Subsequent Rewards, Told by Hamlin Garland.

(Copyrighted, 1994, by S. S. McClare, Limited.) Edward Kennys is a mystic. His mysticism is not of books, it arises rather from a encwledge of words and wild spaces-from i love of mountains, from the breadth of the plains. Like the American Indian, he has come to feel nature as something very close and very sentiment. The phase of his character (half jocular in its expression) is perceived first of all.

In answer to my knock his light, rapid. walk approached the door, it opened a slit and his impassive face looked forth a moment's space in silence. Then his hand extended, his gray eyes expanded.

"I felt ye," he said, with a curious intentness and gravity. "I knew ye were near. Come in.

I stepped into his modest studio, unimposing in its walls, but full of interesting things. Everything was of the wild life. A ministure bronze grizzly paced across a pedestal toward a lithe jaguar. An Arapalige warrier inclined in relief upon a slab A king buffalo calmly regarded some distant object from a height. Wolves, coons, prairie chickens, elk, mountain sheep, looked out from bronze plaques, or casts or clay. Splendid Indian ornaments, moccasins of chiefs, quivers and weapons of various kinds hung on the wall.

From there I turned to the man himself. an erect and active figure. He was dr.ssed in a sort of long frock of yellow and white linen and wore a green velvet cap. He appeared to be about 45 years of age, hair a little gray, moustache clipped short. He locked a bold, resolute man of middle age. His figure, thin but sinewy, was active as an Indian's and as erect.

"Take a chair. Take that one on the left. You'll find it easier," he said as he started to cover a clay head on his easel. "Don't do that, I want to look at it. What is it?"

"It's a bust of Du Luth. I'm working on an order for twenty medallions for the Marquette building here, to include ex-plorers, corulers de Bois, Indians, etc. The face of the old French explorer was

serious, intent, like one who had also faced God's mystery in the woods. As I rose to look at a fine grim old

Arapahoe face on a plaque my elbow touched one of the curious horns of a mountain sheep and it fell with a clatter. Kemeys caught it and sot it up again carefully. "The old fellow wanted to be noticed."

he said with a smile. "He don't like to be forgotten. I never can go by him without bearing from him. When I trip up and say 'excuse me' the old fellow smooths out sgain." All this with quaint convincing carnestness

"A banjo. Do you play?" I said as we faced about. "Oh. I touch it up a little in my own way,"

he replied, evasively. "I carried a banjo on all my trips into the wilderness."

"That must be a part of your southern inheritance. You were born in Georgia, weren't you?" He sat down facing me and studied me with riturn intentness. Yes, but I came north when I was a lid. I'm Weish descent. Kemeys is pure

child.

So it is. I'd always supposed it to be German. It's another one of those typical American combinations, ain't it? Here's a man born in Georgia of Welsh parents of Welsh descent become our sculptor of wild which descent become our sculptor of which animals. Now, I'm going to confess that I'm here to find out how that happened. I want you to put me in possession of the main facts. How did you begin?" He did not spiak for a moment. His head dropped and his face grew grave.

retrospect was not predominantly

THE MYSTIC EDWARDKEMEYS
A Fisit and Talk with America's Pioneer Ecolotor.
SURROUNDINGS AND PERSONAL TRAITS
The story of this Artistic Career, the Triate and Hardahips of Early Days and the Subsequent Revards, Told by work like a man sentenced to hang. Couldn't see any other way out of it, but suddenly I found myself on my way to New York." Reaching New York, he was as far ap-parently from his work as ever. He had to live, and so (by great good fortune) secured a place as axerman on the engineer corps of Central park. His life for a year and a half was very gloomy. He suffered from ter-rible headaches of a congestive sort, caused by an accident some years before, which de-pressed the bridge of his nose and inter-ferred with the blood circulating in the nasal passages.

passages. There he was, worst of all, working for \$2 per day with the ceaseless urging to do

nething, he had no clue to what it might "The only thing which gave me keen

the only thing which gave he keen pleasure," he said, "was studying the wild animals in the park. I had determined to keep working along at all kinds of things, hoping to strike the right thing at last. I felt sure I would know it instantly. At ast it came." This moment, which he then described

This moment, which he then described to me in swiftly moving phrases, is one of the most marvelous in the history of art. He happened to see an old sculptor modeling the head of a wolf. Quick as lightning came the thought to him: "I can do that! I felt it for an absolute certainty. The old man laughed at me, but it made no impression ca me. My fingers itched to get hold of that wax." He then related with wealth of detail the wonderful night he had. He carried his bunch of was to his room too excited to

his bunch of wax to his room too excited to eat or sleep, and there modeled his wolf's head with the jaws open. The old sculptor had been working upon one with the jaws "And then I sat down and waited for daylight in order to show my work to the fam-

light in order to show my work to the fam-ily. I wanted to be certain. I wasn't sure but ny imagination had made me see a wolf's head in a lump of wax. I knew it was a critical moment with me--the most critical of all my life. I went down carry-ing the head covered with a handkerchief. I shock with excitement. I wanted it a test, so I said: 'Now, I've got something to show you. If you recognize it say so mulck. show you. If you recognize it say so quick, don't hesitate.' Then I jerked the handker-chief away. 'It's a wolf,' they said.'' I realized the dramatic importance of that moment, but something in his voice led me

closed.

o understand that he had not reached the climax of the story. "I was wonderfully pleased, but I was not

"I was wonderfully pleased, but I was not satisfied. I went back and modeled another head. I brought it down just as before and when I uncovered it, they said: "Why, its Lap!" Lap was their dog. That settled it. I had come to my own. I had struck the trail." he added with characteristic resort to the vernacular of the plains to cover his dean emotion

deep emotion. All this without instruction ?"

"Nothing but study of the fact," he said. It was magnificent to see him now. He walked away a little and returned.

He uttered himself broadly, powerfully, as befits a great natural artist. He had no fear or thought of being egotistical. His strong hands spread and clutched like an eagle's talons, his voice was full of down-ward inflections, his words came like gusts

of mountain wind. of mountain wind, "About this time I woke up. No more in-decision. I began to feel my wings ex-pand. I feit I could do anything, any-thing in sculpture. All I needed was sub-jects. That night I sat down and made a list of the things I must do."

"Of what character?" "All wild. Deer fighting panther, welves "All wild. Deer nghing painter, wrives fighting buffalo, and that sort. The first group I did I sold to Philadelphia fir the park—'A Group of Wolves." The second thing I sold in Englind for \$1,100, and the third group carried me into the salon of Paris.

I clapped hands in enthusiasm. "Giori-ous! All without instruction?" I wished to emphasize the point. "Absolutely. I never had an hour's in-

creates.

struction from any teacher." "That's royal. That's the power which 'But I had always studied animals." he

of it so much I came to make a personality of it. I felt I must seek her in the moun-tain fastnesses of the west. I wanted to go to the very heart of the wilderness and then come to the mountains. I went all through them. I met the mountain animals, I killed Loni, grizzlies, sheep, wolves. The Indians, brought me specimens also. Their interest and criticism would make many a white man ashamid of himself. They made no mistakes about men or animals. I went to the heart s core of our American wilderness. It yielded its most carefully guarded secrets

As these sean a came crowding back upon him he became tremendously dramatic. He dropped into the sign language, he drama-tized the Indians and spoke their dialect. He told stories of their hospitality, of their He licence life, of their treatment of him, almost invariably kind. I drew out that he had lived with the Crows, the Omahas, the Biru's Sioux, the Shoahones, the Arapahoes and reveral other tribes. He told of their games, of their life in the tents. 'They're fine as the Greeks, only different, of course," he said. "I am going to do a and their hunting. Nothing finer in the

world. They'll make a superb frieze." "How did their life in general impress you?" I asked.

As being very natural. They left you free to do as you liked. They did not sug-gest, but helped to do. I think I learned more there during that six months than at any other time, and right here let me say, don't make too much of my hunting. I was a hunter for a purpose-to study men and animals. I am a sculptor of animals from choice, not because it is easy. I expect to do more and more in the way of human figures. Of this wild life and this mountain region

which we both love so well we talked Well, now, you went back to New York after each trip?" His face darkened and he made a gesture

of defense. "Don't ask me. I don't like to think of that part of it. Yes, I'd go back to New York and work till I sold something, and then-back west again." "They did buy things occasionally?" "Yes, I had friends who believed in me Theodore.

Theodore Roosevelt, Julian Hawthorne. I had lovely friends there, couldn't have lived without them. "When did that trip abroad come in?" I asked, recalling him to the east.

asked, recalling him to the east. "1877. I went abroad to see what they would think of me over there. My friends all said I must do it. I didn't want to go, and I nearly died when I did go. Home-sick all the time-miserable! Lost flesh. I don't know what I would have done without Hawthorne. I went to England first and I held an exhibition there. Then I went to Parts I stayed there will I out the buffalo Paris. I stayed there until I put the buffalo and wolves into the salon. Oh, but I was homesick. When I found myself on ship-board with my nose pointed for America, I could have turned handsprings all over the deck. Since then, to make a short story of it, I've had my studio in the east, but at every opportunity I've made pilgrimages to the wilderness. I don't know that I've told you the things you needed to know."

"Now you must come home with me, added the sculptor, laying his mob cap of green velvet and his apron of linen aside. Mr. Kemeys has located in Chicago. "I'm a thousand miles nearer my work,

e smilingly said. His home is on the south tage is not noticeable outside-inside the In the little hall as you enter are his

trophies. Over the mantel a mountain sheep. opposite a huge black buffalo glows, under the corner is the head of a grizzly bear, the hero and almost the victor in a battle with the sculptor. A beautiful bronze prairie clock brought back my days on the farm in spring. A mountain fion in a beautiful and singularly gracious pose looked down from a stand as if from a high rock. In each room bronze reproductions in frames decorated the walls. Indian ornaheads, arrows, pipes, on all sides ments,

abound. The chief ornament of his home is his beautiful wife, his actual comrade and help-meet. Mrs. Kemeys is also a sculptor and works with her husband each day. She superintends the reproduction of his work and aids him in a manual way when she is not studying. She hopes to be able to take up his art and become his fellow artist. modestly disclaims the possession of

any special power. she is almost as remarkable in many ways as her husband. Her marvelous physique, her skill as a hunter and her en-

ergy and adaptability make her a perfect comrade to him when they go out into the

## REMEDY FOR SOCIAL DISEASE

Rev. Dr. Wayland Furgests Radical Measures for Eupy ression of Vice.

**OUICK APPLICATION OF STATE SURGERY** 

Frompt Measures for Prevention as Well as Cure-Recommendation for the Extirpation of Tenement House Evils with Observations on So-Called Charity.

(Copyrighted.)

There is a prejudice against surgery. It is associated with the gleaming knife and ith the flow of blood, and with the infliction of pain; and yet surgery is the most intelligent, the most progressive and the most merciful of all branches of the healing art. In administering drugs, we have to poison, to a greater or less extent, the whole

system, in the hope of reaching some one spot. We have to go by guess work. We try experiments, the effect of which we learn when the effect has taken place. Sometimes we learn by an autopsy. Said a medical expert in a well known college: "When we give medicines, it is like firing into a tree; we don't know what will come down." "True," was the reply, "very often it is the patient." The surgion knows just what

he wants to do. He fires with a rifled gun, and his triumphs are indeed almost incredible. As I myself, but a layman, look back thirty years to the period of war, I think of multitudes whom I have seen die, whom the remedial surgery of today would have saved. PRESENT SACRIFICES FOR FUTURE GOOD.

Surgery sacrifices a part to the welfare of the whole; it amputates, it extirpates, that it may save the whole body. Surgery sacrifices present ease to future welfare; it procures permanent relief and recovery by inflicting present pain. Surgery acts promptly, realizing that the quickest and most radical step is usually the most merciful. Surgery subordinates sentiment to sense. Sentiment says, "Ah! this poor suffering lag, which has been crushed and is mortifying, be says, "Sacrifice it, lest the whole body be sacrificed." Sentiment says, "Deal merci-fully with this throbbing ulcer." Surgery says, "Out with it, cost what it, may." I was once present when a physician was openwas once present when a physician was open-ing an angry swelling upon the forehead of a child of tender years; after the incision had been made, and the pus about half evacuated, the sympathizing mother said, "Now, don't do any more today, let it rest till tomorrow." The result would have been prolonged and needless agony. STATE STRACED AND ANA DECLIGERS

STATE SURGERY AND ANARCHISTS.

State surgery will act with wise prompt-nessness and efficiency. About nine years ago the Chicago anarchists murdered s veral policemen. The murderers were convicted, and some of them were hanged, unfortunately

not all. This action gave a decided check to anarchy: presently the action somewhat spent its force, and the governor pardoned the surviving criminals. Then followed the murder of the mayor of Chicago. The murmurder of the mayor of Chicago. The mur-derer, after considerable delay, was con-victed. Then came delays and investigations. It is doubted whether the murderer was perfectly well balanced. It is altogether probable that every murderer lacks some-thing of perfect sanity; and, indeed, if in-quisition were made to find any man, in jail or out, in the asylum or at large, who ab-solutely and always obeys the dictate of solutely and always obeys the dictate of

perfect r.ason, the inquisition would be vain. And so Prendergast went unpunished for And so Prindergast went unpunished for months, although justice came to her own at last. And the criminal virus spreads. An attempt was made on the life of the prime minister of Italy. Now the best ruler that France ever had has died, as a r suit of laxness and criminal weakness and the ab-sence of state surgery. In the strong lan-guage of a valued correspondent, who uses much plainness of speech: nuch plainness of speech;

"HELL IS GOING AROUND ON BI-CYCLES."

Prompt and radical steps with the Chicago murderer would have saved no one knows how many lives, each one worth a million

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Beginning Monday and continuing for one week we will place on sale our full line of

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Hold-Up.

After October 1st, 1818 Dodge Street.

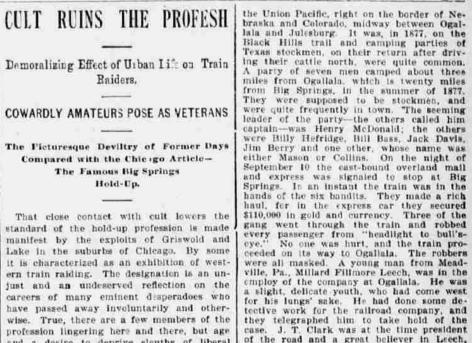
prophylactically with those who are not yet here. It will shut down the door before we become further swamped by shiploads of ignorance, superstition, violence.

FOR SO-CALLED CHARITY.

The time will come when state surgery will leal with ignorant and injurious and destructive so-called "charity" which is nourishing and multiplying the tramp class, which is offering every inducement to men now in-dustrious by constraint, to join the great army who live by their wits (or rather by the want of wits in other people), the leading charity that is drawing people from the country where they might earn a moderate subsistence, into the city where they swell the host that haunts soup houses and feasts upon unearned bread.

State surgery will summon up strength and ourage to deal with the saloon by the ways that experience shall prove to be most effec-tive. It will at least make the saloon pay for the damage which can be traced to the saloon; and when that is done, the saloon will no longer be profitable.

CRIMES AND CRIMINALS. State surgery will recognize the idleness of imprisoning men for six days, twenty days, 100 days, a year, five years. It will imprison the culprit until there is the fullest reason to believe that the necessity for his further imprisonment has ceased.



September 10 the east-bound overland mail and express was signaled to stop at Big Springs. In an instant the train was in the hands of the six bandits. They made a rich haul, for in the express car they secured \$110,000 in gold and currency. Three of the gang went through the train and robbed every passenger from "headlight to bull's-eye." No one was hurt, and the train pro-ceeded on its way to Ogaliala. The robbers were all masked. A young man from Mead-ville, Pa., Millard Fillmore Leech, was in the employ of the company at Ogaliala. He was

 CULT RUINS THE PROFESH

 Demoralizing Effect of Uiban Life on Train Baiders.

 COWARDLY AMATEURS POSE AS VETERANS

 The Ficturesque Deviltry of Former Days

 Compared with the Chicogo Article-The Famous Big Springs

 The Famous Big Springs

 That close contact with cult lowers the standard of the hold-up profession is made manifest by the exploits of Griswold and Lake in the suburbs of Chicago. By some it is characterized as an exhibition of western train raiding. The designation is an unjust and an undeserved reflection on the

"When I think of the things I've beer through-" He drew a deep breath. "It's as if some angel of life had said 'I'll through-" give you gifts-but I'll give suffering, too. I don't complain, understand, but I've paid with the blood out of my heart for all 1'v I've had to be alone, I've had to do done. my work alone.

"I know what you mean. It is not the first time parents have bequeathed a great gift to a son and then failed to understand

"Yes, but I can't trace a particle of my power to my people. That's the strange thing about it all."

"It might have been latent in 'em for al that. But tell me of your early life.' In a few words he sketched his early boy-hood in Scarborough on the Hudson, where

his father lived till Edward was about 13 years of age. His face was somber as he told of his home in New York City and his school life there, but at length his face brightened

"Then came the first great event in my life my first trip to the west to visit some relalves down here in Illinois. I thank the Lord for that trip. I was only 13 years of age and I was plunged right into the richness of these prairies in the '50's. You can im agine what the prairies were then. I know the prairies as you do, the whole of them, birds, snakes, flowers, but the big game was just a little west. Oh, how I used to plot and scheme to get out there! And the sad part was I had to go back to New York City in winter. But the work was done, I had a taste of wild life. From that time I lived only to get back west. I marked off every day on the calendar and said: 'One day nearer happines again.' After that visit people couldn't hurt me in the city. When they ran against me or struck me I wasn't there I was dreaming of the west. That was the beginning of the whole campaign."

I felt I was getting at the most Secret springs of his action.

"It seems strange you should have had those longings for the wilderness. A man born in the west could feel their significance more intensely."

"All I saw in the west seemed native to me, as if I had returned to it from a strange land. And then the prairies were full of all beauty then. But that was only part of it. I wanted to get further west, the plains called me, but before I could get to them the war broke out and I went in."

'You must have been a mere boy?"

"Seventeen. I served in the infantry in the peninsular campaign till I fell sick of fever and was discharged. I went later as second lieutenant and got to be first lieutenant and finaly captain of the United States colored artillery. Great days!" He at night hearing the negroes sing, thunder of guns, battlefields thick with dead Johnnies staring up at the moon-" He broke off with a gesture of verbal weakness. "Hard life for a youngster, but all working round toward something worth while."

'Well, didn't this war break in on your artistic places?'

"I didn't have any places of any sort except to get out west. Just as soon as the war closed I started for Illoinois again and went to farming with my relations near the central part of the state." He digressed to describe a harley field in

July, and to assure me that he knew all about the scenes of my stories, threshing, binding grain-all of it. Those were restless days, he said. His people considered him a failure. He lacked "snap" and "push." He did little but dream and hunt.

At this point his mysticism came out again. His whole expression changed, his voice became low and very grave this voice is very flexible and follows every minute change in his emotion).

"About this time I felt a great change coming," he explained with solemn inflection. "All this time I had been resiless and unsatisfied. I longed to do something, I didn't know what. I couldn't content myself much longer dreaming and hunting.

He felt my sympathy and he uttered his fatalism without apology. His abrupt, di-rect language made it all the more marvelous. He accepted it as a fact, whatever pther explanation of it might be. "It was

on. "I knew the facts. I knew the wilderness. skeletons and the muscles of animals. knew their equilibrium of parts from actual tudy "You went to nature ?"

"Yes, and then I always had, sime way, an intuitive conception of what animals would do under certain circumstances. knew nothing about conventional composi-

tion, but I could see my subjects, every gesture, intuitively." "I reckon the intuition could be accounted for on natural grounds. You had always loved animals and observed them uncon-You had always

clously, isn't that so?" He replied in one of those unique phrases he uses when nothing but hyperbole is capable of expressing the fact.

Yes, I always studied an mals. I could sit down before an animal and drink him dry." "Can you account for the power?"

"No, only the Almighty gave it to me, he said, with a swift return to solemnity. 'But you hadn't seen the buffalo

"Hold on, we're getting ahead of the story." he said, and the humorous lock came back to his eyes. When I sold that group of wolves to the park I naturally headed for the west. O, that trip!" He glowed with the memory of it. "I saw the buffalo. I am one of the few artists liv-ing who have hunted and killed buffalo." From this forward he proceeded without in-terruption to tell me of that wonderful trip. He told of the wagon train crawling slowly oward Fort Leavenworth, he described the plains as they seemed to him then, he of his first antelope, of his first view of the

Rocky mountains locming over the level sod almost 200 miles away. "Glorious things to travel to, those cloudlike masses there in he western sky," he said, with a little catch ing of the breath.

It all came back to me with mighty ower-"I know, I know," I broke in. "The Spanish peaks and away to the North Pikes How long ago was that?"

"Twenty-two years ago." "How I envy you that trip! I never saw buffilo, they were always just a little ond. The deer and antelope and wolves beyond. we had, but not the buffalo. Well? "I found myself finally in the buffalo country, but strapped for money and nobody to help me cut. I went to one hunt-ing party just ready to go out and asked them what they'd take to let me go along What can you do?' they asked. 'Well, I can cook a little and shoot a little and play the hards'

the banjo. "Can you play the banjo? That settles come right along. "Oh, we had a noble life! I was happy

now. Every night I had all the animals I could use for dissection and posing. I used to sit around on a roll of hides after supper and sing. The boys always called for 'The Lady in Crape.' They never seemed to tire

"I don't know that one, sing it! sing it! He snatched up the banjo and gave a few quick characteristic passes across the strings and sang "The Lady in Crape." a collegditty of delicious absurdity. At the end said with a quizzical smile:

"Fancy singing that for a serious produc-

tion every night for six months." He stopped playing abruptly. "I traveled with those fellows till I had all the bist of plain's animals-buffalo, antelope the It's a curious thing, but I've always coyote. accomplished the thing I wanted to do and that was the best for me-without any money-as if Almighty Providence put the

things in my way." This note he struck again and again. In his marvelous life, full of toil and unrest, the fact of succeeding had been so mysterious it seemed like predestination, perhaps it was who shall say? "Now just see," he went on. "I wanted to go on to the mountains, but the party was turning back. The very night before they started east I fell and broke my arm. I couldn't travel, so they just left me there with my pardner. That night I became delirious. When I came to myself I was in the tent of an Omaha chief.

His name was White Buffalo, and he becam my friend and helped me in every way possible. "So without any effort on my part I was dropped right into an Indian life. I seemed always to be following the genius of this new

art whose home was in the west. I thought

We sat down before the open fire and continued our talk. As the night fell and the firelight grew in power he took up the banjo and sang snatch's of negro song and imitated the Indian chants for me and told more of his life with the Indians. A strange and wonderful people. A people of great dignity and power, mixed with cruelty and ignor-

"They are a psychologic race. Put any white man on the same environment with the man who comes to dominate them in a psychologic way-maybe mesmeric-1 don' know that I can explain."

In everything he said there was deep earn estness and a curious dramatic intensity, uch as he puts into many of his groups. He is a religious man. Not in the way of creed. I do not think he has a creed-but

he feels purposes and powers running all through nature, and all through his own All things seem to come round to me

if I wait." he said. He spoke of the things he wanted to do. To put into bronze some of the splendid poses of American workmen. "Like that," I suggested, pointing toward he street. A mounted lamp lighter came dashing up

to the corner and lighted the lamp almost at gallop. He lingered on the eye with a superb backward twist. We looked at each

"There is one. Right at your door.

"I know it," he replied. "I watch for him every night. I'll do him some time." "You must. And that mail clerk in the nail car, too." I had called his attention on the way down

to the spiendid pose of a railway postal clerk in a car door. He was dressed in a thin whit: shirt and white duck trousers. His neck was bare to his breast, and his lithe figure was splendid to see as he stood there leaning to catch a breath of air.

"There are a million subjects for the finest artist right here and now," he said. "What I like about your whole campaign, Kemeys, is this: You've been yourself, you've

bein American, you've stood for original re search all through. It hasn't been 'corn-muck' all the way, but it's going to count in American sculpture. Like Howells and Whitman and Riley, you've taken things at first hand. No doubt of that."

"I've tried to," he replied. "It would be a great pleasure to me if I could aid the young sculptors to go ahead in their own way and to do the things that are characteristi of America. Your example will do that, but it will be

all the better to let them know by word as well as deed. He lingered a bit and his thought was clear and definite. He knows from whence his

success has come. HAMLIN GARLAND.

A company playing "Dora" in Ohlo car-ried no child for the part of the little boy, but depended each night upon borrowing one for the production. In one town they bor-rowed the 5-year-old son of the landlord. This landord was notorious throughout that vicinity for b ing the toughest man and the most abandoned swearer in the community, and his little boy was a "chip of the old block." In the play the little boy is sup-posed to be of the innocent seraph order, and his scene is accompanied by plaintive music. Ed Wight was playing Farmer Allen.

He takes the child upon his knee and asks, "How old are you, my child?" The boy answers as he has been instruct d, "I am 7, sir." A jealous chum of his, seated in the first row, calls out: "Now you know you are not; you ain't but 5." The little buily clambers from Mr. Wight's knee, takes a stand at the footlights, and, shaking his fist at the offender in the audience, says: "You just shut up, Jim Howard, gol darn you. I'll break your darn nick fer yer when I get out." He then resumed his place on Farmer

Allen's knee and proceeded to busin as, The Yale Review publishes statistics to show that while there has been an up ward tendency in the expenses of Yale stu

dents for the past three years, a co-parison with longer periods show a crease. In 1874, 18 per cent of the students received aid from college funds, 20 per cent in 1884, and 23 per cent in 1894. The total of students in the college in 1874 was 512, in 1884, 612, and in 1894, 1,086.

imes as much as his. If he had been hanged promptly, very likely Carnot would have been living. We must cut out the canprevent a repetition of the offense. cer of anarchy with the knife and the ax

STATE SURGERY AND STRIKES. As I write, the strike riots are at their height. State surgery would have acted promptly in the very beginning, before the strife had grown to its present dimensions, and would have saved measureless loss and bitterness and agony. In regard to all murderers we should ex-

rcise state surgery in the interest of the procent. It is not the murderers alone who have rights. Dr. Andrew D. White of the Social Science association, 1892, said in substance: "Every year 7,000 innocent men are murdered, and not more than 200 murderers legally executed. I plead for the 7,000 men innocent of crime, who, during the year to come, will be murdered." We need a state

surgery that will not wait for the action of law to be frustrated by the ill judged and often criminal exercise of the pardoning power.

THE CASE OF APPO IN NEW YORK The other day, in the course of the Lexow investigation in New York, there came on the stand George Appo, whose father, Quippo Appo, a Chinaman, is serving a life sentence at Sing Sing for murder. The young man'

bringing up has been all that hell in its most exorbitant demands could desire. He areathed crime from his birth. He began t be arrested when he was 15, and has been arrested at intervals ever since. Probably he has never done a stroke of honest work or earned a loaf of honest bread. State surgery would have interposed long ago, would have put an end to George Appo, the budding criminal, and would have put in his place a civilized citizen. I was reading in some account of the Salvation army about mothers in London offering to the slum-lasses their children for a shil-ling or a sixpence, often for

ling or a sixpence, often for a glass of gin. It may seem without prece-dent, but I believe it would be wise for the state to buy these children. When the mother is willing to sell her child, it is a plain indication that the worst thing you can with that child is to leave it in her hands.

DRUNKARDS AND WORSE.

Not far from my residence is a family (if it is right to use that heaven born word (if it is right to use that heaven born word in such a connection) in which the father is a drunkard, the mother, a not badly mean-ing woman, but weak, after years of re-sistence, has succumbed, and she, too, is a drunkard. The oldest daughter is a prosti-tute, and is demoralizing and infecting the neighborhood. All the children are growing up to be panners prostitutes and criminals up to be paupers, prostitutes and criminals After the ruin is accomplished, perhaps some day society will rub its gres and say: "My! ought we not to raise the inquiry whether there is not here a question which should be considered?" State surgery would long ago considered: State singlers would have con fined the father and mother until the showed some signs of improvement, an would have assumed the office which th natural parents had abdicated. This i they and the This is what state surgery would have done with the mother of the Jukes family, thus saving no end of money and no end of human degra-dation, and of moral and physical contagion.

TENEMENT HOUSE EVILS

State surgery would act in the matter tenement houses which are the hothed and distributing point of every form of com-municable disease. When one thinks of the tuberculosis and the typhoid and the filth diseases which pervade these ulcers of soclety, I wonder that the death rate is not vastly greater than it is. This same state surgery will arrest at whatever cost the reckless dissemination of tuberculosis through the dry and powdered sputa which are scattered upon the air, and which the street sweepers by their malevolent art convey to the sensitive lungs of multitudes. In all the mining and manufacturing dis-tricts there are hordes of Hungarians. Poles and Italians, ignorant, addicted to the an-

archy which is the reaction from despotism who are murdering American citizens because the Americana desire to work for a wage agreed upon between themselves and their employers. State surgery will deal promptly with those who are here, and it will also deal

sexual pass ith crimes dictate state surgery will deal in the only way which s at once just and appropriate and sure to

State surgery will not be liable to the condemnation that is divinely pronounced against those of whom it is said, "They have healed the hurt of my people slightly." State surgery will so heal that the healing will last; in the great body of instances, it will seek to heal before the crisis has come, be fore the disease has produced irreparable disaster. The time for warm water and emulsions and flaxseed tea is past. The time has come for state surgery.

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### FOURTEEN HOURS IN THE SEA.

### Experience of a Young Englishman Who Tried to Swim Ashore.

With nothing but a life preserver between him and certain death George Moore o Bristol, England, spent fourteen hours in the Atlantic ocean, off Cape Henry, on Sun day, July 22, says the Boston Herald. Moore's case, which was brought to the attention of Commissioner of Immigration Delhanty yesterday by Captain Wiley of the schooner Cactus, is both remarkable and pathetic.

Moore is 18 years old. He decided to teal his passage from Liverpool to America and he secreted himself in the hold of the steamer Templemore of the Johnston line. Here amid the suffocating heat he remained in hiding for nine days. He was dis-covered by one of the sailors when three days out, but, instead, of informing the captain, the sailor took pity on the youth and gave him some bread and water when possible. Moore's rations, howaver, were short, as the sailor did not dare to run the risk of being caught offering ruccor to a stowaway.

When nine days out one of the engineers discovered the stowaway and quickly in-formed the captain. When Moore was brought before the captain he was threatened with imprisonment when the ship reached Baltimore; also with the treadmill upon being returned to England. The horoughly frightened youth was finally set to work and given some bread and water.

Possible imprisonment in two countries was not a very desirable outlook for the young Briton. At first there seemed to be no way of escape, but as the Templemore stood off Cape Henry in the early morning of July 22 Moore mistook the headlights on severa sailing vessels for lights on the coast. Being a good swimmer he concluded that he could escape by jumping overboard and swimming ashore. To think was to act. He hunted the deck over until he found a life preserver. He next took off his shoes and tied them to the preserver. Quickly getting his head and shoulders through the preserver he jumped into the ocean. Instead of swimming to ward the shore he went in the opositi direction and when daylight came there was nothing to be seen of land.

His position was perilous in the extreme death at any moment seemed certain. The sea was rough, and wave after wave rolled over his head. His endurance was remarkable considering the fact that for nine day he had had barely enough food and water t sustain life. He swam and floated on and on for fourteen hours, until at last, when it seemed as if every moment would be his last, he was seen by the lookout on the scheener Cactus, bound from Baltimore to Boston. Captain Wiley of the Cactus lowered a boat and sent four of his men to th rescue. Moore was completely exhausted and fainted when placed in the bottom of the boat. His head, face and neck were hadly scorched, as he had no protection from the July sun. Captain Wiley is proud of Moore's achievement and is so well pleased with his pluck that he has shipped him be fore the mast.

Moore looked none the worse his experience. Several good nights rest and substantial food have put him on his feet, and he now laughs as what would have been certain death for one with a lower stock of vitality.

Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher, Henry Ward's eldest brother, celebrated his 91st b.rthday anniversary Monday.

of the road and a great believer in Leech and a desire to deprive sleuths of liberal rewards keep them in seclusion. But it can be truthfully said of them that they upheld the honor of the business. An express car well loaded was usually to them the chief object of solicitude. And on some occasions it was their wont to give an exhibition of fireworks and introduce themselves to the passeng rs. Of course, if messengers were injured, it was because of unbecoming zeal in behalf of employers. That was unpardonable, and had to be rebuked. Even the con-ductor was rarely touched, except that his person was utilized as a shield against hasty gunning. Griswold and Lake sho symptoms of professional training. showed They were amateurs in the business and cowards at heart. The holding-up of a freight train conductor proved them to be ruffians of the lowest class. A professional would not waste lung or lead on a freight train crew More likely he would toss them a handful of twenties, and bid them take su'thin'. But the Chicago brand of low-down crooks pus-

sess none of the qualities that illuminate the records of border freebooters. One reads in vain the details of crime and chase and capture for a single incident invested with the glamour of western dasa. Having robbed a freight train conductor of his watch, they shoot down an officer, and jump from the train. A train going in the opposite direction takes them nearer cap-tivity. Another officer is shot and mortally wounded. They levy on a farmer's team, drive a mile or two, then to a corn field and surrender. A threat of lynching makes the ruffians tremble in their boots and beg protection

Call that an exhibition of the western des perado? Shatles of James and Younger, Sontag and Evans, Black Bart, Bill Dalton and the lesser fry in jail and und r ground! Or, go east and read up the record of Abe Buzzard of Pennsylvania, and of the Starr and Reno gangs of Indiana. If some coura-geous medium could call their spirits back to earth, it is not improbable they would rejoice having passed away ere the profession fell into disrepute and decay.

Some of the florid accounts of the affair presume to class it as the work of viterans. It happened in the suburbs of the city, amid a net work of streets and tracks, wher-pursuit was certain and apprehension in

evitable. That is but additional proof of amateur work. It fails short of the mark. It is outclassed. Oliver Curtis Perry set a ace for suburban dare-deviltry that is not ikely to be surpassed or even approached for some time. Ferry did not hold up a freight train. He wanted richer game. In October, 1892, Ferry climbed on the roof of the express car of a train on the New York Central leaving Albany. He carried a rope

adder with hooks. These he attached to the roof of the car, while the ladder hung down the sides. Climbing down the ladder, he broke a pane of glass on the side of the car pointed his revolver at the express messen g r, and commanded him to open the door The messenger did as requested, and Perry swung into the car. Similar persuasion induced the messenger to open the safe, and Perry bagged the swag, over \$10,000. A pull of the bell rope slackened the pace of the train, and the daring highwayman jumped off and fied. In the inception and execution as well as his attempts to slude pursuit and

as well as his attempts to stoke point and his capture, the hold-up of Perry is un-equalled for pleturesque daring. What a change a few fleeting years have wrought in the train robbing business? What a fall from \$110,000 at Big Springs to

eonductor's watch in Chicago! Prior to 1875 the highwaymen of the west confined their attentions to stage coaches For ten years previous desultory train raids were made by the Starr and Reco gangs in Indiana. But their plan of making a more equal distribution of the coin of the country did not take root beyond the Mississipp until 1875, when the James gang began op-erations at Gad's Hill, Mo. Two years later the Union Pacific train was robbed at Big Springs. The amount of booty secured by the robbers has not been equaled since, and the ease with which the deed was done, the tracking of the robbers, their capture and killing, and the recovery of the money, forms a story of thrilling interest undimmed

by age Big Springs was a water tarh station on

who, by the way, had brought his father out to Ogallala, who had opened a little store. The party of herders still remained in camp Leech worked on several clews. One day as he was about to go to Julesburg to follow up a tip and was putting his horses aboard a train, Jim Berry sauntered up and re-marked: "I hope you catch those fellows, Leech. If you will wait for me I will go and get my gang and go with you." Leech could not wait. When he came back from Julesburg he learned that the herders had broken camp. An impulse seized Lopch to ride out to the deserted camp. Here he found a piece of calico, which it afterwards turned out was part of a mask worn by one of the robbers. He thought little of it, but showed it to his father by accident. "The old man said: "Why, I sold McDonald six or seven yards of that goods about two days before the train was held up."

That night young Leech was on the trail. He rode fast, and on the third day he unex-pectedly came in sight of them. They saw him and started after him. They ran him until sundown and fired several shots. He got away, but the next morning resumed the trail, keeping well out of sight. One night he crawled up to within fifty fet of them. Well for him that he did. They had just completed a division of the spoils and were to separate at daybreak. McDonald and Hefridge were to continue on to Texas. Jim Berry went cast. Jack Davis and Bill Bass started for the southward. Leech heard Berry say to McD hald as they parted, "Write to me at Portland, Caliaway, county, Mo." This assured the detective that Berry was on his way back to Missouri, McDonald and Hefridge would probably cross the Kansas Pacific railroad near Fort Hayes or Buffalo. Leech hunted up a ranchman, Buffalo. Leech hunted up a ranchman, gave him some telegrams and an order to the station agent at Ogaliala for \$200. The rancher delivered the messages. A tele-gram was sent to a fighting frontier sheriff at Buffalo named Bullock. He got some

troops from Fort Hayes and started out on the trail. In the mist of the early mora-ing two horsemen came over the bills. "Threw up your hands," shouted Bullock. "Trapped," said McDonald, as he reached for his gun. It caught in his rubber cat, the soldiers fired, and McDonald and Hefridge On their horses was found fell full of lead. \$40,000 of the stolen gold.

Berry was traced to Missouri and killed as he lay under a tree by the sheriff of Audrian county, who had a posse out in connection with a Callaway posse. Leech lost the trail of Bass and his partner. Bass was afterwrds the leader of a gang of Texas train robbers and was wiped out by the rangers.

Josh Davis was killed in a drunken quarrel in the Indian Nation.

The man Mason, or Collins, was always a mystery. At the time of the robbery he held the bag in which the money and jeweiry of the passengers were put. He did not know how well hs companion had done in the express car, and he ran away with what he had in the bag, probably removing his disguise and continuing east on the train he had robbed. He was heard of severa cars ago in the copper regions of north Michigan.

One must compare Big Springs with Chicago to appreciate the depths to which the profession has descended.

### THE BULL TEAM

Cy Warman in McClure's Magazine. Cy Warman in McClure's Magnaine. The sturdy buil, with stately tread, Submissive, silent, bows his head And feels the yoke: the creaking wain Rolls leisurely across the plain; Across the tracklers, treeless hand, An undulating sea of sand, Where mocking, sapless rivers run, With swollen to ngue and the odshot eye, Still on to where the shadows lie, And onward toward the setting sun.

With tearful eyes he looks away To where his free-born brothers play Upon the prairie wild and wide: He turns his head from side to side; He feels the buil whip's cruel stroke. Again he leans against the yoke. At last his weary walk is done. He pauses at the river's brink. And drinks the while his drivers drink Almost beside the setting sun.