

IN THE FEVER BELT.

Graphic Pen Pictures of Yellow Jack's Territory.

EXACTING QUARANTINE SYSTEM.

At One Point a Shipment of Carbolic Acid From New Orleans Was Returned, With Thanks—How a Drummer From Fever Stricken City Paid Dearly For a Joke.

"A northerner can no more understand the southern feeling against yellow fever than he can comprehend the real southern idea of the negro," declared a prominent Alabamian the other morning to a New York Tribune special correspondent who had just arrived at Mobile, Ala., from New York on his way to New Orleans.

This statement was a prelude to a comprehensive defense of the quarantines—shotgun and otherwise—established by Alabama, Mississippi and outlying parishes of Louisiana against New Orleans, a quarantine so exacting that at one point a shipment of carbolic acid from the fever stricken city was returned with thanks.

"We've had our doses of yellow jack," continued the southerner. "We've seen half the population of many a prosperous place stricken down. Our cemeteries are full of gravestones made necessary by this yellow death—all this before the doctors worked out the mosquito theory. We know that under present methods of treatment the disease is not as deadly as it was, but we are taking no chances. Afraid of it? Certainly we are afraid of it, and not ashamed of being afraid, either."

Two cities of the south join in laughing at the fright and quarantine—New Orleans, where the epidemic started, and Atlanta, which insists on keeping its gates open to all who care to come. New Orleans would be in a bad way if it were not for the liberal spirit of Atlanta. It would be impossible to get to any points in the north without putting in from six to ten days in a hot detention camp in Mississippi or Alabama if it was not possible to run tightly closed cars through these states into Georgia. Running the shotgun gantlet in the through cars is bad enough in the semitropical weather which prevails, but the detention camps, according to all accounts, are infinitely worse.

In traveling south the first indications one has that yellow fever is raging on the Gulf is at Mount Airie, a summer resort in Georgia, two hours' run north of Atlanta. Here some 250 well known citizens of New Orleans are waiting for frost or the government surgeons to free their home city of fever. In and around Atlanta one finds between 4,000 and 5,000 refugees. The big hotels are filled to the roofs, and many have found boarding places in private families.

Atlanta has never suffered a yellow fever epidemic. The health authorities of the city say that it would be impossible for the disease to spread there and that any cases which might come from New Orleans—the trip takes but fourteen hours—could be handled without danger to the rest of the population. There have been several rumors that fever cases existed there. One persistent one of a few days ago placed the number of cases at twelve, and for a time even one of the doctors credited it. It proved to be false, and the Tribune correspondent in visiting Atlanta recently was assured that there was not a case in the city.

"We do not fear yellow fever in Atlanta," said Mayor James G. Woodward, "and we have no idea of quarantining New Orleans or any other city. If infected persons come here and the fever develops we are prepared to give them the best possible treatment in a hospital that is ready for use. There is not the slightest chance that the disease will spread."

Dr. C. P. Wertenbaker, surgeon of the United States health and marine hospital service, confirmed Mayor Woodward's statement that there was no fever in Atlanta. He was sent to that city from Havana to issue health certificates, which are necessary to all who wish to travel in the south. After asking many questions and examining witnesses or documentary evidence Dr. Wertenbaker issues a certificate that "the bearer has produced satisfactory evidence that he has not been in any territory infected by yellow fever within the last ten days."

As a means of identification the applicant presses his thumb on an inking pad and then makes an impression on the certificate. Woe is the portion of the man who uses his neighbor's certificate and cannot show the proper thumb mark. Two well known Georgians, one the brother, the other the law partner, of members of the state legislature, started to Savannah the other day on passes which the politicians had secured from the railway company. They neglected to take out thumb mark certificates, and a Savannah health officer put them off at Burroughs, Ga., a station a few miles away from Savannah. This made the mayor of Burroughs angry and frightened his constituents. "Are we going to be the dumping place for yellow fever suspects?" they asked. The answer was a shotgun quarantine against the world, Savannah included, and today Burroughs is a town which all who like may leave, but none may enter. Even those who are bound to New Orleans have to get certificates from Dr. Wertenbaker or be hauled off at the first detention camp. The correspondent had to get one in spite of the fact that he was from New York and had never been in a yellow fever belt in his life.

The applicant who followed him at the marine hospital office was a New Orleans business man. He came to

Atlanta in fourteen hours to transact some business, which took him half a day. He wished to return to New Orleans, its stegomyia and its arsenic tablets. He was forced to stay in Atlanta seven days until he could qualify for a certificate.

All tickets out of Atlanta are marked on the back, "Subject to quarantine regulations," and the train is not half an hour out of the new Union station before a big man in a slouch hat, grim and determined looking, enters the car. From the lapel of his coat dangles a dirty yellow ribbon on which is printed, "Alabama health officer." His hand is bandaged from a wound which, he explains, he received in a scrap with a "d— stuck up Georgian who 'lowed he wouldn't answer no questions."

"Where is the Georgian?" asked the correspondent.

"We all is just detaining him down the line a bit, and he sure is nursing something worse than yeller fever."

He asked his questions, about a dozen of them, regarding the passenger's movements for the last ten days. He then reminded you that it was \$500 fine and a year in prison if you lied to him and swore you on an invisible stack of Bibles. A drummer who came up from New Orleans a few days ago tried to beat his way into an Alabama territory in which he had customers.

"You been in the fever district in ten days?" drawled the health officer.

"No, sir," answered the drummer.

"Let's see your order book," was the next demand.

This would have been a "giveaway," but the drummer's wit came to the rescue.

"I sell steam engines," he said, "and don't carry an order book."

"You swear you ain't been in Louisiana in ten days?" demanded the official.

"Never been there in my life," answered the drummer.

The health officer passed on, but before he was out of the car the drummer, who was greatly tickled over his feat of swearing, called to a friend:

"This quarantine is a cinch. I was in New Orleans three days ago."

The health officer left the car, but returned by the front platform. With him was another rawboned Alabamian.

"So you all was in Orleans three days ago?"

The drummer turned pale, but managed to falter:

"Oh, that was just a jolly! I was joking the boys."

"You'll find yeller fever a mighty poor thing to joke about," said the officer, and, turning to his companion, he added, "Bill, you get out your gun, and if this here feller moves you jus' shoot him."

Bill pulled a 44 with as much ease as one would take out a handkerchief. The drummer kept his seat. In three or four minutes a file of four of the shotgun guards marched in and carried the drummer out. He was to be kept in the local detention camp ten days under guard, and then probably the local judge would fine him \$100 for lying to a health officer.

Only one train runs to New Orleans these days. It stops at a point a little below Mobile, where the passengers are turned out of their Pullmans and put into what the railway men call the "skeeter" train because it runs back and forth over the four and one-half hour stretch between New Orleans and Mobile bay.

EFFECT OF A PROPHECY.

Families Leave Marion, Ind., Because a Woman Predicted Disaster.

Hundreds of families are leaving Marion, Ind., on account of a prediction by Mrs. Viola Pownell that the city is soon to be visited by a disaster, the full extent of which she does not know or exactly in what form it is to come, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Some time ago, however, she prophesied that all evil places would be uprooted and that much of the worst element of the city would be scattered. Since that time forty of the 108 saloons and all the pool rooms have been closed and all gamblers have been run out of the place. The fulfillment of this prediction has been so remarkable that there is implicit reliance in what she says, and many are fleeing from the wrath to come.

"I do not know in what form this judgment will come, nor at exactly what time," she said recently, "but I have seen the signs in the heavens in the form of stars that shone like electric lights, and the day of the visitation is not far off. People should prepare themselves now."

Never Heard of Howells.

An amusing little incident was recently related to William Dean Howells, says Harper's Literary Gossip. It seems that a reader of many novels from the west went into a New York bookstore and asked a bright looking clerk for Howells' last book. "Yes, we have it," replied the clerk and handed the customer a book by H. G. Wells. "No," said the westerner, "not Wells—Howells—W. D. Howells." The clerk looked nonplused and going to the back of the store conferred with another intelligent looking spectacled clerk. Both were apparently at a loss, and the second young man came forward and said, "Will you please tell me if he has ever written any other books?" "About sixty," retorted the westerner, and, with a sad smile for the passing of the bookshop, he departed to seek "Miss Bella's Inspiration" in the better informed department store.

We Lead the World as Motor Makers.

Statistics are now brought forward to show that America has supplanted France as the leader in the motor car industry, says the Boston Herald. Not only does the United States supply 95 per cent of the cars now in this country, but American manufacturers are now shipping cars all over the world. So we forge ahead as a world power.

TERRIBLE WAR SCENE

Horrors of Defeat In the Far East Conflict.

RUSSIAN OFFICER'S AWFUL NIGHT

Harrowing Experiences In Trying to Save the Wounded—Piteous Calls For Help—Fearful Fate of a Soldier With Shattered Legs—Men Maddened by Pain Danced Naked in the Cold.

The following translation from the Russian of an officer writing in the St. Petersburg Bourse Gazette appears in the Globe of London. It shows one of the many saddening pictures that have been sent to Russia from Manchuria:

"It all took place one night after an engagement, which had gone against us (Russians), as usual. We were in camp. All around me were tired men with sad faces and weary hearts. To make matters worse, all our food supply was exhausted. There was not a field hospital anywhere near us and there was no fuel for making a camp fire. All the baggage had disappeared literally into the earth, for nobody knew where it was. There were 25 degrees of cold. One's skin cracked and began to peel off, and the blood in one's veins seemed to become lumps of ice. In such circumstances it would have meant a certain death to have stood still or to have given way to weariness. As it was, many of the men did not survive that night. Just picture our terrible plight, if you can. Just picture 10,000 men huddled closely together, 10,000 men from among whom came only the heavy tramping of their feet on the hard, frozen ground. Besides the tramp of feet there was not a sound, not even a whisper.

"The stragglers who had found their way to the camp said that in the open country to right and left, in front and in their rear, they had heard cries for help, wailing and lamentation, groans and sighs from our wounded, who had been left behind in the darkness far from the main force. They wanted to catch up with their comrades, but such of them as could manage to walk had no means of helping the weaker ones to get along, and so they had to be left behind to their fate. For what could have been done with them? How was it possible to help them?

"We must get together the wounded," I cried aloud. "We cannot leave them to die without trying to help them. Who will come with me? There was no answer. So I went up to the colonel, who just turned his back on me. Then I tried to speak with the general. He passed by me without saying one word. A surgeon of high rank replied to me when I told him what I wished to do: 'What are we to do with the men? We have no stretchers; we have no drugs; we have not a single instrument; we have simply nothing. So you had better leave them alone in peace. Good night.' Not a sympathetic word was to be had anywhere. The feeling of pity was quenched, and nobody shuddered any longer at the most horrible sights. Everywhere was a deadened indifference. From the generals down to the common soldiers everybody knew that perhaps it would be his turn tomorrow. Still, I found a few sparks of feeling among them. I managed to scrape together a few stretchers, and about 100 of the soldiers followed me as I struck out of the camp into the intense blackness of the night.

"We lighted torches, but we had scarcely need of them, for after we had marched for about an hour the groans of the wounded were a better guide to us than were our torches, which were swept about by the wind in all directions and threatened to go out every moment. Every now and then we pulled ourselves up shortly like frightened horses as we stumbled up against batches of men. Suddenly I was aware that something had seized me and was holding me fast to the spot; something was closing in on me like iron bands. It was two hands grasping my feet and digging into my flesh like hooks of steel, while a man's teeth were trying to tear through the leather of my high boots, and all the time amid a horrible howling like the baying of a dog. I cried aloud from fright, and some of my men came running up. We saw lying before us a shattered man, a blood soddened body, for both his legs had been shot away. As it was quite impossible to get me free from the poor fellow, some of the men with me smashed the man's skull with their musket ends. How I survived those moments I cannot tell. My heart seemed to cease to beat and wild, delirious thoughts passed through my brain as if I were in a deep fever. I felt that I must escape from the terrors of that awful night, so I pulled myself together and called out to the men: 'Stop it; stop it! Quickly, quickly! I can bear it no longer!'

"I was about to return to the camp when suddenly we heard on our right howling and shrieking, wilder and more penetrating than the piteous calls for help which came to us from all sides. As I could not refuse to follow the howling, I went, much against my will, in the direction whence it came. In the weird light cast by the torches, which could scarcely pierce the darkness, I saw before me—and it was in no hallucination—fifty, a hundred, probably two hundred, men, all stark naked and capering and dancing about in all manner of movements, and all the time they uttered curses. Yes, they did dance.

"With the thermometer standing at 4 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, naked and with their bodies covered with wounds, scars and scratches and with the blood dried upon them from head to foot, these men, such of them as could do so, danced wildly and madly.

Some of them could only manage to drag themselves about on the blood covered remnants of their bodies. Others, carrying revolvers, rifles or swords, ran about uttering the most piercing shrieks and brandishing their weapons in the air. They rushed upon us—upon us who had gone out to help them—but they did not recognize us, and they called out: 'Don't come near us! Don't come near us! Get away with you!' Then we saw that they were all raving mad. * * * Some bullets fell among us. One of my men rolled over and writhed as he lay, and then another toppled over. What could I do? I ordered the retreat to the camp. For hours after our torches had gone out the cries of the madmen reached us and grew fainter with distance, until at last they ceased. The cold had silenced them. In the morning every man of them was stiff and stark, for not one of the wounded men had survived that night.

"Next day a bullet hit me in the left shoulder. Whenever I look back on the horrors of that awful night I lose the wish to live. Neither by day nor by night can I get rid of the remembrance of the terrible picture. There is always before me the horrible picture of that body, with both legs shot away, which bit my leg, and I cannot rid my eyes of the sight of those naked, blood stained madmen dancing and howling in their madness. I often ask myself, Will not that same madness seize me? Shall I not also lose my reason? And if it is to be so, would it not be better for me to have been left on the battlefield?"

CHALLENGE TO COWBOYS.

Women to Compete For Title of World's Champion Broncho Buster.

Consternation has been created among the cowboys of the Rocky mountain region, who have entered or are planning to participate in the championship rough riding contest during the great frontier celebration in Cheyenne, Wyo., on Sept. 2, 4 and 5, by the announcement made by Miss Bertha Kaepernick of Sterling, Colo., who has calmly entered the great bucking and pitching event as if this was an act of no particular importance, says the Denver Times.

For the first time in the history of frontier events this year the fair and charming cowgirls will meet in open competition for the title of the champion rough rider of the world the intrepid knights of the plain who have heretofore had only male opponents. The frontier committee announces that four and probably more ladies will enter the lists this year and that the first to pay her entry fee is Miss Bertha Kaepernick, the dashing and accomplished Colorado cowgirl. Mrs. Harry Brennan of Sheridan, wife of the champion rough rider of the world, has also signified her intention of entering, and the novel sight will be witnessed of a man and his wife competing for the title of the world's best rider. Two northern Colorado girls also indicated their desire to enter, and it is expected the initiative taken by Miss Kaepernick will be followed by others.

Miss Kaepernick was a frontier visitor last year and during the celebration in response to a challenge jokingly made by one of her friends mounted and broke an outlaw horse to the intense delight of 20,000 people gathered at Frontier park. This year her riding will not be in the form of an exhibition, but as a contestant for world championship honors.

Miss Kaepernick was born and reared in Colorado and resides with her father on his ranch, near Sterling. From earliest infancy she has ridden horses until the breaking of an untamed steed is an incident and not a feat. She rides the range like a cowboy, assists in the branding of live stock and breaks all of the horses on her father's ranch.

SHOCKED BY FAIR BATHERS.

Kansas' Modesty So Jarred He Took First Train Home.

Adjutant General J. W. F. Hughes of the Kansas national guard was shocked by the sights at Atlantic City, N. J., says a Topeka dispatch.

It was the military man's first experience of salt water and bathing suits. He started for the beach with Governor Hoch and the other members of the governor's staff, but when he saw a bevy of women at the Philadelphia and Reading railway station wearing bathing suits he halted.

"It is actually shocking," said the hero of many Fort Riley sham battles in telling his experiences the other day. "There were those women more than a mile from water and wearing those ridiculous clothes. Why, actually, their stockings and their skirts did not meet by several inches. I took one look at them and caught the first train back."

International Fire Congress.

Milan, Italy, is to have next year an international congress at which questions relating to the extinction of fires and to fire insurance will be discussed.

The Village Blacksmith Up to Date.

Under a spreading chestnut tree the village smithy stands. The smith a lordly man is he, with wide and fertile lands.

No more his brawny back he bends beneath the horse's weight; No more his ringing sledge he swings, in happy strength elate;

No more his face is covered o'er with blazing forge's smut Nor beaded with his honest sweat, his channels there to cut.

Adown the street he sits at ease before the wayside inn. And jingles in his custom makes his stacks of easy tin.

For wise was he within his day and seized the chance that came, By charging seven prices when the motor cars went lame.

—T. S. Varnum in Auto Advocate and Country Roads.

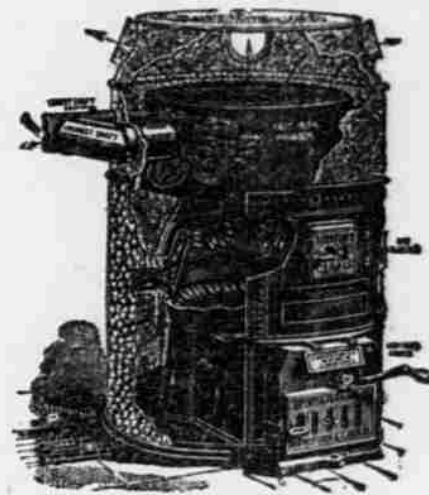
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