

RESULTS IN ILLINOIS

DOZEN COUNTIES ADDED TO THE THIRTY WHICH BAR SALOONS.

MANY WOMEN AT THE POLLS

Female Contingent Makes an Active But Futile Fight in Chicago in an Effort to Defeat "Bathroom" John Coughlin—Miss Vittum Loses.

Western Newspaper Union News Service.

Chicago—Illinois women swarmed to the polls in nearly 300 townships and as a result twelve counties have been added to the thirty which now bar saloons.

The country districts saw the greatest gains in anti-saloon territory, but twelve of the larger wet cities switched to the dry column, two that were dry remained anti-saloon territory and eight remained wet.

Of the larger cities, the following, which were wet, voted dry: Bloomington, Decatur, Belvidere, Canton, Freeport, Galesburg, Joliet, Monmouth, Kewanee, Lockport, Elgin and East Gales. Rockford and Galva previously were dry.

The following cities remained wet: Springfield, Quincy, West Galena, Rock Island, Dixon, Aurora, Waukegan, Alton and Moline.

In addition to the thirty counties in which no liquor can be sold the following counties joined the anti-saloon column: Boone, Brown, Christian, De Kalb, Dewitt, Shelby, Fulton, Henry, Jersey, Knox, Livingston, Macon, McLean, Stevenson, Warren and Winnebago.

Conservative estimates based on actual reports from townships were that more than 1,000 saloons had been voted out of existence.

TO STAND BY ORDER.

Bar Against Spaniards Will Not Be Lifted.

Juanos, Mex.—Despite expressions of Washington's unofficial displeasure at the expulsion of the Spanish colony from Torreon, the purpose of the rebel leaders in this regard is unshaken.

It was learned from an authoritative source that Gen. Carranza and Gen. Villa are in thorough accord on the subject, and that the Spanish subjects throughout the republic, as fast as other states may fall into constitutionalist hands, will be treated exactly as at Torreon and Chihuahua.

High School Students Strike.

Clinton, Ia.—High school students here went on strike because the school board did not reappoint Miss Ardelia Billings as principal. Miss Billings induced the students to return to their classes temporarily, but an organization was formed as a mass meeting of students at noon and a protest to the school board was framed. The students marched out in accordance with pre-arranged plans.

Hyde Trial Postponed.

Kansas City, Mo.—The fourth trial of Dr. Clarke Hyde, charged with the murder of Col. Thomas S. Swopp, was postponed indefinitely when called in the criminal court here. The attorneys agreed to await the decision of the state supreme court on the appeal of taxpayers seeking to restrain the county court from using county funds to pay the expenses of the trial.

Favor Cummins Bill.

Washington.—The Cummins bill to make common carriers liable for full value of shipments was favorably reported from the senate interstate commerce committee with amendments to require full damages for live stock and making certain exceptions where the nature of the shipments is concealed.

Freezes to Death in Tropics.

New York.—The steamer El Cordobes arrived from Buenos Ayres and Montevideo with a story of death on board in the tropics, and strangely enough due to cold. The victim was J. G. Brockhill, engineer in charge of the big refrigerators where the vessel carried 2,500 tons of frozen beef.

Supposed Corpse Gets Up.

Hartford, Conn.—Half an hour after his companions had carried him to a morgue as dead after he had touched a wire carrying 2,500 volts of electricity, Carl Lundell suddenly sat up, rubbed his eyes, got down from the slab and hurried out of the place.

Two Bank Robbers Killed.

Vancouver, B. C.—Two bandits were killed and two others put to flight when they attempted to hold up the Union Bank of Canada at New Hazelton.

Crawford Is Elected.

Belfast, Ireland.—Col. Sharrman Crawford was returned, unopposed, to parliament as unionist member for East Belfast to fill the vacancy in the house of commons by the death March 25 of James McDermid.

Papal Delegate to Australia.

Rome.—The pope has created an apostolic delegation in Australia and appointed as delegate the Rev. Mgr. Ercavento Cervetti, now auditor of the apostolic delegation in the United States.

Millionaire Ends Life.

Fert William, Ont.—Arthur A. Vickers, a millionaire real estate broker, killed himself at his home here with a shot gun. Vickers, who was married recently, was 41 years old.

\$250,000 Fire at Saskatoon.

Saskatoon, Sask.—The Carnes building, occupied by several retail merchants, was destroyed by fire. The loss is estimated at \$250,000. The Canadian Bank of Commerce was threatened.

Making Tomorrow's World. By WALTER WILLIAMS, LL.D. (Dean of the School of Journalism of the University of Missouri)

HAS ENGLAND FAILED IN INDIA?

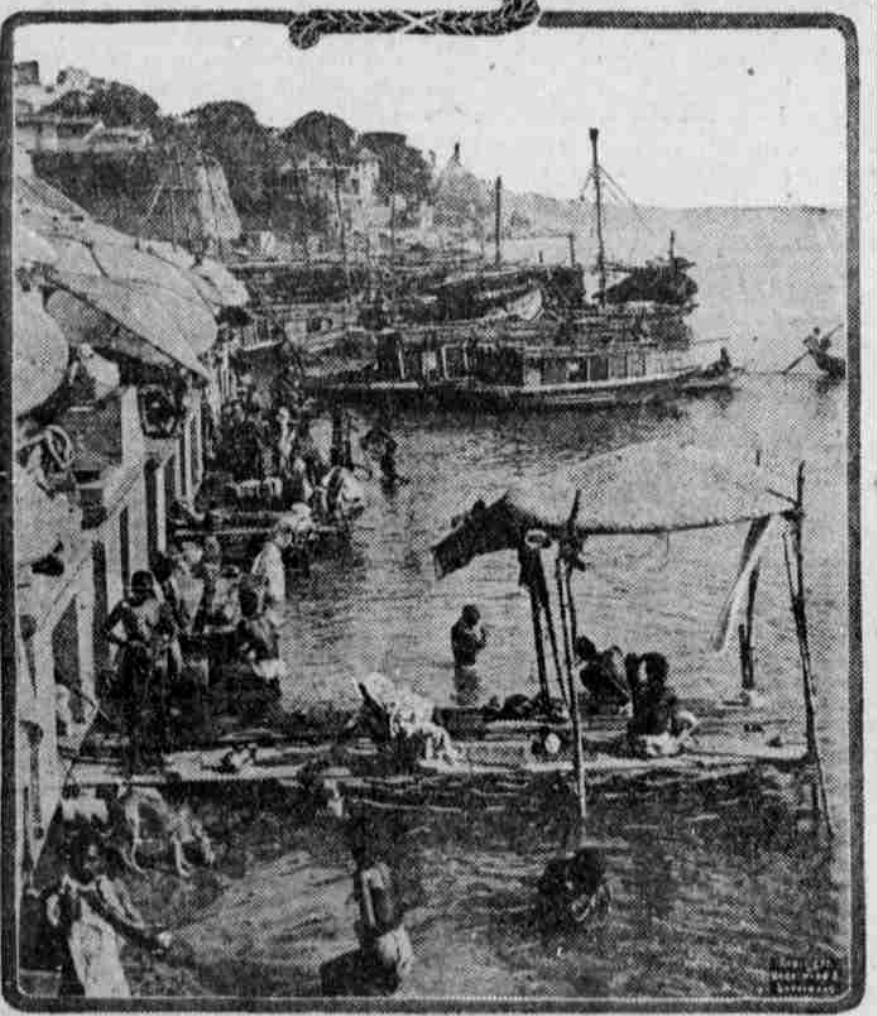


Delhi, India.—British rule in India is suffering the evil results of its own virtues. It has taught Indians to stand alone and some of them, superficially educated usually, wish to try the experiment without assistance. Indian unrest and its attendant tragedies are virtue's own reward. The citizen of the United States, looking at the working out of the colonial problem by old hands at the business, sees constantly in the background the Philippine islands, with amateurs molding the scheme of things. But the Philippine problem is "another story," to quote Kipling, the masterful poet-journalist, who came out of India, trailing jingoism. Let's stick to the Indian text.

Beginning as a purely commercial enterprise, with no other object than to make money for British traders, often more aggressive than scrupulous, the government of India by the British has as its chief concern the making of men. That's a big job anywhere, but it is particularly large when the territory is a continent, as is India, and not a single country, and the inhabitants are one-fifth of the entire human race.

The problem is not lessened by the ignorance, poverty and superstition of the alien and diverse peoples who constitute the inhabitants. The good fruits of British rule are many, but they cannot be seen from the car window nor their importance gauged by the tourist flitting from hotel to curio shop.

Not Governed by Bayonets. British rule in India is not military rule. Bayonets may establish, but they cannot maintain government. British rule in India is government by the civil power. Less than 75,000 white soldiers are stationed in this empire of more than 300,000,000 people. The United States have a larger standing army for less than one-third that number of inhabitants—three times the soldiery for the American republic as compared with the Indian empire. True, military rule was un-



Hindus Bathing in the Ganges.

duly exalted at the time of the controversy between Lord Curzon, the viceroy, and Lord Kitchener, the commander-in-chief, when the latter asked of England—and was given—a "free hand" in administration. The "free hand," when inquired into, is usually found to mean a complete abandonment of all checks and safeguards which long experience has devised. When these are set aside at the behest or in behalf of the exceptional man, trouble follows. And so it was in India. It is sham imperialism, not a real one, that puts the army and navy ahead of justice and liberty, of civil rule.

200,000,000 Dependent on Agriculture. India is not governed by bayonets, neither is it an empire of camps and cities. The city is of secondary importance in this land. We hear more of Calcutta and Bombay and Madras and the new-old capital of Delhi, but the real Indian is a villager. In all India there are only 27 cities with a population exceeding 100,000, and only five whose inhabitants exceed a quarter of a million. There are more than 200,000,000 people in India directly dependent—not merely indirectly—upon agriculture. The Indian farmer—"the spot at the plow"—is the dominant figure in any picture of Indian life which has true perspective. The land problem is at the very heart of things. The final test of British rule is how it has helped the dweller on the land.

Taxation Equitably Adjusted. Judged by this test, the measure of success is not small. The land tax has been changed into an approximation of fairness and reasonable justice, left unassessed or uncollected altogether in times of famine, from which by failure of the monsoon, the wind bringing rain, certain Indian provinces often suffer. When the British came the tax-gatherer was king, all southern India was in his merciless grip, and in northern India the farm laborer, though he made a fortress of his village and followed the plow sword in hand, was the constant victim of spoliation. The first attempts at land revenue adjustment which the British made were disastrous failures. Gradually, however, schemes of taxation have been evolved and problems of land ownership have been settled that are placing rural India, as far as these questions are concerned, in the same condition as the countries of Europe where such questions have been more equitably and longer settled.

In the face of difficulty, is creditable in the extreme.

Good Government Established.

It is impossible, within the limits of this article, even to sketch all the achievements or the failures of British rule in India. One can do little more than suggest how, in the far East, a great nation, destined to play a large part in tomorrow's world, as part of the mighty British empire or alone, is being made. Probably the greatest contribution to India by the British has been the establishment of civil rule that means absolute justice between man and man. There are exceptions, of course, lamentable and numerous, but on the whole the British administrator has brought equality before the law, inflexible enough stern justice, and a revering loyalty to a land where before he came might alone made right and the biggest bribe won every case. This result has been brought about, in large measure, by the men of the Indian civil service, working almost alone, in obscure villages. In one district with a territory the size of France and a population of 700,000 Indians, one white man, Hubert Calvert, brother of Dr. Sidney Calvert of the University of Missouri, is administrator. This is but a single example. The British have done their good work in India not by force of numbers nor by rule of bayonet any more than by the music of the kettledrum.

Schools in Reach of Majority.

In the work done in education the British in India have made many mistakes. Some of these mistakes have been rectified by a newer educational policy. Others will be rectified. The immense difficulties in education, in a land where primary education is not wanted by the masses and higher education of a superficial kind is often sought merely as a means to escape hard work, have prevented progress that would otherwise be possible. Religious antagonisms, of an intensity which the western mind can scarcely comprehend, have compelled the government to make its education exclusively secular. Even moral training, without which any system of education is lame, is hardly permitted. When all this—and much else—has been written in criticism, the large fact remains that British education is transforming India. Primary education is not everywhere free nor is it compulsory. The fees, however, are so small as to be no bar and schools are in reach of a majority of the entire population. Colleges, technical schools and universities are doing better work than under the old methods. The new generation of educated Indians will be more efficient, more thoroughly prepared for serious labor, and no less keen of intellect and clever of speech than the older generation. It was one of the older generation, who had learned only words at law school, who in pleading a case in a Calcutta court said of the opposing attorney: "The misty arguments of my learned friend will not hold good water. He cannot be allowed to raise a castle in the air by beating upon a bush."

Natives Represented in Government.

Indian representation in the legislative councils and municipal governments has been gradually increased. It is now sufficiently large to permit every section of the diverse and discordant population to have a voice. This Indian voice does not, as yet, directly determine the policies of government, but it is free to discuss these policies, to question them and to bring them to the bar of public opinion. In consequence, British rule has become more responsive to native sentiment. The British government, always an arbiter and promoter of peace between warring factions, has, by the new liberal policy of larger native representation in official place, become also in some measure an interpreter of the native opinion and an administrator of its desire. This is not self-government, of course—indeed, it is a long distance from it—but it is a step in that direction. Because of this forward step and from the ranks of the educated but unemployed natives has come much of the turbulence among the native population which seems at times to threaten British supremacy in India. Imbued with liberalism in the universities and with no other serious work that appealed to them, given representation in all branches of government, the natives—rather, a few of the more advanced—are leaders in a movement of "India for the Indians." That British rule is seriously threatened by this unrest, widespread though it may be, is doubtful. That British rule will change, is changing, to meet the awakening spirit of democracy in the empire of India, is certain.

Some Surface Evils.

The evils of British rule are on the surface: exploitation, absentee government, the hill station where officialdom retires from contact with the people, a press law which Surendranath Banerjee, "the uncrowned king of Bengal," says is possible only because of the good character of the administrators; too much whisky-and-soda and too little helpful, personal intercourse with the natives; a certain impertinence which apparently looks down on all things non-British. It is chasing flyspecks to discuss these and other smaller evils. The American looks with disapproval, but he remembers his own treatment of the negro in the South and the false impressions given of that treatment in Uncle Tom's Cabin and other works of fiction, and he forbears criticism. With all its defects and its evils, of maladministration, of greed and jingoism, the work of the British in India—to quote a sentence from Lord Curzon, ablest of modern viceroys, "is righteous and will endure." The unrest, annoying, even agonizing at times, is but the "growing pains" which presage a freer, greater India in tomorrow's world.

Improved Sanitation and the Rigid Enforcement of Health Regulations.

India is a small area where it has not wholly extinguished it. Difficult has been the inculcation of sanitary ideals in communities where the inhabitants "prefer death to worry," as the phrase of a maharajah has it. Caste prejudices, religious opposition, indifference have made this, as other tasks of the British administrator, one far from easy. That it has been so well performed.

She Heard of Them.

Father—Your teacher tells me you were very bad again today in your spelling lesson, Ethel. Ethel—Well, I don't like to study spelling, papa. "But you must learn to spell, dear." "I don't have to, papa, if I can be a stenographer and typewriter when I grow up."

Side Show Sidelights. Diverting Chronicles of Circus Life. By FRANCIS METCALFE. (Copyright by W. G. Chapman)

THE LIONESS SKIRT DANCE AND THE INCONSIDERATE PYTHON.

The conventional skirt dance has long ceased to be a novelty on the vaudeville stage, but as it is performed by "La Belle Selica" in the arena at the amusement park it holds the interest of that most exacting audience—a crowd of Coney island pleasure seekers. It is not because Selica is pre-eminent among dancers, but on account of the unusual and dangerous stage setting; for she performs in the large exhibition cage, surrounded by a half dozen lionesses, each animal seated on a separate pedestal. Any one of the huge beasts could crush the dancer with a single blow of a massive paw, and the great jaws which snap viciously at her tiny feet as she kicks them before their faces are sufficiently powerful to crush the shin-bone of an ox.

She is apparently without fear of them, for she dances gracefully from one to the other, flicking them across their faces with the light switch which she carries for her only protection, and kicking over their heads and into their very mouths, always missing the answering snap of the jaws by the fraction of an inch, and acknowledging it with a smile as she whirls away to repeat the performance before another pedestal. The lionesses see the performance many times in the course of a season, but they never lose interest in it and they do not remove their eyes from Selica from the time she enters the cage until she drives them out before her. So long as she is on her feet and agile enough to escape the swift stroke of a paw or the snapping jaws, she is safe; for a lioness would not jump at her from a pedestal; but there is always the chance of a slip or a false step and—!!!

It happened once, and caused a suspension of Selica's performance for two months during the last big exposition, for Grace, the largest lioness, was on her before she could recover herself; and it required the efforts of the animal man and all of his assistants to beat back the beasts



SHE IS APPARENTLY WITHOUT FEAR OF THEM.

who were maddened by the sight and smell of blood and to rescue the unconscious woman from the cage. They have never forgotten that moment of rebellion which was so nearly successful, and they are ever watchful for another opportunity to avenge the many cuts of the training whip which they received in the course of their schooling. But Selica is also watchful, and although Grace had lately done nothing particularly out of the way, the wonderful sixth sense which experienced trainers always acquire warned her that the animal should be regarded with suspicion. The beast had become nervous; a little more sullen than usual when ordered to leave her den for the exhibition cage, and a trifle slow and rebellious when told to jump up on her allotted pedestal.

Constant association with the wild animals begets carelessness, but Selica, with the scars of Grace's sharp claws still visible on her back and shoulders, was quick to notice the change and especially careful, before opening the door from the den to the runway, to look through the observation hole and make sure that the lioness was not crouched for a spring. Grace had been particularly sullen in the afternoon and she was growling ominously when Selica went to get her for the evening performance, but when the woman saw the three little furry balls which were huddled in a corner of the den she understood and forgave all. The cubs were no larger than St. Bernard puppies, but Grace apparently considered them worth fighting for; and Selica's dance was given that night with only five lionesses in the cage, and the proprietor told the stranger the reason for the empty pedestal.

"Wait until after the performance and I will take them out of the cage and show them to you," he said; and the stranger, remembering a tradition to the effect that robbing a lioness of her cubs is a dangerous feat, looked forward with a great deal of interest to the after-piece.

"We can't trust the rearing of the cubs to Grace," said the proprietor, as he stood in front of her cage after the audience had been dismissed. "The audience had been so close to the animals in the arena and the curiosity of the thousands of people who come here every day would make her so crazy that she would destroy them, so I must get them a foster mother. I have sent to New York for a bitch with pups, and in a couple of days I will show you a happy family." The cubs were in the center of the cage and Grace stood over them, snarling

and looking with blazing eyes at the group in front of it; but Selica's voice from the runway and a rattling of the door at the back distracted her attention, and as she sprang at the door the proprietor darted a hand between the bars and seized one of the cubs, drawing it safely out a half second before the enraged mother landed against the bars with a force which made them rattle.

The poor beast was almost frantic, but the same maneuver was twice repeated, and in spite of her fierce attacks on doors and bars the proprietor, who had acquired through his lifetime association with the great cats as much of their quickness of movement as it is given to mere man to learn, removed the three cubs without receiving a scratch.

Poor helpless little creatures they were, and it was difficult to realize that they would soon grow into beasts as powerful as the ferocious Baltimore, the terror of trainers, who was answering Grace's lamentations with roars which fairly shook the building, from his cage on the other side of the arena.

"That animal was bred in captivity, born and raised in our menagerie in England," said the proprietor after he had placed the cubs in charge of one of the keepers. "I suppose that's what makes him such a bad beggar to handle. Give me the jungle-bred lion to train, every time, for after the man-handling and discomfort of his capture and transportation to the coast by natives, he appreciates the care and humanity of a civilized trainer. These cubs which are raised in captivity are always played with and teased by the employees and visitors, and their first knowledge of their strength comes to them accidentally when they hurt a man without meaning to do it; but they soon learn to connect cause and effect, and then it is time to watch out for 'em. A jungle-bred lion is pretty much cock o' the walk until he is snared or trapped, and in his first experience with men he is vanquished and realizes how useless is his great strength against the nets and ropes

straight goods," says he, "but he doesn't catch their eyes, so I'll paint the blame snake red, white and blue and christen him the 'Anconodus flagellum americanibus a pluribus unum,' and give the high brows something to work on," says he. "That'll work up the snakeologists and set 'em writing in the papers to prove that there isn't any such thing; but we've got the answer to that, for we can show 'em one at twenty-five cents per."

"I never could stand for flim-flamming the generous public, but my meal ticket was punched so full of holes that it looked like a porous plaster, and I consented. Merritt spent most of the night decorating that python, and in the morning it looked like the pennant of a man-o-war. I had to sit up and watch him, for he had the artistic temperament, and he was so carried away by his enthusiasm that if I hadn't restrained him he would have put on the coat-of-arms of the United States, eagle, motto and all.

"Now," says he, when he had finished and stepped back to admire his work, 'if that blame snake's own mother would know him if she met him on the street, I'm a Dutchman. If this don't make 'em sit up and take notice, then I'll go to night school to learn the show business.' " "How did the scheme work?" asked the proprietor, as the press agent paused to make the grand hailing sign of distress to the waiter. "Work!" he answered. "How does a fake always work in New York? The python was so stuck on its neck turning around to admire itself and everything went lovely. Of course, there was the usual howl from the snakeologists who knew it all, and 'Old Subscriber,' 'Citizen,' 'Pro Bono Publico' and the rest of the bunch wrote columns, denouncing us as frauds.

"You know how those things work; they're up to an argument and then they'll put up to the fellow who is making the up to back it up with an offer to donate a sum of money to some charitable institution if he can deliver the goods. We were well ahead of the game as a result of the advertising and had about two thousand to the good and Merritt got awful chummy. He had lied about that snake so much that he believed in it himself and it made me a little nervous one night when he offered to donate two thousand dollars to the 'Home for Deceitful Side Show Fakery' if any one could produce another specimen like this one, short of the head waters of the Amazon. I wasn't scared so much by that as by what I feared he might say, for I knew they couldn't get another if they raked the universe with a fine-toothed comb, and sure enough, he was carried away by his enthusiasm and offered to bet our entire bank roll that the snake was a genuine 'American flag,' such as had never been exhibited in any country.

"It was just our luck that there was a half-loaded tin-horn gambler in the audience that night, one of the kind that wears a yellow diamond and a checked suit with a white stove-pipe hat; and the only part of the speech that he understood was that somebody wanted to make a bet. That raised his sporting blood, and he climbed up to the platform and pulled out a roll of yellow boys that would choke a dog and peeled off twenty centies.

"I don't know much about snakes which bromide won't make chase themselves back to the woods," says he as he plunked 'em down on the table. 'I ain't got your gift of gab, but money talks and I've got this pile to say that you can't tell the truth to save your neck. Just stack up your pile alongside of that and then trot out your snakelet.' I was feeling pretty sore on Merritt for making such a bluff, but, of course, we had to make good and between us we covered the bet. We had glass cages full of snakes all around the platform, but 'Old Glory' was in a big chest covered with gilt figures and brass chains and fastened with a padlock. Merritt was mad clear through at having his veracity questioned, but he looked pretty confident as he stuck the key in the lock.

"It's a shame to take the money," says he, as he eyed the gambler, 'but there's an old saying about the mental capacity of a man that is speedily separated from his bank roll, and I reckon you were away from home the last time the fool killer called.' The gambler just smiled and kept his eye on the stakes.

"Now," says he, turning to the audience, 'if you'll kindly give me your attention, I'll show you one of the most marvelous mysteries of nature. It was procured by one of our special agents at the head waters of the Amazon at tremendous expense. It is a unique representative of the reptilian family and the sight of it should arouse pride in the hearts of all patriotic Americans; for as he unwinds his sinuous coils you will observe that while his head and neck are blue, the body, down to the tip of the tail, is marked with thirteen alternate stripes of red and white, giving this marvelous creature the appearance of being wrapped in that glorious emblem of liberty which waves over the land of the brave and the home of the free.' Merritt stops then, throwing out his chest and sticking his hand into the bosom of his coat to wait for the customary applause from the gallery to subside; but instead of the usual glad hand, he is greeted with a roar of laughter and cat-calls and when he turned to look at the snake box, there was 'Old Glory' crawling out, looking ashamed of himself, for he was as white as the day he was born.

"What happened?" asked the proprietor as the press agent sighed. "Well, Merritt always had presence of mind, and as the sport gathered our hard earned shekels he grabbed me by the arm and hurried me from the building. He knew that a Bowery audience was apt to follow cat-calls with antique eggs and vegetables of last season's vintage, and five minutes later we were trying to drown our sorrow.

"Jim," says Merritt, 'I made a big mistake, for I should have tattooed him. His beauty was only skin deep and the blame snake shed his skin.'