

The Pioneer Grip

GRIP PUBLISHING CO.

ALLIANCE, NEBRASKA.

The Japanese army is Kaiping steadily on its way, as the Irishman would remark.

The man who says we do not know what to do with our money must be a vegetarian.

Jan isn't the only one who, since the arrival of those twins, is making music in the Kubelk home.

It is stated on reliable authority that the horse which broke into a Cincinnati flat had no family.

Other things being equal, the happiest man in hot weather is the one who doesn't know how hot it is.

That was a sad death of Jim Corbett's. He died of indigestion. Jim was a 280-pound New York turtle.

Possibly Mr. Percicaris is at last convinced of the superior advantages of America as a place of residence.

The Columbian university of Washington has changed its name to George Washington university. Good swap!

One of the Republican orators says that the problem now is what to do with our money. Speak for yourself, brother.

Mark Twain has leased a farm in Pittsfield for the summer, but he is altogether too level-headed to undertake to work it.

A Bellefontaine woman has contracted a serious case of blood-poisoning by washing her face. We hesitate to point the moral.

Hetty Green's scornful declaration that she would rather have a donkey than an automobile is not surprising. Donkeys are cheaper.

Paterson, N. J., has just had a disastrous fire. Paterson goes regularly from floods to fires and anarchists, with short waits between.

Kisses, transmitted by telepathy will never be very popular so long as there are opportunities of getting them delivered on the premises.

Baseball has been introduced in Japan. The Japs being mere imitators, it may be taken for granted that there is trouble ahead for their umpires.

The reason a man marries his sweetheart is because she is not like other girls. The reason he divorces her is because she is—Illinois State Journal.

A German peasant has a pair of feet that require No. 17 shoes. It is scarcely necessary, perhaps, to add that the peasant to whom these feet pertain is a man.

Let us give our forefathers credit for never suspecting that the time would come when the toy pistol would figure in celebrations of Freedom's birthday.

The woman who left a package of paris green in the baby's go-cart has proved her eligibility to membership in the Amalgamated Association of Boat-Rockers.

It is said that a cup of ordinary rock salt added to the bath is soothing to the nerves and will often insure restful sleep—particularly if one has an active imagination.

You can teach a monkey to imitate a man, but a man can imitate a monkey without any teaching. This shows the superiority of the human intellect over brute brain.

The possibility that he might have made even more money if he had freshened up his faculties by taking a vacation is the lurking misgiving that bothers Uncle Russell Sage.

President Schurman emphatically urges this year's Cornell graduates to marry, and doubtless they will, if they meet the right girls and feel that they are able to support them.

Newport society has dropped the monkey dinners and is going in for psychological research. An edited public will now see Mr. Harry Lehr evolve into a psychic phenomenon.

Hayti has apologized for the attack on M. Depres, the French minister, who was stoned as he drove past the palace, and the incident is closed. So was the carriage, fortunately for M. Depres.

The estimate of 14,000,000 as the number of men who have lost their lives in battle during the last hundred years does not take into account the lives lost in the annual battle of the Fourth of July.

That must indeed be a great spectacle that is taking place now in southern Manchuria, and yet it is hardly probable that the southern Manchurians who have the best opportunity to witness it are thoroughly enjoying it.

Here's another flitted swain suing a fickle young woman for breach of promise. We need this sort of thing more frequently. The current news is getting quite too solemn and tragic. Politics and crime wax monotonous. More merriment!

HOW HIGHBALL WON THE DERBY.

Glorious Race Furnished Inspiration for Poet's Song of the Strenuous Steeds.

The West against the East contending, Has sent her champion to the fray, On blithe High Ball our eyes are bended.

The saggard holds the right of way, Where's Irish Lad, the New York wonder, Whose deeds have set the turf on fire? His hoof beats ring like rumbling thunder— His Titan heart will never tire!

Which horse will win the Derby laurel? Will Woodson snatch the Croesus prize? Will Highball conquer in the quartet, Or English Lad the world surprise? Randal Water, too, may loom as muster— Big brother to the bolsters breeze.



"How the frenzied crowd is shouting, as English Lad bends to the chase!"

Blithe Highball's stride seems surely faster Than surging foam from wind swept seas.

'Tis Derby Day, our glorious season, When summer swoons upon the land, To back the bangtails is no treason, To pick the winner from the stand. Each jockey grimly eyes his neighbor, And trails him at his saddle belt, And urges on the steeds that labor With the fire and fury of the Celt!

Over fifty thousand here assemble To see the maddening, bruising chase; Shy, militant maid will point and tremble, "Brave Highball will win the race," Blithe Highball looms so spruce and slender, Moharib stout may snatch the prize; Fort Hunter looms a keen contender— Rich laughter gleams in Beauty's eyes.

What ringing cheers salute the Master, Blithe whirlwind of the pampered east; Staunch Highball neighs and spurns disaster, And looms a supple, splendid beast. A crafty jockey guides his chances— Fuller—impassive in his seat, The pompous palfrey proudly prances And caracoles with dainty feet.

Comes English Lad, the West's Defender, The stubborn sluggard takes his ease, Requitul's son looms spruce and slender, Big brother to the bolsters breeze, Old Time, they say, is fast and fleet; Time limps a laggard in his train! What fierce delight when steeds are meeting, And grappling on the wind swept plain!

They're at the post—all grouped together; They're jockeying for the friendly rail; With hearts as buoyant as a feather, Like cavaliers of Grecian tale, They hearken to the bugle blowing; Its aerial challenge through the air, Keen silvery stanzas thrilly flowing, Like haunting strains from Siren's lair.

"They're off—they're off," the railbirds cry, "All ranged together in a line!" Supreme delight to see them flying As stately squadron o'er the brine, Each gallant thoroughbred is straining, With foam flecked mouth and tossing crest; And dauntless Highball's grimly gaining.

And Woodson nobly stands the test! How rich the sweep, how grand the measure, That rises like grey ocean's swell, They spurn the turf with lordly pleasure, Exulting like clear chiming bell, They rise and fall like billows swelling, And surge and shoulder in the fight, Full fifty thousand men are yelling, And cheering at the glorious sight!

How the frenzied crowd is shouting, As English Lad bends to the chase; Lathes fly, lances flashed and pointing, Show furious eyes, shy roiling face, Blithe Highball gallops surely faster, Than whispering wind or rippling rain, Stout Woodson nobly stands the strain, Far back English Lad is hiding, The stubborn sluggard bids his time; His jockey nurses, calmly guiding, His hoof beats ring like silvery rhyme, Relentless as the leopard leaping, Highball comes bounding thro' the throng, Resolute as fierce cyclone sweeping, He glides as splendid as a song.

"Come on you hound," the tipsters yell, "Wake up and do your song and dance!" The railbirds with alarm are swelling— "You brute, move up and take a chance, But English Lad still keeps his distance, Blithe Highball holds the right of way; He seems to spurn the turf resistance, And Woodson trails him in the fray."

They're in the stretch and madly straining, The panting steeds set sail for home; And gallant Highball's grimly gaining, All dappled grey with flecking foam, The jockey's nurse the steeds that labor, And trail them at their saddle belt, And grimly eye their strenuous neighbor With the fire and fury of the Celt!

The pace was swift, the struggle bruising, As thunder down the sloping way, With foam flecked mouth like hounds a-cruising, Staunch Highball leads the strenuous fray, Their hoof beats drown the rumbling thunder, Relentless as fierce Cyclops might, There is no time to break or blunder, Since Death's in ambush for a fight.

Who won the race, who snatched the plunder? 'Twas Highball fished the Croesus, His hoof beats ring like rumbling thunder, The Eastern champions roused the Vain, English Lad, your desperate straining— For dauntless Highball's vanquished Time

And Woodson at his heels was gaining— James E. Kinella, Registry Division, Chicago Postoffice.

POOR LUCK WITH ALLIGATORS. Visitor Failed to See What Captured the Negro.

When I got down into Mississippi I began to look for alligators, thinking to find them basking in the sun on the banks of every creek and bayou, but three weeks passed and I had not yet got sight of one. Then I accepted an invitation to stay with Major Burbanks for two or three days. He had a big bayou on the west of his plantation, but would not guarantee an alligator. On the second evening I walked down to the water to look in vain, but at the same time I was somewhat interested in a negro who sat on the log fishing. He told me he had never seen a 'gator in the bayou, and that he was expecting to catch a catfish at any moment, and I had turned away when there was a yell and a splash. I whirled about, but all I could see was the muddy water churned into foam and the waves lashing the bank. At that moment the major joined me and I said: "Major, there was a negro fishing from that log a moment ago."

"Yes?" "And something has taken him." "Yes?" "But—but it must have been an alligator?" "And you never caught sight of him?" "No."

"Shoo! You do seem to be out of luck with the 'gators, for shore. Let's go back to the veranda to smoke."

BEGGARS AMUSING CHARACTERS. Strange Requests Made by Impecunious Mendicants.

Miss Mary Richmond of Philadelphia is one of the noted charity workers of America. As the executive head of the Philadelphia Society for Organizing Charity, Miss Richmond has made a thorough study of all sorts of beggars, and some of the beggars she has met must have been amusing characters. There was one, for instance, a New England beggar, who used to tramp about in the twilight, saying to every housewife who answered to his knock: "Will you give me a drink of water, lady? For I'm so hungry I don't know where I'm going to sleep to-night."

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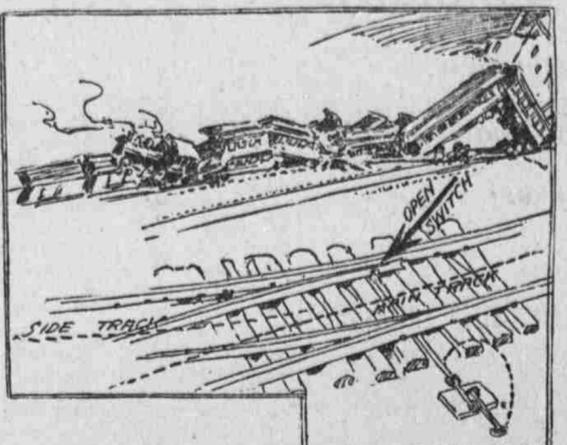
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SMASHUP ON WABASH ROAD ASCRIBED TO TRAIN WRECKERS

Who is responsible for the awful railroad wreck at Litchfield, Ill., July 3, which claimed twenty-two lives and maimed thirty-four passengers? Officials of Litchfield are inclined to the belief that the train and its passengers were the victims of a plot hatched by miscreants. Three hours before the wreck occurred a Wabash train, running at a speed of sixty miles an hour, passed over the same track without meeting a mishap. Between that hour and the time the Limited crashed into the switch Ticket Agent Condean declared that no cars were run onto the sidetrack. For that reason he says that no one connected with the road turned the switch and neglected to throw it back. The lock that held it was found near by. Irvin L. Rice of 5048 Calumet avenue, Chicago, one of the eye witnesses of the fatal train wreck, said his es-

least one hundred feet away. "Every passenger in my car was thrown head-long in every direction. I was thrown against the side of the car with such violence that the knees of my trousers were badly torn. My back and one of my legs were injured. After the confusion had partly subsided I was greatly surprised to find that the car had been split right in two parts. I crawled out of the opening, followed by others. Harry Dietrich, the labor leader, had been sitting in the rear of the same coach. He was killed when the next coach behind crashed into ours. "That was the first coach that caught fire. Elated over my miraculous escape from a horrible death, I assisted in the work of rescue. I ran into one of the burning coaches in which a woman was screaming loudly for help. Her legs were pinned down



Arrow points to the cross switch which threw the train, going at high speed, on a sidetrack, on which stood a crowded train, plunging, throwing the cars and engine into all conceivable positions, and smashing the forward o-

cape from death was miraculously strange. Following is his thrilling story of the wreck: "The train, which was composed of nine coaches, left Chicago Sunday morning at 11:03. I was in the first car, which was a combination coach, bound for the World's Fair. The train was whirling along at the rate of about sixty miles an hour at 5:40 o'clock when the crash came. The engine struck the switch and completely turned around. The coal tender flew right over it and alighted at

between the seats and the flames were spreading toward her. "Cut my legs off," she cried. "A man ran forward, pulled a knife from his pocket and attempted to sever the limbs. 'Go ahead; cut them off,' said the woman. It was his plan to cut the flesh to the bone and then break the limbs. "As each moment passed the fire grew closer and closer to us. Finally the heat became so intense that we had to abandon the poor woman. She burned to death before our eyes.

COMPARATIVELY FEW SURVIVORS OF STEAMSHIP DISASTER

The list of saved in the Norge steamship disaster has been increased by seventeen. Seventeen survivors were landed at Aberdeen, Scotland, by the steam trawler Largo Bay. They were picked up from one of the boats of the Norge. The total number of survivors so far as known now is 145. This reduces the probable number of lives lost to 627. The Danish government and the steamship company have sent out a steamship to search the seas for the boats and the vessel will visit all the

moment there were exhibitions of marvelous heroism, and additional stories of their experiences only add in this particular to what has already been told in the dispatches. The contingent now being cared for at Aberdeen consists of twelve passengers, the third mate of the Norge, the quartermaster, a steward, a lamp trimmer and one of the crew. They drifted at the mercy of the Atlantic for six days. When both water and food were gone and when the occupants were almost too ex-



Map Showing Location of Rockall, Islet Where the Norge Was Lost, and Butt of Lewis, off Which Steamer Was Last Sighted.

islands within a possible radius, but the rescued at Grimsby and Storö, who have gone through a terrible experience believe that there is little ground for hope unless an outgoing vessel should have picked up one or more of the boats, or unless the survivors have landed at St. Kilda and Fiannan Islands. While the stories of the survivors naturally differ in some details, in the main they agree that in the supreme

haunted even to hope, the trawler dove in sight. This was on July 4, when the boat was about thirty miles off St. Kilda. Those rescued had eked out an existence on two biscuits a day. When they started from the ill-fated ship there was only one small cask of fresh water in the boat. Before the Largo Bay fell in with them this and the biscuits had been finished and the pangs of hunger had set in.

Long Trip in Automobile. Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Glidden of Boston, who are touring the world in an automobile, have returned from Europe. During the past two years they have been through all of the European countries, covering in their twenty-four-horse-power machine over 16,200 miles. On August 16, 1903, while in Norway, they made the first trip ever made in an automobile into the arctic zone. Mr. Glidden expects to cover a distance of about 40,000 miles, the tour to be finished in 1907.

Lord Milner Breaking Down. A letter received from Johannesburg shows a painful picture of Lord Milner. It declares that since his return from England he has aged considerably. The stress of the last few months has, in fact, told upon him more than did all the anxieties of the war time. His shoulders are bent, his hair silvered and his general appearance careworn. He has been besought by his friends to relax the strain which he persistently places upon himself, but this he refuses to do.

AS THE WORLD REVOLVES

CLAIMS TO BE THE MESSIAH. London Minister the Founder of a New Sect.

A dispatch from London, England, tells of a pretended Messiah who has a large number of followers. The Rev. John Smyth-Piggott, who claims to be the Messiah, recently in the chapel of the Abode of Love at Spaxton, a picturesque village in Somersetshire, conducted a special service, which is the subject of several lengthy reports in London papers, one of which heads its article with the single word, "Blasphemy." According to all accounts, it was a remarkable service. None but the faithful were present, the great oak gates of the retreat being closely guarded. It was a calendar day of the sect, chief disciples being summoned from far and wide. Norway was, perhaps, most largely represented, but the worshippers included at least one Russian countess and many handsome young Englishwomen. By long disuse the "Messiah's" throne had become tawdry and faded, but a little upholstery and work by the ministering damsels had made it luxurious and stately. The service



"The Abode of Love." was timed for midday, and a cosmopolitan congregation of worshippers had gathered in the temple, when suddenly there was a hush and the self-styled "Lamb of God" approached.

The "Messiah" slowly and silently walked to his renovated throne, his disciples rising as he crossed the portals and bowing their heads reverently. "Behold the lamb of God," uttered slowly, deliberately and unaffectedly, was the astounding exclamation which suddenly broke the spell of silence. The words had scarcely passed the lips of the "Messiah" before all the disciples made obeisance, the women bowing low and muttering exclamations of love and devotion. The central figure was a good looking man, plainly dressed in clerical garb. There were two hymns, and the "Messiah" himself preached a short sermon, selecting as his text the words "Love One Another." Next followed psalms, sung in a subdued key by a splendidly trained choir. The service lasted little more than half an hour, and then the "Messiah" and the congregation went to partake of luncheon.

FIGHTS STANDARD OIL TRUST. George Rice is Perennial Opponent of Great Monopoly.

George Rice of Marietta, O., the former oil dealer who for years has been one of the most persistent antagonists of the Standard Oil company, has asked the courts of New



GEORGE RICE Jersey to dissolve the company on the ground that it is illegal, appoint a receiver, and distribute the assets among the stockholders. Rice, who was squeezed out of business by the Standard Oil company, was one of the principal witnesses in Attorney General Monnett's suit in Ohio.

Farmer's Boy Wins Honors. Warren Ellis Schutt of Cornell, 1905, who has won a Rhodes scholarship and will be off for Oxford university presently, is a farmer's boy, captain-elect of the Cornell track team and the best cross-country runner of his time in the American college world.

About Wooden Shoes. Wooden shoes, it is computed, are worn by 70,000,000 people in Europe. For the style of wooden shoes called sabots, basswood is mostly used, but willow is preferred. Poplar, birch, walnut and beech are also used.

To Get Pointers From America. Dr. Baernreither, former minister of commerce, and Count Mervelt, former governor of the provinces of the Tyrol and Silesia, will study the educational institutions of this country.