



MISS FORTUNE or misfortune—what?

Harry A. Greenlee faced a ticklish problem. "Miss Fortune" meant a bride and \$75,000. "Misfortune" meant death, perhaps, at any rate, failure and five years' work for nothing.

But now it is to be neither the one nor the other. "Miss Fortune," true to her promise, is to become "Mrs. Greenlee," and "misfortune" is no more—young Greenlee is even now on his way back to Australia to claim not only the hand of the girl he loves, but the \$75,000 prize offered there for walking wholly around the world!

He has done it in five short years. In that time he has been in every country but one on the face of the earth; he has set foot on every continent and great island. He has fought, starved, thirsted, bled, sickened—everything but died. But it's all forgotten now. He has won all because he has dared all, according to a writer in the New York World.

And in daring he says he has seen over a hundred men die—of them three were the chums and traveling mates who set out with him. The others were men they fought and killed to save their own lives in different places on the face of the globe. But who offered \$75,000 for this globe-trotting and why did Miss Fortune promise her hand to anyone? Read and you shall learn.

Of chums there were four when this story began, five years ago in far-away Australia—Jack Jones, Dennis McCluskey, Fred Ryan and Harry Greenlee. All young—Greenlee is but 24 now—they were filled with the spirit of do and dare; they loved excitement; they wanted to see the world. Not that Greenlee wasn't quite a veteran at that sort of thing already. As a youngster he had run away from home to be a bugler boy in the Boer war, but even this wasn't enough for him.

The Bushmen's league of Australia is a very powerful and wealthy organization. Some of the richest men of that island, which is a continent of itself, belong to it. A few of them got together one day and offered a prize for a feat which no one ever yet had accomplished.

"Fifteen thousand guineas for the man who walks around the world, visiting every country, without begging, borrowing or stealing."

Two Fortunes to Win.

That, says Greenlee, was the Bushmen's offer. The quartet of young fellows noted it. And 15,000 guineas is \$75,000—a fortune. And when their girl chum and schoolmate, Miss Mary Smith Fortune, now a beauty of New South Wales, offered to marry the one who could do it, that made two fortunes, didn't it? At least those Australian fellows thought it did, any way, because all four loved the girl more than any one would have confessed to the other three, friends as they were. Greenlee says he was willing. He is still willing.

And so all four determined to make the try, each resolving to finish, each one hoping the other three would drop out, but all four firmly resolved to stick together and share their common danger as long as they stuck to their self-appointed task. They started from Melbourne on June 1, 1904. With them they carried the itinerary prepared for them by John Rutherford,

president of the Bushmen's league. All four wore brass badges of identification and carried on their persons Masonic emblems—all four had attained the thirty-second degree in the craft.

"It was the one thing that put me through," said Greenlee, earnestly, referring to his Masonic connections, when he arrived in New York, his 32,000 mile journey of more than five years at an end.

Tasmania was the first stage of the globe encircling trip, and it proved an easy one for these hardy young fellows from Australia. Their letters home were full of confidence. Crossing that island without any more adventure than would befall a man crossing the state of New York on foot they took ship for German South Africa. And then their real dangers began.

In fact, it was all off as far as Miss Fortune was concerned. Time and again she wrote to the four begging them to come home, after she had heard what was happening, oftentimes months afterward, but it was no use. Their minds were made up.

The four had to fight their way through wilderness teeming with savage tribes, even cannibals; Kafirs and Sasacunis attacked them over and over again. Hunger and thirst were ever present, but on and on and on they tramped through jungle and morass, hoping, ever hoping, and journeying always to the north.

Is Paying the Penalty.

Today, because of his experiences, young Greenlee is not the enthusiast he used to be. In fact, his sufferings have made him all but a physical wreck. And when one listens to his tale, it is hard to realize how he could have done all this and come out of it alive.

"We went on north," said young Greenlee, while he was in New York. "From German South Africa up through the Congo Free State and through British East Africa to Aden. A short time before we left Aden, Jones and Ryan went ahead a bit, and it was a few days before we came up with them—they were in a fight with a band of tribesmen. Neither had guns because of their religious scruples. We were too late.

"The moment we came up we started firing on our common foes, but the assailants of the natives killed both poor Jones and poor Ryan before we got the range with our rifles. Then we had to fight to save ourselves. When at last the tribesmen fled—we counted our long range rifles—we counted 52 dead bodies. We had to burn the bodies of our friends to keep the savages from eating them after we were gone.

"After that it was pretty gloomy, you can bet. When we got to the coast at last—we took boat to the Canary islands and thence to Queensland, Ireland. We walked about 300 miles around Ireland, then went to Scotland and England. In London I called at the war office and showed my badges and my Victoria Cross, which I won when a bugler boy in the Boer war. I knew Buller and French and Kitchener, and the king gave me this ring."

Not Attracted by Kaiser.

Young Greenlee showed a Masonic ring almost blighted by other rings of diamonds and precious stones given him by various personages all over the world.

"We went to Germany after that

and met the kaiser," he continued. "I don't care much for him, he is so sarcastic looking and conceited. We might have been monkeys the way he looked at us. But I liked the empress. She gave me a beautiful diamond brooch, which has since been stolen.

"It would take six months at least to tell all the places we visited, and it's hard to know which to leave in and which to leave out. Most of it was just a case of walking, day after day. In short, we visited every country in the world with the exception of Tibet, the Forbidden Land. We had plenty of good fights, but we carried good rifles and revolvers, and always came out best. The Chinese emperor, now dead, gave us a letter which was an open sesame everywhere in his kingdom. But in China, where we spent 3½ months, we got into two serious rows with the Boxers. We crossed over to Vancouver and went down to Mexico and came back through Central America. On leaving California we got lost and were for four days without food, and three without water. That about finished both of us, but McCluskey was the worse off. He contracted fever, and I just managed to get him to Lordsburg, where he died. The Masons there buried him. Then I felt pretty much like giving up. We four had been friends all our lives, but McCluskey and myself were just the same as brothers. Somehow I managed to get across the continent, however, and now my journey is finished."

Greenlee Always a Rover.

And Greenlee looked pretty well finished himself. He is the son of Henry Greenlee, owner of a rich sheep ranch, or as they call them in Australia, sheep station, in Mamonging, New South Wales. There Greenlee, McCluskey, Jones, Ryan and Miss Fortune all grew up together, Miss Fortune always the leader and queen of the little set.

When only a youngster Harry Greenlee was always of a roving disposition. When he joined the forces in South Africa as a bugler he was the youngest soldier at the front. He so distinguished himself at Veriting that he won the coveted Victoria Cross, the biggest honor an English soldier can receive, which is bestowed only for exceptional bravery.

The prize which Greenlee now wins represents a pretty large sum and the

way all along. We never needed to ask for money. We did not beg. Work was given to us. We were attempting a task that had never been performed, and in the interests of the thing they all helped us out."

HONORS TO BRITISH SEAMEN

United States Army to Be Credited with Graceful Act of International Courtesy.

By a graceful act of international courtesy the United States army has given honored sepulture to the bones of a brave and distinguished party of British seamen who lost their lives in a winter storm at Sandy Hook in 1783, soon after the American army had won independence for the colonies after a prolonged and bitter struggle with Great Britain. The United States army has further expressed officially the intention to erect an appropriate monument above the bodies of these long dead heroes of the English navy and Mr. Bryce, the famous historian and ambassador from the court of St. James to the United States, has expressed his country's appreciation of the graceful act.

It was just about one year ago that some workmen who were making excavations for government work with in the reservation of Fort Hancock at Sandy Hook, uncovered the bones of 14 men, all apparently interred many years ago in the sands of the beach. There was much speculation for a time as to the solution of the riddle.

The skeletons were gathered up respectfully and turned over with military regularity to the custody of the quartermaster's department of the United States army. Then began an investigation, conducted with the usual military red tape, but, after all with the customary directness of army affairs. Rev. Charles H. Wells, a gentleman with a taste for antique things wrote a letter in which he suggested that the solution of the puzzle might be found in the inscription on a mural tablet in the sacristy of Trinity church, which, in the archaic orthography of more than a century ago was found to read as follows:

"At Sandy Hook lye interred the bones of the Honourable Hamilton Douglas Hallyburton, son of Sholto

"PEACHES" GRAHAM OF BOSTON



JOE WOOD YOUNGEST PLAYER IN THE GREATEST LEAGUES

Attracted Attention as a Player When a Mere Lad, Beating a Professional Team in 1907.

Joe Wood, the boy wonder of the Boston Red Sox pitching staff, is 20 years old.

He has not set the league afire with his twirling, but he has obtained some prominence through his ability to set down opposing batters on strikes. In a game at Cleveland one week ago he performed the final four innings of a contest and in that brief period he fanned ten of the Naps, only to show his wildness at Detroit. The manner in which he first attracted attention is interesting in that he made good against professional leaguers before he had left high school.

It was in the spring of 1907 that he forced several old-timers to sit up and take notice while serving for the prep school team in Hutchinson, Kan.

JIMMY PASTORIOUS, BROOKLYN



Christy's First Salary.

Framed in the office of William Harnan, former president of the Norfolk team, is a contract which is shown to every young player who strikes the club for more salary before he has a chance to earn it. One clause reads as follows:

"I hereby consent and agree to give my services as a baseball player to the Norfolk club of the Virginia league for the sum of \$90 per month, to be paid in bi-monthly installments."

Then follows the usual verbiage of a baseball contract, and at the bottom is the signature: "Christy Mathewson, Lewisburg, Pa."

Eberfeld Gets Spiked Again.

By the way, with a player of the speed and agility of Eberfeld, it seems as if he should be able to get runners without subjecting himself to the liability of being cut down every time that a man comes toward second base. Eberfeld plays to make the men sure. No one doubts the sincerity and the loyalty of his work to the club to which he belongs, but it is better to put runners out of the way and not be spiked than it is to save one game and perhaps inadvertently be an accessory to losing the next four or five because of injury.

Prospectors Buried Alive.

Mitchell county, North Carolina, was the scene of a tragedy last week when two young prospectors were buried alive in a mass of earth and mica in an abandoned mica mine. The discovery of their predicament was due solely to the faithfulness of a little dog, which stood guard for three days at the mouth of the pit. One of the entombed men, John English, was still alive when rescuers came to the shaft's mouth in response to the yelping of English's dog. The man's face

Jay Andrews had gone there to manage the team in the Western association. He didn't have much to start on, but thought he could develop a team nevertheless. One of the first steps he took was to schedule a practice game with the high school kids. His men were held to less than half a dozen hits by a slender youngster who looked as though he would not last more than two innings.

Andrews made excuses for his team and arranged another game. By that time his men were supposed to have rounded into form. Well, that time they did not do so well with the boy pitcher, and 14 of them were retired on strikes.

It was Joe Wood that had toyed with the leaguers, and he was promptly signed to play with Hutchinson. During the season he twirled with great success and he showed his value by playing third base when not pitching.

Kansas City snatched him up and he made so good in the American association that before he finished up the season last year he was touted by a Boston scout and purchased by John I. Taylor. He was a fizzle in the American league last fall. It is said that his sudden rise turned his head, but it would seem as though he had at last come to his senses and has a brilliant future.

His best ball is a fast-breaking out drop that is almost impossible to hit safely. He has always been a strikeout pitcher and those who have seen him at his best predict he will be one of the best in the league.

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Relics of First American House.

Two bricks from the first brick continent are on exhibition in the flag and relic room in the Ohio state house. They are from the house built at Jamestown Island, Va., by Gov. Richard Kemp, of that colony in 1638.

Naturally So.

"When Jenks' business went to pieces, it was certainly a awful crash."

"What was his business?"

"He dealt in chinaware."

The Reason.

"One-half of the world does not know how the other half lives."

"Well, it is gratifying to think that one-half of the world attends to its own business.—Puck."

BRUTES HER PUPILS

Girl on a New Jersey Farm Who Trains Dull Animals.

Winona von Ohl, Has Done Wonders with Domestic Horned Cattle Usually Considered Stupid—Conquers a Vicious Young Bull.

New York.—On a small farm about two miles from Plainfield, N. J., lives a young woman who is among the most remarkable educators in America. She teaches animals, preferably dull ones supposed to have little brain development. She is not a professional trainer. She simply does it for her own amusement. She has accomplished some things—especially with horned domestic cattle, which are considered the most stupid of all domestic animals—that have been thought impossible hitherto even by professionalists.

Her name is Winona von Ohl. She was born and brought up on a great cattle ranch in New Mexico. She and her mother moved to Plainfield two or three years ago. It was not long before the news began to get about of the odd things this girl had taught her pets to do. An ever-increasing number of visitors has been the result. Now there is hardly a day but automobile parties run out to the farm from the various towns for ten or twenty miles around to see if it is true that Miss von Ohl's horse can hold a whip in his teeth and crack it, or that a bull will stand on its hind legs and waltz, or that her calf will indulge in all sorts of monkeyshines.

Cheerfully and obligingly she puts her pets through their paces. The mild-eyed but mischievous-looking Hibel calf is brought out, and is made to do all the tricks that a highly trained dog could. An educated



Struggling for the Whip.

raccoon vaults on the calf's back and gallops about with all the eclat of a bareback rider in a circus. A once vicious bull does equine high school tricks, and so on. The calf and the bull are the star performers. No one ever has been able to teach such animals to do "stunts" before.

It has been a tradition among trainers that it is impossible to educate domestic horned cattle to do tricks. Miss von Ohl decided to experiment with the toughest subject she could find. She let it be known that she wanted to buy the most dangerous and vicious two or three-year-old bull that was obtainable for miles about Plainfield. Much to her joy she heard of one whose owner was going to kill him because of his superlatively ugly temper. He was between two and three years old, and had gored three men. It was the same with this vicious animal that it had been with the horses she had tamed on the range years before. Surlyly and unwillingly at first he yielded to the dominance that he could not understand. Miss von Ohl got him this spring. Today, with her, he is as gentle and as clever at doing quickly and intelligently the unusual things he has been taught as is a docile and well-trained horse. He poses on barrels and pedestals, lies down and rolls over at the word of command, waltzes, and so on. Even yet, though, his evil nature will flare up for an instant, but it needs only a word from his trainer to make him obedient again.

One of this bull's most remarkable tricks, considering his vicious record of three men gored and tossed with his sharp horns, is when he rolls his trainer over and over on the ground. Miss von Ohl lies on the grass, pretending to be asleep. The bull approaches and literally roots and noses her across the turf seeming to derive great enjoyment from rolling her over and over and finally seeing her awake. His horns are only four or five inches long, but are sharp as needles. With an animal of this description, the experts say, this particular trick is a shade more dangerous than any that is attempted in the lion's or tiger's cages by the exhibitors of those great cat animals. Another thing this bull does is to pick up his teacher and carry her. He grabs her clothing with his strong teeth and marches along with her for a dozen yards and then carefully lets her down to the ground.

Miss von Ohl's first notable achievement in training stupid animals was some years ago, when she taught a herd of 20 mules to do some remarkable tricks. Horses had been trained to do all sorts of things from time immemorial, but mules are credited with having small brains and of invariably unsupplanning what little intelligence they possess. It was while she was living on the ranch that she taught the mules.

Miss von Ohl is still in her twenties. She is handsome in a strong, fearless way.



MISS MARY SMITH FORTUNE

HARRY GREENLEE

expenses were nil. Still, none of the young men needed the money—all were sons of well-to-do men in Australia. The winner is the nephew of Greenlee, the millionaire Scotch shoemaker. When young Greenlee was asked how he succeeded in working his way across the world and what sort of work was offered to the party when they went "broke," he explained the system.

"When we went to a town or city," he said, "we showed our credentials and the Masons of the different towns and cities looked after us. Maj. W. A. Mensch, the mining expert, is looking after me in New York and is sending me back to Australia. And that was

toward supplying current needs.

Perhaps no other monetary denomination has undergone so many changes of design. Since the republic was born there have been almost annual changes in the character of the cent. Most of these have been trivial, though some have been radical. The cent of 1792 bore a bust of Liberty, with flowing hair and the legend, "Liberty, Parent of Science and Industry." The next year what was known as the "chain cent" was produced, showing on the reverse a chain with

15 links. There were many imperfect dies in those days, but the imperfections have not infrequently made them precious to coin collectors. A genuine 1799 cent has been among the pieces most prized by the numismatist, since they rarely became very scarce. This was said to be due to the enterprise of a Salem firm that secured several hundred thousand of them and sent them to the coast of Africa, where, punched with holes, they were hung as ornaments on the necks of the natives

ened by the pounding of the knockers in the neighborhood of my hotel. I timed one man for ten minutes before I fell asleep. Probably he had neglected to feed the 'portero,' or else the keeper of the gate was drunk, as he frequently is. These 'porteros' usually sleep curled up in a blanket just inside the door, on the stones with which every interior courtyard and entrance is paved, and all of them have coats. Yet it is a position much sought after, and the gate keeper ranks highest among the servants."

Best Known of All Coins

United States Cent Well Described as the Universal Money of the People.

The universal money of the people in this country is the cent. The child does his earliest business thinking in terms of cents. The hobo holds up the passerby with the request for a few cents to relieve the pangs of hunger. It is the unit of exchange. On the other side of the continent the

contempt for it is rapidly being overcome and the mints have to take a constantly increasing demand for it into their reckonings. The appearance of the new Lincoln cent is one of the most interesting additions to this coinage that has been produced. For practically the first time it substitutes the real for the ideal, or, rather, the fanciful; but it is evidently regarded as something of an experiment, since the proposed 150,000 will not go far

KNOW NAUGHT OF LATCHKEYS

European Countries and Latin America All Without This Great American Convenience.

"I'm glad to be back in the land of the latchkey," said a mining engineer who had been in Mexico for the past year. "In France, Spain, Italy and throughout Latin America there is a servant in every house and hotel whose business it is to open the door

In Mexico you would think, being so near this country, that the American latchkey would be common. But even in the finest hotels in the capital the big doors are closed at 11 o'clock, and to gain admittance after that hour you have to pound on them with the great knockers that hang outside. After five minutes you hear a sleepy grunt within, then some mutterings and the Spanish word which means