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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1906

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a day of football. Full Page in Color
Drawn by Jessie Willcox Smith editorials
A SUGGESTION. Cartoon
Edward Penfield 10

THE CALMING OF THE UTES. Photographs
WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING. Illustrated with Photographs
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. Richard Harding Davis 18
sell Buraham. Illuatrated final stage of the football season rated Walter Camp 21 PICTURE-GALLERY GEORGE. Story . Stephen French Whitman 22 PLAYS OF THE MONTH. Illustrated with Photographs . . Arthur Ruhl TWO MEN OF WISCONSIN
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## 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.

T
CHE 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.


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EVERY 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 hitchсоск 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. Нıтснсоск, 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 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. Mr. Fish has been for twenty years president of a ABOLD 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,

That they should the stimple 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. Harrman, the word for their wisdom is that this man's deflance 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 Obell. regime Mr. Harriman was a heavy contributor to the campaign fund. During the recent campaign a representative of the state Committee went to Mr. Harkiman'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. When 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 correct that legislators and judges who come to the $\begin{gathered}\text { HARriman's } \\ \mathbf{C H O I C E}\end{gathered}$ 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.

AREMARKABLE FEATURE of the recent election in Missouri was the defeat of Senator John F. Morton. For nearly 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 Mortox'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 Mortos'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 pablic by any speaker. Apparently there was no concerted effort to defeat
him. But the farmers had resolved what to do, missouri and in his own county he lost nearly two thousand
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 city. The Democratic Convention was dominated by friends of 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 Fol.k, 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 had for ten years past; and the lesson of their BIC JACET 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 destined to fall upon Drydes 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 $\begin{array}{lll}\text { ET TU, WADS- } \\ \mathbf{W} & \mathbf{O} & \mathbf{R} \mathbf{T}_{\mathbf{H}} \text { ago he had almost two votes to his opponent's }\end{array}$ in an unhappy way. Be last June he obtained the limelight in an unhappy way. He tried to block the Meat Inspection law. At committee hearings he bullied Mr. Neili, one of the President's Commissioners. There was an exchange of tart 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 $3^{I}$ Democrats and 29 Republicans. The landslide per-
 haps was chiefly on the issue of Dryden. In Northern New Jersey, where Drvden, his insur-
ance 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. Dryden 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 Dryoben might see the handwriting and spend next winter away from Trenton. DryDEN, 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 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 I 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 Thịd Municipal Court list a set of independent lawyers, most of them strong men, permitted their names to be placed CHICAGO 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.

ART THOU THERE, old Truepenny? The railroads don't like tion, scorn, and sadness. It enumerates the names of the founders of the organization, including Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Whlifam Allen White, Mark Twain, Everett Culby, 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 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 little earlier and more drastic.
$A^{S}$ AN IMPORTANT example of cheerfulness AdDison names mism 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 THE DAY face, he limited himself to wonderful feats in the 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 Carnegre 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



A suggestion for remodeling the entrance of the Pennsylvania State Capitol at Harrisburg. The steps are adjusted to suit the movements of the legislators

## THE CALMING OF THE UTES

## Troopers of the Tenth Cavalcy, a negro resiment, wit <br> a young Ute mascot in the centre of the group <br>  <br> Moon Fate, the Ute medicine man, who never was friendly with United States soldiers until he met Captain Johnson, Tenth Cavalry (sitting beide him) <br> Photographs by T. W. Tolman <br> Indians who took a leading part <br> 




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 inoney, 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 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 par allel 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 Sigo,000,000 at year-considerably less than Canada's commerce with the United States alone. North of us, separated only by an imaginary line, needing no canal to reach it, "lies a country of enormous possibilities for development, inhabited by between five and six milliun people. It has 19,000 miles of ralways, 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 $8400,000,000$, and the value of the product is $\$ 480,000,000$. Its people have depusited in their savings banks $882,000,000$. It has achieved this growth without outside aid, exactly as the United States has grown, by virtue

a trade circle under freedom

[^0]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.

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." lowa, the first agricultural State of the Union, succeeded in producing \$164,000,000 of manufactured goods in 1900 without a tarift 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?" Instead of being rivals, Canada and the United States, in the view of the Great Northern chief tain, 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.
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.'


Castle Rock, 1796
creating new islands by volcanic forces in nature's giant laboratory in bering sea
sland, 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 visi ed and explored by offcers of the revenue cutter "Perry"

## INSURANCE BOSSISM


gen. helmuth von moltike Probable German Chancellor

THE public had shock of pained surprise when it learned from the inves. tigations 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 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." 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 legotimate use and turned into a vast campaign fund to be used in defeating reforms which a great numb:r, 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 employees, "to encourage the others." 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 IIerbert N. Fell, a branch manager at New York. Mr. Paige had been nominated 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 minaging agent whose father had been selected as one of the committee to receive proxies for the Selected Fusion ticket, and told him 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 The "Thomas" caught fire on October 4 and burnt for forty-eight
hours. The Manila Fire D partment, the fireboat "Gamecock;" and hours. The Manila Fire D-partment, the fireboat "Gamecock," and
the naval tugs from Cavite finally succecded in suppressing the flames

## A STERN LESSON

T$\xrightarrow{\text { HE }}$ disorders at Fort Brown, Texas, on August 13 , wers the Tw soldiers of the Twentyfiith 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 Compa-

lord curzon of kedleston Possible British Ambassador nies $\mathrm{B}, \mathrm{C}$, and D of charged from the ser charged from the serenlisting 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 been traced. It was admitted that there were 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 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 severely 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 own case. It was said that even if the President 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 so long. Surprise is expressed that the whole 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 Zeppelingoing aborrd the airshlip
Flying over Lake Constanc
the huge new dirigible airship of count zeppelin
The indefatigable aerial navigator of Lake Constance has just put into commission this new mnnster, four bundred 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 were 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-
President Illinois Central Railiroad
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 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


## OFFICIAL SHIFTS

0$N$ the eve of the President's departure for Panama a new Cabinet 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-

james r. Garfield
Next Secretary of the Interio General Moody would 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 wal 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 cooper ated with the President in the preparation of the revolutionary order that will reserve for the peopl all 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 hims.lf. His work in the Bureau of Corporations has shown him to be in thorough sympatly 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.


## ERS of FORTILNE 8 10 <br> HARDING DAVIS


shoot of Prophet Unlis
and American horse thieves, took part in county seat fights, in rustler wars, in cattle wars; he hroughout the West the name of "Fred" Burnham became significant and familiar. During this period Burnham was true to his boyhood ideal of becoming a scout. It was not enough that by merely living the life around him those thing which some day might mean practised and rehearsed those things which some day might mean to himimprove his sense of smell he gave up smoking of which he was use tobace. His accustomed himself also to go with little sleep, and to subsist on the least possible quantity of food. A a deputy sheriff this educated faculty of not requiring slee aided him in many important captures. Sometimes he woul not strike the trail of the ba dit or "bad man" until the other had several days the start of him. But the end was the same for, while the murderer snatched a few hours rest by the trai Burnham, awake and in the saddle, would be closing up the miles between them. That he is a good marksman goes without telling. At the age of eight his father gave him a riffe of his own, and at
twelve, with either a "gun" or a Winchester, he was an expert He taught himself to use a weapon either in his left or right hand and to shoot. Indian fashion, hanging by one leg from his pony and using it as a cover, and to turn in the saddle and shoot behind him. I once asked him if he really could shoot to the rear with a galloping horse under him and hit a man. enouel, he said, "maybe not hit him, but I can come near enough to him to make him decide my pony's so much faster Besides perfecting himself in what he tolerantly calls "tricks" of horsemanship and marksmanship, he studied the signs of the trail, forest and prairie, as a saling master studies the waves and dumb animals wemslittle less than miraculous. And when and as him how be knows these things he always give reason founded on some fact or habit of nature that shows him to be a naturalist. mineralogist, geologist, and botanist, and not merely a seventh son of a seventh son. In South Africa he would say to the officers: "There are a dozen Boers five miles ahead of us riding Basuto ponies at a trot, and leading five others. If we hurry we should be ask to sight them in an hour." At first the officers would smile, but not after a half hour's gallop, when they would see ahead of them a dozen Boers leading five ponies. In the early days of When twenty-three years of age he married Miss Blanclat Blick of Iowa. They had known each other from childhood and her brothers-in-law have been Burnham's aids and compan ions in every part of Africa and the West. Neither at the time of their marriage nor since dic Mrs. Burnham "lay a hand on the bridle rein," as is witnessed by the fact that for nine year after his marriage Burnham continued his carcer as sheriff, scout, mining prospector. And in 1803 , when Burnham and his
brother-in-law, Ingram, started for South Africa, Mrs. Burnham




Los Angeles, California, where two years later he died; and for a time for both mother and boy there was poverty, hard and grinding. To relieve this young Burnham acted as a mounted messenger. and even in a land where every one rode well he gained local fame as a hard rider. In a few years a kind uncle offered to Mrs. Burnham and a younger brother a home in the East, but at the last moment Fred refused to go with them, and chose to make his own way. He was then thirteen years old, and he At that particular age many boys have set forth determined to be scouts, and are generally brought home the next morning by a policeman. But Burnham, having turned his back on the cities, did not repent. He wancered over Mexico, Arizona, California. He met Indians, bandits, prospectors, hunters of Taylor, had served in the Mexican War. He took a liking to the boy; and his influence upon him was marked, and for his good. He was an educated man, and had carried into the wilderness a few books. In his cabin Burnham read "The Conquest of Mexico and Peru," by Prescott, the lives of Hannibal and Cyrus the Great, of Livingstone, the explorer, which first set his thoughts toward Africa, and many technical works military operations on a large scale, but, with the aid of the veteran of the Mexican War, with corn-cobs in the sand in front douts, and tracerses. In Burnham's life mise trenches, rebeen a very happy period. The big game he hunted and killed he sold for a few dollars to the men of Nadean's freight outits which in those days hauled bullion from Cerro Gord. for the At nineteen Burnham decided that there were things in this world he should know that could not be gleaned from the earth, trees, and sky; and with the few dollars he had saved he came East. The visit apparently was not a success and in two years in California, he had been under gun-fire, and for the next fifteen years he led a life of danger and of daring, and studied in a school of experience, than which, for a scout, if his life be spared, manly, gentle man. In those fifteen years he roved the West
from the Gireat Divide to Mexrom the Great Divide to Mex-
ico. fought the Apache ico. He fought the Apache
Indians for the possession of
water-holes, he guarded bullion water-holes, he guarclectbultion in pursuit of Mexican bandits



Major Burnham's home at Pasadcna, California
went with them, and in every part of South Africa shared her husband s life of travel and danger inal idea was to look for gold in the territory owned by the German East African Company. But as in Rhodesia the first Matabele uprising had broken out, he continued on down the coast, and volunteered for that campaign.
This was the real beginning of his fortunes. The "war" was not unlike the Indian fighting of his early days, and although the country was new to him, with the kind of wartare then being waged between the
Kaffirs under King Lobengula and the white settlers of the British South Africa Company, the Chartered Company of Cecil Rhodes, he was intimately familiar.
It does not take big men long to recognize other big once brought him to the notice of Rhodes and Dr Jameson, who was personally conducting the campaign. The war was their own private war, and to them, at such a crisis in the history of their settlement, a man like Burnham was invaluable.
The chief incident of this campaign, the fame of which rang over all Great Britain and her colonies, was the gallant but hopeless stand made by Major Alan ham's attempt to save these men that made
him known from Buluwayo to Cape Town halted on one bank of the Shangani River and on the other Major Forbes, with a picked force of three hundred men, was coming up in pursuit. Although at the moment he did not know it, he also was being pursued by a force of Matabeles, who were gradually sur-
rounding him. At nightfall Major Wilson rounding him. At nightfall Major Wilson and a patrol of twelve men, with Burnham and his brother-in-law, Ingram, acting as the camp of Lobengula and, if possible in the confusion of their sudden attack, and under cover of a terrific thunderstorm that was raging, bring him back a prisone
With the king in their hands the white men believed the rebellion would collapse To the number of three thousand the Matabeles were sleeping in a succession of camps hrough which the fourteen men rode at gallop. But in the darkness it was difficult and by the time they found his la king, Matabeles from the other camps through which they had ridden, had given the alarm Through the underbrush from every side the enemy, armed with assagai and elephant guns, charged toward them and spread out to cut off their retreat.
At a distance of about seven hundred yards from the camps there was a giant ant-hill, and the patrol rode toward it. By
the aid of the lightning flashes they made the aid of the lightning flashes they made their way through a dripping wood and over
soil which the rain had turned into thick, black mud. When the party drew rein black mud. When the party drew rein at teen, three were missing. As the official scout of the patrol and the only one who could see in the dark, Wilson ordered Burnham back to find them. Burnham said he could do so only by feeling the hoof-prints in the mud and that he would like some one
with him to lead his pony. Wilson said he with him to lead his pony. Wilson said he
would lead it. With his fingers Burnham would lead it. With his fingers Burnham where, at right angles, the hoof-prints of where, at right angles. the from it, and so he came upon the three men. Still, with nothing but the mud of the jungle to guide rades. It was this feat that established his eputation among British, Boers, and black men in South Africa
Throughout the night the men of the pa-
trol lay in the mud holding the reins of their horses. In the jungle about them, they could hear the enemy splashing through the mud, and the swishing sound of raining. Just before the dawn there came the was still aining. Just before the dawn there came the sounds The men of the patrol believing the column had joined them sprang up rejoicing but it was only a second patrol, under Captain Borrow, who had been sent forward with twenty men as reenforcements. They had come in time to share in a glorious immortality. No sooner had these men joined than the Kaffirs began the attack; and the white men at once learned that they were trapped in a complete circle of the enemy. Hidden by the trees, the Kaffirs fired pointblank, and in a
very little time half of Wilson's force was killed or wounded. As the horses were shot down the men used wounded. As the horses were shot down the men used and told him he must try and get through the lines of he enemy to Forbes.
"Tell him to come up at once," he said; "we are ing and Ingram to acco may get through," he said. Gooding was but lately out from London and knew nothing of scouting. so Burnham and Ingram warned him, whether he saw the three men had barely left the others before the enemy sprang at them with their spears. In five minutes they
were being fired at from every bush. Then followed a were being fired at from every bush. Them called to his aid all he had learned in thirty years of border warfare. As the enemy rushed after them, the three doubled on their tracks, rode in triple toops, hid their pursuers separated, joined again, and again separated. The enemy followed them to the very bank of the river.
waters, they were forced to swim. They reached the other bank only to find Forbes hotly engaged with al have been sent for ree
said to Forbes, "but I believe wercements," Burnham 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.
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 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 "Burnham, the American Scout, '" as he rode off for reenforcements, was as loudly cheered by those in the audience as by those on the stage
Hensman, in his
Hensman, in his "History of Rhodesia," says: "One on this dangerous errand through brush swarming


## BURNHAM AT THE TIME OF THE BOER WAR

with natives, or those who remained behind battling For hainst overwhelming odds.
For his help in this war the Chartered Company presented Burnham with the campaign medal, a gold watch engraved with words of appreciation; and at the Hon. Maurice Clifford, jointly, a track of land of three hundred square miles.
After this campaign Burnham led an expedition of ten white men and seventy Kaffirs north of the Zambezi River to explore Barotzeland and other regions to the north of Mashonaland, and to establish the boundaries f the concession given to him, Ingram, and Clifford. In order to protect Burnham on the march the Chartered Company signed a treaty with the native king of
the country through which he wished to travel, by the country through which he wished to travel, by
which the king gave Burnham permission to pass Which the king gave Burnham permission to pass reely and guaranteed him against attack. the treaty and sent his young men in great number surround Burnham's camp. Burnham had been instructed to avoid a fight, and was torn between his 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 the prince's hut, suddenly appeared before him and
covered him with his rifle. 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
than by the fact that he still was covered by Burnham's his warriors. on this warriors.
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 on this and a real gold bar
On this same expedition, which lasted five months, ife. Alone with 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 warnags were needless, and that at a stream they soon ould refill the bags, emptied the water on the ground. errible Five for the beys died and after several day when Burnham found water in, and after several days, f the others were so swollen that their jaws could not meet.
On this trip Burnham passed through a 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 maps of hitherto uncharted regions. It was in recognition of the information gathered by him on this trip that he was elected a ellow 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 pioneers at Buluwayo, and Sir Frederick Car rington, who was in command of the forces, attached him to his staff. Carrington was he could bring the war to an immediate end.
It was suggested to him by a young Colonial, 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 tn 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 buets into water. Armstrong Umlimo and Carrington ordered Burnhan to $p$ netrate the enemp's lines, find the god capture him, and if that were not possible to destroy him.
The adventure was a most desperate one Thmimo was secreted in a cave on the top of lage where were the base of this was a sed a thousand men each, of his fighting men For miles around this village the country was patrolled by roving bands of the enemy and returning the chances were a hundred to one. and the difficulties of the journey are illustrated by the fact that Burnham and Armstrong were unable to move faster than at the rate of a mile an hour. In making the last mile they consumed three hours. which Umlimo was hiding, they concealed their ponies in a clump of bushes, and on hands and knees began the ascent.
Directiy below them lay the village, so close that they could smell the odors of cooking from the huts and hear, rising drowsily on the hot, noonday air, as motionless as the granite boulders around them lay as motioned and crawled over loose stones which a miss of hand or knee would have dislodged and sent clattering into the village. After an hour of this tortuous climb ing the carcesuddenly opened betore them, and the beheld Umlimo. Burnham recognized that to take him alive from his stronghold was an impossibility, and that even they themselves would leave the place wa equally doubtful. So, wheying orders, he fired, killing the man who had boasted he would turn the bullets of his enemies into water. The echo of the shot aroused Ine village as would a stone hurled into an ant-heap men and as concealment being no longer possiblning white men rose to fly a rreat shout of anger told them they were discovered. The race that followed lasted two hours, for so quickly did the Kaffirs spread out on every side that it was impossible for Burnham to gain ground in any one direction, and he was forced to dodge, turn, and double. At one time the white men were driven back to the very kopje from which the But in started.
But in the end they evaded assagai and gun fire, and the chief factors in bringing the war toa close. During the hard days of the siege, when rations were few an child born in Buluwayo, died of fever and lack of prope food. This with other causes led him to lave R prodesia and return to California.
Burnham did not rest long there. In Alaska the

## 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

WTH the football season passing into its final stage it becomes simpler to review The ten-yard rule has opened the game ions quite different from the days of old, when a firstclass team was expected to be able, by close-formation plays, to carry the ball, at least once, half the length of the field without losing possession. There are prob ably no teams who would undertake to do that to-day. The f.rward pass has probably given more worry and work to coachers and players than any other play. As a layman can easily understand, the ball may be passed in a variety of ways. It may be tossed with both hands over the heads of opponents; ir may be tossed on the level with both hands trom one player to another when with one hand with an overhead swing, or passed low across the field. The ball not being round offers many puzzling features differing from that of basketball passing. and it is safe to say that no individuals and no eam have mastered the art of passing as thoroughly as they will in another season if the method is continued. The forward pass has had a decided effect upon both the attacking and detensive game. On the attack, a team may have gained, say, five yards in two downs. Realizing the dificult, nay, almost the impossibility, of gaining the next five in a single effort, they have theng punt down the field, thereby surrendering the ball to their opponents, but at a distance as far as pos sible removed from their own goal line; second, a short kick that shall strike the ground before it reaches the opposing backs, thereby giving the kicker's side a possible, but a rather doubtful, opportunity to secure it, and the ball, if secured by the opponents, will be considerably nearer the kicker's goal than if a long punt has been used; finally, the possibility of a forward pass, which is more accurate than the on-side kick, but which carries with it greater penalties if not properly exe-
cuted. If the back succeeds in passing the ball accucuted. If the back succeeds in passing he ball accueven though the end is at once tackled and there is no opportunity for him to add a run, the necessary distance has been gained and the attack may then be at tempted once more with running plays. Cornell in her progress toward Princeton's goal for the first touchrushing game, but for all that, in the journey between the thirty-five, down to the goal, one break was closed up by a successful forward pass. Failing this successful forward pass, Cornell might not have scored. At the same time there was only this one break in the series of that rushes come covered long distances in a straight rushing game by the use of McCormick through the middle of the line. Both teams, however, showed how effective the forward pass could be made to help out the running game at periods of special stress. The forward pass has been most successfully
used in diagonal lines just over the ends, but as the used in diagonal lines just over the ends, but as the
defense has improved in judgment and execution the distance gained by these forward passes has been more and more limited to just the point where the recipient of the pass catches the bal. That is, he has been so speedily tackled by the ratch un den ens own He has however been pretty successful in netting the distance of the pass. It can easily be seen that the distance thus gained is gained at far less expenditure of effort than it would be if hammered out by running plays. Very long forward passing has occasionally netted startling gains, but as a regular method has not proved successful. Short tosses of the ball fromeone man to another have been uscd on occasions cleverly and have furnished an interesting feature of the play. Turning to the defense against the forward pass, it is rather remarkable how speedily the defensive and with what accuracy they anticipate the methods the opponents, and how practically certain the defense is to locate accurately and quickly the man who receives the ball
The next important novelty is the so-called passed which has so materially enhanced the difficulties of the position of the men in the back field as this. Every team has been forced to put two men back-that is, to
draw an additional defensive back from didraw an additional defensive back from di
rectly behind the line, where he has played rectly behind the line, where he has played
under the old rules, to some reasonable space to look out for kicks of this kind Furthermore, when an ordinary kick i culties of the two men who go back to rc days the man who did not get exactly under
the ball, or for some other reason-the sum in his cyes, or something of that kind-was not sure of making his catch, could let the
ball bound practically with impunity because the opposing ends who were coming down the ficd were off-side, and could not
get the ball or interfere with him until he

By WALTER CAMP 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 salling down he knows that he must catch it on the fly, or, failing the opposing side as soon as it strikes the ground the opposing side 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 touchdown. 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, 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 defenders secure it and touch it down or not. This furnishes 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 held, 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 execution. Illustration No. 6 shows a kick that has gone tion. Mallustration No. 6 shows a kick that has gone
diagonally across the field, and is rolling on the diagonally across the herd, and is roning on the 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 the opposing end reaches him. As can readily be seen,
however, if this had been a high kick striking at about the five-yard line it would have been a much more difficult proposition. Wow
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 fush snapping the ball directly back to the so-called hali-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 does enable the backs, however, to get the ball more
quickly for runs around the end. quicke so-called "cross-bucks," that is, a back striking the line just on or outside tackle, have become favorite 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 illusiration No. 4 we give the Princeton team in defensive formation. In order to make up somewhat for the weaken-
ing of the secondary line of defense, due to drawing a ing of the secondary line of defense, due to drawing a micks, 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, greaty yassisted 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 of the most effective of the New Jersey team's Two of our illustrations, taken in the most exciting point of the arinceton-cornell game, show the deter-
mination of a stong team when the ball has once
reacted scoring distance, say within the twenty-five


No. 6 A lons kick- comfortable for the back, hard for the ends. The present necessity of catching No. 6 A long kick comfortable for the bark, hard for the end. The present necesity of catching
the ball oe the fly or scrambling for it with the ends materinlly iacreases the difficulties of the back ure in an attempted forward pass or on-side
kick. These two pictures show Cornell struggling for a score upon Princeton. In
illustration No. 3 some idea of the force of the Cornell pushing attack can be gained by the attitude of the men and the grim deter-
mination of the backs on the Princeton team In illustration No. if Cornell has successfully driven her runner through and
across Princeton's goal. Although Cornell Wha thus able to secure the first touchdown another, and in the second half, mainly
through runs of McCormick, was able to The long kicking game is of even greater
importance than of old, and a team must have a good purter. In fact, a good punter ensentials for a successful team under

## PICTURE-GALLERY GEORGE

SHORTY DEVELOPS AN ACTIVE INTEREST IN ORIENTAL ART

# Illustrated by F. C. Yohn 

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 Teutonic flavor. With a table I had barricaded within hearing of any sudden outcry, a blond, profuse sentinel in white and black. I was determined to be evicted from the balconies of no more theatres that evening-a natural consequence even at an Amateur Night in Third Avenue, when one's companions start putting oranges through the scenery to discourage In the alcove my im peculiar cramped attitude peculiar, cramped attitude of purely American com under their chins and their shins wedged against the table's edge. From this position they made feeble efforts. from time to time, with arms moving stiffly from the shoulder, to reach the glasses on the table. They smoked and found that, in this pose, an infinitely difficult operation, ashes having to be disposed of with twists and groanings, and various incidental luxuries abandoned aitogether. But for all that, I am sure that they thought themselves supremely comfortable. Their lean, brown faces showed, at least, philosophical resig. smug satisfaction-doubtless in recollecting the details 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 clambered on 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.
"I think it was a guy fell out ${ }^{\circ}$ ' the balcony," re 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" 11 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. $W$. ${ }^{\text {sit' }}$ the names?" asked Shorty inquisitively, al most greedily

Shorty's face fell. "The only time I ever sot 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., ".anks.
"Have you got the Bull an' the Papers, sir) Trank. Roll me one," said Patrick lazily. "I'll try again but I misdoubt I'll lose it in me mouth, like all the "Lick it,"" ordered shorty, holding out the rolled cigarette to him, and
"Ah, ye dude," was Patrick's comment on that ex spilling half the tobacco. At which Shorty laughed

After our sentinel had come laden and gone
"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 woild too long wit' my liberty up at one an' the foot o ${ }^{\circ}$ West Forty-fourth Street miles away
Perhaps I stared at this sudden virtue.
"You'll hardly have much of a Mast to-morrow," tempted him. "You know your skipper's ashore, at "No danger this time," said Shorty cynically. "He was tight at the last one an' subsequintly made a show of himself.
"A show of himself!'" I cried, at once shocked and delighted at this fist--llutycste. up the starb'd gangway from the launch after he slip up an sliden down three steps on his buttons. An' says he ot 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 vollums o' histhory's these, Shorty, to take so long tellin'?". "Well. . . Have ye forgot our Pitcher-Gallery George
Patrick smiled, suddenly for him
'Ould rosy George, the Work-o'-Art? Faith, it takes me back Yokohoma, Kobe-

## Nangrasawhi, Yokohoma,

chanted Shorty, nasally and surprisingly geisha-like The whole bunch o' ports, each participatin', wit malice
George.

## B Y

STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN

Take the credit: 'twas you hounded um to his grave," declared Patrick with deep unction. in his line! Mou 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.
long after?" declaimed Shorty passionately, sees me long after?" declaimed shorty passionately, "an him he takes an tries to jump through me. It needed
'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 neek an' a bang he could chew the end of. Every move a pitcher. An'. stuck on his humpin' up his shoulders an, pinchin' his muctes 'ryin' to get a hand. He had himself mugred bum photographer's in Yoko, in a pair $0^{\prime}$ swimmin tights, wit' his arms folded to bulge out his bicepts an a grin on him to make ye sick to your stummick wit pity for him. One day the bunch, washin' up, be to say what a fine developed chest George had. An Gearge, havin swelled himselt out wit wind as far he do, hadn t the heart to tet 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
re thought his heart was stopped on him
$\cdots$ That's the kind George was.. till I got done wit' him
gather that you disliked George? into his mouth "I couldn't a-bear him," said Shorty, with dazzling frankness.

Patrick took the most elaborate interest in lighting his cigar. Shoty 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? 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 D'youse ever see Kelly, the bos'n's mate? In his young
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 But there's no tellin' from just that one, is there? Buking a mean advantage of this moment of reveric 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 braced his chair in 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.
jump-manly
isfied wit' what to tell how thishere George wasn't satwhenever 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
man when me tie me, Shorty, man when metime'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, 1 says.

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 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, unbeknownst. Somethin' far more woithy of you, Shorty. An' thinkin' so, on me woid, It was just grin in his face. It was just that thought, days I'd think o' the proper answer to that there disord'ly past remark an' how supprised he'd be, after clean forgettin' it was ever 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 Pat, you know.
what joss-like behind a cloud of smoke, nodded benignantly.
"Who was that little fellah in the wrapper we stole his bows an' arrers?" he in-
quired placidly. "Did he ever get 'em back, I dunno?"' boot' beside that red-whisk boot beside that red-whiskthat place trimmed out in crimson streameis?" Shorty reminded him. "D'ye remember 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' reenforcements an' we took all the bows off the counter ${ }^{\text {an }}$ ' buzzed our way out o' the street?" well wounded wid his own weapons,", said at least, was heavy satisfaction. "I done it meself." " Patrick with "I was lookin' at the result. Where rapid firin' wit' a bow, Patrick "A bow! Would I bother wid such trashy ballistics? Pooh! He was gettin' away over a wall; so I chose a handful of arrers an' stabbed him where he vanished.'
"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 spoiled it, pertendin' he was a circus horse an' Harah spoiled it, pertendin' he was a circus horse an' jumpin'
through the paper walls into a room where a bunch o' Japs were pullin' off a weddin' dinner. There's somethin' lackin' in Harah.
"He's no refinement," Shorty assented. "No, 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 end. I begun to have an idea at that vury moment that me time to answer George was comin' at last. up one dark 'alley laid eye to him then, as I hoised him pursuin' police insecks. He was, wit'out foither em-
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 sofa. As for his at
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. 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 teahouse lantern, snorin' to rattle the shutters. A small,
sleepy guy comes out in dish-abill'-.". sleepy guy comes out in dish-abill'-
mean Moto-
"'Ho! Listen! Dish-abill's no street, you big 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?"
nough done Nor needed to; his hidjous work was well enough done that nigh
foither wanderin's, a voice spoke softly in me for foither wanderins,
'Jack, can youse spare me the price of a bed an' a hot lunch? I used to be a
fine young man, oncet,
look at me, Jack, down
an' out. There, that's a
good feller, hey?'
at the pit o' me stummick

me, for I got mine on a'ready. But here's me best riend 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 or it. No, George, 'll say, "you'll be sorry. Be patient; don't spoil your'm savin' you for an artist. An' he's awaitin' for you somewheres wit' his needles. No fear ; the lucky day'll ". 'For that, Jack,' says the Prof., wit' feelin' 'your riend 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 hand!'
"Well, joy give me stren'th: I packed George up the Motomachire was a pillow. The Prof. hobbled ahead to knock up the Jap--an' a sore Jap he was. But 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 bed.
'What's the game ?' I says.
'Geisha school,' says the Professor. He looked turrible in the light. His eyes was bright red an' his white lilocks was brushed everywhich way an' all smoked "But he takes mouth.
king. 'Sake,' says he. 'Boilin' hot. It's a Jap like a habit, says he winkin' at me, 'but just this once, hey? It's all right when you can Itop any time, as I could if "They mixed the little bowls o' colors an' laid out the needles-an' George. His snores was harrowin' it was the the hine's house him. in' at the Jap, 'no native talent, you know. The good
ol' Bowery style. No new art, mind,
most shocked the Prof., almost shocked. 'I wouldn't permit him-not one punch. sign?' look in' at George an' lickin' me lips. 'Well,' I says, gigglin' at len'th, 'he's quite a gay guy wit' the goils, ye know. Somethin' ruther sporty?

A nice female figger?'
Exqu'site. But nothin' prim, now.'
Where'l no, by no means! Where'll he have it?
spread over his chest, hey? He's got a fine chest, has George, an a fine shape. It'll make a swell back-ground-that shape. An' spread it, mind. Nothin' dinky. Ample's the woid.' wit' '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 $\mathrm{o}^{\prime}$ sake, takes has a horn o' suke, takes
up the needles an clears away our George's overshoit. 'Then stickin' the tip of his tongue out o' one end of him.
and slammed me back to Chatham Square. I toined around an' there was a poor ol'guy, coin' 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, grod young feller, Jack, ' he cries, wipin' his eyes wit' gav 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.
'Why, you wheezin' hand-shaker, I says, cryin meself, 'how dast you try an' strong-arm me, you dam ' yens, I think, an' about a pound o' copper cash. We sat down on a penny piazza
"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 salormen were all gone to Fourteent when Rooney's is done wit' before me. It's time I was movin', meself,' "When I made the break to get up out o' the wet, he grabs me arm an' says: 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 tattoor back on the Bowery. Professor McManus 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
had to go off somewhere an' yell. So I think I hear 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 on the mats, an' the poor ol' Prof., wit' his snorin' lollin' out, punchin' a sporty pitcher decrepitly into lollin out, punchin a sporty pitcher decrepity into 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' $0^{\prime}$ 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 runnin' 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' ger 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?" freshed a fad of Shorty's, when interrupted and refreshed in the midst of yarn-spinning, to forget that an audience hangs on his discourse. With great nenhimself in what was going on outside our alcove. suddenly. "Ladies in short skoits? An' a guy wit' horns, in a mask?" "They've been beatin' the floor this half hour. A a story." "Gow due aboard?. I hinted

Ah, yes. But not till next mornin'. He was rowed


## BY ARTHUR RUHL

 Miss Rachel Crothers, author
of "The Three of $\mathrm{U}_{s}$ "

THE mighty, because we mightiness, are their teresting, when they go wrong. Mrs. Wharton and Gillette, the admirable Mr wrong.
Our one-time Sherlock Holmes appears as a sentimental doctor in the comedydrama "Clarice," written by
himself. It was played in himself. It was played in
London last year with some London last year with some
success and last spring Bos ton approved. Clarice was an orphan and the secretary of Dr. Carrington, who had gone down to South Caro lina for his health. She was very young and very attrac tive, and she and the doctor and a negro mammy lived in a lovely old-fashioned house covered with roses. The doctor was writing a book about plants and Clarice mach other only Clarice was such a child that it took her a little while to find it out, and the doctor, for various reasons, didn't dare show how much he cared. Indeed, when Clarice's wicked aunt, Mrs. Trent, who had never forgiven Carrington for not falling in love with her years before, came down from Washington with young Dr. Denbeigh as a suitor, the poor doctor locked up his feelings altogether, told Clarice that he didn't care at all for her, that things couldn't go on as they had, and she ought to accept Denbeigh and go away. Clarice would have done anything to please the doctor, but as she was going upstairs to think a minute, Carrington kissing a rose that she'd given him, and then tearing its petals off one by one with the most disconsolate ai in the world: So he does after all! And Clarice tiptoes downwhere Denbeigh is waiting, and we are to imagine her saying "NO!" with great emphasis out there while poor Carrington sits staring at the ruins of his rose. Then she flutters back, and it all comes out and Clarice says it her even if he has only get a few her even if he has only got a few him, and all the king's horses can never drag her away now
It is all so pretty and Miss Marie Doro's Clarice so bewitching and Mr. Gillette's doctor so chivalrous, kindly, and charming a gentleman that one can but applaud thankfully and think how nice it must be to be like Mr . and write such good plays. The and write such good plays. The seems all done, just where it is. As a matter of fact, it is all done. And the rest is very bad, and we shall hurry over it with all speed possible. Conspiracy develops luridly. Prompted by the vindictive aunt, the other doctor makes an examination and tells Carrington that he is likely ute, though the truth is he's as well as anybody, and Carrington. 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 repentant, dashes back, ind whe door


Mr. William Gillette and Misz Mariz Doro in Mr. Gillette's play "Clarice"
at all-would-it-[.Mr. Gillette striding rapidly away. his forehced zurinkled up like Mr. Arthur Brisbane at his zery clezerest. the metallic falsetto fading mys.

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 occasionally object, in listening to Wagnerian music, against what they call its perverse refusal to end musical phrase as they think it ought to end and so ent ignoring of periods and the simple categorical sentence makes one feel the same way.
" $\mathbf{T}^{\text {HE House of Mirth" is a vivid illustration of the }}$ I chasm which separates the art of writing a story from the art of constructing a play which will dramatonly vivid thing a story on a stage. That is about the of Mrs. Wharton and Mr. Fitch -both of whom have mastery of the technique of their separate fields as unquestioned as is the merit of the novel which they have endeavored to transfer to the stage. Yet, stripped o has, the result is empty and meaningless beyond belief There is a country-house scene across which various persons move and make remarks; a town-house yacht; more people, evidently the same ones, although the spectator can not be altogether sure without consulting his programme; more remarks. At last an unhappy young lady in a millinery shop who, after deciding that she can not make hats, drinks from bottle and observes: "At least there is sleep to-night. It is a state of mind shared by the audience.
book could ever muchirs those who had not read the There might think, at least a conventional interlocutor to forecas the drift of the story by saying in effect. "This Lily Bart is beautiful and fastidious young lady without a family to take care of her. She has no money and she has taken to "living round' with her wealthy friends. She is well-meaning but weak and without any cery clear-cut moral standards. She must have huxif ouer scruplet it she and there's likelv to be trouble my (riends, before she gets through." A conventional makeshift to sure, but it would at least explain what it was all about, why the young lady who wanders round the stage with the others is in a rather different and more perilous position than they. As it is there ever. Dark hints are dropped that Lily Bart is much admired, disagreeable maid-servant inti mates that she saw Miss Bart emerge from a bachelor's apart make-up, which is the whole thing so to speak, in the novel, is scarcel more than hinted at. It is, indeed not the business of a play to ex plain through the mouths of professional expositors, the psycho logical patterns of tharacter. Throughaction they are expected in, of course. lies the essential difficulty of transferring such ? to the stage. A play requirestion sharply defined forces struggliig uch in Mrs. Wharton's nove That narrative illumines with brilliant accuracy the texture of a certain phase of life. Upon this
as a background the pathetic, if
rather exasperating, figure of Lily Bart drifts from one negation to another. Her tragedy is not only psychological but essentially "artificial"; that is to say, it is most people consider the big and important things of life, but by life's mere embroideries, that its tragedy is so savagely ironical and cruel. But that is not the sort of thing for the theatre. A woman may stand on stage and cry: "You have taken from me my lover, my child, my hope, my life!" and her position become tragic; she can not so become by crying: "You have taken from me my discriminating dressmaker, my mobile"'" vitally tragic as such losses might be to tho whose existence fate had cast in that complex and sub tile web which society has spun outside and on top of life. In all this play there is, perhaps, only one place with the exception of the final catastrophe, where th real bite of the book is transferred and expressed in its equivalent in action on the stage. That is the cur tain" of the first act, where Trenor, having given Lily money, tells her a moment later to come into the house. she "I say comply immediately, "Come here!" he into which she herself has put herself she goes, conquering beauty that she is, like a whipped hound before quering be It woul 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
sionally, perhaps most successfully in the last scene did her undoubted intelligence and imaginative under standing achieve any adequate result. And in th struggle to infuse vitality into the part it seemed as -became more than ever apparent. At one poin 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 with it that entertaining and uncommonly genuine litthe 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 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 alltogether 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,
sold the secret to the unscrupulous other man, thing becarm very mixed up and 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' good-fellow-girl, and John Westley's relentlessly rea acting of the surly, headstrong elder brother, all possess share. Mr. Stanley Dark, who portrays a well-mean ing, harmless young city man rather out of his elemen 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 playwright, Miss Rachel Crothers of the Middle West from Bloomington, IIl. She studied at one of the dra matic schools of New York, and while there wrote several one-act plays which were acted by the pupils. This is the first play that she has produced on the regular stage, but several others are said to be forthcoming.

## TWO MEN OF WISCONSIN

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

ROBERT MARION LA FOLLETTE


DURING his first our months in the United States Sen ate Robert M. La Fol lte exposed and stopped coal and asphalt lands in Indian Territory. He led the fight which kept the records open investigation of alleged grafts in Indian Terri

He delivered the mos hhaustive speech most was made on the railway He forced the passag f an employers' liability act. He forced the passage of a resolution authorizing railway and elevator companies for the purpose of discovering 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 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
against the body of which he is a new member
He hangs on the flanks of his colleagues and watche for opportunities to raid. He surpri
catches them in awkward situations.
That is what happened in the case of the Employers Liability bill. The Senatorial army the Employers through the narrow and dangerous defile of the five minute-rule debate on the Railway Rate bill wher 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 vote for or against it as they pleased, but vote they Aldrich, Eikins and
Commerce Committee, where the bill was being smothered), grabbed a white flag and rushed out to 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 La Follette had won his fight. The twenty years' cam paign was ended, and a bill hardly less important than Again in had been added to the national statutes. fell on the cohorts of the regulars. He demanded con sideration for the bill to limit the hours of railway 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 stationed himself in the middle of the legislative road 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 army halted. There were nine roll-calls. Each new call 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 wert
skulking. They were failing to respond to their names when the roll was called, for the reason that they did their affiliations with the railway and other vested in terests 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 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 use. Finally Hale arose and announced war of no He told his colleagues who were skulking behind "pairs" to come out and wote
A third time La Follette fell upon the enemy. On this occasion the Senatorial soldiers were gathered together in a quiet place for a division of the loot. The
Public Building bill, otherwise known as the "pork barrel, was under consideration. La Follette's "un finished business'- the bill to limit the hours of railway trainmen, etc--became the regular order
rel," asked La Follette to let his bill wait pork bar rel," asked La Follette to let his bill wait.
I demand the regular order," was the calm and firm partizan pro-pork delegation-hurried over to partizan pro-pork delegation-hurried over to La
Follette's desk and began to gesticulate. His face
was like a mask. and he sounded his forces to arms.
"Very well," he declared, "then I will move to lay aside the un
call on that.
call on that."
This was steel against steel, and La Follette parried. said La Follette, with gentle sarcasm. "I know it would be voted down as against a bill of the character 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 gentlemen. The game is still young. His enemies will remember. But the people will not forget.

## JOSEPH WEEKS BABCOCK

JOSEPH WEEKS BABCOCK of Necedah, Wisconsin, has been a member of Congress for fourteen service, he was chairman and manager of the Congres sional Campaign Committee. For ten years he was bia, which has to do with the appropriations for the Capitol City and the granting of valtable franchises portant Committee on Ways and Means, which originates 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 opportunities for investment and speculation in Distric of Columbia properties, acting on the inside information which his official position gave him. In company with others Mr. Babcock has been charged with permitting a "steal" in the passage of the law authorizing the
construction of the new Union Station now nearing its construction of the new Un

Shortly after the formation of the so-called Steel Trust 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 the present law, and preceded by a clause calling for a wholesale repeal. He worked untiringly for month a this reduction bill. Finally the matter came to a point where Mr. Babcock had the deciding vote change of hit Mr. Babcock underwent a mysterious a test, he voted against the proposition which he had so long championed The proposition which 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. Mr. Babcock became known during his fourteen particular champion of the brewery and tobacco interests. It was he who openly assumed the championship of the Tobacco Trust by his opposition to the Philippine tariff. In this role he also served the Sugar Trust. Mr. Babcock has acquired much of the property facing the Capitol Park.
In politics Mr. Babcock never has made any pretense of being a purist. As Chairman of the Congressional Committee he was the official "toucher'
for the Republican Party for the Republican Party. He saw the corporate
representatives, and persuaded the beneficiaries of the tariff and other legislation to "come down" in the interests of the election of Republican members of the House. There is ample evidence that he was not above using his influence as Chairman of the District of Columbia Committee to forward the same end. He always has admitted that he believes in the
use of money in politics. 11 e so testified at the Inuse of money in politics. surance inquiry in
New York, where it came out tha he was one of the
Hyde beneficiaries One beneficiaries circulated in his dis trict a few years by some affidavits showed Mr. Babcock as aiding the rail ways in securing a high rate for second class mail matter by acting in collusion With the inspectors weighing the mails and sending many dead franked matter to his own home
address at the time when the authori ties had arranged to make the weigh-
ing. The good Wisconsin people of his last election hav refused to send him back to Congress.
One of the Wash. ington papers lhas
ironically said: ironically said: ${ }^{*} \mathrm{Hc}$ he can be spared. will become recon.


Joseph Weeks Babcock


[^1]
## REAL SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

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 ahways 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 lite 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.' man; when the plaska he did much prospecting, and with a sled and only two dogs for twenty-four days made one long fight against snow and ice, covering six hundred miles. In mining in Alaska he succeeded well, but against the country he holds was declared he was in the wilds and knew not the fight with Spain. When war to civilization he telegraphed Colonel Roosevelt volunteering for the Rough Riders, and at once started south, by the time he had reached Seattle the wa was over. Several times has he spoken to me of how bitterly he regretted miss Eng this corces made him the more keen to how his hey to his own peopl with English forces made him the more keen to show his loyalty to his own people. dent from the opinion President Roosevelt has publicly expressed of him. dent from the opinion President Roosevelt has publicly expressed of him.
"I know Burnham," the President wrote in Ioor. "He is a scout and of courage and ability, a man totally without fear, a sure shot, and a fighter He is the ideal scout, and when enlisted in the military service of any country he is
bound to be of the greatest benefit." The truth of this Burnham was soon to prove.


## 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 mander, Sir Frederick, now Lord, Carrington. One night Carrington was

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 posiknown. 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. tion, created especially for him, of chief of scouts of the British army in the field
Probably never before in the history of wars has one nation paid so pleasant The sequel is interesting. The cablegram reached Skagway on the steamer City of Seattle. The purser left it at the post-office, and until two hours and a Burnham, in asking for his mail, received it. In two hours and a half he had his family, himself, and his belongings on board the steamer, and had started on his half-around-the-world journey from Alaska to Cape Town.
A Skagway paper of January 5 , Igoo, published the day after Burnham sailed throws a side-light on his character. After telling of his hasty departure the da before, and of the high compliment that had been paid to "a prominent Skag
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 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." 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-
I was on the same ship that carried Burnham the last half of his journey, from Southampton to cape Town, and every night for seventen nights was one of a
group of men who shot questions at him. And it was interesting to see a fellow 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 credulusus audience of commercial tolurists. Among the
officers who each exening githered around him were Colonel Galietet of 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 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. 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
trek wagons, how to tell whether a horse that has passed was going at a trot or trek 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 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 we would have
followed him anywhere; anything he chose to tell us, we would have accepted We were ready to believe in flying foxes, flying squirrels, that wild turkeys dance quadrilles-even that you must never sleep in the moonlight. Had he demanded: scout should on an ocean steamer prove his ability was certainly placing him under a severe handicap. As one of the British officers said "It's about as fair a game as though we planted the captain of this ship in the Sahara Desert, and
told him to prove he could run a ten-thousand-ton liner."

The Boers Capture Burnham
Burnham continued with Lord Roberts to the fall of Pretoria, when he was invalided home. Duriny the advance north he was a hundred times inside the Boer
laagers, keeping Headquarters Staff daily informed of the enemy's movements: was swice captured and twice escaped. He was first captred while trying to warn
the British from the fatal drift at Thaba nchu. When reconnoitring alone in the
men morning mist he came upon the Boers hiding on the banks of the river, toward
which the English were him, and cut him off from his own side. He had to choose between abandoning the English to the trap or signaling to them, and so exposing himself to capture. approaching soldiers to turn back, that the enemy were aviting them. But the column, which was without an advance guard, paid no attention to his signals and plodded steadily on into the ambush, while Burnham was at once made
prisoner. In the fight that followed he pretended to receive a wound in the knee and bound it so elaborately that not even a surgeon would have disturbed the carefully arranged bandages. Limping heavily and groaning with pain, he was
placed in a trek-wagon with the officers who really were wounded, and who, in he intended to escape, offered to take back to headquarters their names or any messages they might wish to send to their people. As twenty yards behind the
wayon in which they lay was a mounted guard the officers told him escape wa wagon in which they lay was a mounted guard the ofticers told him escape was
innossible. He proved otherwise. The trek-wagon was dravn by sixteen oxen
and driven by a light, the boy descended from his seat and ran forward to belabor the first spans Slipping quickly over the driver's seat, he dropped between the two "wheelers"

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## REAL SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

o 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 heir pockets. On five occasions was Burnham sent into the Boer lines with apor the railroad over which the enemy was receiving

## Burnham is Wounded and Invalided Home

n 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 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, 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 urgeons dsol that hise was saved stomach b for the for the he the only to the fact that for three days he had been without lood. Had he attempted to digest the least particle of the "staff of life
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. 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, combined 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
 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 Ruand rode after the Bevoir 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 we
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, 1gor, 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 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.
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 a the ide in not, and the idea in importing him is to prevent big game in this country from passing away. They have asked Congress to set asice for these animals a portion 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 1 learned of Burnham is told in the snapshot of him which 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 place in which to leave him.Meanwhile, you may think of Mrs. Burnham keeping house for her husband in texico, 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 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

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## 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 Isezak'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 But I'm ahead of meself.
'George comes aboard, ye see, draggin' himself along between decks; it was rammed wit' men there; we were just come in from scrubbin' canvas topside,
he mess gear was down an' the marine country was full of undershoits an 'halfleaned rifles. The mixture appeared to annoy our George.

Hello,' says I, slappin' him on the back. 'Where was you last night?
How should I know?' says he. 'I wisht you wouldn't slap me that
"'How should I k
I we head ache.
'Was you, though?' says he. 'Phew! Ain't that smell o' breakfast disgustin'?
'Why, George! You ain't had yourself tattooed
He makes a dab at his neck.
'He makes a dab at his neck. 'We rattles in his throat. 'Where? Where?' An', when he'd tore his shoit half off his back, there all over his bos'm was the saddest-lookin' sketch I ever saw. Vintage o' $\mathrm{o}^{\prime} 7 \mathrm{o}$, when the Prof. was in his prime. She was up on one toe an' as hough kickin' George in the chin wit' the other. No, she wasn't prim, by no means-but the woik itself! Oh, what drawerin'! I think the Prof. must 'a' passed away over the last of it. 'We took an' sat George into a barber chair adjacent, an' he actu'lly bust into tears when he seen himself in the glass.
"I'm ruined,' he moans. "Whatever got into me to do it! I'll never be the same again!' It was a circus; the crowd ten deep an' more comin' all the time.
'Oh!" tayse 'a decoration! Gays forgive you, Shorty, for sayin' pushed out, quite hoit at havin' me taste questioned. Safe on the other side o' the to the dishwashin' machine. $q$ tute Black Crookish-an stuck a friend's head "Well, from that vury day, George begun to change. I noticed it in little things. Foist-off, I didn't have no more pale-blue letters waggled in me face. An' George in the shower-baths was always tryin' to hide the Black Crook lady. He'd quite
dropped off his ol' game, as a pose plasteek. He kept a little mirror in his dittydropped off his ol' game, as a pose plasteek. He kept a little mirror in his ditty-
box an' used to sneak off an' look at his embellishments in it. .. I learned box an' used to sneak off an' look at his embellishments in it. . . I learned
several useful new woids by listenin' attentive to George at such times. several usetul new woids by listenin attentive torrible," he says one day, 'to think of goin' through life shovin' a sketch like that in front of you. If it was even something else!' Something to fit over it, something artistic, reely Japanese-a souvenir, hey? Go You won't regret it." mis-ruble thing covered up that way? Shorty, I believe I could. Fou're all right, cou are, ol' scout.' He was quite tickled; we were out of Yoko an coastin' for Kobe, an' he could hardly wait to get there to try it on.
'At Kobe George was in a poifect fever to get his liberty an' find a tattooer. An' when he did get ashore, it was the grief o' me life I couldn't go wit' him. 'If only I was goin' to be there to direct it, I says to him, an see to the particilars.' very nicely on me own.' An' he founces down the gangway into the launch.
'Oh, says 1 to mes a vury short his sweet self again, hey? guy fresh from swallowin' a long drink an' suspectin' too late it's wood alcohol. look at thishere.' He peels. Patrick seen it-he was there for one. see 'Say, as George stood there, I couldn't see him at all. The only thing I could see was a red, blue, an' green geisha, about a foot an' a half high, trailin' all over eorge. Ye can imagine, when I tell ye her fancy hair-pins was ticklin' his neck Wer skoits finished off under his belt. Seein' it all at once, it dazed me.
Well, well,' he snaps out. 'How about it?'

> 'Well, well,' he snaps out. 'How about it?' 'Why, George, I says, as though unwillin'ly ; 'it's too big.'

Why, George, I says, as though unwillin'ly; 'it's too big.'
Helldammit!' he howls, goin' up in the air. "That's what I told him! Too big? '. It's life-size!', I says gently, reprovin' Harah an' Patrick here, wit' a glance, laughin'. 'Not quite life-size. But it ruther shocked me, you see, comin' on it suddenly ; it's so awful prominent. If you was off the len'th o' the ship, that's look at that there sash tied in front. It's good you're no marrid man; it wouldn't hardly do for one, would it?' think so?' style pitcher I'd have punched into me. I'd select somethin' more-more perfessional, more heroyk. at Patrick an' Harah. "He starcs at me an' gives a ghastly laugh. 'A naval battle!' says he. ". A naval battle's thrillin' an' appropriate,' I says foimiy. 'Moreover, the details is confused, impresh'alistic. They can be as mixed as ye like an' none the




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PICTURE-GALLERY GEORGE

We came to Nangasawki presently an' it fell that George had liberly 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 durret:
'Shorty, enough is plenty. I can't believe you ain't a liar,' says Patrick, 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 stop smokin' It's turrible, George couldn't stop now, no more n you could Get down an thank Gawd, Patrick, you look like a hor gun-deck, sittin' on the sill $\mathrm{o}^{\prime}$ the office. He was quite peaked out. He says in a vury subdued voice, on seein me:

What doin'?' I ast him, in a jolly wa
'Can't you guess?' he says, looking like he wanted to co in extreme su'prise
'es, Shorty, I have,' he says. 'I didn't want to, but somehow I couldn 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 figger a
Lets see, Motions Patrick, wit' me hand behind me back, to g
ot forgettin' Willie Spratt, the moril censor," interrupted Fatrick $m$ into bein' niee. He pulls his overshoit carefully up over his head. It wasn'

Well,' I says, ' $y$ e dude, since when have ye been wearin' that blue underwea
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.
eorge was tattooed solid, like he had on a sleeveless shoit, wit' enough dragon 'snakes an' reptyles tied into half-hitches an' makin' faces out o' bow-knots fit out a delirium tremens. An this effeck was shaded off on the arms, most arti 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, an here, not even on a Jap fireman's back, an' none o' the rest ever did either. sill where he'd sat down again in a heap. 'I got scared when they begun exceed me orders an' tried to stop 'em. But they 'd got that int'rested an' woiked they wouldn't take no for an answer. They kep' swearin' there'd be
here ain t, I says. Says Patrick. 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.' 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, f
$\qquad$
He stopped, with
sregarded climax
gese I out then, I
Ah, yes . . . that girl?" they're goin' do do" said Shorty, enigmatically, e mining 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?

The next exhibit, leddies an' gents. chanted Patrick with the manner of a howman. "So, after all, 'twas Shorty set him up in his perfession." "From the ball upstairs, ye coquette," drawled Patrick, lying back and feeling or a fresh cigar. "The pritty ones don't wear em, do they, sor?" suppose we patronize an' see?" sentinel of ours, we found around the corner a small, nocturnal shop-of-all-goods, 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 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 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, ilue clad raged in the cloak-room against heavy odds, like Ulysses and Telemachus among the Suitors). But afterward I noticed somewas taking stock of casualties there, the Oueen of Hearts emerged with her escort rom the ball. Defying convention, she paused to say good-night to And because she properly admired valor exhibited on her account, she rewarded t. In the face of a chagrined cavalier, she tidied Shorty's neckerchief and brushed hischeeks and rolled down his sleeve
"Well," she exclaimed emphatically, dropping his hands as though they were ahot. If Id known you were a flirt an' a jollier, an all marked up with other gis names, you wouldn't a kissed me to-night behind no scenery. Here: take st-brandishing hurled
$\qquad$ Take me oat, all over the woild the
nough he were the sole discoverer of that


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