

THE PAGEANTRY OF LIFE.

Oh, the music, mirth and madness,
Oh, the melancholy strife—
And the sweetness and the sadness
And the glory and the gladness
In the pageantry of life.

Oh, the bitterness and burning,
Oh, the pathos and the pain—
Oh, the endlessness of yearning
And the shallowness of learning—
Oh, the throbbing of the brain!

Oh, the emptiness of seeming,
Oh, the hollowiness of pride—
Oh, the vanity of scheming
And the idleness of dreaming—
And the misery beside!

Oh, the beauty and the glory,
Oh, the majesty of age—
Passion cold and treasure hoary—
Oh, the sadness of the story,
Oh, the turning of the page!

Oh, the glimmer of the candle,
Oh, the flickering of the flame—
Phantom gold which none may handle—
Weary foot and broken scandal—
Oh, the worthlessness of Fame!

Oh, the folly of regretting,
Oh, the glamor of the goal—
Oh, the fever and the fretting
And the sweetness of forgetting—
Oh, the sorrows of the soul!

Oh, the loneliness and longing,
Oh, the laughter and the tearful
Oh, the clinging and the clinging
And the groping and the thronging
At the sepulcher of years!

Oh, the mists and the madness,
Oh, the sweetness and the strife—
And the sorrow and the sadness
And the glory and the gladness
In the pageantry of life!
—Thomas Shelley Sutton.

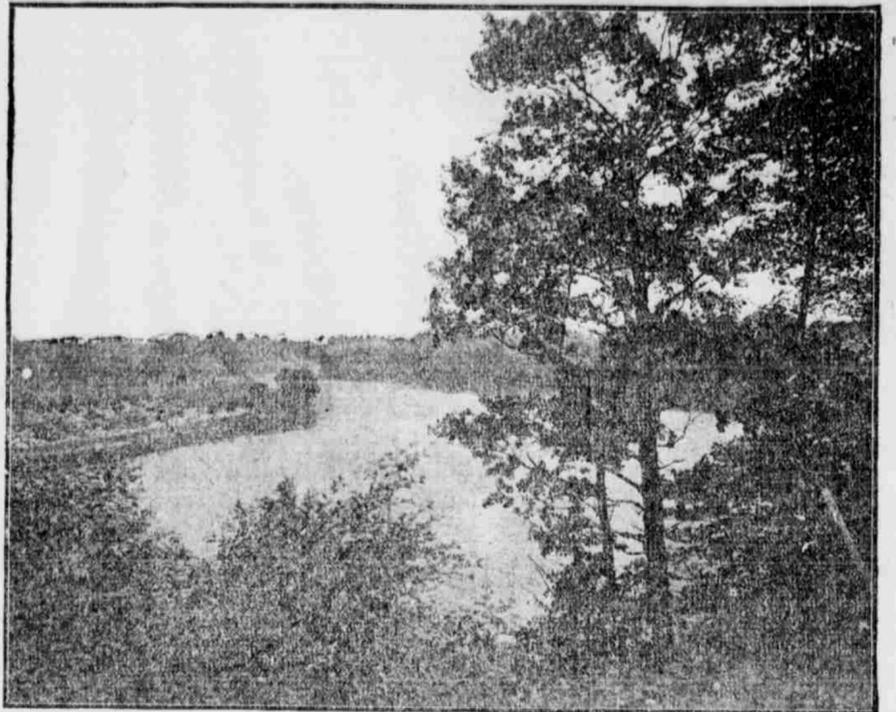
WHEN SNAKES TAKE FLIGHT

Tramp of Hoofs of Cattle Sure to Send Them Scurrying Away.

Occasionally a temperate man is found who studies snakes, and one of these is Gen. Milton Moore. The general reads everything he can find bearing upon the habits and habitats of the snake society, and for that reason he was particularly interested in meeting ex-Private Alexander Mahlstrom, Fifth Missouri, who recently returned from South America.

"Mahlstrom told me," said Gen. Moore yesterday, "that the snakes in Central America are torpid and stupid to a degree, though some of them are violent enough when disturbed. They often bite the woodchuck there. I never knew them to bite an overland trailer. I crossed the plains thirty years ago, and many times since, in the freighting business. It was my experience that the sound of the approach of cattle or buffalo sent the snakes about their business. We lay on the ground where snakes were thick in our absence, but scarce in our presence. A snake must have some sense, and he must reflect that whereas he might put a lone man to flight, he had not a ghost of a show with a herd of cattle or buffalo tramping him. So he runs when he hears the caravans coming. I never knew them to bite a man while I was going over the trail. I recollect at one time running across a rattler. I was riding a mule. He woke up, heard the hoof beats and started off. A rattler cannot run straight much better than a Swede turnip can roll straight. He wobbles. This fellow was terrified, for he took off. A quick walk was as fast as he could go. I dismounted, pulled out my cap and ball revolver and began firing at him. The first shot clipped him and made him furious. He hissed and shook his tail with a vengeance. But he heard my mule and headed for tall grass. I think it was my fifth shot that broke his back. The snake is a coward."—Kansas City Journal.

ST. JOSEPH RIVER, MICHIGAN.



—Photo by Eugene J. Hall, Chicago.

Mr. Salsbury Jenkins' Idea.

BY WILLIAM A. OSBORNE.
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Mr. Salsbury Jenkins stepped out upon the hotel porch under the fire of inquisitive glances with an easy nonchalance of manner, which comes only with long practice. He was the latest arrival. He lit his cigar and gazed with an indifferent curiosity upon the crowd. Mr. Salsbury Jenkins was an observer—especially of women, and he speedily made up his mind that the girl in the pink dainty at the end of the piazza was the one girl in the crowd. Having reached this conclusion he rested not until he had been formally introduced—having been formally introduced he improved his opportunity.

shouting as he went—he, the deliverer—in a reassuring voice. He reached the spot. The first thing he saw was the girl—he caught sight of her through an opening in the leaves. She was standing near a tree, her eyes opened wide with—Fright?—No, with interest. She was gazing intently at some spectacle. Jenkins knew not what. Her expression for an instant gave him pause. Then he stepped forward, cautiously, rather than impetuously, as he had intended. As he did so, he heard fierce imprecations in one voice, guttural exclamations in another. And then he saw that his tramp was being beaten and pounded unmercifully by some young giant, in the most approved



"Stop, mister! No, no, no! Not on the beak!"

A day or two later he sat on the rolling looking down upon the girl, as she reclined in an easy chair. She laid down a book, with a sigh. "What do you think of it?" queried Mr. Jenkins.

"Perfectly lovely," returned the girl. "Masterston, the hero, is such a fine fellow—the kind of man who's strong and brave and risks his life for women, and really accomplishes things. I could fall in love with a man like that. I'm tired of the rest—the kind who talk all day about books and the theater, the races and golf. Masterston was so different."

Mr. Jenkins winced. For two days he had held forth upon golf and the races, the theater and books. Still, he thought, complacently, of his manly appearance, and he considered that he would push Masterston, the book's hero, close for second place. But it was up to him now to make an impression—to prove his supremacy. He preferred to eclipse Masterston if possible. To this end he racked his brain.

And then—a sublime idea occurred to him; the more he thought of it the more he liked it—and as he contemplated it, he thought it must end in but one way—with the girl's arms around his neck, like the heroine's about the neck of Masterston. This idea was not entirely original—he had read of it in fiction; but it was, he considered, without precedent in real life. It was to place the girl in a situation of apparent danger, from which, without danger to himself, he would gloriously rescue her.

It was a great idea and Mr. Jenkins worked it out.

"Well, mister," said the tramp, glancing doubtfully at Mr. Jenkins' well-padded shoulder "I'll tell you how it is. I stood up once to have a man knock me down for five dollars—it was John L. what did it. An' he broke me nose. I don't want no more of it. I don't want you to use me rough." Mr. Jenkins reassured him.

"Well, then, I'll go you, mister. I'm not much on scaring women, but I s'pose I could do it on a pinch. All right, I'll go you. Only," he added, "don't you use me rough, and don't you hit me on the beak."

Next evening at sunset the girl set out for her customary walk through the glen. She always went alone. Mr. Salsbury Jenkins had often offered to go with her, but, although exceptionally gracious to him at other times, she had acknowledged his suggestion with a glance which, in another person, would have been a



"What do you think of it?" queried Mr. Jenkins.

stony glare. This time he did not offer. He watched her disappear in the woodland path and then he followed her.

The glen was a wild and weird and lonely place, especially after sundown. Mr. Jenkins felt that keenly—but he pressed on after the girl. Occasionally he caught glimpses of her—but finally he lost her.

Suddenly he heard a wild scream—a woman's scream—her scream. For an instant it froze his blood. Then he braced up and sprinted ahead,

manner. For awhile the tramp put up a real or pretended resistance—then he weakened.

"Don't, don't, mister," he pleaded. "Ain't yer got yer money's worth! Stop, mister! No! no! no! not on the beak!" he screamed in agony. For his opponent had planted a vigorous blow upon that already fractured member. He followed it by another blow that sent the tramp sprawling. The tramp, seizing his chance, scrambled to his feet, and scampered through the underbrush and out of sight.

As he did so, the girl, with a cry, sprang forward and threw herself into the man's arms, clinging closely round his neck.

"Duncan—oh, Duncan!" she cried. "Duncan, my preserver!" The man held her close, and beat down and kissed her, not once, but many times. As he did so, Jenkins saw his face, and knew him. It was Kennedy—Duncan Kennedy, a mining engineer, a guest at the hotel.

For the moment Mr. Jenkins was overcome. He sank upon the ground. When he recovered his equilibrium he found that they had disappeared, but, hearing the sound of voices on his right, he moved in that direction.

He came to a small opening. In the middle of it was an old log. On the log sat Kennedy and the girl.

"Dear little girl," the man was saying, "next time I'll come with you, instead of meeting you down here." It was the trysting place.

"Darn 'em," said Mr. Salsbury Jenkins to himself, "that's what's brought her down here every night!" He carefully retraced his steps.

"Can you tell me," inquired Mr. Salsbury Jenkins later, of the hotel clerk, "what is the next train up to the city?"

The clerk looked up. "Six fifty-five," he replied. Then, seeing who it was. "But, my, you're not going so soon? What's matter? Not afraid of the girls?"

Mr. Salsbury Jenkins was not afraid of the girls, no—but of the girl—that was a different matter.

And, then, too, he was a bit apprehensive as regards the tramp.

"After all," sighed Mr. Salsbury Jenkins, "New York's the place!"

"Duncan," said the girl to Kennedy, later, "do you mind, Duncan, if sometimes I call you Masterston."

"Call me anything, my darling," returned Kennedy. "I'll come to you when you call."

Even Millionaires Turned Down.

James Dobson, a multimillionaire carpet-maker of Philadelphia, was "among those present" at a coal office there the other day to make application for fuel. He stood in line with a number of others and pleaded for a carload, saying he needed it badly at his factory. That was his second appeal, but he was told to "call again in the morning."

Gossips are not to blame if one-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives.

Along the Way to Meetin'.

I wondered if the world so wide had heard my heart a breakin'.

With Salsbury Jenkins' at my side along the way to meetin'.

It seemed to time my every step—just keepin' time accordin'.

An' sayin': "There's no rest for you 'cept 'other side of Jordan'."

I'd tried an' tried to say "the word," with patientest endeavor—

The word that might, or mightn't, make her heart my own forever;

But somehow, when it reached my lips, it seemed too much to utter.

With my poor heart a-keepin' up that everlasting flutter.

'Twas shore my tribulation day—close by my side to view her—

To pull the wild flowers by the way, an' then not give 'em to her!

But, sudden, come this word from her—'twix like a benediction!

"I'm thinkin', John, this meetin' day you're under deep conviction!"

An' then I up an' told her all my heart; so sore afflicted;

I loved her more than all the world—that's how I stood convicted;

An' then, as close she come to me, with sweeter looks and fonder,

I read my shinin' titles clear to earth—Atlanta Constitution.

Demonstration Too Effective.

Two maiden sisters of mature years had been to a temperance lecture. To demonstrate the disastrous effect of alcohol upon life, the lecturer had poured a portion of whisky into a glass which contained water and a mass of lively animalcules of different unsightly shapes and sizes. The result of the mixture was that the shoals of ugly looking fishes were soon bereft of life and were seen floating helplessly in the water.

On the way home, when nearing a saloon one sister remarked to the other:

"Mary, will you go in and get some whisky?"

"Some whisky?" astonishingly remarked the other.

"Yes, dear, for I really can never again drink water with all those horrible things floating about. I would rather drink them dead than alive."

Mr. Depew's Oversight.

"Is Mr. Depew in?" said a life insurance agent, handing his card to the office attendant.

"I'll see, sir," replied the minion, going into the senator's sanctum.

Mr. Depew glanced at the card and shook his head in the negative. Although the upper part of his body was hidden from public view by his desk, the senator's legs were plainly visible as he sat with his side toward the desk.

"Mr. Depew is out," said the attendant.

"Well," said the insurance solicitor, glancing through the half-opened door, "I wish you would tell him when he comes in that I think my company would positively refuse to accept him as a first class risk unless he will agree to always take his legs with him when he goes out."

True Success in Life.

There are scores of living men who might be mentioned who have attained to all that goes to make up success as it is commonly estimated, says the San Francisco Chronicle. They have wealth, social and political influence and popularity; they have everything that heart can wish, and yet the man of the world of the average sort would not for a moment admit that his success is to be compared with that of the man who has lost everything yet has served his country as a patriot, has made the foundation of the state a little stronger, the life of a common-people a litte sweeter and happier, has given to his family and his friends an example of unspotted rectitude, and in doing these things has missed personal advancement and pleasure.

WHY IT DIDN'T SUIT HIM.

Too Much Water Did Not Appeal to the Man From Maryland.

They were seated at a round table in the biggest room in the Maryland club, the glasses in front of them newly primed, the smoke from their cigars curling upward, while they listened to the yarns of the man from Arizona. He had told them stories of hunting, of mining, of train robberies and the like, and now he was soldiering forth on the wonders of irrigation.

"No one," said he, "can properly appreciate the wonders it has worked in the central part of our state, where he desert has been literally made to blossom as the rose." More than 125,000 acres in the Salt river valley alone now bloom with pines, alfalfa, trees, orange groves and other foliage, while grass and growing crops of grain, vegetables and the like cover the fields where a few years ago not a vestige of green was to be seen on the burning sand of the great desert.

"Three large cities, one the capital of the state, have sprung up; two railroads have been built into the district to carry away the surplus product, and \$30,000,000 has been added to the wealth of this great country of ours. All this has been accomplished by irrigation, by bringing water in ditches and distributing it where it will do the most good.

"To accomplish this we have expended \$3,000,000 and dug hundreds of miles of ditches. There is much yet to be done, however, in our neighborhood, it being estimated that no less than 400,000 acres await reclamation in that immediate vicinity.

"The venture has proved immensely profitable, too, and our farmers are perhaps the most prosperous in the world. I know of no better place in this country for capital seeking investment." And he paused to note the effect of his suggestion.

"That's sholy interestin'—mighty interestin'," mused the Eastern Shore man, as he tossed off the contents of his glass, "but I can't say that I'd

cyah to live in a country, sah, whar watah is regarded as the mainstay of existence."—New York Tribune.

Result of Expansion.

It is not to be denied that this expansion of our knowledge of the world is a sequence of our victories in the Spanish war. Whether trade follows the flag, certainly knowledge does. What the geography is doing for the schoolboy, the newspapers and magazines are doing for the adult.

"Nature will be reported," says Emerson, and certainly never was this so true as to-day. A hundred agencies—mainly commerce, invention, travel, benevolence and disaster—are conspiring to bring in touch all the nations of the world and to demand the fullest knowledge of all by each. There are those who think that this absorbing interest in the actualities of material events is being cultivated at the expense of great creative art. But an epoch of large wealth has been usually the precursor of a period of great art. When this period comes, perhaps the result will be all the more significant and valuable that the peoples of the earth will have reached a sympathetic understanding through the widest knowledge.—Century Magazine.

Morgue Keeper a Humorist.

One of the queerest of French authors, Clovis Pierre, died this week. He was a poet whose talent would have received recognition doubtless even if the contrast between his vocation and his avocation had not tickled the fancy of the Parisians. He lived and wrote his poetry at the morgue, of which he was registrar. He was a merry soul who found most of his inspiration in the corpses in his care and who used to describe himself as the manager of a big hotel well known to Paris, which was a quiet place of rest for travelers from all countries. He dwelt at the morgue for thirty-two years before he retired on a pension.

Poetry may bring returns—if a stamp is inclosed with it.

THEY WOULD NOT RETREAT.

Horse Battery Kept on Firing Although Constructively Dead.

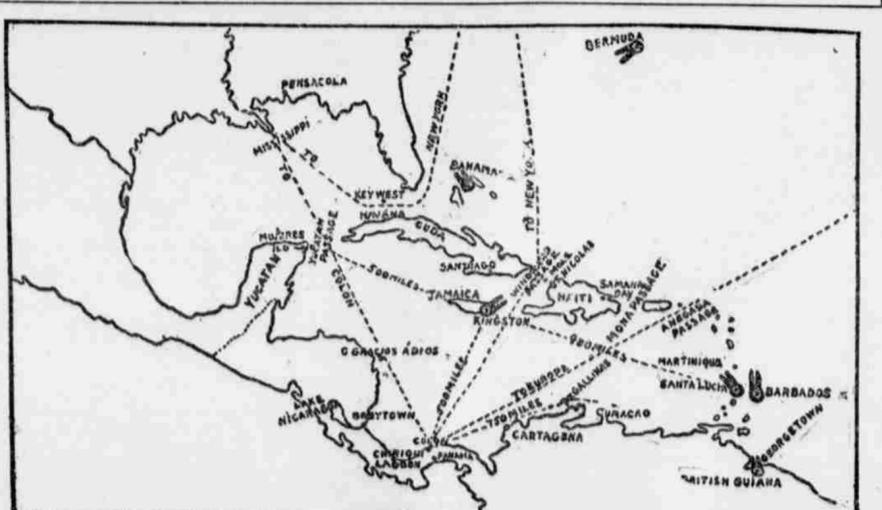
Among the amusing features of the recent mimic war one incident is recounted by Adj. Gen. Thomas Barry, chief of staff, as one of the most unusual conflicts in the history of war. Among the points defended by the army was a signal station on Montauk Point. Here was stationed a horse battery, intended to cover the signal corps and also to be able to withdraw in case of serious attack. This latter duty was not fully comprehended by the gallant artillerymen. Accordingly, when the Kearsarge, the Alabama, the Brooklyn, the Olympia and all the other big snips of the fleet sailed up and opened their batteries on the signal station, bringing into play every gun, from the 13-inch to the rapid-fire ones, the defenders of the shore displayed no intention of retreat.

Wheeling their two small cannon into point blank range, they returned the fire of the combined fleet. Faster and faster came the shots of the horse artillery. Theoretically they were annihilated; practically, they were only spurred to still greater activity. Not until the umpires signalled them to stop firing, and later informed them that they were all dead, did the brave gunners pause. Not since the day of the Matanzas mule has so unequal a fight been waged so successfully.

A Growsome Coincidence.

Few in the musical world forget the shock caused a few years back by the tragic death of the famous contralto, Mme. Patey. The vocalist had created an immense success at a concert in the provinces, and in response to a vociferous encore returned to the platform and sang the pathetic Scottish ballad of "The Banks of Allan Water." Mme. Patey gave the last line—"There a corse lay she"—with thrilling expression, walked from the platform, and straightway fell dead! The growsome coincidence was much commented on at the time.

GREAT BRITAIN'S FORTS IN WESTERN WATERS.



Great Britain's latest augmentation of her already strong West Indian fortifications indicates her purpose to retain the full strategic advantage which their situation gives to her possessions in the Caribbean sea or bordering upon it. Her present effort in carrying out this policy is the creation of two entirely new batteries defending the approach to Port Royal, the naval station on the island of Jamaica.

Kingston harbor Jamaica possesses one of the best harbors in the West Indies. It is practically landlocked and capable of sheltering as large a fleet as Great Britain will ever be able to spare for service in that part of the world. The harbor is long and narrow, the southern shore being formed by a narrow sand spit, which approaches the western shore to within a distance about equal to the Narrows.

On the harbor side of the point of the sand spit and opposite the city of Kingston, the naval station is located. There are already four forts commanding the entrance. One is situated on the point close by the naval station the zone of its fire covering the channel which must be used by all vessels approaching the harbor from the eastward.

The newest of the present batteries is on the opposite side of the entrance and so located that its guns enfilade the channel. The other two forts command the harbor proper.