

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

FEAR JEROME'S SUCCESSOR



Charles Seymour Whitman, who has been elected district attorney of New York to succeed William T. Jerome, promises to be as great a terror to evildoers—to real evildoers, whether they be friends or foes—as was ever district attorney, police commissioner, magistrate or other officer of the law in New York.

As city magistrate and member of the court or general sessions, Whitman has had a splendid career. In that office he sat for eight years to the eminent satisfaction of everybody who cared to look into his conduct and to speculate on his future, for Judge Whitman is essentially a man of the future, and few who know him hesitate in saying that he will take full advantage of the developments that have made him virtually the head of the political life of this city.

Whitman will enter into office with the eyes of two kinds of people turned in his direction—the people who would like to see vice and crime promptly and efficiently smashed, and the people who are afraid that that very thing is going to happen. It appears that to both kinds Whitman feels that he is personally responsible, and he will give a good account of himself to both.

It must not be understood that Whitman is a reformer. He is not. He does not hesitate to say openly that he is not. He is not going to try to have new laws made, but it is not believed that he will be content unless the present laws are enforced. It looks to some people in this city that Whitman will revive the manners that were in vogue when Theodore Roosevelt announced that he would close up the town and then proceeded to close it.

Whitman, however, does not regularly tell the public what he is about to do. This was the case when he raided the saloons for being open after hours. He just raided them, and the law took its course. It easily may be imagined that a considerable number of people, law-abiding and otherwise, are awaiting with their eyes cocked for the business that will be done in the office of the district attorney, when Whitman takes hold.

This embodiment of a new disturbing force in the life of New York is 41 years old, square-jawed, rugged, brimming over with vigor and health, and muscularly strong enough to take care of himself in any kind of a crowd.

Judge Whitman was born at Norwich, Conn., and came to New York 15 years ago, a lad of 22. Starting out in life with a pretty good education, he worked at many trades before he found the level at which he probably will rest for the remainder of his life. He taught school, he studied law, he tried practicing as an attorney, and he did pretty well at all of them.

In one way or another he came into contact with Seth Low, at this particular time mayor of New York. Mr. Low was always a lover of Whitman's style of man and he was not long in seeing that his new acquaintance was not only a strong character, but a shrewd, deep seeing and quick man of action.

HAWLEY IS NEW HARRIMAN



Edwin Hawley has succeeded to the throne of E. H. Harriman as the ruler of the railroads of the United States. Within the last few days there has been a change of alignment of the greatest financial powers in Wall street and they have proffered to Hawley the backing of their millions, which were the essence of the Harriman power, and which, likewise, makes Hawley the dominant figure in the American railroad world. This shift of the balance of money power to the support of Hawley marks the most important of several changes in the railroad situation that have been brought about by the passing of Harriman.

Another change of scarcely less interest during the last few days has been the appearance of a well-defined plan to eliminate Harriman influence from the management of railroads outside his own system, into which Harriman forced himself during his lifetime.

Briefly, the occurrences of the last few days mean that Edwin Hawley, by virtue of the backing conferred upon him by the greatest money dynasty in America, becomes the new railroad leader; that with the millions to which he is thus given access he can acquire, build up and dominate a vast railroad system throughout the country that probably will overshadow even the Harriman system; that Harriman's personal power, which enabled him to compel admission to the councils of other railroad systems, died with him and is no longer the formidable weapon it was as long as he lived.

One of the manifestations of Hawley's accession to railroad rulership was his acquisition of the Rock Island and the Missouri, Kansas & Texas, with its 3,000 miles of independent trackage and its great strategic value as the last of the so-called north and south lines to the Gulf. This, with his other holdings, gives Hawley the control of nearly 10,000 miles of railroads, forming a chain from the Atlantic seaboard as far west as St. Louis and Kansas City. Those who are closest to Hawley believe that the "Katy" is only one of several roads which will be brought into the Hawley system in the near future.

Hawley and the Goulds, with whom he is closely associated, now control a complete transcontinental railroad system, or will when the Western Pacific is opened to San Francisco in a few weeks.

SHE BECOMES CO-ED AT 78



Mrs. A. D. Winship of Racine, Wis., who is 78 years old, is studying hard every day at the Ohio State university, in Columbus, and by her diligence puts many youths and young women to shame. She recently entered the college as a freshman.

Mrs. Winship had been coming to Columbus two summers, taking a brief course in the summer school, largely a review of the common branches.

This year, however, she decided to take a college course.

"I am not going to leave the college till I am 80 years old," she said. "I feel as young as a girl, and why should I not complete my education? In my girlhood we did not have the advantage that girls have now, though I had some education even in those days. But learning is more advanced now and I want to get some of it. Of course, I have read a good deal, but I wanted more of the rudiments.

"When I am called hence and go to the next world I don't want to be placed in the A, B, C class.

"I am going to specialize on psychology and literature."

Mrs. Winship is a sister of Truman Wright, who was greatly interested in education and who gave a college to the city of Racine. She is in robust health and declares she is not a faddist, but a true seeker after knowledge.

ADMIRAL PRAISES AIRSHIPS



Rear Admiral Colby M. Chester, U. S. N., who was one of the commissioners that recently passed on the claims of Commander Peary in the north-pole controversy, believes that the airship is destined to become one of the most powerful war machines the world has ever known.

Admiral Chester declares this country should have a large fleet of aeroplanes which should be used largely as aerial scouts. He says the aeroplane should be the eye of the navy, that it should be in the air what the submarine is in the water.

Carrying explosives of great power, Admiral Chester believes these swiftly soaring machines could dash over a hostile fleet of battleships and cruisers and blow them to pieces.

Because of their small size and light weight, fighting aeroplanes could easily be carried on the warships in time of war, he says. Rising to a height of several hundred feet, these aeroplanes could scout over the sea for hundreds of miles in every direction, giving warning of the approach of the enemy.

CONCRETE HOUSE FOR SHELTERING AND FEEDING

One of the Most Useful Applications of Cement Is Seen in the Erection of Farm Buildings—By H. S. Chamberlain.

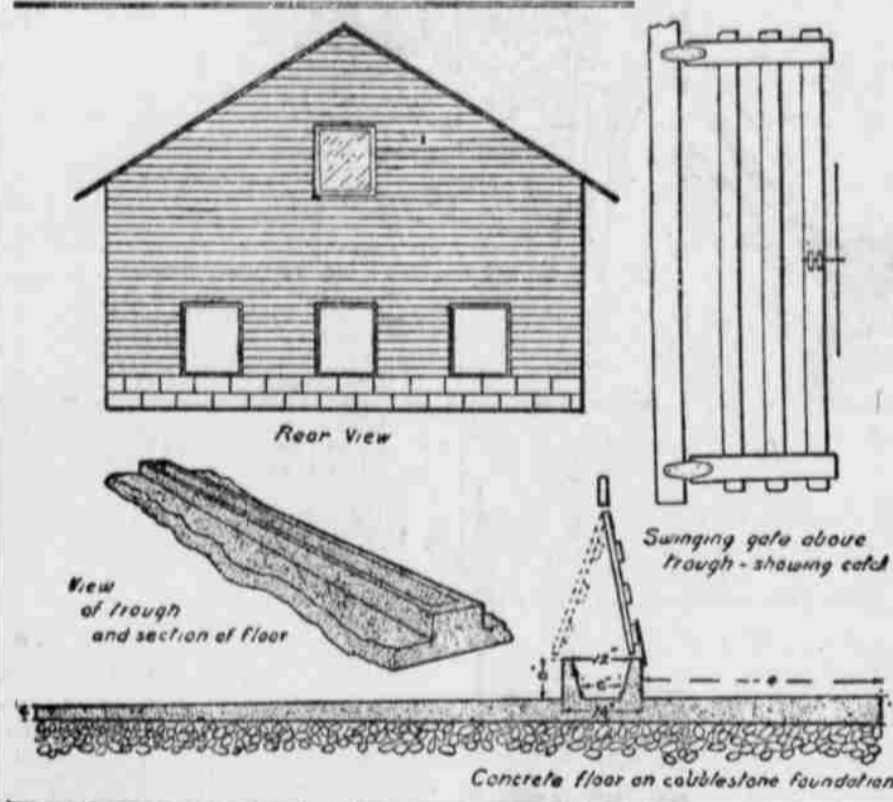
One of the most useful applications of Portland cement in farm economy is seen in the construction of buildings for the sheltering and feeding of swine. It was the good fortune of the writer several summers ago to aid in the planning and construction of such a structure on the farm of U. F. Stoner in Stark county, O. As concrete played an important part in the erection of this building, it may possibly be of interest to know how this particular hog house was built.

The ground plan dimensions are 16 x 20 feet. The foundations are made of two layers or tiers of heavy building tile set on top of finely crushed stones, filling a trench about 2.5 feet deep. This depth of foundation practically prevents any upheaval from frost in the winter, writes H. S. Chamberlain in Farmer's Review. The space between these foundation walls was filled up, even with the top of the first tier of the wall tiles, with cobble stones picked up in the fields.

convenient feature of the concrete portion of this hog building is the concrete feeding trough which is an integral part of the floor. Four feet from the front wall is this concrete trough. A temporary mold was constructed from inch boards. Only the outside form was used in making the trough; the interior was shaped by means of trowel and finishing tools without the aid of retaining walls. The inside and outside of the trough is coated with a 1 and 1 mixture of cement and sand to render it impervious to water and thus bar leakage of fluids poured into it.

At the middle portion of this trough is a partition, built in during the process of construction, for the purpose of making two receptacles in one.

The frame work of this building for swine is made of 6x6 inch sills with 4x4 inch corner uprights 10 feet high. The rest of the framework is filled in with 2x4 inch studding and rafters of the same size timber. The material used in the frame is oak and maple.



A Convenient Hog House.

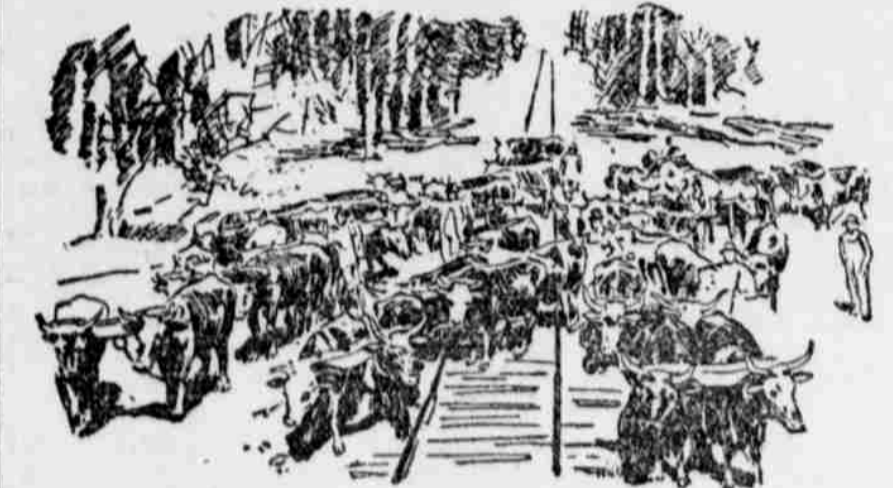
These stones were tamped into place, by means of a heavy block of wood. In preparation for the application of the first layer of concrete. The concrete mixture comprised one part of cement, two parts sand and three parts gravel well incorporated by first mixing in the dry state and afterwards thoroughly remixing with the right amount of water to make it spread well in laying the floor. In order to insure proper drainage to the floor, the concrete was laid six inches deep at the front to a depth of four inches at the rear, thus making a slope of two inches to the floor in a distance of 16 feet. On the top of this first layer of concrete was placed a half inch surfacing of a 1 and 1 mixture of cement and coarse sand. This gave a harder and firmer surface than if the first deposit of concrete had been left exposed to use as a floor surface.

However, the most interesting and

The siding is pine laid on in ship lap. In the interior are two wooden partitions dividing the floor space into three parts for convenience in feeding and rearing pigs of different ages.

At the front portion of the interior is a four-foot wide gangway from which the animals are fed. Just above the trough are suspended two gates from the joists overhead. These are arranged so as to swing forward and back over the trough to facilitate feeding. When the pigs are to be fed the gates are freed by means of a latch and are swung inward, thus placing the trough in the entry so that it may be cleaned out and the food placed in it without loss of temper and patience on the part of the farmer. When the feed is put into the retainer, the gate is swung back towards the entry room and the hungry animals then have a chance to get in place by a vertically acting slide bolt.

WHERE OX TEAM STILL COMMON



The use of oxen in logging operations in the great forests of pine and hardwoods in Arkansas and other parts of the south is almost as common to-day as in the earlier period of the lumber industry before the introduction of tram roads and modern machinery for skidding and loading the cut timber.

Some of the larger lumber manufacturing concerns in Arkansas have three or four hundred head of oxen constantly employed in handling the logs from the interior of the forests to the loading places. It is found that these patient animals are much more serviceable than mules or horses for this particular purpose. What they lack in quickness of movement they more than make up in other respects. Another advantage in using oxen in logging operations is that in the forest regions of the south the natives are used to handling them and prefer them to horses or mules. The animals require little care and attention. They will stand an enormous amount of hard work, and, by doubling teams, great loads of logs may be hauled up on a wagon.

The ox drivers in the Arkansas forests are typical natives who possess

many interesting characteristics. In most cases they are young men. It is said that a good ox driver has the making of a good logging man. It is the first step in an industry that requires the exercise of much skill and courage.

Fertility of Swamp Lands.
Swamp lands have often proved unfavorable for agriculture, even when well drained and fertilized. From the investigations into the subject in the extensive swamps of the United States A. Dachnowski concludes that the loss of fertility is due, at least in part, to the presence in bog water of substances poisonous to plants. They seem to be produced by imperfect oxidation and decomposition of proteins and related bodies and it is possible that in respiration bog plants may differ from others. After the land has been exposed to the air a time the fertility is restored by oxidation of the harmful products.

Keeping Apples in Winter.
Apples have been found to keep better if well colored and ripened, though not overripe. Picking should not be delayed till the fruit commences to fall.

He Who Is Not

By MARJORIE L. PICKTHALL

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There were three men, five ponies, and a nondescript dog with a bushy tail. For days they had been observed of the hawk and the eagle, trailing patiently over the shoulders of the hills, as little spiders might crawl up a man's coat sleeve. Twice or thrice the winds had been minded to brush the tolling insects away, but had thought better of it; they were so very insignificant, these little black specks upon the edges of the snows.

At last the three men and the ponies and the taciturn dog climbed up above the clouds, and came out upon a bare flank of mountain, upon a long slope of soft crumbled rock ending in a thirty-foot wide ledge and a clear drop of nearly eight hundred feet.

"Well, sirs," said Macavoy, the tall, brown man with the black beard, owner of Taya the dog. "Well, sirs, I've brought you here safe. Now you have but to scratch 't the ground, for the whole face o' the hill's riddled w' veins and pockets of gold. I've done my part. So to-morrow, by your leave, Taya and I'll be goin' our ways."

"Stay with us," cordially entreated Dalsworth, artist, journalist, and wanderer to the ends of the earth, "stay with us, and work on shares. When you led us to this place you fairly laid fortune in our hands."

"And was paid for so doin'," answered Macavoy with his slow smile, "paid liberally, accordin' to our agreement. I'm but the guide. Twice or thrice I feared I was astray, for it's three years since I was here. No, I'll not stay, thankin' you none the less. We'll be goin' our ways, me and Taya. Eh, old lass?"

The dog laid her head on the man's knee, and curled her lips back expectantly.

"If you don't mind," said young Urquhart abruptly, "I'll call that dog Monna Lisa. She has the same bonny forehead and superior smirk. Oh, I know it's heresy, Dal, but don't you see the likeness? You could esteem Monna Lisa, but you could never love her. Give me a dog, likewise a woman, that you can chuck under the chin."

Macavoy looked from one to the other, a puzzled crease on his weather-beaten forehead. "Taya has wolf blood in her," he ventured; "maybe that's why she's different from others."

"To go back to what we were speaking of, when Urquhart cut in," said Dalsworth, "why won't you stay? Oh, our agreement doesn't matter. Change in with us. When you came away from this place before, you threw aside a fortune. Don't let it go a second time."

"I thank you very kindly," said Macavoy with no hesitation, "but I'll be goin' in a day or so. I mean no offense to you who think different, but to me, a shadow and a sorrow would go with this gold. Yes, I've been here before. That's why I'll not stay here now."

"You hinted of spooks before," said Dalsworth with a friendly impatience, "but surely you weren't in earnest? Go on with the story."

Macavoy bent his head, and absently fingered Taya's upstanding ears. "I know no story," he said in a low voice; "the story lies in what I do not know, and can but guess at—in all that I shall never know for sure. If Taya here could speak, she'd tell you more than I can. Dogs at times can hear and see more than men, and she's a wolf's eyes and ears. I'd a friend once, a Frenchman, who said that a wolf could hear the very foot-falls o' the Angel of Death. You'll mind that, when I told you o' this place, I said there was a shadow over it? I can but tell you what that shadow may be."

"I've thought much on the matter, fitting in fact with fancy, till at length and at last, I've got a story that'll serve. It may be far from the truth. But there's naught left to verify it, save the rusty pick you saw, Mister Urquhart, lyin' in that little hole in the hillside."

"Yes, I've thought so long on it, that at last it's come to seem as if I'd seen it all—seen the hill when there was no little hole there, seen him who owns the pick."

"Him?" said Dalsworth, "him? Who? A hermit in the wilderness?"

"The Siwash has a name for him," said Macavoy in a very low voice, "which we can best translate as He-Who-Is-Not."

"He-Who-Is-Not?" asked Dalsworth again with a rising inflection on the words.

"Yes," said Macavoy simply, "for you see, sirs, he's been dead now a matter o' three years, I take it."

Macavoy dropped his hands heavily on his knees. "God rest his soul," he said softly, "God rest his soul, as the Irish say, whoever he was. For O sirs, when he left Tsalekulhye like a bright cloud behind him, and lifted his face to the stars, he was a doomed man! He thought that Fortune stood waitin' him on the top o' the mountains, but when Fortune took her wings from before her face, she looked at him with the eyes o' Death."

Dalsworth drew in his breath sharply, and glanced at the wonderful world of peak and slope, of cloud and infinite sky, which encircled their tiny camp. Night seemed to have settled, a visible brooding presence, upon the everlasting hills.

"I can see him—him that's called by the Siwashe He-Who-Is-Not—I can see him, whatever his name may have been, coming upon just this place, as we have after him. Perhaps he greeted w' joy, or maybe he prayed, or maybe he swore. 'Tis all one—now. He began his boy's pickin' and scrapin' among the rocks, and made his untidy camp on this ledge. Haven't ye seen many and more o' such slovenly, pitiful, tenderfoot camps?"

"He scraped and scratched among the rocks, his heart fair burstin' w' joy, maybe, two, three, even four days. Ye can tell by the size o' the hole, though it's part filled up now through the wash o' the weather. And then one night he flung his pick down, maybe, and went and stood on the brink o' this very ledge, lookin' out upon the hills, before he got his supper."

"Perhaps 'twas just such a night as this, with a round moon ridin' clear, and the chasm all one white flat sea o' cloud. Perhaps, as he stood there, stretchin' his stiff arms proodly, astone caught him between the shoulders, a stone thrown from the hand o' that wolf-shadow that had followed him—and whirled him outwards from the ledge, as the storm whirled a bird from its cliff-nest. I seem to see that black whirlin' shape rushin' down, down, down—a vast sprawlin' shadow outspread upon the floor of cloud beneath. I seem to see the shape and its shadow rushin' together, growin' smaller, becomin' one; and no more. For that chasm, sirs, would take the whole tragedy, w' little but a faint stir 't that green fur o' pines, so far below."

Urquhart looked out at the chasm, a pot of silently bubbling pearl beneath the moon, and shuddered. Taya whined again. "God rest his soul," said Dalsworth softly.

"But does it rest?" whispered Macavoy. His eyes glittered strangely in the red glow of the fire. "Does it rest?"

"I cannot see that wolf-shadow who followed him, whose hand sent him in to eternity, very clear. But I do know that the Siwash got no payment for his crime. He never stayed to take any."

"When I came upon this place nearly three years ago, I found the wreck of a little tent on this very ledge. No, not here, Mister Urquhart, at 't other end where yon big rock slopes down. It was battered by a winter's weather, but by the snow, ye understand. I read the signs of it. It had a tenderfoot for owner, by the truck in it. Such truck ye never see, chiefly in bottles. I mind there was chlorodyne, ammoniated quinine, plain ammonia, and whisky—good whisky. Aye, I had the bottles to my nose, and besides there were the labels. But they were all empty, and flung about in a muddle o' rotted blanket. Taya had 'em to her nose, and growled, readin' more than I. 'Siwash, old lass?' I says to her, and she growls again. Some unclean thing had nested in that tent, drunk all them mixed liquors, and then gone, as if in fright, touchin' no more—not even some bits o' gold in a little brown canvas bag."

"There was that about the matter that weighed upon me so that I sent all the tent and everythin' in it over the rocks there. I'd seen the pick on the hillside, and by this and that I'd read the story plain. We'd lived among cleaner, kinder things, me and Taya, and we'd no mind to meddle w' gold which had that shadow on it. 'We'll make enough out of it by tellin' other folks.' I says to Taya, 'we'll have no finger in this pie, old lass. 'Tis cursed from the beginnin'!"

"The mornin' came up clear behind Tsalekulhye, and Taya and I went our ways. We carried the secret o' the gold with us—and more than that, more than that, I had heard. Taya, maybe, had both seen and heard, for she looked at me w' her yellow eyes and tried to tell me what she knew. Aye, as the gold had drawn that poor fool, livin', so it drew him, dead."

He paused, and again one of the restless ponies whickered in the silence.

"Do you mean that He-Who-Is-Not 'walks'?" asked Dalsworth at last, bluntly.

Macavoy nodded slowly. "I have not seen, ye understand," he answered, "I only hear. But I know that He-Who-Is-Not finds no rest."

"Poor fool," said Urquhart softly, "poor young fool. You're sorry for him, eh, Monna Lisa?"

The dog looked across the fire to the black slope above where the stars hung in splendor above the last faint crest of snow. Urquhart followed her gaze, huddling deeper into his blanket.

"But—but I don't see—" began Dalsworth argumentatively.

"Then listen," said Macavoy, "listen."

Dalsworth listened. And an odd expression dawned in his eyes, and expression half-pitiful, half-incredulous, wholly wondering. Softly, he took off his cap, as one takes it off in the presence of the dead.

What was the faint ghost of sound, thin, distant, yet not to be mistaken, that came to his ears? Was it the "think, think" of a miner's pick upon loose stones?