don't you let me forget to buy a paper in the mornin." "D'ye think they'll have it in the papers?" inquired Patrick of me, flattered. Reviewing mentally the vari-ous incidents of that episode, I was constrained to believe so.

believe so.

Wit' the names?" asked Shorty inquisitively, al-

"Wit' the names?" asked Shorty inquisitively, al-most greedily. "Fortunately not!" I exclaimed with fervor. Shorty's face fell. "The only time I ever got into the papers," he said plaintively, "they spelt me name so bad I was a liar every time I passed the clippin' around. That was one night at Barnum's. . . . "Have you got the Bull an' the Papers, sir? T'anks." "Roll me one," said Patrick lazily. "I'll try again, but I misdoubt I'll lose it in me mouth, like all the rest. It's seegars does that." "Lick it," ordered Shorty, holding out the rolled cigarette to him, and:

**LICK IT**, ordered Shorty, holding out the rolled cigarette to him, and: "Ah, ye dude," was Patrick's comment on that ex-treme of nicety, taking it clumsily in his big paws and spilling half the tobacco. At which Shorty laughed derisively.

"I packed George up the Motomachi like was a pillow " he

After our sentinel had come laden and gone lightened: "Shorty," I said, "that Barnum's business?" "That," said he, again sliding down on his back, his glass trembling on one high knee, "was nothin' but the denoomoh! An' the rest of it is spread half over the wold; too long, wit' my liberty up at one, an' the foot o' West Forty-fourth Street miles away. . . . ." Perhaps I stared at this sudden virtue. "You'll hardly have much of a Mast to-morrow," I tempted him. "You know your skipper's ashore, at the big dinner downtown?" "No danger this time," said Shorty cynically. "He was tight at the last one an' subsequintly made a show of himself."

of himself. A show of himself!" I cried, at once shocked and

"A show of himself!" I cried, at once shocked and delighted at this *lise-majesti*. "Well, all I know; comin' up the starb'd gangway from the launch, after, he slips up an', slides down three steps on his buttons. An' says he at that, very fretful: 'I wish,' says he, 'those unconsid'rate Jap coolies would quit oilin' the stairs in these places.'" "Conclusif, eh?" drawled Patrick. "But what vol-lums o' histhory's these, Shorty, to take so long tellin'?" "Well.... Have ye forgot our Pitcher-Gallery George?"

George?" Patrick smiled, suddenly for him. "Ould rosy George, the Work-o'-Art? Faith, it takes me back! Yokohoma, Kobe—"

"'Nangasawki, Yokohoma, "'Kobe maru hoi?"—

chanted Shorty, nasally and surprisingly geisha-like. "The whole bunch o' ports, each participatin', wit' malice aforet'ought, in the ruin o' Pitcher-Gallery George."...



tinue, Prof., continue wit'out stint'

days he got himself that covered wit' goils' names an' silly mottoes he looks like a tree in a picnic grounds. An' yet it makes *him* solid wit' his wife. She thinks he was a heluva feller in his yout'; she can hardly imagine how she come to get him away from the rest... But there's no tellin' from just that one, is there?'' Taking a mean advantage of this moment of source

But there's no tellin' from just that one, is there?" Taking a mean advantage of this moment of reverie, I reached for Shorty's left wrist and jerked his over-shirt sleeve. But Shorty, suddenly comprehending, flew into a frenzy of defense. The clatter of glasses and furniture was prodigious. It ended in Shorty's personal victory as, flaming red, he brandished heels. Put of course he was discovered and knew it

the corner and threatened with his brandished heels. But, of course, he was discovered and knew it. "If you'll treat me right, now," he said pathetically. "I'll tell this. I'm tryin' to entertain youse, an' you assault me. Any one but you, I'd say it's hardly jump-manly. "I was goin' to tell how thishere George wasn't sat-isfied wit' what he'd a'ready done. No. On cruise,

"I was goin' to tell now thishere George wasn't sat-isfied wit' what he'd a'ready done. No. On cruise, whenever we come into a port, George'd make out he'd been dealt a letter from that goil that couldn't stand for bleedin' hearts a year old on a guy's arms. He'd come around wagglin' a chunk o' light-blue paper an' makin' out to read off of it. Oncet on the gun-deck he says to me' he says to me:

'Congratulate me, Shorty, I'm goin' to be a marrid

"'Congratulate me, Shorty, I'm goin' to be a marrid man when me time's up.' "'Oh, are you?' says I, noticin' the lobster was backed up very handy by the open hatch. 'Well, I dessay you'll make a lovely bunch as one,' I says. "'Nothin' but,' he says, smirkin'. 'The day's set an' I'm happy as a lark,' says he, an' done a clog on the linoleum to prove it. 'An' I consider meself very fortunate that I ain't disfiggered wit' the relics of a disord'ly past, to shock no sweet, young goil,' says he. "I was in two minds if I shouldn't hand it out to him then and take a chance; wit' one smack I could 'a' put him down a hatch, one deck, onto a pile o' mattresses. But, actu'lly on the point of

But, actu'lly on the point of it, thinks I: 'Wait, Shorty. it, thinks I: 'Wait, Shorty. That there ain't like you at all; it's nearly brutal an' by all means too abrupt. Somethin' longer an' more lingerin'. Somethin' very delicat'ly done an' piled on, little by little, unbe-knownst. Somethin' far more woithy of you, Shorty.' An' thinkin' so, on me woid, I begun to grin in his face. An' thinkin' so, on me woid, I begun to grin in his face. It was just that thought, ye see: that one o' these days I'd think o' the proper answer to that there dis-ord'ly past remark an' how supprised he'd be, after clean forgettin' it was ever due him due him "But it was a turrible

time to wait, before I did; three mont's, at least. We were in Yokohama Harbor then. Patrick, it was that Isezak'cho night—Theaytre Street, you know."

Street, you know." Patrick, cap off and some-what joss-like behind a cloud of smoke, nodded benig-nantly. of smoke, nonded being-nantly. "Who was that little fel-

lah in the wrapper we stole his bows an' arrers?" he in-quired placidly. "Did he

his bows an' arrers?'' he in-quired placidly. "Did he ever get 'em back, I dunno?" "He had the shootin'-boot' beside that red-whisk-ered theayter—you know, that place trimmed out in crimeon streame s?" Shorty

boot Dense ered theayter—you Kno... that place trimmed out in crimson streamers?" Shorty reminded him. "D'ye re-member Double-Life Stubbs an' that bunch were inside, seein' the show, when the shootin'-boot' man sicked them insignificant yaller cops on you an' me? An' how ol' Double Life came tearin' an' rampin' fort' wit' re-enforcements an' we took all the bows off the counter an' buzzed our way out o' the street?" "I remimber the shootin'-booth man, at least, was well wounded wid his own weapons," said Patrick with heavy satisfaction. "I done it meself." "Patrick?"

weit wounded wid his own weapons, 'said Patrick with heavy satisfaction, ''I done it meself.'' ''I was lookin' at the result. Where did ye learn rapid firin' wit' a bow, Patrick?'' ''A bow! Would I bother wid such trashy bal-listics? Pooh! He was gettin' away over a wall; so I chose a handful of arrers an' stabbed him where he vanished.''

chose a handful of arrers an' stabbed him where he "Our get-away was the divil—wit' them wooden shoes sailin' into us like shells! I can hear 'em now, crackin' on Fatty Mullins's head. Ah—" "Twas a grand evenin'," Patrick assented. "I lost you, though, Shorty. Or did yez go wid us to the dancin' up at Number Six? Gay doin's, but Harah spoled it, pertendin' he was a circus horse an' jumpin' through the paper walls into a room where a bunch o' laps were pullin' off a weddin' dinner. There's some-thin' lackin' in Harah." . "He's no refinement," Shorty assented. "No, I wasn't there. In the stampede out of Isezak'cho I fell in wit' that George, or over him. He was wanderin' feebly about in rings. Some one'd jerked his overshoit up over his head an' tied it there an' then run off wit' an important part of his coschume. I might 'a' left him to 'em; but I rescued him tenderly—for a woise that me time to answer George was comin' at last. "Ye should 'a' laid eye to him then, as I hoised him up one dark alley an' down another, avoidin' them jursuin' police insecks. He was, wit'out foither em-1

bellishment, the last rose o' summer, gogglin' an' droopin' an' wiltin' an' just delib'rut'ly usin' me for a sofa. As for his attire—the least touched on the more delicat'ly discribed. "George,' says I in an alley, lettin' go of him to rip down about thoity foot o' cotton sign off a shop-front, to make him a skoit, 'George, thishere is bad business. There was numerous black eyes handed around in Isezak'cho, an' the Japs, you know, is not the Chinese. There'll be punishments. I can see Ol' Particilar's lamps bulgin' now; his private language'll be a shinin' pattern for the Ship at large. You an' me need alibis.' "I toined to fit the cotton sign around him and found him reclinin' gracefully in the road under a tea-house lantern, snorin' to rattle the shutters. A small, sleepy guy comes out in dish-abill'—" "Dish-abill'?" inquired Patrick. "Ye mean Moto-machi?"

machi?" "Ho! Listen! Dish-abill's no street, you big cow, "Ho! Listen! Dish-abili's no street, you ng cow, it's a nightgown. Though it *was* Motomachi we were in; for the professor roosted thereabouts amidst the native population. He heard us jawin' the sleepy guy in English, no doubt, an' nailed us." "D'yez ever see that professor again?" "Never. Nor needed to; *his* hidjous work was well enough done that night.

"D'yez ever see that professor again?" "Never. Nor needed to; *his* hidjous work was well enough done that night. "Ye see, while liftin' beautiful, drowsy George for foither wanderin's, a voice spoke softly in me ear. Says thishere voice: "'Jack, can youse spare me the price of a bed an' a hot lunch? I used to be a fine young man, oncet, an' liked me fun; an' now look at me, Jack, down an' out. There, that's a good feller, hey?' "I got a funny feelin' at the pit o' me stummick —it took me that hard,

*me*, for I got mine on a'ready. But here's me best friend on oith. He's crazy about tattooin'. It's all I hear from him. He'll see a Jap tattooer's place, an' I have to fight him to keep him out of it. "No, George," I'll say, "you'll be sorry. Be patient; don't spoil your-self. What you want is a white man's woik on you. I'm savin' you for an artist. An' he's awaitin' for you somewheres wit' his needles. No fear; the lucky day'll come for you." An' here it is! "'For that, Jack,' says the Prof., wit' feelin', 'your friend shall have the best I'm able. I'll get the needles off a Jap at the end o' the street an' we'll fix him up there. When he wakes up, how he will wring your hand!'

hand

hand?" "Well, joy give me stren'th; I packed George up the Motomachi like he was a pillow. The Prof. hobbled ahead to knock up the Jap—an' a sore Jap he was. But we got in, *an*' in our shoes. It was a queer place inside, judgin' from the folks peepin' through the screens when we made a light. A lot o' sleepy, pretty little kids in red peeked down the stairs an' yelled, and an ol' woman smacked 'em an' chased 'em back to had to bed

and an of wordan since keet ein alt chased ein back to bed.
"'What's the game?' I says.
"Geisha school,' says the Professor. He looked turrible in the light. His eyes was bright rcd an' his white lilocks was brushed every which way an' all smoked yaller around his mouth.
"But he takes out a yen an' pegs it at the Jap like a king. 'Sake,' says he. 'Boilin' hot. It's a pernicious habit,' says he, winkin' at me, 'but just this once, hey? It's all right when you can stop any time, as I could if I wished.'

I wished.' "They mixed the little bowls o' colors an' laid out the needles—an' George, His snores was harrown'; it was like the line's house in the menagerie to hear

in the menagerie to hear him. "'See here,' I says, look-in' at the Jap, 'no native talent, you know. The good ol' Bowery style. No new art, mind." "'Oh!' says the Prof., al-

art, mind." "'Oh!' says the Prof., al-most shocked. 'I wouldn't permit him—not one punch. Now then, what sort o' de-sign?" "I thought for a while looking to a

"I thought for a while, lookin' at George an' lickin'

"'A nice female ngger?" "'Exqu'site. But nothin' prim, now.' "'Oh, no, by no means! Where'll he have it?" "'Well, s'posin' we say spread over his chest, hey? He's got a fine chest, hay George, an' a fine shape. It'll make a swell back-ground—that shape. An' spread it, mind. Nothin' dinky. Ample's the woid.' "'Jack,' says the ol' cuss, wit' water in his eyes, 'you hoit me pride Leave it all to me.' Sayin' which he has a horn o' sake, takes up the needles an' clears away our George's over-shoit. Then stickin' the tip of his tongue out o' one end of his tongue out o' one end of his mouth, he begins on

him. Well, I couldn't stay. I had to go off somewhere an' yell. So I think I hear

and slammed me back to Chatham Square. I toined and slammed me back to Chatham Square. I tolned around an' there was a poor ol' guy, doin' a shake in a crumby suit o' clo's. He had whiskers all over his face, like he was hidin' in the Park. 'There's a fine, good young feller, Jack,' he cries, wipin' his eyes wit' his paws. 'I was your kind oncet; easy come an' go, gay an' free—an' here I am now, all in, on the wrong side o' the woild, an' never a chancet o' seein' the ol' flag again.' flag again.' "Why, you wheezin' hand-shaker,' I says, cryin' meself, 'how dast you try an' strong-arm me, you dam' ol' crook?' An' I chucked him what I had left; six yens, I think, an' about a pound o' copper cash. We

"He tol' me he was from N'York, so I give him the "He tol' me he was from N York, so I give him the last from there; how the ol' places were closin' up under the Elevated an' the sailormen were all gone to Fourteenth Street. 'An' so even Rooney's place is closed, now?' he'd say. 'Ah, it's an ol' man I'm gettin', when Rooney's is done wit' before me. It's time I was movin', meself

"All over his bos'm was the saddest-lookin' sketch I ever saw"

When I made the break to get up out o' the wet, he grabs me arm an' says: "'Ain't there nothin' I can do for you to remember

"Ain't there nothin' I can do for you to remember me by?"
"Why,' says I, 'I don't see what."
"A little, full-rigged ship on your arm!" says he, all at oncet. 'A twist of anchors! A nice female figger! It's the only gift I got left now; but I used to be a great tattooer back on the Bowery. Professor McManus —that's me. But here there's nothin' doin'; the Japs seem to have me beat at me own game."...."
"I sat puffeckly still, like as if froze there. I tried me voice two or three times before it sounded enough careless an' free.

'Why,' I says then, 'there's nothin' you can do for

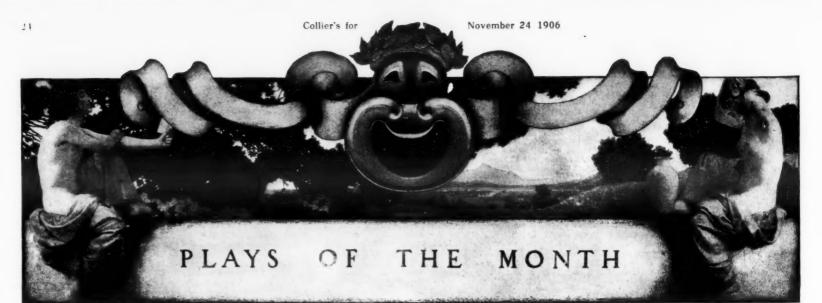
"Well, I couldn't stay. I had to go off somewhere an' yell. So I think I hear a friend outside callin' me name. "Don't stop the job,' I says; 'I'll be right back. Continue, Prof., continue wit'out stint.' I tiptoes out an' left 'em-will I ever forget it? Our George snorin' on the mats, an' the poor ol' Prof., wit' his tongue lollin' out, punchin' a sporty pitcher decrepitly into that lovely shape! The Jap sat just outside the candle-light, sneerin' at the Prof. behind his hand, an' all the screen cracks had eyes shinin' through 'em. It was a speck creepy, at that . . . but outside I forgot it, just thinkin' o' George, the double-faced, slanderin', naggin', note-wagglin', never-disfiggered fi-ancay! Yow! I beat it for me life, clackin' through the town, over the bridge, across the Concession, down the Bund, on to the landin' an' headfoist into the last run-nin' launch, just in time. 'You're full, Shorty,' says Cox'n Carrol, as usual very severe, when I fell over him an' the wheel. 'I am, me dear,' says I, 'an' glad of it.' An' I kissed him on the for'd an' sung 'The Voyage o' Columbus' all the way out to the ship. . . . Well, waiter, do my woids int'rest you?" It is a fad of Shortv's. when interrupted and re-

Voyage o' Columbus' all the way out to the ship. . . . Well, waiter, do my woids int'rest you?" It is a fad of Shorty's, when interrupted and re-freshed in the midst of yarn-spinning, to forget that an audience hangs on his discourse. With great non-chalance, therefore, he rolled a cigarette and interested himself in what was going on outside our alcove. "Hi, what's that, in the hall out there!" he cried suddenly. "Ladies in short skoits? An' a guy wit' horns, in a mask?" "A ball upstairs," said Patrick without interest. "They've been beatin' the floor this half hour. A mask ball. What of it? Come out of it, you're tellin' a story."

"George, you know, was due aboard?" I hinted. "Ah, yes. But not till next month?" I hinted. a story.

But not till next mornin'. He was rowed





MAXFIELD PARRISH

ARTHUR RUHL BY



Our one-time Sherlock Holmes appears as a senti-mental doctor in the comedy-drama "Clarice," written by himself. It was played in London last year with some success and last spring Bos-ton approved. Clarice was an orphone ord, the accordance of

THE mighty, because we are so used to their mightiness, are also interesting, when they go wrong. Mrs. Wharton and Mr. Fitch, the admirable Mr. Gillette, all have been going wrong

wrong. Our one-time Sherlock

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doctor makes an examination and tells Carrington that he is likely to die of consumption any min-ute, though the truth is he's as well as anybody, and Carrington, though himself a physician, and deeply in love, unquestioningly accepts the diagnosis. He sends Clarice away with Denbeigh, takes poison and writhes in an armchair in the lamplight, until at the last minute, Denbeigh, repentant, dashes back, and with Clarice's help smashes in the door

of Carrington's study, and with a ferocious jab from a hypodermic needle brings him back to life and a happy ending. Why, the plot being so incredible, should Carrington be made a doctor at all instead of, for instance, a botanist or a harmless literary person? Why, indeed, but that it was necessary, for this lurid last scene, to have a poison bottle and a hypodermic syringe in an adjoining room! Much of the rest is as fortuitous and artificial. There is all that obvious reach-ing out for points which is so often the fault of actor-made plays, and it is unnecessary to elaborate on the ghastly taste of jumbling up as Mr. Gillette has done idyllic sentiment and the modern pathology of tuberculosis.

tuberculosis. Impressive and vivid though he always is, Mr. Gil-lette's personal performance necessarily borrows some of the weakness of his play. He is charming for the most part in the first act, although even here at times —perhaps because his austere and acidulous Sherlock Holmes is so indelibly stamped on our minds—the spectacle of this lean, laconic gentleman of middle age gamboling in vernal sentiment narrowly escaped one's sense of the ridiculous. Possibly the spectator's nar-row and inelastic mind, set on having Mr. Gillette cold, unimpassioned, and all-seeing, protests against his becoming nice and agreeable, no matter how nice and agreeable he may be. That even, metallic utter-ance, and the trick of repeating, in a preoccupied fashion, the same thought—an effective method in its proper place of suggesting that under a quiet exterior the speaker is planning mighty things, and is pres-ently about to surprise us—becomes in "Clarice" de-cidedly a mannerism. Thus if Dr. Carrington should wish to convey to Clarice the notion that 2+2=4, it would reach the audience somewhat in this wise: (A far-away metallic falsetto, speaking without periods in the same key) "Two and two are four, you know. Oh, yes-they are —They couldn't be five-you-know-that-wouldn't-do-Impressive and vivid though he always is, Mr. Gil-

at all-would-it—[Mr. Gillette striding rapidly away, his forchead wrinkled up like Mr. Arthur Brisbane at his very eleverest, the metallic falsetto fading mys-teriously] No-no! No-no--" The mannerism has the effect of constantly giving mysterious pseudo-significance to observations which are mere statements of simple fact until one rebels at this forced air of suspense. The unenlightened occa-sionally object, in listening to Wagnerian music, against what they call its perverse refusal to end as descend to the bathos of a tune. Mr. Gillette's persist-ent ignoring of periods and the simple categorical sentence makes one feel the same way.

<text><text><text><text> plain through the mouths of pro-fessional expositors, the psycho-logical patterns of its characters. Through action they are expected to explain themselves. And here-in, of course, lies the essential difficulty of transferring such a novel as "The House of Mith" to the stage. A play requires two sharply defined forces struggling for the mastery. There are none-such in Mrs. Wharton's novel. That narrative illumines with brilliant accuracy the texture of a certain phase of life. Upon this as a background the pathetic, if



Mr. William Gillette and Miss Marie Doro in Mr. Gillette's play "Clarice"

It master. It would be too much to ask that Miss Fay Davis— miscast i-to the bargain—could make of this literary echo a creature alive and compelling. Always a figure of distinction, she struggled earnestly; but only occa-

#### Collier's for November 24 1906

sionally, perhaps most successfully in the last scene, did her undoubled intelligence and imaginative under-standing achieve any adequate result. And in the struggle to infuse vitality into the part it seemed as though her mannerisms—especially those of utterance —became more than ever apparent. At one point in the last interview with Seldon she asks: "What's the use of talking like this?" And it is with deep appreciation of the talents which this mannered utterance so often dims, and in all humility, that we ask Miss Davis: "Whad's the uze of talgging ligue thiz?" 

The crystalline enunciation of Miss Carlotta Nillson, not only melodious, but—like everything this gifted young woman does—refreshingly authentic and real, recurs to one in the midst of such complaining, and recurs to one in the midst of such complaining, and with it that entertaining and uncommonly genuine lit-tle play: "The Three of Us." The three were a young woman and her two younger brothers who lived in a Nevada mining camp. One was a schoolboy and the other a young fellow of eighteen or twenty, and it was Rhy Macchesney's task to mother the first, try to curb the surly, selfish, and headstrong nature of the older, manage the little household on nothing a year, and hang on to the claim which their father had left them before he died. It took a great deal of courage and tact and patience, and if Rhy's life was brightened it was not simplified by the fact that two men in this tiny all-together settlement were desperately in love with her. When the one she loved in return struck it rich and told her, and the restless older brother, overhearing, told her, and the restless older brother, overhearing,

sold the secret to the unscrupulous other man, things became very mixed up and exciting. The courage and charm with which Rhy finally straightened them out convinces the spectator that the young miner who finally won her was a very lucky man. The supreme merit of this little play is its unaffected realism—a quality displayed no more in the lines and situations than in the really exquisite understanding with which they are interpreted. Miss Nillson's blend-ing of motherliness, sisterliness, and coquetry as Rhy, Miss Eva Vincent's Irish servant, Miss Anne Peyton's good-fellow-girl, and John Westley's relentlessly real acting of the surly, headstrong elder brother, all possess a rare human touch in which actors and author equally share. Mr. Stanley Dark, who portrays a well-mean-ing, harmless young city man rather out of his element here in the Nevada mountains, says only a few words, but there is one sentence to his wife: "I couldn't have done it half so well, myself, old girl," so perfectly spoken that it, in itself, calls out a flutter of applause, and the same tribute is given to John Prescott's Chinese servant, who moves about the stage for five minutes or more without saying a word. "The Three of Us" presents to the public a new

servant, who moves about the stage for five minutes or more without saying a word. "The Three of Us" presents to the public a new playwright, Miss Rachel Crothers of the Middle West, where the authors come from. Miss Crothers came from Bloomington, Ill. She studied at one of the dra-matic schools of New York, and while there wrote sev-eral one-act plays which were acted by the pupils. This is the first play that she are of used of the rangelar is the first play that she has produced on the regular stage, but several others are said to be forthcoming.

#### TWO WISCONSIN MEN F

#### A comparison which shows that a patriot is better than a politician

#### **ROBERT MARION LA FOLLETTE**

United States Senator from Wisconsin



lette exposed and stopped the sale and leasing of coal and asphalt lands in Indian Territory. He led the fight which kept the records open until there can be a full investigation of alleged investigation of alleged grafts in Indian Terri-tory. tory. He delivered the most exhaustive speech that was made on the railway

DURING his first four months in the United States Sen-ate Robert M. La Fol-lette exposed and stopped

rate bill.

Robert Marion La Follette act. He forced the passage of a resolution authorizing the Interstate Commerce Commission to investigate railway and elevator companies for the purpose of dis-covering whether a combination exists between them by which the farmer is robbed. He forced the Senate to consider his resolution re-ducing the hours of labor on railroads in the interest of public safety. He introduced bills providing for the block system on all railways of the country.

of public sarety. He introduced bills providing for the block system on all railways of the country. Senator La Follette is a true embodiment of the popular spirit of disapproval which has been aroused against the body of which he is a new member. He hangs on the flanks of his colleagues and watches for opportunities to raid. He surprises the enemy and catches them in awkward situations. That is what happened in the case of the Employers' Liability bill. The Senatorial army was sweating through the narrow and dangerous defile of the five-minute-rule debate on the Railway Rate bill when La Follette flashed upon the flanks and offered the liability bill as an amendment. It was germane, in order, and it had been knocking for consideration for exactly twenty years. The eyes of the country were on the Senate chamber. La Follette demanded a roll-call vote. He said he would not argue. He wanted only a vote. They could

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on the Senate chamber. Ia Follette demanded a roll-call vote. He said he would not argue. He wanted only a vote. They could vote for or against it as they pleased, but vote they would or they should not advance another step. Adrich, Elkins, and Kean (members of the Interstate Commerce Committee, where the bill was being make terms. They promised anything. Withdraw the amendment, and they would report the liability bill next Friday—any old time! Their promises were recorded in the "Record," and fa Follette had won his fight. The twenty years' cam-paign was ended, and a bill hardly less important than the rate bill had been added to the national statutes. Again in the closing hours of the session LA Follette fell on the cohorts of the regulars. He demanded ton-sideration for the bill to limit the hours of railway employees. In the congestion of business, when little could go forward without unanimous consent, he and drew his oratorical sword. "Vote," he demanded. "Vote to take up this bill and make it the unfinished business. Otherwise I obstruct!" The Senatorial argum y halted. There were nine roll-calls. Each new all on the motion showed the absence of a quorum; but each call for a quorum showed a quorum present. What did this mean? Simply that Senators were

Shift shows that a patriot is better
Skulking. They were failing to respond to their names when the roll was called, for the reason that they did not dare vote against the motion of La Follette—and their affiliations with the railway and other vested interests were such that they did not dare vote for the motion. There sat Burrows of Michigan and never peeped. There was the good Mr. Lodge disappearing into the cloak-room when the L's were reached. There was the good Mr. Lodge disappearing into the cloak-room when the L's were reached. There was the good Mr. Lodge disappearing into the cloak-room when the L's were reached. There was the good Mr. Lodge disappearing into the cloak-room when the L's were reached. There were a dozen Senators pretending that the issue was a partizan one, and taking refuge in the plea that they were " paired" with an absent colleague.
But La Follette held the pass, and refused to be moved. They gathered round his desk and fed him with honeyed words. They breathed threatenings of dire consequences if he persisted. But it was of no use. Finally Hale arose and announced surrender. He told his colleagues who were skulking behind "pairs" to come out and vote.
M third time La Follette fell upon the enemy. On this desk and fee him with honeyed words. They breathed threatenings of dire consequences if he persisted. But it was of no users, " was under consideration. La Follette's "unfinished business"—the bill to limit the hours of railway trainmen, etc.—became the regular order.
Much of West Virginia, manager of the "pork barate."
M demand the regular order," was the calm and firm announcement of La Follette. A delegation—a nora follette's desk and began to gesticulate. His face, as like a mask.
M he cale and the result or gesticulate. His face, as like a mask.
M he cale aread, "then I will move to lay acide the unfinished business, and we will have a rollet."
M he course, my bill merely affects the public safety."
A dester dow

of the one under consideration." La Follette is demonstrating—what has long been a matter admitted in theory—that one man may be a host in the Senate; if only he be willing to pay the price, and to play the game. It is a bold game. But he has plucked the tail feathers from several magnificent gentlemen. The game is still young. His enemies gentlemen. The game is still young. His will remember. But the people will not forget.

#### JOSEPH WEEKS BABCOCK

#### Defeated Congressman from Wisconsin

Defeated Congressman from Wisconsin JOSEPH WEEKS BABCOCK of Necedah, Wiscon-years. Between 1894 and 1994, ten years of his service, he was chairman and manager of the Congres-sional Campaign Committee. For ten years he was chairman of the Committee on the District of Colum-bia, which has to do with the appropriations for the Capitol City and the granting of valuable franchises. During the eight years he was a member of the im-portant Committee on Ways and Means, which origin-ates all legislation having to do with taxation. In the various campaigns in Mr. Babcock's district, where bitter efforts have been made to defeat him, charges have been made that the chairman had profited by opportunities for investment and speculation in District of columbia properties, acting on the inside information which his official position gave him. In company with a "steal" in the passage of the law authorizing the construction of the new Union Station now nearing its completion in Washington.

Than a politician
Shortly after the formation of the so-called Steel frust Mr. Babcock introduced a bill in the House of Representatives which consisted of the Dingley schedules on steel and iron, scissored from the text of a wholesale repeal. He worked untiringly for months on this reduction bill. Finally the matter came to a point where Mr. Babcock had the deciding vote. But overnight Mr. Babcock underwent a mysterious change of heart, and when the matter was brought to a test, he voted against the proposition which he had so long championed. The only excuse given for his change of front was an unwillingness to accomplish the result by accepting the support of the Democrats, who were ready at any time to support his measure.
M. Babcock became known during his fourteen years of service in the House of Representatives as the priceular champion of the brewery and tobacco interests. It was he who openly assumed the championship to the Tobacco Trust by his opposition to the Philipp. The Babcock has acquired much of the property. Mr. Babcock has acquired much of the property for the Republican Party. He saw the corporate for the House. There is ample evidence that he was one of the House. There is ample evidence that he was one of the stories of one of the stories of the election of Republican members on the during his difference in his district a few years approximates.

circulated in his dis-trict a few years ago, and backed up by some affidavits, showed Mr. Babcock as aiding the rail-ways in securing a high rate for second-class mail matter by class mail matter by acting in collusion with the inspectors who have charge of weighing the mails, and sending many and sending many hundred pounds of dead franked matter to his own home address at the time when the authori-ties had arranged to make the weigh-ing. The good Wis-consin people of his district, through the last election, have refused to send him back to Congress. One of the Wash-ington papers has One of the Wash-ington papers has ironically said: "He will be missed, but he can be spared. The Capitol City will become recon-ciled immediately."



eph Weeks Babcock



# **REAL SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE** (Continued from page 20)

seizing him, he left Pasadena and her blue skies, tropical plants, and trolley-car strikes for the new raw land of the Klondike. With Burnham it has always been the place that is being made, not the place in being that attracts. He has helped to make straight the ways of several great communities—Arizona, California, Rhodesia, Alaska, and Uganda. As he once said: "It is the constructive side of frontier life that most appeals to me, the building up of a country, where you see the persistent drive and force of the white man: when the place is finally settled I don't seem to enjoy it very long." In Alaska he did much prospecting, and with a sled and only two dogs for miles. In mining in Alaska he succeeded well, but against the country he holds a constant grudge, because it kept him out of the fight with Spain. When war was declared he was in the wilds and knew nothing of it, and though on his return to civilization he telegraphed Colonel Roosevelt volunteering for the Rough kiders, and at once started south, by the time he had reached Seattle the wars was over. Several times has he spoken to me of how bitterly he regretted miss-ing this chance to officially fight for his country. That he had twice served with english forces made him the more keen to show his loyalty to his own people. The New Burnham," the President wrote in 1907. "He is a scout and a hunter focurage and ability, a man totally without fear, a sure shot, and a fighter. He is built to be of the greatest benefit." The truth of this Burnham was soon to prove.

#### Burnham Becomes Lord Roberts's Chief of Scouts

Burnham Becomes Lord Roberts's Chief of Scouts In 1899 he had returned to the Klondike, and in January of 1900 had been six months in Skagway. In that same month Lord Roberts sailed for Cape Town to take command of the army, and with him on his staff was Burnham's former com-mander, Sir Frederick, now Lord, Carrington. One night Carrington was talk-ing of Burnham and giving instances of his marvelous powers as a "tracker." "He is the best scout we ever had in South Africa." Carrington declared. "Then why don't we get him back there?" said Roberts. What followed is well known. From Gibraltar a cable was sent to Skagway, offering Burnham the posi-tion, created especially for him, of chief of scouts of the British army in the field. Tobably never before in the history of wars has one nation paid so pleasant a trutute to the abilities of a man of another nation. The sequel is interesting. The cablegram reached Skagway on the steamer *Giy of Seattle*. The purser left it at the post-office, and until two hours and a half before the steamer was listed to start on her return trip, there it lay. Then furnham, in asking for his mail, received it. In two hours and a half he had his bartaround-the-world journey from Alaska to Cape Town. Make a side-light on his belongings on board the steamer, and had started on his bartaround-the-world journey from Alaska to Cape Town. Make a side-light on his character. After telling of his hasty departure the day wayan," it adds: "Although Mr. Burnham has lived in Skagway since last August, wayan," it adds: "Although Mr. Burnham has lived in Skagway since last August, wayan, it adds: "Although Mr. Burnham has lived in Skagway since last August, wayan," it adds: "Although Mr. Burnham has lived in Skagway since last August, wayan, it adds: "Although Mr. Burnham has lived in Skagway since last August, wayan, it adds: "Although Mr. Burnham has lived in Skagway since last August, and has been north for many months, he has said little of his past, and few have th

and has been north for many months, he has said little of his past, and few have known that he is the man famous over the world as 'the American scout' of the Matabele wars." Many a man who went to the Klondike did not, for reasons best known to himself, talk about his past. But it is characteristic of Burnham, that, though he lived there two years, his associates did not know, until the British Gov-ernment snatched him from among them, that he had not always been a pros-pector like themselves. I was on the same ship that carried Burnham the last half of his journey, from group of men who shot questions at him. And it was interesting to see a fellow countryman one had heard praised so highly, so completely make good. It was not as though he had a credulous audience of commercial tourists. Among the egyptian cavalry, Captain Frazer commanding the Scotch Gillies, Captain Mackie of Lord Roberts's staff, each of whom was later killed in action; Colonel Sir Charles Hunter of the Royal Rifles, Major Bagot, Major Lord Dudley, and Captain Lord Valentia. Each of these had either held command in border fights in India or the Sudan or had hunted big game, and the questions each asked were the outcome of his own experience and observation. Not for a single evening could a fakir have submitted to the midnight examina-tion through which they put Burnham and not have exposed his ignorance. They wanted to know what difference there is in the dust raised by cavalry and by trak wagons, how to tell whether a horse that has passed was going at a trot or a gallop, the way to throw a diamond hitch, how to make a fire without at the same time making a target of yourself, how—why—what—and how? And what made us most admire Burnham was that when he did not know, he at once said so. Within two nights he had us so absolutely at his mercy that wild turkeys dance quadrilles—even that you must never sleep in the monlight. Had he demanded: "Do you believe in vampires?" We would have shouted "Yes." To ask that a soout should on an ocean ste

#### The Boers Capture Burnham

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#### REAL SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE Continued from page 20

to the disselboom, or tongue, of the trek-wagon. From this he lowered himself

to the disselboom, or tongue, of the trek-wagon. From this he lowered himself and fell between the legs of the oxen on his back in the road. In an instant the body of the wagon had passed over him, and while the dust still hung above the trail he rolled rapidly over into the ditch at the side of the road and lay motionless. It was four days before he was able to reenter the British lines, during which time he had been lying in the open veldt, and had subsisted on one biscuit and two handfuls of "mealies," or what we call Indian corn. Another time when out scouting he and his Kaffir boy while on foot were "jumped" by a Boer commando and forced to hide in two great ant-hills. The Boers went into camp on every side of them, and for two days, unknown to themselves, held Burnham a prisoner. Only at night did he and the Cape boy dare to crawl out to breathe fresh air and to eat the food tablets they carried in their pockets. On five occasions was Burnham sent into the Boer lines with dynamite cartridges to blow up the railroad over which the enemy was receiving supplies and ammunition. One of these expeditions nearly ended his life. supplies and ammunition. One of these expeditions nearly ended his life.

#### Burnham is Wounded and Invalided Home

On June 2, 1901, while trying by night to blow up the line between Pretoria. and Delagoa Bay, he was surrounded by a party of Boers and could save himself only by instant flight. He threw himself along the back of his pony and had all but got away when a bullet caught the horse and, without even faltering in its stride, it crashed to the ground dead, crushing Burnham beneath it and knocking stride, it crashed to the ground dead, crushing Burnham beneath it and knocking him senseless. He continued unconscious for twenty-four hours, and when he came to both friends and foes had departed. Bent upon carrying out his orders, although suffering the most acute agony, he crept back to the railroad and destroyed it. Knowing the explosion would soon bring the Boers, on his hands and knees he crept to an empty kraal, where for two days and nights he lay insensible. At the end of that time he appreciated that he was sinking and that unless he found aid he would die. Accordingly, still on his hands and knees, he set forth toward the sound of distant firing. He was indifferent as to whether it came from the enemy or his own people, but, as it chanced, he was picked up by a patrol of General Dickson's Brigade, who carried him to Pretoria. There the surgeons discovered that in his fall he had torn apart the muscles of the stomach and burst a blood-vessel. That his life was saved, so they informed him, was due and burst a blood-vessel. That his life was saved, so they informed him, was due only to the fact that for three days he had been without food. Had he attempted to digest the least particle of the "staff of life" he would have surely died. His injuries were so serious that he was ordered home. On leaving the army he was given such hearty thanks and generous rewards as

On leaving the army he was given such hearty thanks and generous rewards as no other American ever received from the British War Office. He was promoted to the rank of major, presented with a large sum of money, and from Lord Roberts received a personal letter of thanks and appreciation. In part the Field-Marshal wrote: "I doubt if any other man in the force could have successfully carried out the thrilling enterprises in which from time to time you have been engaged, demanding as they did the training of a lifetime, com-bined with exceptional courage, caution, and powers of endurance." On his arrival in England he was commanded to dine with the Queen and spend the night at Osborne, and a few months later, after her death, King Edward created him a member of the Distinguished Service Order, and personally presented him with the South African medal with five bars, and the cross of the D. S. O. While recovering his health Burnham, with Mrs. Burnham, were "passed on" by friends he had made in the army from country house to country house; he was made the he had made in the army from country house to country house; he was made the guest of honor at city banquets, with the Duke of Rutland rode after the Belvoir hounds, and in Scotland made mild excursions after grouse. But after six months of convalescence he was off again, this time to the hinterland of Ashanti, on the west coast of Africa, where he went in the interests of a syndicate to investigate a

west coast of Africa, where he went in the interests of a syndicate to investigate a concession for working gold mines. With his brother-in-law, J. C. Blick, he marched and rowed twelve hundred miles, and explored the Volta River, at that date so little visited that in one day's journey they counted eleven hippopotamuses. In July, 1901, he returned from Ashanti, and a few months later, with Mrs. Burnham and his younger son, Bruce, journeyed to East Africa as director of the East African Syndicate. Burnham explored a tract of land larger than Germany, penetrating a thousand miles through a country never before visited by white men to the borders of the Congo Basin. With him he had twenty white men and five hundred natives. The most interesting result of the expedition was the discovery of a lake forty-nine miles square composed almost entirely of pure carbonate of soda, forming a snow-like crust so thick that on it the men could cross the lake. It is the largest, and, when the railroad is built—the Uganda Railroad is now only eighty-eight miles distant —it will be the most valuable, deposit of carbonate of soda ever found.

the railroad is built—the Uganda Railroad is now only eighty-eight miles distant —it will be the most valuable, deposit of carbonate of soda ever found. A year ago, in the interests of John Hays Hammond, the distinguished mining engineer of South Africa and this country, Burnham went to Sonora, Mexico, to find a buried city and to open up mines of copper and silver. Besides seeking for mines, Hammond and Burnham, with Gardner Williams, another American who also made his fortune in South Africa, are working together on a scheme to import to this country at their own expense many species of South African deer. The South African deer is a hardy animal and can live where the American deer can not, and the idea in importing him is to prevent big game in this country from passing away. They have asked Congress to set aside for these animals a portion of the forest reserve. Already Congress has voted toward the plan \$15,000, and President Roosevelt is one of its most enthusiastic supporters.

#### Burnham is Now Cooling Off Among the Yaquis

We can not leave Burnham in better hands than those of Hammond and Gardner Williams. Than these three men the United States has not sent to British Africa any Americans of whom she has better reason to be proud. Such men abroad do for those at home untold good. They are the real ambassadors of their country. The last I learned of Burnham is told in the snapshot of him which accompanies this article, and which shows him, barefoot, in the Yaqui River. It

accompanies this article, and which shows him, barefoot, in the Yaqui River. It came a month ago in a letter which said briefly that when the picture was snapped the expedition was in the Yaqui country "trying to cool off." There his narrative ended. Promising as it does adventures still to come, it seems a good place in which to leave him. Meanwhile, you may think of Mrs. Burnham keeping house for her husband in Mexico, and at Pasadena, and of his first son, Roderick, studying woodcraft with his father, forestry with Gifford Pinchot, and playing right guard on the freshman team at the University of California. But Burnham himself we will leave "cooling off" in the Yaqui River, perhaps with Indians hunting for him along the banks. And we need not worry about him. We know that it is a hundred to one that they will not catch him. they will not catch him



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are numerous minor refinements. But Model F is practically a larger edition of Model D, which finished the Glidden Tour with a perfect score, without a repair or replacement. It has the same unfailing flexible control—as flexible as that of a steam car; the same flexible running gear (patented) which makes it the only car really equipped for comfortable country road travel. It has the Marmon kind of air-cooling, which means that it gives faultless service under conditions that will make a water-cooler *boil over*. It has a beauty and thoroughness of design second to none. In addition, it has the kind of materials, including the liberal use of Chrome Nickel Steel, and the workmanship that has made the products of this company famous the world over for more than fifty years. We exhibit at Grand Central Palace, New York, December 1st to 8th.

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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS



# PICTURE-GALLERY GEORGE

out then, after Foist Call, in a sampan, very pale an' debilitated to see. He was some nine hours over his liberty an' Ol' Particilar was tearin' mad at anything. He'd heard officially the lsezak'cho was close to a ghastly ruin an' every sailorman ashore that day he was sure was in it. So at the Mast that mornin' he lit on to our George an' heaved all the extra dooties on the ship at him, completin' the horror. But I'm ahead of meself. "George comes aboard, ye see, draggin' himself along between decks; it was crammed wit' men there; we were just come in from scrubbin' canvas topside, the mess gear was down an' the marine country was full of undershoits an' half-cleaned rifles. The mixture appeared to annoy our George. "'Hello,' says I, slappin' him on the back. 'Where was you last night?' "'Hello,' says I, slappin' him on the back. 'Where was you last night?' "'Hello,' says I, slappin' him on the back. 'Where was you last night?'

"George comes aboard, ye see, draggin 'himself along between decks. it was crammed wit' men there: we were just come in from scrubbin' canvas topside, the mess gear was down an' the marine country was full of undershoits an 'half-cleaned rifles. The mixture appeared to annoy our George.
 "'Hello,' says 1, slappin' him on the back. 'Where was you last night?'
 "How should I know?' says be. 'I wisht you wouldn' is appen that way, it makes me head ache.'
 "'Was you, though' says be. 'Phew!' An' that smell o' breakfast disgustin'?'
 "'Meorge's overshoit was a little loose at the neck. I says:
 "'Me' have a song thouse the neck. 'Where'' have the state disgustin'?'
 "'He makes a dub at his neck.
 "'Me' he rattles in his throat. 'Where' Mere?' An', when he'd tore his shoit half of his back, there all over his bos'm was the saddest-lookin' sketch I ever saw.
 "'He was a nice, female figger, out o' the O' Black Crook, I should think.'Vintage o' '?o, when the Prof, was in his prime. She was up on one toe an' as though ficklin' George in the chin wit' the other. No, she wasn't prim, by no means—but the work liself'. Oh, what drawerin': I think the Prof, must 'a' pased away over the last of it.
 "'Me took an' sat thereff in the glass.
 "'Ton't take on so, George, 'I ays soothin', 'Why, it's decoration'.
 "'Oh' says he, 'a decoration! Gavd forgive you, Shorty, for sayin' that?' I pushed out, quite hoit a havi'n measte questioned. Safe on the other side o' the deck, I did a few light steps—quite Black Crook hady. 'He'd quite dropped of his o' game, as a pose flabule letters wargled in me frace. An' George in the show as always tryin to hide the black Crook hady. 'He'd quite dropped of his o' game, as a pose flabule letters wargled in the fabule''.
 "We took an' sat mereff in 'He was even something else?'
 "'He'l awas a dways tryin to hide the black Crook hady. 'He'd quite dropped of his o' game, as a pose plabule els

think so?

"'' I should hesitate,' I says. 'If I was goin' to get marrid, it's hardly that style pitcher I'd have punched into me. I'd select somethin' more more perfes-

T should heshate, T shows in the was goin to get minited, it is hardly that style pitcher I'd have punched into me. I'd select somethin' more more perfessional, more heroyk.'
"'What would you have, Shorty?' he quavers, holdin' his head. 'Tell me true, Shorty, for you're a sympathizin' friend at least, which some ain't'—wit'a look at Patrick an' Harah.
"'Well,' I says, quite cheerful an' ocktimistic, 'why not a naval battle?'
"He starcs at me an' gives a ghastly laugh. 'A naval battle!' says he.
'You're out o' your head.'
"A naval battle's thrillin' an' appropriate,' I says foimly. 'Moreover, the details is confused, impresh'alistic. They can be as mixed as ye like an' none the wiser. You could almost, I think,' says I, eyin' him over like a doctor prescribin', 'have a naval battle yet, over that.'
"He gets up an' faced me. 'You're a dope,' he says. 'An' I'm the bell pinhead o' the Asiatic Station.' An' draggin' his heels, he takes his Jap lady away wit' him. "George consequently vury fretful an' every one plaguin' him for a look. For the cents Amurican money I think George would 'a' chucked himself overboard. "Patrick, knowin' the particilars, says to me next day:
"I think he's gettin' a triffe nutty, Shorty, from worryin' over it. He acks very queer at times an' goes around mutt'rin' to himself. He's a wild eye. You'd best cut it out.'

very queer at times an' goes around mutt'rin' to himself. He's a wild eye. You'd best cut it out.' "'Cut what out?' says I, vury indignant an' properly so. 'What am I doin' now? I was done wit' Professor McManus. Did I make him go to that Kobe Jap? No; a donkey engine couldn't 'a' held him back. An' that ain't all. When these pitcheresque guys get tinkerin' wit' themselves they never let up. He'll go on of hisself, now he's got the habit. Wait till we're at Nangasawki; you'll see.' We were out o' Kobe then, an' runnin' south. "George got a way of huntin' me up an' goin' into mournin' to me about himself. It was all about the tattoo lady. 'It's havin' an effeck on the ship, too,' he says. 'Billy Spratt—you know how religious he is—he says the other day wasn't there some way o' tonin' it down an' makin' it less life-like? He says he thinks it almost ain't just nice; it's nearly as if there was ladies concealed aboard—Heaven help us!"

help us!" "'Well,' I says kindly, 'there's always the naval battle, George.' "'Don't talk so,' he says, twistin' his fingers into his hair. 'How can you, Shorty? You know there's nothin' more'll take over this... is there now?'



### "A Grand Party"

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This wide difference in Health springs chiefly from the wide difference in food. The Tiger feeds entirely on meats, which are Nitrogenous Foods, rich in Proteids. The Cow feeds on grass and other carbon-aceous Foods, containing very little Proteid. Proteid, you know, is the food-factor which builds and rebuilds animal (human) tissue, brain, forth and wusele

builds and rebuilds animal (human) tissue, brain, flesh and muscle. It is also the factor that builds *Courage*, Au-dacity, "Nerve," and that pent-up *Force* of the coiled spring, ready to instantly apply. This is the reason why meat-eating Races, and meat-eating animals have, through the effect of these *Proteids*, triumphed ever since the world began.

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### PICTURE-GALLERY GEORGE (Continued from page 30)

"We came to Nangasawki presently an' it fell that George had liberty on pay day. I saw him through the gun-deck ports, leavin' the side in the launch. By the glassy eyes of him an' the way he fidgeted, I knew. I says to Patrick subse-quently, in the for'd turret: "'Ol' George the Woik-of-Art is gone ashore to do it again.' "Shorty, enough is plenty. I can't believe you ain't a liar,' says Patrick,

wit' his customary delicac

wit' his customary delicacy. "All right,' I says. 'But if he ain't made a fresh show of himself by to-night, tryin' to improve his looks, I'll take you up to that Risin' Sun teahouse on the hill an' ruin your linin's. Why, George couldn't stop now, no more'n you could stop smokin'. It's a turrible habit, creepy to contemplate, ain't it? Vanity does it. Get down an' thank Gawd, Patrick, you look like a horse.' "Well, that night I didn't wait for George to hunt me. I found him on the gun-deck, sittin' on the sill o' the office. He was quite peaked out. He says in a vury subdued voice on seein' me.

"' 'I've had a heart breakin' day, Shorty.'

"I've had a heart breakin' day, shorty.
"What doin'?" I ast him, in a jolly way.
"Can't you guess?' he says, looking like he wanted to cry.
"Not been to no more tattooers!" I shouts, steppin' back in extreme su'prise.
"Yes, Shorty, I have,' he says. 'I didn't want to, but somehow I couldn't ep away. It was dreadful, tryin' not to do it; but no use. I couldn't stand that keep away.

keep away. It was dreadful, tryin' not to do it; but no use. I couldn't stand that incriminatin' Jap figger a minute longer. I've had meself done over. At least, I'm not suggestif any more.' ''Let's see,' I says, an' motions Patrick, wit' me hand behind me back, to get wise. He came over wit' Harah an' Quinn an' Licks—'' ''Not forgettin' Willie Spratt, the moril censor,'' interrupted Fatrick. ''An' Spratt, yes, to give it tone. George balked at the crowd, but I joshed him into bein' nice. He pulls his overshoit carefully up over his head. It wasn't wurve light there

wiry light there.
"'Well,' I says, 'ye dude, since when have ye been wearin' that blue underwear?'
"'That ain't underwear,' he answered wit' his voice tremblin', 'that's tattooin'."
"Gawd save us!' groans the bunch like one man, baggin' at the knees.
George was tattooed solid, like he had on a sleeveless shoit, wit' enough dragons

an' snakes an' reptyles tied into half-hitches an' makin' faces out o' bow-knots to fit out a delirium tremens. An this effeck was shaded off on the arms, most artis-

fit out a delirium tremens. An this effeck was shaded off on the arms, most artis-tic'lly, wit' little snakes, taperin' down to caterpillar-size an' finally just a bug here an' there, to carry off the decoration. I never saw anything like it, any-where, not even on a Jap fireman's back, an' none o' the rest ever did either. "'It took all six o' them tattooers all day to do it,' quavers George, from the sill where he'd sat down again in a heap. 'I got scared when they begun to exceed me orders an' tried to stop 'em. But they'd got that int'rested an' woiked up over it they wouldn't take no for an answer. 'They kep' swearin' there'd be nothin' else like it...' nothin' else like it-

There ain't,' I says. Says Patrick:

"'There ain't,' I says. Says Patrick: "'I seen Red-eyed Coggins yonder under surveillance, just back off the beach. Better not let him see those monsters, George; he'll go into spasms. He's seein' things now in a quiet way. He thought me hair was afire just now.' "'It gives me the creeps,' says Harah. 'You look like a temp'rance lecturer's pitcher of a drop o' beer, magnified a thousand times. Excuse me if I go, George? I like a swallow now an' then; I don't want me appetite scared away.' "He went away, an' the rest wit' him, unable to find woids. I went, too, for I was hoit to think how he'd chose snakes, when I'd been all for naval battles.... So we left George all alone, on the office sill, among his reptyles." He stopped, with an air of finality. Shorty has, I know well, his own infran-gible ideas about a climax.

"An' he never knew," said Patrick, who disregarded climaxes. "An' he never knew," said Patrick, who disregarded climaxes. "Till long after," corrected Shorty. "But 'twasn't him found it out then, I don't guess. I think it was the goil put him next to himself."

uon c guess. I think it was the goll put him next to himself." "Ah, yes... that girl?" "How can you tell what they're goin' to do?" said Shorty, enigmatically, ex-amining his cold cigarette. "He was makin' good money, enough for a family, when I saw him, after. In Barnum's. On a platform. Photos, twenty-fi' cents, in a line along the front. You're on?" 'Not-

"'The next exhibit, leddies an' gents,' " chanted Patrick with the manner of a owman. "So, after all, 'twas Shorty set him up in his perfession." "An' how ungrateful, how, how—Psst! There, lookin' in at the door, in blue, showman.

wit' the little mask on

"From the ball upstairs, ye coquette," drawled Patrick, lying back and feeling for a fresh cigar. "The pritty ones don't wear 'em, do they, sor?" "No? Suppose, "cried Shorty, beaming, as though with sudden inspiration, "suppose we patronize an' em?"

"No? Suppose," cried Shorty, beaming, as though with sudden inspiration, "suppose we patronize an' see?" Rashly, forgetting the early evening, I agreed. Directed by that kind, blond sentinel of ours, we found around the corner a small, nocturnal shop-of-all-goods, where we procured three amazing noses. Behind these we went demurely to the ball. And Shorty there, without previous introduction, won a Queen of Hearts out of a hedge of frowning young men, all collars and cowlicks. And Patrick, from a whirling, spangled waltz, emerged escorting a bewildered Cleopatra, or some such siren, a queue of disgruntled rivals muttering at his heels. But these things must be irrelevant, touching on extraneous love and war (for war followed inevitably, in which two, blue clad, raged in the cloak-room against heavy odds, like Ulysses and Telemachus among the Suitors). But afterward I noticed some-thing more relevant. For, into the street, while Shorty, the frequently ejected, was taking stock of casualties there, the Queen of Hearts emerged with he rescort from the ball. Defying convention, she paused to say good-night to Shorty. from the ball. Defying convention, she paused to say good-night to Shorty. And because she properly admired valor exhibited on her account, she rewarded it. In the face of a chagrined cavalier, she tidied Shorty's neckerchief and brushed off his cheeks and rolled down his sleeves for him. But rolling down his sleeves, she stopped and looked close at his arms.

"Well," she exclaimed emphatically, dropping his hands as though they were red-hot. "If I'd known you were a flirt an' a jollier, an' all marked up with other girls' names, you wouldn't 'a' kissed me to-night behind no scenery. Here: take it back!" She hurled it back dexterously at him and fled, dragging away her fist-brandishing escort. Shorty turned up a dazed countenance to the lamplight.

Take me oat', all over the woild there ain't no two of 'em alike," said he, as though he were the sole discoverer of that.



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