

AFFAIR OF THE PANAMA HAT

BY AN EX-OPERATIVE OF THE SECRET SERVICE

CAPTAIN DICKSON TELLS OF ACQUIRING AN UGLY SCAR EARLY IN HIS CAREER

"YES," I did promise to tell you how I got this wound," replied Capt. Dickson, when I recalled his mention, in a former reminiscence, of the ugly scar on the back of his neck.

"It happened when I was young in the service, and it was due to my ambition and foolhardiness, a combination that is dangerous in any one's system. The adventure came near costing me my life. I have always connected that affair with a Panama hat. A Panama hat got me into trouble and got me out again, in the end saving my life."

"The Chinese exclusion act has given a lot of trouble to the government in one way and another, but the consequence I am most familiar with is the smuggling of coolies into Canada. Coolie labor is cheap, and it is a profitable job to slip a bevy of them across the frontier.

"Things began to take a lively turn as soon as I reached Presidio, my headquarters, a village of mud huts and rambling shanties on the Rio Grande. I left the Southern Pacific at Nopal and rode many weary miles across country. Over the river, in Mexico, was the dirty village of Presidio del Norte. It is impossible to imagine a more forsaken looking place. The Rio Conchos, a river of uncertain habits, flowed into the Rio Grande here. It was by means of this river that coolies were brought to Presidio del Norte.

"I had arrived in Presidio wearing a heavy Scotch hat. It had been cool when I left Washington and this was my first trip to the Texas border. I saw at once that my hat was a bad number. Jarral, the customs officer, suggested that I get a Panama, telling me that I could secure a smuggled one at a reasonable price from a dealer in the village.

"He said he knew they were smuggled, but that there was no remedy for it as the government didn't put its agents on the case, and he was powerless without them. I took his advice and bought a Panama, the largest and whitest and most conspicuous one.

"The next morning after my arrival I crossed over to the Mexican village, to look around a bit and see if I couldn't pick up some valuable information. I was wandering about, staring at the crude hats and the naked babies, when I encountered an American wearing a hat that was a duplicate of my own, only his showed marks of hard usage.

"'Hello!' he said, 'when did you get in?'"

"I was on the point of telling him that he had made a mistake, but something prompted me to play him along and see what he was up to. I merely replied:

"'Yesterday.'" "Where is Munson?" he queried, looking me over carefully.

"'He will be here later,' I replied at a venture.

"'Now let's get down to business,' he began.

"'All right,' I replied.

"'We have 300 coming down tonight,' he said, 'and 200 more in three days. The boats are ready and Manuel is in charge at Huatuz so there isn't a chance for anything to go wrong at that end of the line.'

"He paused a moment to mix another highball which he swallowed at a gulp.

"'You know where to meet us tonight?' he queried.

"'The instructions haven't been too plain,' I replied.

"'Blame that mutton-headed Indian,' he swore, 'I might have known that he couldn't get anything straight. Well, I will have to tell you all over again. You and Munson be at the cottonwood toward two miles above town at 11:30 to-night to check up the cattle and pay over the money. Take the north trail from Presidio and turn to the left at the giant cactus. You can't miss the way. It is about two miles. The cattle-path at the cactus will lead you out to the landing at the towhead. Andrews and I will come over with the first boat and we can check up as they land. I suppose you have the papers,' he concluded.

"'No, Munson has them,' I ventured, feeling sure that if Munson didn't have them I did not know where they were.

"'Well, be sure that Munson brings them along,' he admonished.

"This concluded the interview and I lost no time in getting back across the river to tell Jarral of my adventure. He was delighted at my luck.

"At five minutes after ten I heard horses' hoofs pounding the sand to the south. I could almost have shouted, for I was sure that it was Davis and his rangers. It was only the messenger whom we had dispatched in the morning. He was covered with gray dust and his throat was so choked he couldn't speak. He literally fell from his horse before Jarral's door, and we had to support him as he

staggered into the room. A few drinks put him on his feet, and then he told us that the rangers were not at their headquarters but had gone in pursuit of a band of cattle thieves.

"'Well, we can go after them ourselves,' I said. 'There will only be two against two and we will have the advantage by surprising them.'

Jarral looked at me in blank surprise.

"'You must be crazy, man, to suggest such a thing. I am not counted a coward, but I wouldn't undertake the job without at least half a dozen good men at my back, for all the gold in the world. It would mean certain death for both of us. No, I am not a candidate for the undertaker just yet.'

"With that I buckled on my revolver and started for the door.

"'I wouldn't do that, old man,' Jarral breathed, a look of real concern displacing the amused expression that had so nettled me. 'My God, man, you

"I took hurried aim at the foremost man and pulled the trigger. The hammer fell with a metallic click, which rang sharp and distinct in the still air. Then, with a sickening slaking of the heat, I remembered that in my hasty departure I had failed to load the revolver. I was unarmed and at the mercy of the outlaws.

"These incidents had happened with marvelous swiftness. Instantly there was a flare of light, a loud report, and a bullet sang uncomfortably close to my ear. It was the first time I was ever under fire. There was a second flash, and my right arm dropped limply to my side. I sprang for the shadows of the cottonwoods just as the third revolver cracked. The bullet cut across the back of my neck and I fell unconscious.

"When I came to myself I was in

pro of the boat grated on the beach and four men stepped out. I had only counted on two. In my hurried ride I had planned out my course of action. I had read somewhere of a soldier capturing a company of the enemy singlehanded, and I intended to follow his plan.

"As the four men advanced up the shelving bank I gave a tense command to an imaginary posse hid back in the shadows and, with my revolver leveled I stepped out into the moonlight, covering the nearest of the men.

"'This trick may have worked with soldiers, but it certainly didn't go with border outlaws. No sooner had I stepped from the shadows than the four men reached for their guns, at the same instant dropping flat upon the ground, where they were almost invisible.

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"The men jerked me out of the boat with small ceremony when we reached the shore. I moaned piteously and lay limp and inert, clutching the hat with my left hand, the writing underneath. As they packed me up the bank I dropped the hat in the shadow of a bush. After this I became unconscious from the pain of my wounds.

"I came to in a small room with a single window up near the ceiling. It was heavily barred with iron, between which I could see a single star, so I knew that it was still night. I lay there for a long time, it seemed, half-conscious and utterly resigned. I was suffering too much and was too weak from loss of blood to care whether I lived or died. In fact, I think I preferred to die. The smugglers had not dressed my wounds and I felt that I was slowly bleeding to death. It was beyond my strength to make any effort to escape.

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ENTERTAINMENT

Some New Ideas for Pleasant Parties, Devised by the Well-Known Authority on the Subject, Madame Merri.

A New Magazine Party.

The invitations were issued on card-board made to represent a magazine, and were enclosed in envelopes. Each guest was asked to come wearing an article to indicate a current periodical or in a costume, whichever was most convenient.

This broke the ice and it was a very merry party. In about a half hour, when all were endeavoring to find out who was what, the hostess passed little booklets which contained the following typewritten romance, the blanks to be filled with the name of a publication:

Once upon a time an _____ who had always enjoyed _____ and cared very little for _____ outside of his own _____ was induced by his friends to become a _____ and a junior member of a prominent _____ in the home town of _____.

At the time of his coming to the city this _____ was a very _____ individual, heart whole and fancy free, and when he heard _____ from _____ lips of the fascinations of a certain little girl with bright eyes and a face of which an artist might be proud _____ he paid no attention. However, upon receiving through the _____ a dainty missive with the odor of the floral garden upon it, his heart fluttered in an unusual manner. The coming function, a lawn party given by the _____ had been _____ at his hotel for days.

His friends, whom we will call Mr. _____ and Mr. _____ for convenience, had insisted upon his attendance. He objected, saying he was no favorite in the _____ the friends argued that a little _____ would make him have a different _____ in life and would make him more _____ and that he needed the _____ so he accepted the invitation.

Arriving at the park, he found a _____ gathering, and the place being a picturesque one, he at once made use of his camera, saying: 'I must have a _____ of this.' He was first introduced to the owner of the park, an old man with flowing beard, a veritable _____, and his son, a youth of 18 years.

The _____ was a charming girl, who shyly left her escort when she saw the _____ approaching.

"_____ indeed," was his mental ejaculation, as he recognized the one in a _____ to be none other than the _____ one with the pretty face, of whom he had heard. He was introduced, and a little later, leaving _____ of friends, they strolled across the lawn. They parted at _____ but he gained her consent to call upon her and to take her to the _____.

The intervening days seemed a _____ long, but in the meantime a _____ had come to him. _____ had suddenly become to him as important a problem as _____ economy and _____ had been in his country days before. _____ was no longer a pet by his fire-side, for his affections were elsewhere.

It was the same old story, and he soon decided to become the _____ for _____ provided he had _____ with his wooing. This proved to be the case, and he married his _____ and their _____ is one of the happiest places in _____.

ANSWERS.

American Boy, Country Life in America, World's Work, Farm and Home, Business Man, Enterprise, Boston Herald, American, Independent, Hints, Everybody's, Designer, Saturday Evening Post, Smart Set, Table Talk, Munsey, Harper's, Ladies' World, Outlook, Cosmopolitan, Recreation, Popular, Pictorial Review, St. Nicholas, Youth's Companion, Business Man, Modern Frolics, Dress, The Circle, Sunset, Theater, Century, New Idea, Good Housekeeping, National Farm Progress, The Black Cat, Woman's Home Companion, Life, Success, Modern Presidio, House Beautiful, The World To-Day.

Candy boxes in the shape of books were the favors, and the prizes were subscriptions to magazines, the lucky ones making their choice of a list that were all the same price.

If one secures an invitation to a party of this kind, it would be a good thing to go to a stationer's and look over the magazines, for there are so many it is impossible to recall all the names just when they are wanted.

MADAME MERRI.

Comfortable Sleeves.

It is almost paradoxical, but the sleeves to be properly made should not impede one's movement, or be in the least uncomfortable.

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Design for Pillow



Conventionalized Tulip Motif, to Be Applied in Two Rows Across the Top of a Couch Pillow.

SOFA PILLOWS are a great addition to a living room, den or porch, and it seems as if one cannot have too many of them. Stenciled pillows are artistic and pretty. Girls who intend to enter college next fall are beginning to get the things ready for their rooms, and pillows are always a feature of a college room. The work is easy to do, and the materials inexpensive. A tulip design is given to-day, and is to be done on a pillow of denim, crash, burial, rajah silk, or any preferred material of this order.

The motifs are to be arranged on two bands of four motifs each, one across the upper edge, about three inches down, and the other across the lower edge of the pillow. This arrangement is a bit newer than the border or corner decoration. One single motif is placed in the center of the back of the pillow, and it is surprising how much more interesting a pillow decorated in this way is than one having a plain back.

To make the stencil, trace the design given on a piece of stencil paper or heavy manila paper. Lay the paper on a piece of glass and cut out the parts of the design that are blackened in. Use a sharp penknife or sloyd knife, or, if preferred, cut out the stencil with a pair of small, sharp embroidery scissors. If the manila paper is used, it should be shellaced on both sides to insure its serviceability, and have hung up a day to dry thoroughly. As real stencil paper is only ten cents for a large piece, it is much wiser to use it, as it saves much time.

The True Economist in Dress.

The woman who really does understand economy in regard to dress, and who also understands that to have the best and finest clothes she must invest in the same "not invidiously nor lightly," pays a reasonable price for one smart costume and three smart waists—one dark one in fancy net, crepe de chine or chiffon cloth, and two elaborately made and perfect fitting white ones to wear with her trimmed tailor gown. For her absolutist plain costume she has one waist to match exactly in color made of crepe de chine or soft silk in tucks, with which are worn a lace collar and flat jabot, or a plain but fine linen waist. A curious incongruity permits the wearing of a real lace waist also.

Empire Yellow Slippers.

With everything empire naturally that color known as "empire yellow" is playing its part well.

Every material is to be seen in this delicate shade. From the velvet ribbon laced through the debutante's hair down to her slippers—and such slippers! Some are satin with red heels and

Yearning.



I want to trail back to the field and the wood
Where zephyrs are kissing the trees,
Where rivers sing softly their rhapsodies
And melody rides on the breeze.

I want to go back to the old bayou
And angle for fish with a pin,
To feel once again all the thrills I have
Known since I was a child of nine.

At hooking and landing a fin!
I want to return where the gooseberries
grow,
Where choke-cherries pucker your
throat—

I want to go pond-lily hunting ones
more,
In Stewart's old, flat-bottomed boat.
I want to be lost in the heart of "The
Run,"
Where squirrels and owls have their
nests;

I want to flop down on my back "neath
the elm,"
And worship the blue through their
crests!

I want to go barefoot along the old trail
That leads to the clover-decked bushes
By ways that are winding, where bushes
hang low,
And whisper their loves to the rills!

I want to go back and just splash in the
crack
And let the cool Cedar run fast—
Run over and under, and scold as it laves,
'The hands it has known in the past!'

I want to wade out where the sand-bar
is heaped
In diamonds that sparkle with light—
Just wade and get soaking clear up to
my waist
And holler—and yell—in my might!

I want to run down to "The Quarry,"
"The Hill,"
"The Bend," "The High bank" and
"The Stream—"
Let me stand all enthroned where my
boyhood was spent,
Take me back to my own Fairyland!

Take me back where the roses are sweet
with perfume,
Where the bees sing a song that is
glorious,
Take me back, let me feel in my heart
once again,
Just the God-given joy of a lad!



And now the good citizen does not
wait for the Macedonian cry from the
village paper to burn those leaves! He
takes time and the rake by the fore-
lock and gets busy early.

If some men were as particular about
getting up when they are called as
they are about winding their alarm
clocks, wives would be saved a heap
of nagging.

A lady disciple of Rooseveltian
spelling has married a Chicago profes-
sor. She desires to reform him, I
presume.

I Come to Thee.

I come to thee, O my darling,
Faint with the longing of years,
Weak with unrequited passion,
And burnt with its scalding tears.

I have come from the Town of Ambition,
Through the Wood of the Heart-Sick
Doors,
To dream in the Temple of Beauty,
And feed on the lilies of love.

—Alfred Hitch.

Non Appreciative.

Having announced his text, an old
"colored preacher" down in Georgia, as
related by the Atlanta Constitution,
went on to say: "My attention has
been drawn to the fact that some
scoundral has gone 'n put a alligator in
de pulpit, right under my two foots;
but, long as ez dar, I gwine let him
stay 'twel after de benediction; fer I
notice dat, des lak de res' er you
triffin,' no 'count sinners, he done
made up his mind ter take it easy on
sleep through de sermon'."

Woman.

Oh, woman, you are charming,
And poets long have sung
Their sweetest verses to you
In every written tongue,
But none of them has ever
Told why it is that you
Will always leave a street car
of the glow.

—W. J. Lampton, in Success Magazine.

Song of an Editor.

This is the season for plantin' seed,
And 'tis also the printer's time of need—
Sow radish seed and lettuce, too, and pay
the printer whatever is due. Go build
yourself an onion bed and remember the
printer must be fed. Sow several rows
of early peas, and pay for last year's
paper, please. Dig up the earth 'round
each strawberry vine and if you want
our paper drop us a line. Plant some
potatoes to put in wash and remember
the printer is short of cash. Fix up a
hull or so of beans, and with the editor
divide your means. Of water-melons
you'll need a patch—the editor's pants
needs one to match. Pay up your sub-
scriptions, plant your corn, and you'll
raise a big crop as sure as you're born—
Henry (Oula) Eagle.

—BYRON WILLIAMS.

Girt In.

It is not to die, nor even to die of
hunger, that makes a man wretched.
Many men have died; all men must
die. But it is to live miserably, we
know not why; to work sore, and yet
gain nothing; to be heart worn,
weary, yet isolated, unrelated, girt
in with a cold, universal laissez faire.

—Thomas Carlyle.

But Is He?

When a man pawns his watch he
probably believes that he is making
good use of his time.

Declared Worse Than Cancer

Of the Two, Pangs of Toothache Are Less Easy to Bear.

"You of the younger generation," said the dentist, severely, "don't appreciate the importance of the conquest of toothache that dentistry has made.

"Toothache is the worst torture that ever afflicted mankind. Its pangs—'lanquating' they are technically called—are worse than the pangs of cancer.

Worse than cancer: that is the truth; I have heard it from physicians, I have heard it from three old people whom cancer finally killed. They all said that the pain of cancer at its worst was mild beside the pain of the worst toothache.

"Toothache drove DeQuincey to opium-eating. DeQuincey, too, says in his 'Opium Eater'—like all dentists, I have the passage by heart:

"No stronger expression of toothache's intensity and scorching fierceness can be imagined than this fact—that, within my private knowledge, two persons, who had suffered alike under toothache and cancer, have pronounced the former to be, on the scale of torture, by many degrees the worse. In both, there are at times lancinating pangs—keen, glancing, arrowy radiations of anguish; and upon these the basis of comparison is rested—paroxysm against paroxysm—with the result that I have stated."

An Accessible Governor.

On the glass of the double doors leading to the offices of the governor of Massachusetts there is printed this cordial invitation: "Walk in." And many visitors to the famous state-house beneath the golden dome on Beacon Hill who might otherwise pass by contenting themselves with furtive glances feel that here is a welcome and cordial that any timid citizen might otherwise be conscious of is entirely dispelled.—National Magazine.