

THE PAGEANTRY OF LIFE.

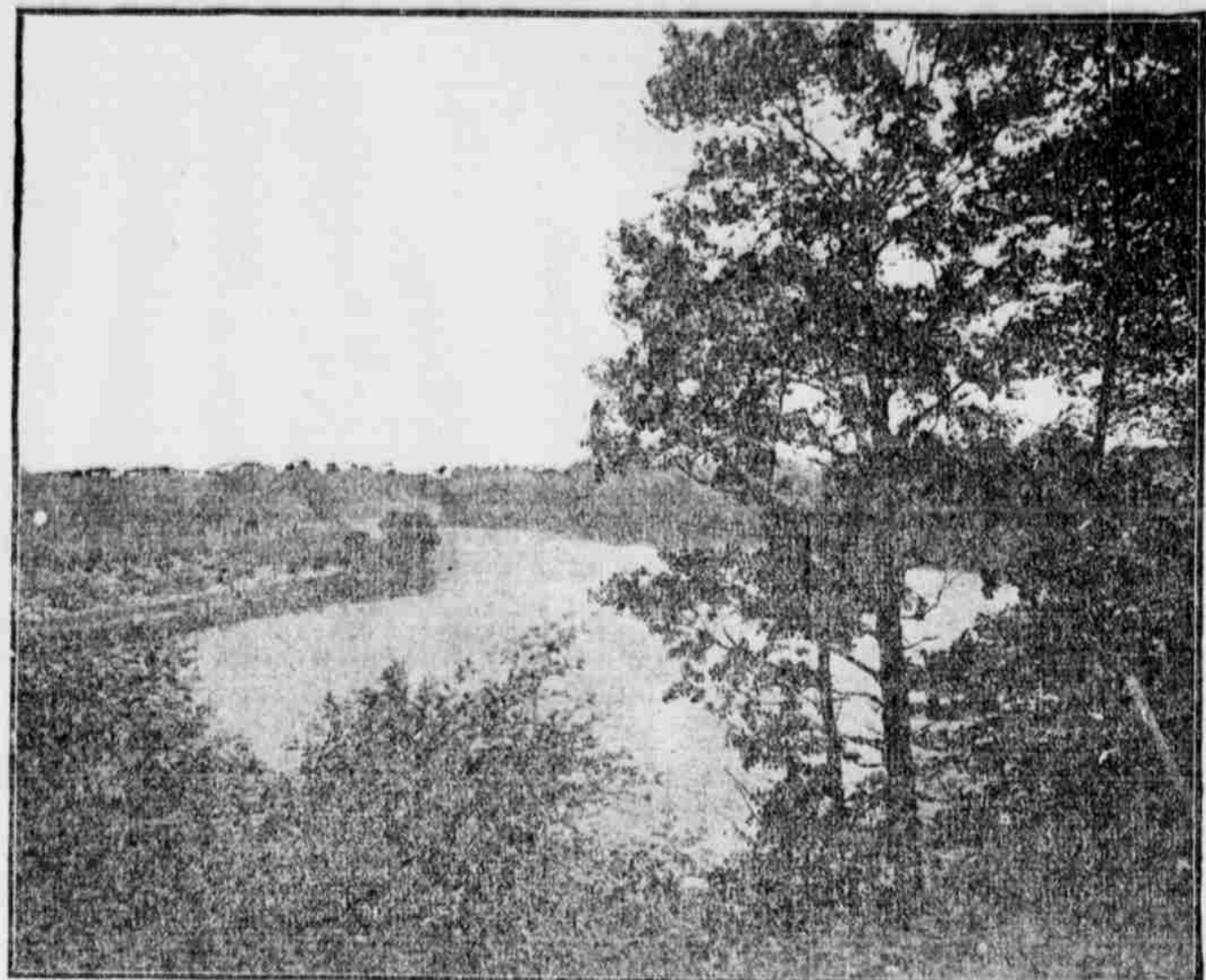
Oh, the music, mirth and madness.
Oh, the melancholy strife—
And the sweetness and the sadness
And the glory and the gladness
In the pageantry of life.

Oh, the 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!

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 gen-
eral reads everything he can find bear-
ing upon the habits and habitats of
the snake society, and for that reason
he was particularly interested in
meeting ex-Private Alexander Mahl-
strom, Fifth Missouri, who recently
returned from South America.

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 Jenk-
ins was an observer—especially of
women, and he speedily made up his
mind that the girl in the pink dimity
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 deliv-
erer—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 in-
tently 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 in-
tended. As he did so, he heard fierce
imprecations in one voice, guttural en-
treaties 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 im-
pression—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 con-
templated 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.

manner. For awhile the tramp put
up a real or pretended resistance—
then he weakened.
"Don't, don't, mister," he pleaded.
"Aln'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, scam-
pered 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 say-
ing, "next time I'll come with you, in-
stead 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 ap-
prehensive as regards the tramp.
"After all," sighed Mr. Salsbury
Jenkins, "New York's the place!"

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



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

stone glare. This time he did not
offer. He watched her disappear in
the woodland path and then he fol-
lowed her.
The glen was a wild and weird and
tonely place, especially after sun-
down. Mr. Jenkins felt that keenly—
but he pressed on after the girl. Occa-
sionally 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,

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'?

'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!

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 un-
sightly shapes and sizes. The result
of the mixture was that the shoals
of ugly looking fishes were soon be-
reft 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 re-
marked the other.

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

Mr. Depew's Oversight.
"Is Mr. Depew in?" said a life in-
surance 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. Al-
though 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 at-
tendant.
"Will," 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 at-
tained 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 ad-
mit that his success is to be com-
pared 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 lit-
tle sweeter and happier, has given to
his family and his friends an example
of unspotted rectitude, and in doing
these things has missed personal ad-
vancement 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 list-
ened to the yarns of the man from
Arizona. He had told them stories
of hunting, of mining, of train rob-
beries and the like, and now he was
sitting forth on the wonders of irri-
gation.

"No one," said he, "can properly ap-
preciate 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,
rees, orange groves and other fol-
lage, 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 rail-
roads 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 ir-
rigation, by bringing water in ditches
and distributing it where it will do
the most good.

Morgue Keeper a Humorist.

One of the queerest of French au-
thors, Clovis Pierre, died this week.
He was a poet whose talent would
have received recognition doubtless
even if the contrast between his vo-
cation 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.

Result of Expansion.

It is not to be denied that this ex-
pansion 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 Em-
erson, and certainly never was this
so true as to-day. A hundred agencies
—mainly commerce, invention, travel,
benevolence and disaster—are conspir-
ing 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 ex-
pense 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 sympathet-
ic understanding through the widest
knowledge.—Century Magazine.

THEY WOULD NOT RETREAT.

Horse Battery Kept on Firing Al-
though Constructively Dead.

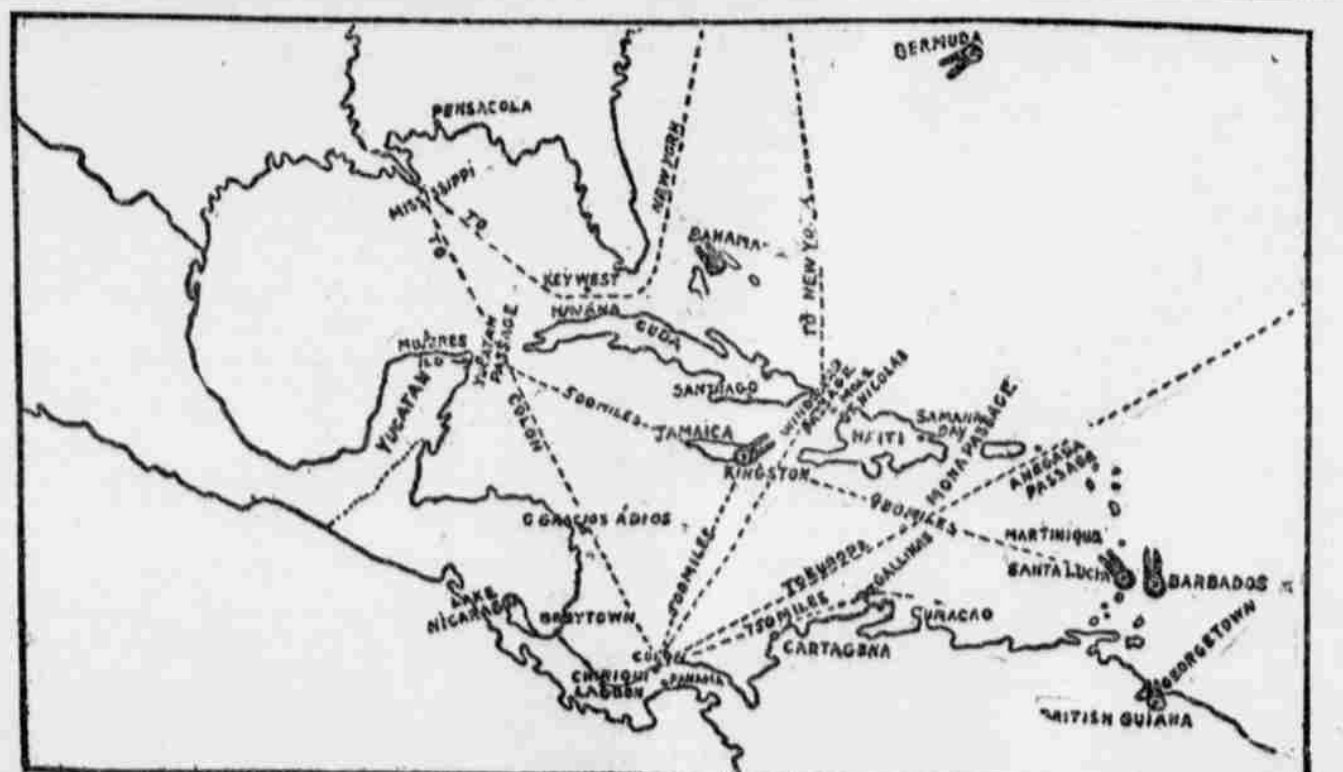
Among the amusing features of the
recent mimic war one incident is re-
counted by Adj. Gen. Thomas Barry,
chief of staff, as one of the most un-
usual conflicts in the history of war.
Among the points defended by the
army was a signal station on Montauk
Point. Here was stationed a horse
battery, intended 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. Accord-
ingly, 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 sig-
nal station, bringing into play every
gun, from the 13-inch to the rapid-fire
ones, the defenders of the shore dis-
played 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 ac-
tivity. Not until the umpires signal-
ed them to stop firing, and later in-
formed 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 plat-
form 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 ex-
pression, walked from the platform,
and straightway fell dead! The growsome
coincidence was much comment-
ed on at the time.

GREAT BRITAIN'S FORTS IN WESTERN WATERS.



Great Britain's latest augmentation
of her already strong West Indian for-
tifications indicates her purpose to re-
tain the full strategic advantage
which their situation gives to her pos-
sessions in the Caribbean sea or bor-
dering upon it. Her present effort in
carrying out this policy is the crea-
tion of two entirely new batteries de-
fending the approach to Port Royal,
the naval station on the island of Ja-
maica.

Kingston harbor Jamaica pos-
sessor one of the best harbors in the
West Indies. It is practically land-
locked 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 with-
in a distance about equal to the Nar-
rows.

There are already four forts command-
ing the entrance. One is situated on
the point close by the naval station
the zone of its fire covering the chan-
nel which must be used by all ves-
sels 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 com-
mand the harbor proper.