

GOOD ROADERS MEET

NATIONAL GOOD ROADS CONVENTION AT CHICAGO.

Standard Oil Company Anxious to Help on the Good Road For Obvious Reasons.

Chicago, Ill.—(Special).—Delegates to the National Good Roads convention to the number of fifty met this morning in attendance upon the second day's session of the convention and listened to addresses by A. W. Campbell, highway commissioner and engineer for the province of Ontario, Canada, and Delegate W. R. Golt of Kansas.

The convention was called to order at 11 o'clock by Chairman W. H. Moore, president of the Good Roads association, who announced that the president of the Associated Cycling Clubs of Cook County, John Simon, had applied for admission as a delegate as the official representative of his organization. Si Mayer, first vice president, and C. A. Nathan, second vice president of the Cycling clubs, also desired to participate as delegates in the convention.

CYCLISTS WANT TO HELP.

Mr. Simon stated that the cycling clubs had never before associated with the Interstate Good Roads association, but that as to a large extent their interests were common, the wheelmen believed the time had come for them to concentrate their forces and work together for road reform.

"By so doing," he said, "we feel that we will be able to accomplish more. We want also and we believe we will be able to induce the automobile associations of the country to join with the Good Roads association and bicyclists in a national movement for securing better roads. By entering this convention the Cycling Clubs of Cook County believe we will get a national standing that will be of great benefit to us."

The cyclists were unanimously admitted to membership.

Chairman Moore stated that a letter had been received from the Standard Oil company commending the work of the Good Roads association.

STANDARD OIL INTERESTED.

"Now you will wonder how the Standard Oil company could be interested in this national movement for good roads," said Mr. Moore. "If you go out to California and examine the roads there you will understand the reason. Everywhere in California they are using oil on the roads to the extent of \$250 a mile for sprinkling but once a year, and it makes the most magnificent roads in the world. They are not using Standard oil, however, but nevertheless that company knows how great a factor oil is in the making of decent highways throughout the country. You would be amazed if you knew how much oil will aid us in our fight."

Chairman Moore did not read the letter he referred to, nor did he state what officer of the Standard Oil company had signed it.

Senator Stout, delegate from Wisconsin, presented letters from the mayor of Milwaukee and the Business Men's league of that city, inviting the convention to select Milwaukee for holding the next annual gathering. The invitation was referred to the executive committee.

Numerous letters from prominent people in all parts of the country praising the objects of the Good Roads association were read to show, as Chairman Moore stated, "that the convention was getting in touch with the heads of the house."

WILD-EYED MEXICAN BREAKS LOOSE.

Makes Things Lively For Four Omaha Policemen.

Omaha, Neb.—(Special).—Armed to the teeth with a murderous-looking revolver and brandishing a gleaming bowie knife in one hand, struggling in a narrow, dimly-lighted hall at 108 South Ninth street, crying murderously at each pass of the steel, "Muerte a los gringos," Casimiro Cordoba, Mexican and sheep herder from Rock Springs, last night gave desperate battle to the officers of the law.

The fight lasted many minutes. There was no one to call time and mark the rounds. Wedged in the straightened hallway, Officers Heelan, Johnson, Woodbridge and Deuberry were placed at a disadvantage. The Mexican held the strategic point. He stood at bay. Seeing that there was but one way for it, the officers rushed forward and grappled with the bad man from the west. A rough and tumble fight ensued, the policeman skillfully eluding the knife thrusts until a smart blow on the wrist from the club disabled the Mexican's sword hand and sent the blade spinning into the corner.

When the swarthy sheep herder finally succumbed to superior numbers and was carried bodily into the street, the floor and walls of the house were crimson with Mexican blood. The sidewalk was spattered with it, and the prisoner himself, still writhing in maniacal fury, his beady black eyes gleaming malignantly through a mist of gore, was covered from head to foot with a sticky, smeary coagulation of his own blood. As for the officers, they suffered nothing worse than a number of bruises, and Detective Heelan a misplaced thumb.

The trouble started in the half-drunk Mexican imagining he had been robbed by some of the women of the place. He drew his long knife and was just going through the formal preliminaries of carving and scalping the female inmates of the house when officers arrived and the real fun began in earnest. It took Dr. Ames an hour to make the bad man over again and fit him for an introduction to his cell for the night.

BUILD GANG OF BANK ROBBERS.

Twelve Safe Crackers Terrorize an Ohio Town.

Delaware, O.—(Special).—A dozen professional bank robbers made a desperate attempt to secure the contents of the money vault at Sperry and Warnstaff's deposit bank, at Ashley, ten miles north of here. While nine stood on guard, holding the citizens at bay with their guns, three operated the dynamite under the deposit vault of the brick building.

The bank's property is worth \$50,000 and there was \$15,000 in cash deposited. Four attempts were made to get at the cash, but the safe door held to its combination, while the guards outside were shooting at the citizens who pressed closely in upon them.

Dr. Buckley and Guy Shoemaker, merchants, first upon the scene, were met by the robbers at the point of guns and bade not to move. The robbers stole a horse and spring wagon from Alvin Sterrill and a black team and new survey from Edward Osborne, farmers nearby. The rigs lay in wait in front of the bank for flight. Sterrill's horse ran away, demolishing the vehicle, when the men took across the country on foot. Buggy robes from Osborne's carriage were found near Norton.

The damage to the bank building, vault and other property is about half its value. The gang left on a Big Four freight at Marietta at 1 o'clock, stole the horses and rigs and reached Ashley shortly after 2 o'clock. They tried open the bank doors without being discovered, but the first explosion of dynamite aroused the town. The gang fired as they fled, but no one was hurt. The men were masked. Officers in every direction were notified to be on the lookout for the robbers.

NATIONAL IRRIGATION CONVENTION.

Delegates Arriving in Chicago From Western States.

Chicago, Ill.—(Special).—Arrivals here today of delegates to the ninth annual session of the National Irrigation congress indicate, according to the promoters of the gathering, that when the session is called to order there will be a representation of nearly 1,000.

Among those who have expressed their intention to attend are Governor Poynter, Nebraska; Stanley, Kansas; Thomas, Colorado; Smith, Montana. While the executives of all the western states and territories have appointed delegates, some of them, notably Governor of New Mexico, will not be present, as they favor ceding arid lands to the states and territories for reclamation by them and oppose the idea of federal reclamation, which is championed by the National Irrigation congress.

The congress will open its deliberations by listening to an address of welcome by Mayor Harrison, which will be responded to by Elwood Mead, president of the organization and expert in charge of the irrigation investigations of the United States department of agriculture, and George H. Maxwell, chairman of the executive committee.

A result of the convention will be a memorial to congress asking for a \$250,000 appropriation for surveys of arid lands and praying that the work be taken up immediately by congress along lines suggested by reports of government engineers now in the field.

AFTER AGUINALDO'S SCALP.

Vigorous Search to Be Made For Filipino Chieftain.

Manila.—(Special).—General Macabon, the former Filipino chief, is prepared to start in pursuit of Aguinaldo with 100 picked natives, supported by American troops. Other ex-rebels will be used in campaigning in the country. Their offers have not been formally made yet, but they are ready if the authorities will accept their services.

Aguinaldo, it is supposed, is in Northern Luzon, according to statements made by ex-rebel leaders now in Manila, confirmed from other sources.

Aglipay, a renegade native priest, long an insurgent leader in Northern Luzon, has written to friends in Manila, asking for election news, and requesting to be informed whether a decision has been reached concerning the relations between church and state and the disposition of church properties. The replies sent him contain the information that church and state will be separate and that entire religious freedom will be allowed.

Food and Dairy Products.

Milwaukee, Wis.—The fourth annual convention of the National Association of State Dairy and Food Departments of the United States met at the Hotel Pfister tonight, with about thirty delegates in attendance. Sessions will be held daily until Thursday, during which time various papers treating on food and dairy products will be delivered and discussed.

The feature of the opening session was the address of Acting President George L. Flanders of New York. Mr. Flanders spoke in favor of national legislation as the best remedy for procuring pure food laws.

Alfred M. Jones of Illinois spoke on "Oleomargarine and the Enforcement of State Laws Relative Thereto." He advocated a uniform law for each state, regulating and controlling the manufacture and sale of oleomargarine.

Keeps Its Earnings Secret.

New York.—(Special).—The regular monthly meeting of the directors of the American Steel and Wire company, held here today, was without public interest, according to the statement made by a member of the board after the meeting. The directors sat for several hours and discussed routine business, receiving statements from the various departments. There was a report out that John W. Gates, who is an active spirit in the company affairs, had announced himself as favoring the publication of the company's statement of earnings, and that he would use his influence in that end with the other members of the board. This was not confirmed and no statement of any kind dealing with the company's affairs was issued.

WILL YOU FORGET.

When every grief and joy of earth is ended,
And evermore for me its sun has set;
When past and future in eternity's today
Are blended,
Will you forget?

When present loneliness and pain are over,
And death has stilled all longing and regret,
Those happy days spent with your hero-lover,
Will you forget?

My memory, oh, will you fondly treasure?
Will grief for me a while your lashes wet?
And that my love poured out to you its fullest measure,
Will you forget?

When changes, other friends, new scenes surround you,
Whether with pleasure, ease or toil you fret,
Those holy ties that once so strongly counted you,
Will you forget?

Where'er I wander in the earth or heaven,
Whatever is and what shall happen yet,
Through all of life this blessed, priceless boon to me is given,
To not forget.

I know, mine own, that through the vast forever,
When years are merged in time that's counted not,
That love with which God linked our souls shall weaken never.

THE LOVE OF A CHILD.

Knowledge of the child is as closely connected with measures of education and instruction as is effect with its cause, says Prof. A. Rothmund of Munich university. Whoever attempts to guide and to educate a child should first have knowledge of its body and soul. Such knowledge of the child, of its separate intellectual and bodily functions, is at present limited. Why? Because we usually look upon the child through a sort of intellectual spectacles; we are subject to prejudices and dispositions in which the child appears to us larger or smaller, better or worse, compared with the actual standard, and is treated accordingly. The child is compelled to guide itself after the adults, and the moments in which we adults guide ourselves unprejudiced after the child are rare. The only persons who sometimes do this are, perhaps, the mother and the teacher. And yet the smallest child participates in an active and peculiar manner in all the doings of its surroundings, and forms its own judgment. What is this judgment?

Of course, not everyone is given to a continuous observation which, under certain circumstances, should occupy many hours. The devoted mother appears to be the only person that has all the qualities for such observation. Some American women have materially advanced the knowledge of the child by such studies. Mrs. Moor observed her own child during a period of two years with the utmost care, and for her scientific work she earned the doctorate degree. A Miss Shian observed her niece from the day of its birth during the first 500 days of its life.

Statisticians employ mass observations for separate traits, from which an average, a maximum or minimum, is established. For instance, how frequently a certain idea is met with in children of the same age; what is the most difficult or easiest object of instruction, according to the pupils' own views; how the disposition to save is developed in children, etc.

In procuring material for such researches persons of many stations in life may be utilized, provided they have the requisite interest in the cause, but teachers are, of course, first of all, called upon to work in this direction. For this reason the state teachers' seminars or normal schools in America make it incumbent upon the student to gather and formulate all remembrances of his or her childhood. These studies are supplemented by lessons from the most important works on children; then follow systematic observations of children in a specific direction, and, finally, the comparison of the student's own observations with those of experts of acknowledged standing.

Experiments and the use of means furnished by exact natural science are the achievements of modern psychology, and they also are of inestimable value in the psychology of the child. The latter may just as well be used as an object for test as an adult person, so much the more as ethical objections do not exist in the majority of tests. Pupils of any age may be instructed in the nature of the tests to be made and of their own participation in these tests without overburdening or confusing the child's mind. In a larger sense the entire school instruction, every question, every class work, as well as every bit of domestic work of the child, is an experiment in a psychological direction. But these experiments should be scientifically directed, and the results of the observations should be better collected and more widely disseminated than is now the case.

Contrary to the practice which prevails in many other countries, the deference shown to women in Austria increases with age, and the land is well considered an old ladies' paradise. No Austrian would ever dream of receiving a lady's extended hand without bowing to kiss it. Children, even when grown, always touch the hands of their parents with their lips before venturing to raise their faces for a kiss. Girls and young married women, no matter how lofty their dignity do not consider it beneath their dignity to kiss the hand of ladies who have attained a certain age. The men are also extremely courteous, not only to ladies, but to each other.

INDIANS BATTLE WITH EVIL SPIRITS

An Indian rite more spectacular than the famous snake dance of the Mokis, but which is known to but few white people in America, is that of the Jicarilla Apaches of New Mexico.

It is the "Battle with Evil Spirits," which these Indians repeat every three or five years. It occurs only when a new moon appears between the 20th and 25th of September. That these Indians are able to make such a nice calculation in astronomy and dates speaks well for their mathematical ability.

September of this year the new moon appeared on the 23d day of the month. The Indians had prepared for their great dance or battle against the powers of evil. Mr. C. E. Ward of Denver, Colo., was a witness of the extraordinary scene.

"The celebration," he says, "which extended over a period of ten days, or rather nights, began at sundown of the first day of the new moon and continued until sunrise the next morning. It was repeated in this order throughout the period.

"As the sun sinks behind the western horizon the grand march of the celebrants begins. The men file in at the west gate and the women at the east, each turning to the right, and after marching half way around the arena, halt, facing one another in a semi-circle, then retire under the roofed portion of the enclosure around the sides.

"In the center of the arena is a small pile of brush, upon which a goodly supply of grease and oil has been poured, and at this juncture in strides the medicine woman in all the pride and glory of her barbarous attire. The Jicarilla Apaches have no medicine man, as is customary with other tribes. Then stepping forward she applies an ignited brand to the pile, and as the fumes of sacred incense are wafted upward to the nostrils of the Great Spirit the men and women give vent to their feelings by chanting to the solemn and doleful strains of tom-toms.

After the medicine woman retires 12 men step to the center, where a larger and fiercer fire has been kindled, and while the beat the tom-toms the others in successive turns step forward and, forming a semi-circle about 10 feet from the fire, go through their fantastic contortions. A weird spectacle they form, these simple children of the desert, clothed in their gorgeous blankets and other barbarous array—their straight, black hair unbraided and

flowing in all directions, while their black beady eyes emit sharp flashes of fanatical enthusiasm.

"After a while 12 evil spirits enter from the east gate and with grimacing faces and diabolical grins advance, while the dancers, panic-stricken and fearful, cease their dancing and rush to cover. It is futile, however, for the evil ones follow and submit their victims to all sorts of punishments until the braves, in their fury and indignation, rise up in their might, and grasping their mighty war clubs drive their tormentors out of the west gate. About 100 women and men are then selected to continue the performance until day-break, while the rest retire.

The grand finale occurs on the night of the 10th and the morning of the 11th day. This night nobody sleeps, but all arrange themselves around the large fire, dancing and shouting all night to the ceaseless beating of the tom-toms.

"In the morning, just at dawn, they rush out and place themselves in line along the banks of a little stream that empties into the lake; the women on the east and the men on the west bank.

"Then the medicine woman again makes her appearance, this time with a large basket upon her arm, the inside of which is separated into compartments, each compartment containing some unction of healing salve.

"If one complains of a headache she dives down into one compartment and, bringing forth the necessary remedy, rubs some of it on the throbbing brow. Another complains of rheumatism, or possibly is suffering with a toothache; in fact, every affliction known to Indian kind has its remedy in that mysterious basket and the obliging medicine woman applies it with solemn dignity and fitting ceremony.

"This action is supposed to drive the evil spirits in terror across the horizon, no more to return until the celebration of the next medicine dance, and leave the Indian immune from every ill. It is a sight worth going a thousand miles to witness."

Prof. R. H. Chittenden, director of the Sheffield Scientific school at Yale, has been made professor of physiology in the Yale Medical school.

A monument to the late Dr. Olaf Olson, president of Augustana college, Moline, Ill., will be erected at the college by the Augustana synod of the Swedish

WOMAN WHO TAMES WILD HORSES.

By Catherine Leckie, in the Chicago American: Horse breaking is one of the accomplishments of Rena Challenger, and while this handsome young woman can sell a case of goods, run a type-setting machine or drive a horse which trots in 2:20, those accomplishments are considered by her to be simply commonplace.

But her gift for controlling bronchos and subduing vicious horses, she admits, is perhaps unique. Since last spring this young woman has broken five horses in the saddle. Yet she talks of it as most young women do of ribbons and chiffon. In fact, as though leading a horse out and getting him used to a side saddle and a long skirt was an every-day affair with her.

BREAKS A NAG TO RIDE.

"I had to break a horse last spring in Ishpeming," said Miss Challenger, when talking of her unusual achievement, "or else I would not have had anything to ride, and that I never could stand. I am never happy unless I am near a horse, and in that Northern Michigan town they did not have any broken for women to ride. Indeed, at the time of my visit there, none of the horses were broken for the saddle. The result of my four months' stay in that town was that I had five horses that could be ridden.

"The first one I tried was a broncho," continued Miss Challenger, and then she added, with a laugh, "and an uglier little beast it was never my pleasure to meet. A livery man by the name of Hodgson owned him and he assured me that I never would be able to manage, much less ride him with a skirt dangling at one side. But I did, and he ended with being a splendid animal under the saddle.

TACKLES THE BRONCHO.

"It was about last April that business called me to Ishpeming," this feminine horse-breaker went on to say, "and as I was to be there several months, I immediately looked around for a horse to ride. At the livery stable I was told that there was not a thing in town but driving horses, and I announced that I would have to break one. I was laughed at and told that I could never do it. I saw 'Bobby,' the broncho, standing in a stall and told them if they would put a side saddle on him I would begin with him."

Miss Challenger showed the metal of which she was made when told that the livery stable did not own such a thing. In fact no saddle at all. Although this young woman does not believe in the fair sex riding astride, yet that day she was so determined to enjoy a center along country roads that she would have risked her own disapproval and tried her skill upon a masculine saddle. "I went out and borrowed one from an utter stranger," Miss Challenger said, "and that broncho was brought out in the barn yard. He bucked and bucked when the girl was being tight, but I knew I was safe if he did not lay down. I wore a long skirt, and before I attempted to mount him I tried

to make friends with the little brute. I scratched his nose and fed him sugar, and though when I was mounted upon his back he bucked and ran and threw himself about he did not get me off that time, nor the times that followed. I rode him two hours a day for a couple of weeks, and a better little creature under the saddle never lived."

STIRS UP ISHPERING BELLES.

So well did Miss Challenger do with Bobby that she tried her luck and skill upon other horses owned by the same horseman. By that time every girl in Ishpeming wanted to ride, and before this gentle horse-breaker left this Michigan town she had taught eleven of the belles to ride, and ride well, too.

"I have ridden since I was seven," said Miss Challenger, "and the way I learned to ride was bareback. My mother rode that way when she was a girl and I first learned through riding at her side. If I didn't keep my seat she used to touch me with her whip."

"I love horses—that is the secret of it," was the explanation she gave for her success in her unusual accomplishment. "I can make a horse do what I want through kindness. I never struck a horse, or any animal, in fact, in blow in my life. And my own horse at my home in Grand Rapids I love like a friend. He can do mile in 2:20, and I think I love to drive him, so much do we understand each other, almost as much as I do to ride."

But horses are not the only thing this young woman is interested in. She is a newcomer to Chicago and hopes to make her introduction publicly upon a horse at the coming show. But Miss Challenger is at present a business woman and has been for several years. In spite of this she is very young, not over twenty-three, and handsome into the bargain.

Won Back His Wife.

After ten years' separation and eight years' search, John Sokresky, a modern Enoch Arden, has found his wife married to another man. But, unlike Enoch, he has not gone away. Instead he reclaimed and won his wife.

Ten years ago Sokresky left his wife in Russia and came to this country. He made a home for her at Camden, N. J., and sent for her, but the letters of both went astray. After vainly endeavoring to locate his wife, Sokresky went to Russia and there continued the search. Meanwhile the wife came here to look for her husband. Several years passed without either finding trace of the other, and finally Mrs. Sokresky, convinced that her husband was dead, married Stanley Stanbar near Wilkes-Barre, Pa. They have lived together three years and one child.

A week ago Sokresky, who had never abandoned the search, four trace of his wife and discovered her. The meeting was most affecting. The situation was talked over and Mrs. Sokresky-Stanbar finally decided to go with her first husband. Her second husband, after much persuasion, allowed her to take the child also.

THOUGHTS MOLD FEATURES.

The molding of our features by our thoughts is a never ceasing process whether we are conscious of it or not. If we persistently continue in one line of thought for a given time, the special features upon which this thought has acted have become accentuated accordingly. It is the thought behind every act, behind every breath, which vitalizes and finally shapes the lineaments of our faces; and any attempt to frustrate thought in its effort to express itself through our countenances results in a confusion of expression and an uncertainty which is superior to and detracts from otherwise well-formed features.

Nor may we impose upon each other by mere muscular imitation of a feeling or a sympathy that is not genuine for our thoughts, endeavoring to conceal themselves from our associates for some reason born of the moment or surroundings, mean one thing and try to make the features express another; perhaps a more "polite" thing. In this way the intangible thought, true at its birth but afraid to show itself naked to the beholder for fear of loss of emolument, of praise, or friendship or favor, attempts to dissemble, and at once loses its force and mars the truth or true action of eyes, lips, or brows.

So it follows that the first rule to be observed by the seeker after perfection is that brief one, "Be true." As a tree is known by its fruit, so is a mind known by its expression upon the face. A pure trend of thought seen through the free acting muscles of the physiognomy can and must reflect a pure beauty. It is simply a matter of "cause and effect."

The most beautiful face is the perfectly happy one for happiness brings a shining to the eyes, a new curving to the lips, a rounding of and an uplifting to the cheek. In all the happier and loftier emotions the muscles leap upward. It seems a sacrifice to analyze a smile and make it a mere matter of muscular energy, but perhaps if it is looked at in another way, seeing in all the muscles of the face the ready handmaids of the soul or thought, we may at once recognize the importance of the relations existing between the servant muscles and the master mind.

If we made cheerful thoughts our constant companions, the mask of each individual would grow to its fullest perfection as surely as the rose petals unfold their ruddy beauty to the loving sun. This may not be apparent during youth or early womanhood, for the features are then only forming and except in cases of abnormally developed tendencies are not cast into an unalterable form. But after one has reached middle life, has lost much of the freshness of youth, and must depend mainly upon expression for her beauty and attractiveness, then it is the lines of the face that tell the story of her life. They are beautiful if her thoughts have been exalted, unattractive if they have been unworthy.

All along the outposts of time has this truth been cried out by the various scribes. Marcus Aurelius emphasized it, men of brawn and brain have schooled it, famous beauties have profited by it. But the search for the best in ourselves, for the perfecting of our bodies, must not be made languishingly. It must be carried on with wide-open eyes and minds by doing noble deeds, not dreaming all day long. One need not look upon the doing of kind things as a sacrifice or foolish self-repression, for that is seeing it in a false light. In reality, it is true self-protection, and we ourselves are the true beneficiaries of our cultivated "good nature."

Every smile given is like money put out at usury, and rarely returns a poor interest. Every depressed thought, every angry one, every bitter one leaves a trail behind it as vile as the poisonous footprints of the tarantula. "If the hive is disturbed by rash and foolish hands, instead of honey it will yield us bees," may very truly be paraphrased to read "If the features are stirred into action by bitter or harsh thoughts, instead of beauty they will yield us ugliness."—Selected.

Boarding Turkeys.

As a general thing, turkeys raised in the rural districts, especially if there are large woods for them to range in, are very wild when brought home in the fall to fatten for market, and as it is not always best to confine them in a building, some means must be taken to keep them from straying too far. Some clip one wing, but that is objectionable, because so disfiguring; besides, unless you have a very high fence they will soon learn to jump over it.

Some are confined by "boarding" them, and that is a very good way, all things considered. To do this, take a thin piece of board or scantling, eight inches long and two or three inches wide. With a large gimlet bore a hole two inches from each end, and one and one-half inches toward the center; from these holes bore two more. Then take a thick, strong string and tie it on the turkey's wings, by passing the string down through one hole, in front of the wing, close to the body, around under the wing and up through the other hole and tie on top of the board.

Tie the other wing in the same way. Be careful not to tie too tight, and they can wear them two months without injury. Not more than a dozen or so of the largest, or leaders, need be so fixed, and the rest will not leave them if fed and watered.

An Egyptian newspaper says: Our whole island is now girdled with gold courses. All the world is no longer a stage, but a gulf link.