

# IN THE LIMELIGHT

## JUSTICE JOSEPH RUCKER LAMAR



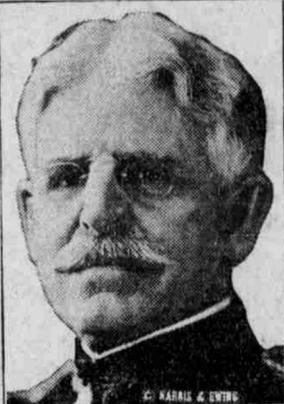
Justice Joseph Rucker Lamar, who was recently appointed mediator at the Niagara Falls peace conference, is accepted by all who come in contact with the Supreme court, or the social life in Washington, as one of the most delightful personalities on the highest bench. President Taft found him to be the most companionable of men when he was visiting to Augusta, Lamar's home city. A story soon started, and has not yet been downed, that President Taft, who was suspected of being anxious to form a golf cabinet in Washington, matching the "Tennis Cabinet" of a former era, had known Lamar on the links in the southern city. But the justice denied it, and, by way of making his assertion believed, capped it with the remark that he had never had a golf stick in his hands in his life. It may not be legal evidence, but it is strongly circumstantial, that the justice would not have called a golf club a "stick" had he been a follower of St. Andrew. As a matter of fact, Lamar has no recreations of this sort. He is one of those southern men who are able to keep most warmly human, without doing anything that is patently human, such as golf, or being a baseball "fan." His only recreation is companionship with others, and scholarly pursuits.

## SAYS NATIONAL GUARD IS WELL EQUIPPED

"The national guard," said Gen. Alfred Leopold Mills, "has never been better equipped or better trained or better officered for service than it is today."

Which may be an important factor in the present situation if the states' militia should be called on for action. General Mills' statement may be taken as fairly representing the situation. In the first place, General Mills knows. He is the head of the division of militia affairs at the war department and as such would have charge of the transfer of the militia to the service of the national government. In the second place, Mills wouldn't say it if it were not true. His specialty is seeing—and saying—the truth.

Mills is the man who reformed West Point. Before his day there as superintendent the cadets were treated like prisoners, fed upon theory and clothed in uniforms that fitted like the skin of a mushroom. If a regiment of West Point cadets had ever charged an enemy, the sound of popping seams would have been heard above the rattle of musketry. They knew a great deal about the manner in which Napoleon was whipped at Waterloo, but they didn't know how Geronimo used to lie behind a rock in order to pot soldiers. Mills changed all that.



## WAS BORN IN PRUSSIA



F. W. Lehmann, one of Uncle Sam's mediators at the Niagara Falls peace conference, was born in Prussia, and spent his boyhood days in the fields of his father's farm in Prussia, tending a small flock of sheep. Before the boy was ten years of age the family moved to this country and settled in Cincinnati.

Lehmann ran away from home and tramped several states, specializing in chores as a business, and went to Nebraska. There he tended sheep again, but shepherding for the great sheepmen of the West and watching a flock on the Prussian farm were different jobs. Lehmann was not interested in his task, and neglected his charges in the interests of reading. Sterling Morton, father of Paul Morton, took Lehmann away from sheep and put him among books in Taber college, Iowa, which he quit with honors and a degree in 1873. The rest of Lehmann's story is just one

rest of another. In St. Louis they tell you that Lehmann is one of the best lawyers in the country, and then add that his mind is more literary than legal. He is also described as a large, rectangular man, stuffed with exact information. In his person he is large enough to afford room for sufficient facts to qualify him as an unusually able lawyer, besides his literary storage space. He is generally said to be the best-read man in St. Louis, and folks do read in that city. His hobby is the collecting of rare books, and he has probably the best collection of Dickens' first editions in the world. And probably, as he traveled to Niagara Falls, he had a volume of Burns in his pocket.

## SENATOR LEWIS CALLS A HALT

"It is not a high type of intelligence which mistakes civility for servility."

Thus Senator James Hamilton Lewis of Illinois, bored and perhaps made a little indignant by what appears to him in his less cheerful moments to be a persistent habit on the part of undiscerning persons to sum up his extremely useful and varied career in a few parrotlike comments upon his dress and his appearance.

"My beard," said the senator, "if you will pardon my reference to an intimate personal matter, has been described as a remarkable work of nature, as a hirsute forest bristling with sparks of fire, and as an ambrosial chest protector. I have been called the Aurora Borealis of Illinois, the Pink-Whiskered Prodigy, the Man Who Made Whiskers a Political Asset, the Pink-Fringed Political Expert. Many a home has been built, many a family thrives upon the steady and apparently rising market value of jests about my clothes and my manners.

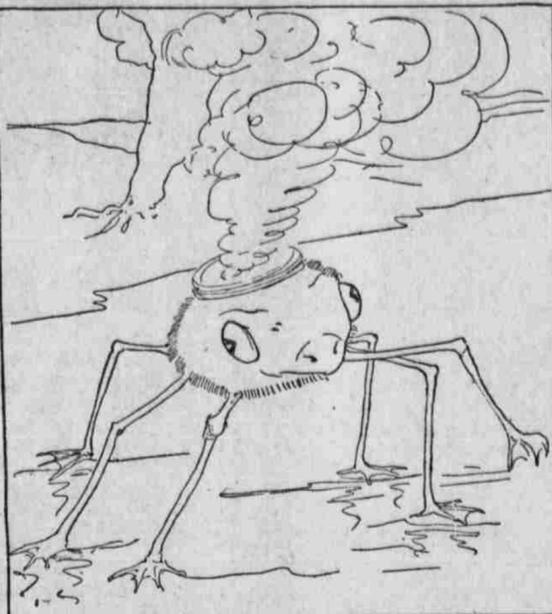
"Now, my dear fellow," concluded the senator, "I am glad to contribute to the prosperity of the country by having my superficial peculiarities furnish material for the struggling efforts of the budding geniuses of journalism; but I have done my share, and it is time that our experimental literary citizens should turn their attention to the gentleman who, so the newspapers tell us, has discovered a method of breeding blue pigs, or to the inventor of the senseless hammer."



## New Indian Animal Stories

How the Water Spider Brought the Fire

By JOHN M. OSKISON



Color the Animal to Suit Yourself.

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Long time ago, after the earth was made and hung up from the four corners of the sky to dry, the animals came down from the place above the great arch and set the sun seven hand breadths above to give them light. But they found that the world was cold, and they needed fire.

Up above, the Thunders listened to the talk of the animals, and sent their lightning down to put fire into the bottom of a hollow tree which was growing on the earth. The tree was on a small island, and when the animals saw smoke coming out of it, they knew that fire was there.

"How are we to get the fire?" they asked each other, and they called a council to decide.

Every animal that could swim said, "I will go and get the fire." Every bird that could fly said, "I will go." The first that went was the raven, because he was large and strong.

High and far across the water flew the raven, and came to rest on the top of the burning tree. "Now what must I do next?" the raven asked himself, and while he sat there wondering, the heat came up and scorched him.

So, frightened, he flew back without the fire, and ever since his feathers have been black.

Next, the little screech owl said, "You will see that I can bring the fire." He got to the tree safely, but while he was looking down in a hollow of the tree, a hot blast came up and almost burned out his eyes. He did manage to fly home, but it was a long time before he could see well, and his eyes are red to this day.

After the screech owl went the horned owl and the hoot owl, but

when they got to the tree the fire was burning so fiercely that the smoke nearly blinded them, and the ashes whirled up and made white rings around their eyes. They did not get the fire, but the white rings around their eyes stayed.

No more birds would go for the fire, so the black racer snake said, "Let me try it." He swam to the island, crawled through the grass to the foot of the tree, and went in by a small hole at the bottom. But, inside, it was too hot for him; he twisted and dodged over the hot ashes until he was almost on fire, and then he managed to find the hole again. He has been black ever since, and has kept the trick of dodging, darting and doubling up as if he were in a hot place.

Then the great black snake, "the Climber," went for the fire, but he, too, fell into the blaze when he put his head over the top of the burning tree and was scorched a dull black.

After the animals had held another council, it was found that all were afraid to go—all but the little water spider. She said, "I can either go over the water or under it, and I am sure that I can get the fire."

"But how can you bring it back?" the animals asked.

"I can attend to that," said she. And she spun a thread from her body and wove it into the shape of a tiny bowl. This bowl she fastened on her back, and then crossed over to the island.

She came to the foot of the burning tree, raked out one little coal and put it in the tiny basket on her back. Then she skipped across the water and delivered the fire. It has been burning ever since, and, ever since, the little water spider has kept her bowl on her back.

## PICTURE BOOK QUITE NOVEL

One Face Can Be Shown Above Fantastic Variety of Forms—All Pages Have Openings.

There is almost no limit to the fantastic variations provided by a picture book designed by an Indiana man. On the inside of the book cover is a figure of a man or woman, as the case may be. All the pages have openings cut at the point where they cover the head of the figure, and below these openings there are all sorts of different



Novel Picture Book.

forms or clothing or pictures. A man's head, for instance, may surmount all sorts of clothing, either man's or woman's clothing. Or he can be shown cavorting about in weird attitudes, or engaged in odd pursuits. One variation of this scheme would be to use the head of a friend's photograph, and show him to himself in clothes and attitudes that will astonish him, taking care, of course, not to give offense.

### Needn't Be Afraid.

It used to be stated in the school books that the condor of the Andes was strong enough to pick up a good sized man and fly away with him, and that a boy twelve years old would be only a feather in his grasp. According to the latest reports no condor can lift into the air a weight exceeding 20 pounds, and the boys who have stood in awe of him can now heave a sigh of relief.

## DOG'S MISTAKE WAS COSTLY

Mistook Basket Running on Wires Overhead for Bird and Gave Chase—Left Ruin Behind.

Nick heard a sudden, snapping clang and then he saw something fly along over his head. Nick is a dog and his business in life is hunting birds with his master. Nick saw the something above his head and quite naturally thought it was a bird. So he set off to catch the bird. He did not stop to remember that he was in a drug store with his master and that a drug store is not a proper place to hunt in. He was thinking only of the bird. Over counters and displays he went, scattering bottles and packages that drug stores usually have set out for people to buy, and he ended the chase at the cashier's desk. There the bird had stopped, and as his master and the store proprietor came running through the ruins Nick had made, Nick understood. It was not a bird, but only a basket that runs on wires from the sales counter to the cashier's desk and back again.

### A Dog and a Button.

A boy ten years old, living in a certain eastern town, held a button in his mouth while playing with the cat, and some movement of his sent it into his gullet. He could do nothing to relieve himself and, choking and gasping, he ran along the street to find a doctor. Seeing him running, a dog took after him and bit him in the leg, and the yell the boy gave sent the button flying out of his mouth and ten feet away. It is cheaper to be bitten by a dog than to pay the doctors.

### He Didn't Care.

"See how fair and white your sister's complexion is, Robbie," said the mother.

"Well, I suppose my face would be the same way if I kept washing it every day like sater does!" was the youngster's reply.

## SAVING THE BONDS

By MONTAGUE GLASS.

It was a beautiful morning. A soft breeze from the river stole through Mr. Goodel's office window and eddied so gently around his bald head that, instead of sneezing, he sighed. Thence it ambled into the outer office and tugged at every button in the garments of Jimmie Brennan, the office boy.

"At Fulton Market dock," it whispered, "there's good swimming."

"G'wan, what yer tryin' ter do—kid me?" Jimmie's subconsciousness jeered, while its owner industriously continued to index the letter-book. "It'd freeze de insides out'n yer!"

So back it flew to Mr. Goodel.

"I ask you in all seriousness," it almost hissed, "shall commercial paper and investment securities prevail over golf?"

And Mr. Goodel, being of weaker stuff than Jimmie, closed his roll-top desk with a bang and seized his hat and cane.

"I'm going up-town on a very important matter," he said.

Jimmie looked at him mournfully. This cutting business an hour before noon was becoming too frequent of late.

"What will I tell Mr. Luddington?" he asked.

For a man of fifty-five Mr. Goodel blushed rather easily. The operation, however, might be termed painting the lily, for normally this gentleman's face was of a hue to pale the flamingo's wing.

"Why, tell him I've gone up-town on a very important matter, of course," he declared.

Jimmie glanced at Mr. Goodel and, dropping his eyes, snorted eloquently. Luddington was Goodel's brother-in-law, and the roseate hue of Goodel's countenance was largely due to his example and encouragement. Despite Luddington's convivial habits, however, Jimmie knew that he held a business engagement sacred; and on the previous day he had distinctly heard Goodel make an appointment with his brother-in-law for the purchase of some bonds. The securities were to be delivered in person by Luddington at a quarter to one o'clock that afternoon.

"How about dem bonds, Mr. Goodel?" he said.

"Oh, yes—about those bonds," Goodel replied. "When Mr. Luddington brings them here, put them in the safe."

After a time Luddington entered. "Hi, Jimmie!" he cried in his usual jovial fashion. "Where's the boss?"

"Now he's gone up-town, Mr. Luddington," Jimmie replied, "on an important matter."

Luddington chuckled impatiently. "That's too bad," he said. "I have some bonds for him."

"I know it," Jimmie answered. "He says fer you to leave 'em wit' me."

"Oh, he did, did he?" Luddington cried testily. "Why, there are ten of them, at a thousand apiece, with the coupons attached."

Jimmie's face fell as he proffered Luddington an assurance he didn't feel.

For the rest of the afternoon Jimmie sat in front of the safe fruitlessly revolving the knob, resting herself at intervals by reading a thrilling dime novel. At four o'clock he locked up the office and wandered disconsolately down-stairs. There the sunny autumn afternoon propelled him to the river front, and, unconsciously, his footsteps shaped themselves toward Fulton Market dock.

He picked his way through the empty fishbarrels to the string-piece, where stood Ignatius Ryan, the same they call Whitney. Ignatius was garbed in a scapular and not much more, and his teeth chattered incessantly as the cold wind smote his naked shins.

"Why don't you jump in?" said Jimmie, seating himself on the edge of the wharf.

Whitney struggled with a temporary ataxia of speech.

"Aw, w-w-w-h-y d-d-d-d-o-n't y-y-y-e-r j-j-jump in y-y-y-ers-s-s-elf?" he barely managed to enunciate.

By way of reply Jimmie emitted a succession of jeering guffaws which seemed to infuriate the shivering Whitney. Ignatius made a dash for his tormentor, and a moment later the two of them were struggling in a strong flood tide.

When Jimmie rose to the surface, half a dozen ropes were within easy reach. He was shrieking lurid threats at Ignatius, whose repartee, revived by the sudden plunge, grew no less profane.

"Wait till I get yer waanst!" Jimmie shouted. "I'll lift de face off yer, dat's all!" And there followed a wealth of bitter anathemas that might have enriched the vocabulary of a truckman.

Jimmie proceeded up the wharf and along South street, dripping a track of muddy water behind him. A salt stream ran down his face from his hair and mingled with the tears which came with a realization of his predicament. His cap was lost and his only suit of clothes was dirty beyond description.

In the excitement of the past half-hour he had entirely forgotten the bonds. At the remembrance of them his hand sought his breast-pocket. With shaking fingers he removed the

pln and drew out a bundle of papers whose stained and soggy condition bore no semblance whatever to the crisp beauty of Mr. Luddington's bonds.

All that evening he sat in a flannel nightgown, busily plying a rubber eraser, but without avail, for as fast as he removed the spots his falling tears stained the wrinkled paper anew. His mother, meanwhile, stood at the wash-tub and renovated his muddy clothing with a vigor that testified eloquently to the thoroughness of his chastisement.

There was little sleep for Jimmie that night, and next morning, as he trudged, hollow-eyed, to his work, he turned over in his mind every justification he might proffer Mr. Goodel for his disobedience. He arrived downtown without having formulated any excuse, and a quarter of an hour late to boot. So preoccupied was he, as he mounted the steps, that he failed to observe two policemen who blocked the doorway, and plunged blindly into them.

"Where are you bound for?" one of them asked.

"Aw, let me go!" said Jimmie. "I walk here."

"Oh, you do, do you?" the policeman ejaculated, and grabbed him by the shoulder. "What's yer name?"

"Jimmie Brennan," the boy replied.

"Come on, you," his captor said, and dragged the struggling Jimmie upstairs.

Luddington and Goodel stood in the outer office as Jimmie and the policeman entered. Goodel's ruddy complexion had faded to a dingy shade of purple, and the corners of Luddington's mouth turned downward in a most unaccustomed fashion.

"Here he is!" the officer announced.

"Well, don't strangle him," said Luddington, with his hand on the doorknob of Goodel's office. He turned to Jimmie. "Do you know anything about this?" he asked, and threw wide the door.

Jimmie gasped in convincing astonishment. The little safe stood doorless on its side, in the middle of the room, surrounded by a pile of torn and scattered paper. Its iron door rested on Goodel's desk, while the doors of the big safe in the corner swung ajar, one of them supported by only the bottom hinge.

"He doesn't know," Goodel muttered.

"What time did you leave here yesterday?" Luddington asked.

"Four o'clock," Jimmie murmured in tear-choked accents.

Here the policeman took a hand. "What time did you get home?" he persisted.

Jimmie sobbed convulsively.

"Six o'clock," he croaked.

"And where was you between times?" his inquisitor belted.

This was too much for Jimmie. He sank down with his head on the desk and wept unaffectedly.

"Now look here," Goodel protested, "I won't have the little chap bullied any more." He laid a comforting hand on Jimmie's shoulder. "It's all my fault, Luddington," he continued. "If I hadn't been an ass and gone off to play golf I might have put the bonds in my safe-deposit box instead of the safe, and they wouldn't have been stolen."

Jimmie lifted his head from the desk.

"Dey wuzn't in de safe," he said.

"What?" gasped Luddington, Goodel, and the policeman in concert.

"N' it ain't up ter me, neider," he sobbed. "Whitney pushed me in."

"What d'ye mean?" Luddington shrieked.

For answer Jimmie unbuttoned his pocket and handed the soiled bonds to Goodel. They were as limp as Japanese napkins.

"I cleaned 'em as good as I could," Jimmie continued.

Then, piecemeal they drew from him a disconnected but comprehensive account of the day's adventures. It omitted nothing, not even the dime novel.

"Jimmie, you young dog," said Goodel, after he had regained his composure. "I forbade you ever to read dime novels in this office, and no sooner was my back turned than you did."

Jimmie hung his head.

"That's all right, Goodel!" Luddington broke in. "You told him to put the bonds in the safe and he didn't. I guess that makes it square, and you'd better forgive him."

A broad grin spread itself over Goodel's face.

"He gets one more chance," he said, pressing a bill into the boy's fist, "and \$20 to buy a new suit of clothes with. Now get out of here, Jimmie—you smell like a fish-market!"

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### New Whales.

Forest and Stream describes a new kind of whalebone whale that has recently been discovered in the South Atlantic. It is nearly as large as the finback, the more familiar whale of those waters; but instead of subsisting on minute crustaceans, it feeds on small schooling fishes, such as young herring and mackerel. The frayed ends of its baleen, or whalebone, are not curled into a woolly fringe, like those of the finback, which needs a fringe in order to entrap its minute food, but are straight and comblike. The new species has quite as much commercial value as its better-known relative.

### Their Place.

"Pop, I know where all the trees' green leaves go in winter."

"Where do they go, son?"

"They're packed away in the trees' trunks."