

STORY OF A SENATOR.

BEVERIDGE HAD TO STRUGGLE WHEN YOUNG.

A Protege of the Late Senator McDonald—Once a Cowboy on the Western Plains—Worked His Way Through College.

Senator-elect Beveridge of Indiana is a native of Ohio. He was born Oct. 6, 1862, in Highland county. His father and all of his brothers were in the union army, and his mother devoted all her time during the rebellion, to gathering provisions for the union soldiers. At the close of the war Mr. Beveridge's father lost all of his property and became heavily involved in debt. The family was forced to give up the farm in Ohio and moved to Illinois.

There Mr. Beveridge's life from the age of 12 was one of great privation, hardship and toil. At 12 years of age he was a plowboy, at 14 he was working as a laborer, at railroad construction, and doing the work to which the strongest men were assigned, such as driving an old-fashioned scraper.

At 15 he became a logger and teamster, and by reason of his natural command of men was placed in charge of a logging camp. He made his way



SENATOR BEVERIDGE.

through the high school of the town in which he lived by entering the fall and winter terms late and quitting early each year and by working nights and mornings.

Edward Anderson, a friend of Beveridge's, who now lives in North Dakota, loaned him \$50, and on this he entered De Pauw University. He became the steward of a college club, and in this way passed through his first year, at the end of which he began with merit to win for himself the series of prizes in scholarship, philosophy, science and oratory, which, by the end of his college course, amounted to enough to pay two years of his expenses. He entered college late in the term each year and quit early, giving every moment of his vacation to unremitting work. As a result of this the young man's health gave way, and at the end of his college course he was quite ill. To recover his health he went to the plains of western Kansas and eastern Colorado, and for some time lived with the cowboys, who became, in all the ranches, his fast friends.

Finally, feeling that his health was sufficiently restored, he went to Indianapolis and was given the privilege of studying law in the office of Joseph E. McDonald.

During the first year of his study of law young Beveridge had so little money that he lived on two meals a day much of the time. At the end of the first year the firm of McDonald & Butler offered him their managing clerkship, with all the duties of the third partner on his shoulders. He declined to accept on the ground that he had not studied law long enough. Senator McDonald replied that if they could stand it he should be able to. Beveridge's first case before a jury was in the United States Court, with General Harrison and his firm on the other side. The case lasted many days, during which the day set for Mr. Beveridge's wedding to Miss Katherine Langdale of Greencastle arrived, and Judge Woods adjourned court.

Beveridge went to Greencastle, was married, returned that night to Indianapolis, and next morning was again in court to attend to his case.

His first argument before a tribunal of justice was in the Supreme Court of Indiana, upon a question involving the constitutionality of a statute. During the time that Mr. Beveridge remained with the firm of McDonald & Butler he had exclusive charge of many of the important cases of that firm, and was consulted by Senator McDonald in every case of importance.

After his experience with McDonald & Butler, Mr. Beveridge began the practice of law himself. In his profession he has been successful, having been engaged in cases of the greatest importance, such as the one involving the power of the legislature and governor to appoint the oil and mine inspectors, and the state statistician, in Governor Hovey's time, which case attracted the attention of the bar throughout the country; the famous state railway tax case, in which he made the argument in the Supreme Court; he wrote the brief filed in the Supreme Court of the United States in the Pennsylvania cases, involving the question of taxing railroad property in Indiana to the value of \$150,000,000, and in the life insurance tax case he made an argument which was widely reproduced throughout the country.

Why does the bad skater always blame it on his skates?

JEKYL ISLAND DEER.

Swim Across St. Simon's Sound in Search of Food.

It has always been claimed that the game on Jekyll Island would not leave the island, but reports from St. Simon's come to the effect that numbers of the deer are swimming across St. Simon's sound and landing on the beach near Ocean pier, says the Savannah (Ga.) News. The result of this is that numerous hunters are getting shots and enjoying venison in such quantities as they have never enjoyed that delicacy before. It seems that the deer on Jekyll have increased so numerous within the past few years that they are no longer wholly wild, but at night come up around the clubhouse and play around the flowers. Their depredations on the choice beds of the millionaires' favorite plants became so troublesome that a strong wire fence was built and now incloses some acres of the ground immediately around the clubhouse. This kept the deer away from the flowers, but it did not do anything toward stopping them from increasing in numbers. When the storm came it carried away lots of the vegetation that the deer had been feeding on, and there was not enough left to go around. The deer then commenced to figure on going off to get something to eat, and it ended in their seeking St. Simon's. It is a good swim across the sound to St. Simon's beach, but they made it, and now the hunters string along the coast and watch for them to come. Sometimes men are in boats crossing the sound, and see the deer coming. A chase ensues over the water, and frequently the deer turn back toward the Jekyll shore and seek refuge in the woods of the island. They seem to know that no one is allowed to place his feet on Jekyll without permission from the club, and in this their instinct tells them that it is better to swim a long way back and get safe on Jekyll than it is to swim even a short way to St. Simon's and then run the risk of being hunted by men on foot and horseback after they get there. It is a novel state of affairs, but it is safe to say that one-half of the deer could leave Jekyll and there would still be enough left for the millionaire sports who visit that place to have all they wanted to shoot at.

"DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP."

The famous Captain Lawrence, who shouted "Don't give up the ship" at a critical period in our naval history, is to be honored by having his name attached to the hull of a new torpedo-boat destroyer ordered by the government, and the woman who will hail her as "Lawrence" is a New York girl selected by the secretary of the navy.

The young lady to whom this honor thus appropriately falls is Miss Ruth Lawrence of 285 Lexington avenue, who is a descendant of Captain James Lawrence, commander of the Chesapeake in the war of 1812, for whom the new destroyer is named. Miss Lawrence comes of an old American family, dating back to colonial days. Several of her ancestors distinguished themselves in the colonial wars and the war of the revolution. She is a daughter of Abraham K. Lawrence, for over twenty-five years justice of the United States Supreme Court. Miss Lawrence takes an active part in woman's affairs in this city, being a prominent member of the Colonial Dames of the state of New York, an incorporator of the Little Sisters of the Quill. She is author of a book of "Colonial Verses" and writes short stories and poems for various periodicals. At the outbreak of the war with Spain Miss Lawrence volunteered as a nurse, but lacked the necessary experience. She has traveled extensively and her social standing as a member of the old Lawrence family is acknowledged. As a souvenir of her illustrious kins-



MISS RUTH LAWRENCE.

man Miss Lawrence cherishes some pieces of the hull of the old Chesapeake, still dotted with the shot of the Shannon, with which she fought in the memorable conflict off Boston harbor, when her brave commander, mortally wounded, with his expiring breath cheered on his crew with the now famous sentence: "Don't give up the ship." That sentence is one of the treasures of the navy, the latest addition being the famous bulletin of Admiral Dewey: "Immediately engaged the enemy and captured the following."

No Comparison.

"I suppose," said Uncle Jerry Peebles, "the hottest place on earth is the stockhole of an iron battleship in action." "There is one hotter," remarked Uncle Allen Sparks. "It's the place where a young husband sits when he carves his first turkey for company."—Detroit Free Press.

FAIR SIOUX MARTYR.

TALE OF BLOOD FOLLOWING CUSTER MASSACRE.

Visitation of Jennie Swan, Mother—Vainly the Medicine Man Strove to Explain the Warning From the World of Spirits.

A great fire of pine and cedar was blazing at the foot of a huge cottonwood tree, about which the earth had been worn as bare and smooth as a floor. Around the fire crouched Yellow Bird and three other medicine men, lustily beating their rawhide drums and chanting an old Sioux war song. Still beyond, a circle of painted warriors, clad in white ghost shirts, and headed by Chief Big Foot, danced and yelled and brandished their weapons.

The ghost dance had begun on the evening of the previous day, and had continued without intermission for thirty-six hours. Beyond, scattered about among the trees and underbrush, were half a hundred tepees, showing up white and ghostlike in the frosty moonlight.

In one of these lodges sat Jennie Swan; by her side lay Gray Elk, her handsome young husband, completely prostrated by his exertions and the excitement attendant upon his recent visit to the spirit land. Her little son, perhaps two years old, slept on a blanket close by, and the baby of only a few weeks lay in her lap. Jennie herself was dozing off; her eyes closed, and her chin dropped upon her breast. The noise of the drums grew fainter and fainter; she, too, was asleep.

The dance ended; great kettles of soup were brought forward by the squaws; the fast became a feast, and the hungry and exhausted warriors gorged themselves to their fullest capacity.



"OH, MY GOD," JENNIE CRIED.

Suddenly a wild shriek rang out on the winter air, and Jennie Swan, with disheveled hair and staring eyes, rushed from the tepee.

With ringing hands and features distorted in anguish she said:

"I fell asleep and dreamed that I saw the New Messiah; he was dressed as a Dakota, with a great crest of eagle plumes on his head. He smiled kindly when he saw me, and I ran to meet him, but he pointed down, and I saw a great river of blood at his feet, and there, floating in the stream, were the soddes of my husband and babe."

"Fear not, my child," said the medicine man. "The river you saw was the blood of white men, who shall perish when the Messiah comes and summons all the brave old chiefs and warriors, who have lived since the world began, to his aid, and sweeps our oppressors from the face of the earth. Your husband and child will be instruments for promoting his power and glory, and as such will surely be blessed above all others."

The woman listened respectfully and returned to the lodge, but she was only half convinced. Although her faith in the New Messiah was fully as fanatical



SUDDENLY JENNIE SWAN RUSHED FORTH.

as that of any of her tribe, she could not tear a certain vague foreboding from her bosom.

Weeks past. The ghost dancing continued fast and furious. Consequently nothing could exceed the indignation of the whole band when a detachment of troops arrived at Cherry creek and promptly served notice on the Sioux that ghost dancing must cease. Big Foot pretended to submit, but shortly after slipped away from the troops and set out for the Bad Lands, accompanied by his entire band.

But they were not destined to escape so easily; on Wounded Knee creek they were overtaken by a troop of the Seventh cavalry, and Big Foot again submitted rather than to risk an en-

gagement with the troops. The Sioux were at once marched off in the direction of Pine Ridge, closely guarded by their military escort. Unfortunately another troop of the Seventh cavalry arrived that night, and the officers decided to disarm the Sioux early the next morning. This announcement caused much alarm among the Indians, especially when they were marched out of their camp and placed in a semi-circle. A rifle shot rang out, and the next instant 150 Sioux had thrown themselves upon five times that number of well-armed regulars. So sudden and furious was the onslaught that the troops gave way, but they quickly rallied, and a desperate hand-to-hand conflict ensued. The Sioux warriors fought like demons, those having no knives closed upon the soldiers with rifles and war clubs, but they were at last forced back by overwhelming numbers, and, realizing the hopelessness of the struggle, broke and fled to the hills. When the engagement began, Jennie Swan was standing among the tepees with her little boy on her back, and the baby, bound up in swaddling clothes, in her arms. In the thickest of the struggle she saw Gray Elk break through the cordon of troopers, rush toward her, and then drop dead almost at her feet. With a wild cry she turned and fled. Although encumbered by her two children, she ran like a deer until she heard a dull "thud," and something warm splashed in her face. She looked at her baby, and dropped on her knees with a moan of agony; it was stone dead.

"O my God!" she cried. "My husband and my child, just as I saw them in my dream! Now let them kill me, too—let them kill me, too!"

"Oh, mother, run, run! Don't let the soldiers get me!"

It was her little son. She had forgotten him in the excitement of the moment. Springing to her feet, she laid the tiny body of the infant on the

ground, threw a shawl over it, then hurried on. She heard the shouts of the soldiers close behind her, and began looking about for some place of refuge. A few rods away was the mouth of a pit, evidently the entrance of a small cave formed by the action of water running through a badger or some other hole to the creek beyond. Setting down her little boy at the edge, she lowered herself into the pit. At the bottom was a small, dark passage. Stooping to examine this, she discovered two pairs of greenish-yellow eyes glaring at her from the darkness, and heard an ominous growl. She had disturbed a den of wildcats. But Jennie Swan feared white men far more than wildcats just then, so, calling to her child to jump, she caught him in her arms and crawled directly into the den, the animals retreating before her, growling and spitting as they went. There was a warm bed of dry leaves in the cave, and here she lay and listened to the yells of the troopers as they dashed past. All day long she lay there, but in the gray twilight of the evening she crawled out at the other entrance of the cave and set out on her long tramp back to Cherry creek. There was over a hundred miles of bad lands and bleak, rolling prairie to be traversed in the dead of winter, without food or shelter save such as an Indian or wild animal might find on the way, but she never faltered, and three days later staggered into the cabin of one of her friends on Cheyenne river, more dead than alive, but with her little boy safe on her back. They are now on the Cheyenne river reservation, and are still waiting patiently for the red Messiah, for whom Big Foot and his band, in their simple faith, so freely laid down their lives.

FOUND A GOLD BRICK.

Relic of Mission Fathers Who Mined in the Long Ago.

While a force of men were at work at Calmali, Lower California, laying out a race track, one of them unearthed a heavy piece of metal, which he took to be a nugget in its native state, says a San Diego dispatch to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The workmen stopped in great excitement, and washed the piece clean, when, to their astonishment, they discovered it to be a gold bar, somewhat irregularly molded and stamped with old Spanish characters. The brick is worth about \$1,000. The place where the bar was found is fruitful with gold nuggets, some worth as high as \$50 having been found after the rains. The new find proves what was unknown up to the present—that the mines were worked by the Mission Fathers of the past century. It is conjectured that the bar was hidden by some priest and its location lost.

NOTES OF THE WHEEL.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO DEVOTEES OF THE BICYCLE.

Spalding on Racing Control—Thinks that the L. A. W. Should Have Exclusive Control—Some Recent Inventions—Coming Meeting.

Spalding on Racing Control.

Concerning the mooted question of the relinquishment of League control of racing, A. G. Spalding, whose long experience in such matters through his interest in the national sport of baseball entitles his opinion to unusual consideration, is quoted as follows:

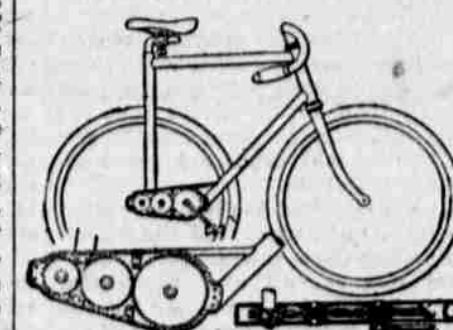
"The L. A. W. is the natural body to control racing, and, in fact, it is the only national body organized today that is competent to handle it. While in the past they may have made some mistakes in meeting out proper punishment, yet I am satisfied that the majority of people in this country who take an interest in cycle racing believe in the honesty of purpose that prompts the action of the officials of the L. A. W., and without such confidence of the public no sport, especially professional, can be successfully carried on very long. I think it might be possible to organize an association for the exclusive control of professional cycle racing, but to be successful it must be national in character and controlled by representative men in the leading cities in the country. Not only would it require representative men in whom the public has confidence, but it would also probably take considerable capital to properly carry it on. Until such a representative association is organized, I am strongly of the opinion that the L. A. W. is much better equipped to handle the racing of this country, both amateur and professional, than any other organization. While to some it may seem incongruous for an amateur organization like the L. A. W. to take under its direction and fostering care professional racing, yet in order to keep this sport clear from corruption and misdirection, and as the tendency of all sport where great skill is required is toward professionalism, I think it would be a mistake for the L. A. W., a mistake for the racing interest, and a mistake for the racing men to give up its control of professional or amateur racing."

May Be a Love Feast.

The opposition to T. J. Keenan, Jr., for the presidency of the L. A. W. has so nearly disappeared that it is not improbable that his name will be the only one mentioned in that connection at the meeting of the National Assembly next month. The report that the majority of Pennsylvanians were in favor of Buffalo for the next League meet undoubtedly had its effect in whipping the New Yorkers into line, and President Potter's refusal to run again probably helped a little—at any rate the Empire state will offer little or no opposition to the gratification of the Pittsburgher's aspirations. Sams will be content to wait till next year, so that at the present time everything appears favorable for a veritable love-feast at Providence next month. This is a happy state of affairs, for if ever the League stood in need of a pull-together policy, it is now. The heartburnings that have followed every gathering of the National Assembly for the past half dozen years and a convention marked by an utter absence of the usual bickerings and political methods will do much to bring about a restoration of the former good feeling and enable the League to present a formidable front to the foes that beset it.

Spur Wheel Driving Gear.

A short, compact chainless bicycle of the old "Broncho" type, with the saddle directly over the rear wheel, but without the constant danger of bucking backward, is embodied in this invention. The cranks are independent inasmuch as each drives a separate chain of three spur gears which are supported in boxes built in the frame. The cranks maintain their proper relations to each other because the gears drive the same axle. The gears bring the cranks enough forward of the rear

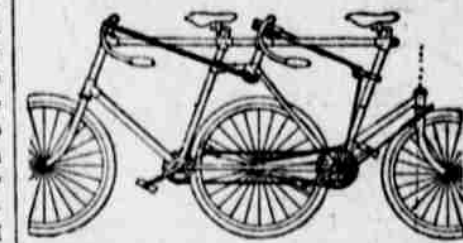


wheel axle to allow the rider to assume an ordinary riding position and at the same time to have his saddle far enough in front of the center of the rear wheel to prevent the front wheel from being lifted from the ground.

Anti-Vibratory Three-Wheeler.

This invention has the object of furnishing a cycle on which the rider does not feel with common severity the jolts and jars occasioned by rough roads, and the manner of attaining the desired end is novel in that no spring or cushion devices are employed. It embraces the use of three wheels, but the parts of the frame occupied by the rider are strictly rigid in their relation to each other, a point which is not carried out in the three-wheelers now made. As shown in the patent office sheets, the invention is worked out in a tandem machine, although the same scheme may be applied to single wheels. The middle wheel, which acts

as the driver, is not secured rigidly in the frame, but is hung in a fork hinged at the rear crank hanger and projects forward in an approximately horizontal direction between the double horizontal tubes connecting the front and rear hangers. The front chain drives to the rear hanger axle and the rear chain runs directly forward over the sprocket on the driving wheel. The fork carrying the driving wheel extends backwardly and upwardly from its hinge at the rear hanger, as a single tube connecting with a short steering head carrying the forks of the third or trailing wheel. With this arrangement of the two rear wheels, when the driving wheel strikes an obstacle and rises to surmount it the rear crank hanger, which is the rear corner of the frame carrying the riders, rises only about half of the distance that it would were the driving wheel rigidly placed in the frame, and when the trailing wheel reaches the same obstacle the frame is again raised a similar distance. In other words, were a two-inch obstacle met, the rider, through the frame, would experience instead of one severe two-inch jolt two less effective one-inch jars. The value of the machine depends upon the question as to which would be easier on the rider in the long run. A certain number of severe jars or twice the number of jars half as great. Unnecessary parts are added to the machine by the rigging up of steering connections whereby the trailing wheel is turned by the handlebars in unison with the front wheel of the machine. The third wheel being hung as a trailer is bound to follow the track of the bicycle without the aid of steering connections. Another evidence of needless caution on the part of the inventor is that he places the central line of the steering head of the trailing wheel in a position inclining slightly back-



ward from vertical in order that when the trailing wheel is raised to pass an obstacle the steering head will not incline forward from vertical. As long as the central line of the trailing wheel's steering head, which is indicated by a dotted line in the illustration, touches the ground ahead of the point of contact of the tire, the wheel will trail properly no matter what may be the inclination of the steering head ahead of the vertical.

Chicago Club's Search for Pullman.

The tenth annual 2:50 club search for Pullman of the Chicago Cycling club was won by Fred Nelson, brother of O. B. Nelson, who won the Decoration day road race in 1896. His time from the start at Thirty-fifth street to the finish, about fourteen miles, was 45:00, which is 14 minutes slower than A. J. Nicolet's time last year. The rough and icy condition of the course and the 10-above-zero weather accounted for the great difference in the times. About thirty riders started. There were several falls, but no injuries, and only one punctured tire. There were no official timers, but the leaders finished about one minute apart in the following order: Fred Nelson, O. B. Nelson, W. R. Ferguson, John Nelson, Orlando Adams, James Levy, N. B. Van Sicken, A. T. Helwood, C. G. Sinsbaugh and C. P. Root. E. Lingenfelder reached Pullman first, but was disqualified for cutting the course.

Pitman for Racing Board Chairman.

Will R.—more often cleft "Happy Days"—Pitman, one of the founders of the L. A. W. and winner of the first bicycle race in America, is being boomed by his friends as a candidate for the chairmanship of the racing board of the league in opposition to "Uncle Jerry" Mott, the present much criticized incumbent of that office, and C. W. Means of Cleveland, an aspirant for the honor of wearing George Gideon's big shoes, which he believes he can comfortably fill now since his success as an original Keenan man. Pitman favors the retention of racing control by the league—of course—and if appointed says he will reorganize the racing department of that body and meet the racing men half way, although he does not favor the admission of the pros to membership. He has the backing of Potter, Gideon and Chief Consul Belding, of the New York division.

Illinois Would Admit Professionals.

At a meeting of the Illinois division L. A. W., held at Springfield recently, the delegates voted to work for the admission of professionals to membership in the league and instructed the delegates to the National Assembly to cast their votes and influence to that end at Providence. The action means that the west will make a strong fight for the pros and will join forces with the eastern division that are interested in the movement.

A'gerians Interested in Race.

The first meet of the European winter circuit held on African soil was run at Oran, Algeria, Dec. 19, and drew an immense attendance. Banker won the 1,000 meter handicap from scratch in 1:24, with Tommaselli, 15 meters, second, and Grogns, 25 meters, third. These three won their heats in the grand prize of Oran, the final of which was to be run Christmas.

"Maud says she is madly in love with her new bicycle." "Huh! Another case where man is displaced by machinery."