

ACROSS THE DESERT

The Funny Things One Sees
in
Smiling Round the World
By
MARSHALL P. WILDER

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In Oklahoma we were stalled for a day in a town called Shawnee. The supply on our diner gave out and at this town we had our first experience with local restaurants. We went to the "New England Home Restaurant," so-called. We didn't dare sit down, for fear we'd never get loose again. The sandwiches were made of bread at least two and a half inches thick with a piece of cold fried beefsteak between.

We took a chance at the real thing in hot tamales one day. A little boy was selling them at one of the stations. Well, after the first bite, mine fell out of the window. A lean and melancholy dog made a dive for it, gave a sniff and, with a disappointed look, sneaked away, and I didn't blame him. He looked hungry, too.

At one of those little prairie towns that seem to actually leap out of space, they come so suddenly into view, we found our cow in a shed by the station. We made quite a stop here and everyone got out. Several of the passengers wished to follow our custom and buy some milk, and some adventurous ones even essayed the unaccustomed feat of milking her themselves. I was offered the chance to try, but refused, having some recollections of my first and last attempt to milk.

It was on my uncle's farm up in New York state, and I, wishing to do everything that a real farmer should, desired to enroll milking among my accomplishments. Being of tender years, and with the confidence that usually accompanies that stage of life, I entered the barn for my first lesson, with the utmost nonchalance, and gaily humming a dairy tune. I don't remember how I came out, but I think it was by the elevated. When I first looked at the cow she was all peace and contentment, but when she saw me she looked dissatisfied, and I knew there was a kick coming. She stopped chewing her cud and let it run down the loop—then, after a few minutes, she rang it up again, having decided upon her line of action. Later I discovered that I was on the line, and very near the transmitter.

At the aforementioned Shawnee we began to get some entertainment from our misfortunes. A young man from California, one of those serious fellows, with a face like a deacon, but a fund of humor within, wrote out telegrams containing the most airy flights of imagination, and showed them to the anxious and perspiring passengers, who spent their time pretty equally between swearing at the management of the road and making the poor conductor's life miserable.

One of these telegrams was shown to me. It stated that the herd of elephants belonging to Ringling Bros.



Wrote Telegrams Containing Airy Flights of Imagination.

circus, that was stalled 40 miles away, were to be brought over and take the passengers on their backs across the washouts, where another train would meet them.

Looking around to discover the author of this delicious fiction I was met by a preternaturally solemn glance and a comprehensive wink.

After that we pooled our energies, and when I think of what we made that trainful of passengers believe, not to mention the several other trains we were always meeting, for we were generally stalled seven and eight deep, I am astonished at the credulity of human nature.

We devised one telegram about a number of prairie schooners that were to come over the hills and take us by old Spanish trails far from the washouts. My serious friend showed the message, very secretly, to an excitable little German, who evidently belonged to the Uneceda Child company, for he had about a baker's dozen of small children, and a gentle, childlike faith that was truly touching.

We assailed him that the conductor

could let only a few in on this exceptional opportunity, as it would be impossible to take all the passengers. It would be necessary to secure tickets in order to get places, and he'd better do it now—and not let the conductor put him off—just insist.

In great excitement the little man flew to the poor, distracted conductor, and asked him mysteriously for tickets for himself and family.

"Tickets—what tickets?" demanded that long-suffering man.

"Ah, you know—you ken't fool me—I know all about it, mine frendt," wagging a knowing finger in front of his nose.

"I know that you must be crazy. I don't know anything about any extra tickets."

"Dot's all right. You don't want to led on, bud I haf been told. I wish to ged tigtids for dose brairie vaggons—vat?"

"You're crazy!" bellowed the exasperated conductor, to our unholy joy. "Who's Sam Hill told you anything about prairie wagons? You've been out in the sun too long, Dutchy; go to bed and put ice on your head."

The monotony of our trip was further varied by the arrival at one sta-



Covered Her Head with a Blanket When I Pointed My Camera at Her.

tion of a lady of the peroxide tint of blonde, who smuggled in a small monkey and a large-sized flask. The monkey was hidden beneath the berth, so she would not have to put him in the baggage car.

The greatest excitement ensued; nightgear and lingerie (I trust I use the right word) were in great evidence. Everyone asked everyone else what the trouble was, but none seemed to know.

Finally the mystery was solved. The blonde lady pleaded on her knees in very maudlin accents that the hard-hearted conductor would not send her precious pet to the baggage car; but he was obdurate, and poor Chico was banished to the accompaniment of his mistress' sobs.

At El Paso we were stalled all one Sunday; but with the expectation of leaving every moment. A bull fight was on, over in Mexico, just across the river, but we dared not go for fear of being left by our train.

From El Paso we kept north across the arid table lands, the low hills, like crumpled, rusty tin, lying along the horizon. They are treasure houses of copper, these hills, and every few miles, a mine opening may be seen perched high up on a hillside, a short spur of the railway leading to it.

Crossing the desert between Tucson and Fort Yuma, we ran into a sand storm. The fine sand sifted into every smallest opening and made breathing well-nigh impossible. Fortunately it did not last long. We had only run into a corner of it, and were soon out.

The desert showed us several of her capricious moods, for presently we were treated to a most perfect mirage. Apparently a lake or broad river in the desert, with little islets and rocks mirrored in the most beautiful, cool and wettest looking water imaginable.

Fort Yuma claims the distinction of being the hottest place in the union. A story is told of a soldier who lived there, and died. The night after his death his spirit appeared to some of his comrades at their camp fire. They asked him what he wanted, and he said Hades was so much colder than Yuma he had come back for his blanket.

It certainly lived up to its reputation the day we were there.

A number of Indians were seated by the platform displaying articles of beadwork for sale. They object strenuously to being photographed—thinking the camera has the evil eye, and while it takes their portrait will also steal away their soul.

However, these scruples can be overcome at the rate of 50 cents a scruple. Who says the commercial instinct lurks not in the breast of the Indian?

One old woman, who was said to be a hundred and four years old, covered her head with her blanket when I pointed my camera at her. For her entertainment I did a little sleight-of-hand work, making the pass with a quarter, pretending to swallow it, then picking it off her blanket, finally rubbed it into my trouser leg and made it disappear entirely.

I only succeeded in frightening the poor old creature almost to death. She clasped her hands in fear, made the sign of the cross, crooked her fingers to avert the evil eye, and, pointing to me, put her fingers to her head like horns, indicating that I was a gentleman extremely well-known but of unsavory reputation.

Leaving these interesting remnants of the great race that once owned the land, we continued upon our sadly interrupted journey.

WORLD WAR ON THE RAT



THE COMMON BROWN RAT, UPON WHICH SENTENCE OF DEATH HAS BEEN PASSED.

SPREADING POISON ON BREAD FOR THE RATS.

The rat must go. Denmark has been the first nation to pass a rat exterminating law and to begin the systematic work of destroying the pests which scientists credit with being the greatest agents in spreading deadly diseases among mankind. England is preparing to follow the example thus set and America and other nations are only waiting to be aroused to definite, concerted action. In San Francisco already war has been made on the rat, for it is no longer a matter of doubt that the threatened scourge of bubonic plague in that city was due to the work of rats.

Ever since last May when the first cases of what was declared to be bubonic plague made their appearance at San Francisco it was proved by the United States Marine Hospital service that the rats were responsible for the scourge, the war has been carried on relentlessly against the rodents. "The rats must go," has been the slogan of the health authorities and all the methods known for the extermination of the pests have been employed, and it is only a question of time when other cities of this country, or the national government itself, will take up this question and inaugurate a concerted campaign against Sir Rodent.

In view of the growing prejudice against the rat, the history of the anti-rat movement under the Danish rat law presents an interesting chapter in economic zoology and hygiene.

The inspector cuts off the tail of each rat to avoid double payment. The hand-barrow carries air-tight receptacles for the bodies. It also serves to show how a man, having taken hold of a truth and possessing unbounded energy and enthusiasm, may, single-handed, fight the most meretricious, an appalling lethargy, and a fierce and powerful opposition, and yet in the end emerge victorious with the whole civilized world rallying to his support.

That is, in sober truth, what has happened to Zueschlag, the Danish civil engineer, who is the author, chief apostle, and undisputed "generalissimo" of the world's crusade against the rat. When first, ten years ago, he raised his voice, "calling his countrymen to arms" and demanding the immediate passing of a law for the wholesale extermination of the rat, there was much merriment in the state of Denmark. But presently Zueschlag published a book: "The Rat and Civilization." It contained a terrible indictment of the brown rat, and gradually brought about a radical change in the public opinion. For Zueschlag had proved by overwhelming evidence that the rat fulfills no useful function, that each rat costs at the lowest estimate one farthing a day "to keep," and as there were at least as many rats in Denmark as people, the needless loss in food alone—to say nothing of the material destroyed by them—would in one year amount to some \$100,000. He further showed conclusively that the rat is the chief agent in spreading trichinosis—a disease little known in England and America, but a very real danger in Denmark—and with rare intuition he saw that the rat is also primarily responsible for the fearful ravages of the bubonic plague in India and other countries within the plague belt, because it forms the vehicle by which the plague-flea is transferred from a plague-stricken native to a healthy one.

This latter statement appealed to the sentiment of the Danish people; the second fact was in wide circles a powerful argument ad hominem, but served also to arouse a bitter hatred among those interested in the Danish pork export trade, who did not scruple to denounce Zueschlag as an enemy to his own country; but the "simple sum" contained in the first count of the indictment gave the thirty Danes "furiously to think." And Zueschlag never tired of pointing out, "If you will take the trouble to pass a law, through your representatives, granting a premium of one penny to everyone who brings a dead rat, you will save collectively seven shillings and fivepence on that rat for each year of its natural life you prevent it from living. And—and this is a very big 'and'—you will also save a number of people, maybe yourself among them, from dying of trichinosis. Now, if the rats do not cause you personally any loss, perhaps you will support the movement on the grounds of public utility. If the public interest is no concern of yours, then, perhaps, the danger to your health and life will convince you of the necessity for this crusade."

These were in effect Zueschlag's arguments, and they proved forcible enough to convert gradually the whole kingdom to his views. A private bill was brought in parliament, but shelved for political reasons. When, however, a new cabinet had come into office the home secretary brought in a measure which quickly passed both houses, and came into force on the first of last July. It provides for the payment of a premium of not less than a halfpenny, and not more than a penny, according to the districts, for each rat handed in, the money to be supplied by a state grant of \$1,400 per annum, and by a levy to be made by the local authorities at the rate of three shillings per annum for each hundred inhabitants. It is interesting to note that the whole and sole administration of the rat law is in the first clause of the law given to Zueschlag and his incorporated Society for the Systematic Destruction of Rats, to give it its full title. It gives advice on all matters appertaining to the law, and receives a report showing what funds have been received and how they have been expended.

From the reports to hand it is clear that the rat law has, so far, been an unqualified success. The premium system has enlisted the services of the poorer section of the people, as Zueschlag predicted that it would, and con-

sideration of the public weal has secured the enthusiastic support of the other classes. At the depots in the towns huge "bags" are handed in every day, and the "traveling depots" in the rural districts report similar successes. Men, women and children all come with their booty, which has been secured by trapping, shooting, poisoning, by ferret, dog or cat, and not infrequently by a well-directed half brick. On half-holidays it is no unusual sight to see a party of clerks marching out to a rat-shooting expedition, followed by a few men and boys, who gather up the rats that have been slain "by act of parliament," to exchange them afterwards at the depots for coin of the realm.



Danish Inspector of the Rat-Extermination Society Collecting and Checking Dead Rats.

When a rat is given up, its tail is cut off the carcass and tails are put into separate air-tight receptacles. Each night, the tails, which serve as a receipt and check, are counted and then burned with the carcasses at the local gasworks. In the villages they are buried under the supervision of the local health authority. The example of Denmark has now been followed by England, and a society for the extermination of rats has been formed under the chairmanship of Sir Lauder Brunton.

How soon will America follow suit? What Struck Him Most. An inquiring lady, known to a writer in Blackwood's Magazine, recently asked a private soldier to tell her some of his experiences in war. Tommy, who was Irish, tried to get out of it by saying that nothing had ever happened to him, but the lady was persistent. "Something must have happened," she declared. "Now tell me, in all your experiences in South Africa what was it that struck you most?" "Well, ma'am," said Tommy, after some cogitation, "th' thing that struck me most was th' number of bullets that missed me."

Johnny Was Wise. "Now, Johnny," said the teacher, as she closed the big atlas, "what can we find in California?" "Prunes, sea lions and prize fighters," replied Johnny, without looking up from his book.—Chicago Daily News.

IN THE LIMELIGHT

SEEKS KENTUCKY TOGA



John C. W. Beckham, former governor of Kentucky, is at present engaged in the fiercest kind of a factional fight for the United States senatorship for his state. He lacks two or three votes, but while Democrats hold them they refuse to give them up to Beckham, and a deadlock is on, for there is no other candidate upon whom they can agree. William J. Bryan went to Kentucky a few weeks ago to restore harmony in the party. He made a speech to the legislature behind closed doors, urging the Democrats to close up their ranks rather than run the danger of letting the office go to a Republican, but it was in vain. The factions, far from uniting, nearly came to blows, as the result of the well meant attempts of the would-be peacemaker.

This hostility to Beckham arose from his conduct as governor. He was a young man, less than 30, and it had never been intended that he should be the chief executive of the state. As a compromise he was placed on the ticket as candidate for lieutenant-governor, with Goebel for governor. The returns showed the Democrats to have been defeated, but they appealed to the Democratic legislature and before the matter was decided Goebel had been shot. The legislature declared him governor while he lay on his death-bed. In a few hours he was dead and Beckham was governor.

The latter entered the office declaring that he would be a "straight away" governor, but some of the influential Democratic leaders laughed in their sleeves at the announcement. They soon found, however, that their power was to be curbed. In prosecuting the assassins of Goebel, Beckham took strenuous steps. He has shown himself most implacable towards all suspected of the murder of his chief.

No particular pains were taken to discredit Beckham, as the law provides for only one term of four years as governor of Kentucky. Beckham maintained, however, that filling out another man's term did not count as one for himself. This was just the opposite of the view taken by President Roosevelt as to the presidency. Beckham ran himself again and was re-elected.

A GENIUS OR A RASCAL



Henri Lemoine, who is under arrest in Paris on a charge of swindling Sir Julius Wernher, one of the syndicate that controls the diamond output of South Africa, is either a finished rascal or a wonderful genius, and the scientific world is at a loss to decide which. In view of the peculiar circumstances under which the money, some \$65,000, was extracted from Wernher, one would set him down as a rank fraud, but there are distinguished scientists who declare that they have seen Lemoine making diamonds, that they watched the crucible from beginning to end of the operation, and that it was utterly impossible for him to play a sharp game upon them.

One of the mysteries which lead a peculiar fascination to the case is a sealed packet in a safe, containing the formula, a packet that is to be opened only after Lemoine's death. Then it is to become the property of Sir Julius, who has already paid \$65,000 for it. If it is a genuine formula and by its help Sir Julius can produce diamonds ad libitum, he will be one of the most powerful men in the world, for he will absolutely control the future of South Africa. If he chooses to turn out diamonds of the artificial kind the mines of South Africa will have to close down, the Beers shares will fall to next to nothing and Sir Julius can pick them up at his own price. He will be the diamond king of the world and will have it in his power to make them as cheap or as dear as he likes. That he had this in view when he made the deal is asserted by Lemoine.

Whatever Wernher may have believed at first, he has little faith in the formula now, and he is seeking to have it opened, predicting that only a piece of blank paper will be found.

There is something in this case very closely resembling the Humbert affair in which a safe said to contain millions fooled the people of Paris for a long time, and when it was opened it was found to contain a collar button and a few other trifles of the kind. There is no other way of disproving Wernher's charge than by opening the packet.

Lemoine is 30 years old, with an aggressive black beard and sparkling eyes. He was born in Trieste when his father was French consul there. He has served in the army and traveled all over Europe and in South Africa.

NEW PORTUGUESE RULER



Dom Manuel II., the new king of Portugal, is the second son of the late ruler, King Carlos. He is said to be a young man of considerable force of character, and, unlike his elder brother, is popular with the masses. He is 18 years and two months old.

Prince Manuel, in his early teens, was sent to the naval school at Lisbon, where he showed a marked aptitude for maritime affairs. He became a skilled yachtsman and owns a fine sailing vessel which he manages himself. The young prince was a prominent figure in the most notable of the regattas along the Mediterranean, and last year he won the king's cup, offered by King Edward of Great Britain in the yachting contests off Marseilles.

Prince Manuel bears the title of duke of Beja as well as his hereditary title of duke of Saxon. He is the owner of 14 Christian names, by one of which he is known as Manuel.

The young sovereign's personality is described by those who know him as very winning. As a lad he displayed fine manly traits. He had considerable artistic talent, especially for music, and like his father was exceedingly fond of outdoor sports, such as tennis, riding and shooting. He was reared with great care by the devoted queen, who took the warmest interest in the education of the princes, both of whom spoke English, French, Spanish and Italian perfectly.

DENOUNCES WORKINGMAN



Barrett Wendell, professor of English at Harvard university, who recently startled Chicago with his hysterical denunciation of the workingman, is chiefly known to fame as the father of Barrett Wendell Jr., the athlete. Some of the statements attributed to him are the following:

"One of the most popular caricatures in the comic papers to-day represents a big-bellied, bald-headed, thin-whiskered, brutal, grinning man trampling on his worthy fellow citizen, and he is supposed to personify wealth and fashion, the upper classes. If there is anything on earth like the big-bellied monster I have spoken of it is the laboring man with his pail, who usurps my priviledges."

Again: "This privileged individual with the tin dinner pail also combines with his kind to crowd out all competition, and to do it resorts to the most brutal and intense physical force. He destroys competition and keeps up prices by violence."

"I have said enough to show that I am not in public life. To be in public life in any nation one must show proper deference and adulation to the sovereign, whether the sovereign be a shah, a czar or the people. The deference shown to the workingman has never been equaled in abjectness before any privileged class the world has ever known."

Prof. Wendell was the first American professor to lecture at the Sorbonne under the international agreement for an exchange of professors. While in France he made a special study of the history of the country and its social system and has published several authoritative works on the subject.