

# OLD JOB IS FINISHED

St. Louis Savant Works Hall Century on Aristotle's Book.

Dr. Denton J. Snider, Leading Writer on Philosophical and Psychological Subjects, Finally Completes Long Task.

St. Louis, Mo.—Dr. Denton J. Snider, St. Louis savant, who has been pronounced by eminent American and European critics the leading writer on philosophical and psychological subjects, has just completed the final work in his system of universal psychology.

The new book is entitled "The Bloccosmos," and is an exposition of the life of nature psychologically treated. Specifically it treats of the science of biology in its widest sense. In Dr. Snider's system this is the third part of nature, as the whole is conceived.

Scientists and the world of letters have been following the progress of Dr. Snider's labors during many years, and his announcement that the entire work is completed is one of the important literary items of the season.

In this tremendous work the dream of the Greek philosopher Aristotle, and later that of Herbert Spencer, of accumulating all there was of definite knowledge and weaving it into a vast, comprehensive system, to be a monument for future ages, has been realized by the St. Louisian.

Aristotle accomplished what he set out to do, and in a measure Spencer was successful, but in the system of the English thinker there are certain gaps, such as history and aesthetics. These gaps are filled, and the progress in learning since Aristotle's time is supplied in Dr. Snider's new system.

The works of Dr. Snider number more than 36, but the essential ones included in his new science are 18. The entire subject is grouped under seven general heads: Organic psychology, psychology of philosophy, psychology of nature, psychology of art, psychology of institutions, psychology of history and psychology of biography.

For more than half a century Dr. Snider has been gathering the materials for and working upon his system. Most of his labors were performed in St. Louis, but in the course of his investigations he visited foreign countries, where he was able to

# ONE OF OUR GOOD ANGELS NEAR DEATH



MISS CLARA BARTON, the Florence Nightingale of America, is nearing death after ninety years of noble life. During the Civil war, when there was no such person as a "trained nurse" in existence, she did heroic service on battlefields and in hospitals. During the Franco-Prussian war in 1870 she also served the wounded, at constant risk of her own life. She organized the National Red Cross society in the United States and applied its relief work to great calamities by fire and flood as well as to war. No other American has ever accomplished so much for the help and comfort of the sick as this one modest woman.

bring into play the dozen or more languages of which he is master. During the years of toil he was not the absorbed, solitary scholar, such as Faust is represented, "buried in dusty volumes and away from the world." He has taught a large following of students in classes that at times numbered well into the hundreds. These classes were unique and were the beginnings of a sort of world

university which Dr. Snider hopes will survive him and use the materials he has created. In recent years the classes, open to all, have been held in the branch library building. Books were given to the students without charge by their author, and the talks and lessons were by Dr. Snider himself. Now there are a number of classes conducted by former pupils, who have mastered the system.

Buffalo Gnat Pellagra Cause. Lexington, Ky.—The buffalo gnat has been fixed upon by Henry Garman, a government bacteriologist and entomologist, as the cause of the mysterious disease pellagra, which has been spreading in the mountain regions of Kentucky. Mr. Garman has been conducting investigations into the cause of the disease in Whitley county, aided by Dr. Grim, a government expert.

How the gnat communicates the disease is not known, but both scientists believe they are on the right track and eventually will find a cure for the disease. The buffalo gnat exists in great numbers throughout the south.

Students on the Gain. Berlin.—According to figures just published, the proportion of German students studying at the German universities this summer underwent a further increase. At all the universities there were 57,230 students, of whom 4,519 were foreigners. This is equal to 7.9 per cent. of the whole, against 7.6 per cent. 20 years ago. Of foreign countries Russia sent by far the largest number, 2,040. There were 292 Americans, against 299 last year.

Game Birds Plentiful. Grand Rapids, Minn.—Game Wardens Jesse Harry says game birds of all kinds will be more plentiful this fall than during the last five years. He says ducks are more plentiful, and that partridges are present in great numbers. Deer are plentiful also, and on the less frequented roads it is not unusual to see five or six during a day's travel.

Why Children Tell Stories. Egotism and Vanity Are Chief Causes of Falsehood and Habit is Difficult One to Cure. Boston.—How lying children can be cured and the habit prevented was told by Rev. Robert Swickerath, S. J., professor of pedagogy in Holy Cross college, in one of ten lectures he delivered before the Catholic teachers' institute which closed recently at Boston college.

"Liar's must not be taken either too lightly or too seriously," he said, "but every means must be taken by educators to cure them." Prevention he regards as more important than the actual curing, yet in every case lying will crop out from time to time, requiring the utmost care, prudence, vigilance and tact of the best teachers. Said he: "Lying should, above all, be prevented. Much can be prevented by prudence and tact and by systematic treatment of children. If a child has

# IN THE PUBLIC EYE

## STOLYPIN A MUCH HATED MAN



Peter Arcadjevitch Stolypin, the Russian premier, who was assassinated, was noted throughout the courts of Europe as a courtier and a master of ceremonies. Despite his courtly bearing and the great love the czar bore for him, Stolypin, it can be said safely, was the most hated man in all Russia. To the people of Russia he was known principally as the man who by his wholesale executions and drum-head sentences, "Stolypin's necktie," as a synonym for the hangman's noose. Death sentences and executions were reported daily from his office, without the slightest comment or word of explanation. Cold grim figures alone made known the work of the hangman.

Two attempts before that which resulted in his death were made on his life. He had not long been a member of the cabinet as minister of the interior when the revolutionists blew his house almost to pieces, injuring his little girl so that she is crippled for life. Weaker men than he would have retired, at least for a time, from the policy which had engendered the attack, but not Stolypin. He stuck to the course he had outlined and dared the revolutionists and assassins to do their worst. Several times it was announced that his reign as minister of the interior was at an end, but he kept the portfolio just the same.

Stolypin was a marvel of physical energy. No problem was too great for him to assume. He carried a heavier official burden than any statesman of Europe. His daily life, from which he never varied, was a model for the officials of St. Petersburg. In some cases he tempered the exercise of his authority with humanity and in other cases packed courts and sunrise executions spelled the end of whoever disputed him or the emperor.

Throughout his political life he played the dual role of murderer and humanitarian. To those whom he condemned he was the hangman, but to the enemies of those he condemned he was a great humanitarian who lived for Russia. He ruled as the will of a cowardly monarch made him. In the official life of Russia he will forever be known as the courtier. But to the people of the lower classes there will be one synonym for the dead premier, and that will be, "Stolypin's necktie."

Thomas E. Knotts, mayor of Gary, Ind., the steel trust's "Magic City," has been arrested for the alleged taking of a bribe of \$5,000 from T. B. Dean, who was endeavoring to get the city fathers of Gary to give him, in behalf of his company, a heating franchise. "Mayor Tom," as Knotts is called, denies the charge of bribery and says that the whole thing is a "frame-up." He avers a base plot has been hatched to get him and his aldermen out of office, a plot to blacken his good name.

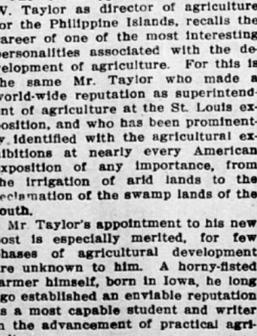
Dictagraphs, such as were used at Columbus, O., to get evidence against bribed members of the Ohio legislature, were used in Gary to get evidence against the mayor as well as against seven other officials. All these officials are alleged to have sought bribes ranging from \$1,000 to \$10,000 from Dean for the purpose of putting his franchise through the council. Dean claims the mayor demanded \$5,000 to sign the franchise after it had passed the council. The mayor signed, and after the signing, officers found \$5,000 in an envelope in a pigeonhole in his desk at the city hall.

Mayor Knotts went to Gary "broke" four years ago, living in a ruder hut on the sand wastes. Today he is rated a millionaire and lives in one of Gary's finest homes.

Knotts has been constantly embroiled in gamblers' and saloonkeepers' wars and both factions have tried in vain to have him impeached. In the latter part of 1909 a plot was discovered in the settlement of Gary's foreign population to assassinate him. The leaders of the plot were arrested, but were never placed on trial.

If the charges of graft and corruption against city officials are true, Gary, the model city of the steel trust, has little to learn from other places in the way of political degradation. The town has had a not time politically ever since its organization. Several times it has required the services of squads of deputy sheriffs and even of the state militia.

## PORTUGAL'S NEW PRESIDENT



The new constitutional president of Portugal, Dr. Manuel Arriga, has a hard task before him. When the republic was proclaimed in October, 1910, a provisional government was established and, beset by reactionary tendencies on every side, it found difficulty in maintaining itself. The monarchists were active in undermining its stability and many of the republicans who aided in the overthrow of the monarchy became lukewarm in their support of the republic because disappointed in obtaining the sweets of political office.

Not long since the National Assembly chose a new president and adopted a constitution. The choice for president, Dr. Arriga, is popular, but whether this popularity will remain after he is in office long enough to make enemies is another question. Meantime the supporters of the exiled King Manuel are active both in Portugal and outside its borders and at the present time Portuguese troops are being employed to repel a possible invasion by monarchists from the Spanish province of Galicia. That there is discontent of a widespread order in Portugal seems certain and it requires a strong man to stem the tide and popularize the republic.

The task of President Arriga is thus a difficult one and is rendered more so because most of the leaders under the republican regime are more the orators than practical statesmen.

# IN THE GARDEN BELOW

By MOLLY MacMASTER

Delicia slipped joyously into the soft pink silks of her costume. The young woman possessed a temperamental and could write in nothing save pink—pink from her slippers, to the large bow that confined a mass of copper ringlets at the nape of her neck. Her cheeks rivalled the pink of the frock for inspiration had come suddenly and she could scarcely contain herself until she reached her den.

She glanced out at the rambling old house in the next garden; it had been vacant so long that the windows were almost hidden behind the unkempt vines. A desultory litigation had hung over its stately premises so long that Delicia had decided to make use of the privacy it afforded.

Consequently, Delicia carried her writing paraphernalia to a small den-like room on the third floor. Fortunately for the girl's temperament, the walls bore traces of pink flowers and with the touches which artistic hands can give, Delicia soon had an attractive workshop.

Arrived in her bower, the girl peeped out through the port hole of her window—she had sacrificed the vines to that extent—and sighed as she gazed wistfully at the old garden so rich in possibilities but so much in need of loving hands to guide its straying vines and tangles of old-world flowers.

"Delicia had no time herself. Her stories demanded every moment. "Besides," she murmured to the garden, "someone might see me and then—I might be put out of my lovely room." She grew fearsome at the very thought and went desperately to work on the story in her mind.

For an hour or more her typewriter clicked. When the best of her thoughts were safely down she became more conscious of outward sounds. Gradually it came to her senses that a peculiar grating noise had been going on for some time. At the same moment a voice was humming "My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose."

Delicia jumped up cautiously and peered through the opening in the vines. She started back, then quickly



Peered Through the Opening.

resumed her position as she realized her safety.

A man was digging in the garden below. Surprise, indignation, joy were mingled in the expression of Delicia's eyes—indignation that anyone dared to enter what she had grown to consider her own, and joy that the old garden was at last coming into its own, for the man below was working like a happy slave over paths and vines and rose trees.

Delicia made her cup of tea slowly and thoughtfully while she cast occasional glances into the garden or rather at the man in the garden. That he was big and well knit was easily seen and that his head was crowned with gold was equally apparent but his features were not discernible.

"Has some horrible person bought the place?" was the question uppermost in Delicia's mind. She cast another glance through the vines. "He isn't so horrible, at that," she confided to herself with a sparkle in her eyes. "Anyway, I shall just wait and see. He can't any more than put me out."

But Martin Duane did not dispossess Delicia. And as the weeks wore on he apparently did not once become conscious of the pair of gray eyes that followed him in his work about the garden.

The magazines suffered the loss of Delicia's work. Up in the pink den

Delicia grew peevish because her well-trained brain refused to compose beautiful stories; it preferred to take vivid interest in every movement of the man in the garden.

The garden thrived and blossomed into a veritable fairyland of color. The man seemed to take particular care of the roses; to Delicia's longing eyes it looked as if the pink ones grew defiantly larger and more desirable than the others.

As June wore toward its close the girl found herself consciously jealous of the pink roses; especially was she jealous of the tender care which was given to one bush. The man spent hours tending the glorious bud that was slowly opening its heart to the garden. He pruned and petted and watched it with the eyes of a lover.

Delicia's desire for a cluster of these roses became a passion. When the man in the garden buried his head in their pink depths to inhale their sweetness she felt that she must rush down and clutch some of them to her own heart.

Upon the night of the big dance in the town hall Delicia stood before her mirror and gazed at the pink cloud reflected there.

"I need that one rose," she said to herself. "My costume is incomplete without it. I simply must have it for my hair."

She slipped quietly out and glided through the moonlight into the garden next door. Once in the garden, Delicia forgot everything save the glorious moment. She wandered about the rose paths inhaling draught after draught of their sweetness and looking always for the one pink beauty. The moonlight turned them all about until they looked like little pale souls playing about in the garden.

"You beauty!" she cried aloud when her fingers found the one they sought. "Oh—, but you have thorns!" she murmured as she tried to break the stem.

"Perhaps I can cut it for you," a voice, musical and rich, came out from the moonlight.

"Oh—!" Delicia slipped quickly down among the roses.

"Great Scott! I didn't mean to startle you, child!" He picked the pink cloud up in his arms and gazed down at her face. "You beauty," he muttered under his breath.

Martin Duane picked a great rose bud hastily and drew it gently across the girl's brow. It was cool and Delicia's eyes opened slowly.

"Thank goodness," cried the man as his eyes looked deep into the great gray ones. "So fascinated was he that he forgot for the moment that he was holding her close in his arms."

"I am better now," she said. He released her and said quickly, "I am a brute to have startled you, so especially when I have waited so long for you to come down from your sky."

Delicia cast a startled glance at him. "You have known?"

"I saw you slip through your gate and into this house almost the first day," Martin Duane spoke with a wonderful tenderness. "You had on something pink—like this." He touched the scar that hung from her shoulder. "That is why I put in so many pink flowers," he said simply.

"And I would have taken your very finest rose," she said.

"Yours," he corrected her. "I had made up my mind that if I hadn't managed to meet you before that rose came into full bloom that I would send it up to you with a plea for your—"

"It is in full bloom," said Delicia softly.

The man stooped over the bush and cut the rose. He very carefully removed all the thorns and put it into her hand.

A moment later he said: "I have bought this place."

Delicia was silent for a moment, but in that moment something, subtle and intangible though it was, told her that she need never give up the pink den.

A Mariner at Fifteen. John Dudley Hall, a fifteen-year-old Pinora (Ga.) high school boy, wandered into New York police headquarters looking for shelter. Since June 3 he worked his way to Savannah, Hamburg, Germany; Leth, Scotland; Dundee, Scotland; Leth again, Hamburg again, London, England, and then to New York. He had a letter from Daniel Svenson, assistant superintendent of the Savannah Port society, stating the boy had had his parents' consent to travel, to ship as seaman, or to go sailing in any other capacity, a ship's master might wish. Hall said he was hungry, having been in New York several days, spent all his money and could not find work. He was sent to the Children's society.

# Suffers a Plague of Mice

Region About Adelaide, South Australia, Infested—Diseased Rodents Fall in Water.

Adelaide, South Australia.—This region is suffering from a plague of mice. A resident of Adelaide, who recently made a tour in the Yorke's Peninsula district, records that "mice constitute one of the chief topics of conversation throughout the peninsula. One man told me that every morning he skims about 300 of the water in his underground stock tank. Another on opening the top of his drill a few mornings since found some of the feed pipes choked, and approximately 400 mice in the feed box. The stacks of wheat at different places present a deplorable appearance owing to the ravages of the little rodents. Grain is running down the sides in all directions, and it is practically impossible to move a bag without disturbing a dozen or more of the brown-capped burrowers. The wheat dumpers kill hundreds with their bare hands, and tie string around the bottoms of their pants to prevent invasion from be-

# FAT MAN BITES HIS OWN TOE

Wins Wager From Friend, But Goes to Hospital With Dislocated Hip—Saw Baby Do the Trick.

Philadelphia.—It will be a good while before Charlie Bacon again boasts of his ability or tries to win a bet by his athletic prowess. Charlie is in a hospital for this reason, and he has learned a lesson that will last a long time. He tips the scales at the 250 mark, but always has been so careful of his physical condition that he has been able to do stunts of which many a lighter man might feel proud.

He watched his friend Ben Kearns newest baby put its big toe in its mouth and boasted that he could do the same. Ben bet him \$20, all his small change, that he couldn't, and Bacon tried the trick. He succeeded, but there was a snap and the big fellow faltered in pain.

When a doctor arrived he found that Bacon had dislocated his right hip and sent him to a hospital.

# WISE TIGHTWAD IS BEATEN

How "Percy Chambers" Thought He Was Getting the Best of Railroad, But He Was Not.

Chicago.—This is the story of a tightwad beaten at his own game. The tightwad, a Chicagoan, who will be known here as Percy Chambers, because that is not his name, was in St. Joe, Mo., recently, and wanted to go to Salt Lake on a business trip, but he hated to pay out \$30.50, which was the advertised rate for the round trip. So Percy hunted up a friend who was in town with a theatrical company bound for Denver.

"Joe, will you smuggle me to Denver on your company ticket?" he asked. "Well, it's up to you," said Joe. "My ticket calls for eighteen fares and we have our own sleeper. If you can smuggle yourself into a berth so you won't be counted by the conductor, all right; I'll furnish the berth, but if he finds you, you're got to pay."

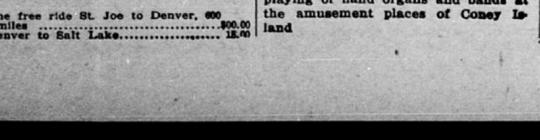
That satisfactorily arranged, Percy gaily brought his suitcase to the car on the night of departure, boarded it

# TO TEACH FILIPINO FARMERS

The recent appointment of Frederic W. Taylor as director of agriculture for the Philippine Islands, recalls the career of one of the most interesting personalities associated with the development of agriculture. For this is the name of Mr. Taylor, who made a world-wide reputation as superintendent of agriculture at the St. Louis exposition, and who has been prominently identified with the agricultural exhibitions at nearly every American exposition of any importance, from the irrigation of arid lands to the reclamation of the swamp lands of the south.

Mr. Taylor's appointment to his new post is especially merited, for few phases of agricultural development are unknown to him. A horny-fisted farmer himself, born in Iowa, he long ago established an enviable reputation as a most capable student and writer in the advancement of practical agriculture.

The government may well expect under his supervision a most substantial development of agricultural resources in the Philippines.



Salt Lake to St. Joe..... \$0.00  
Total..... \$30.50  
And Percy is still trying to figure how the railroad got so much money out of him after his long free ride.

Water Girl in New Feat.  
New York.—Adeline Trapp, 20 years old, of Brooklyn, the little school teacher who surprised the sporting world five weeks ago when she swam from Yonkers to Forty-third street, if miles, accomplished a more difficult feat the other day when she swam from North Beach to Robbins Reef, near Livingston, Staten Island. She covered the 2 1/2 miles in 5 hours 7 minutes and 30 seconds.

Hand Organs Cause Illness.  
New York.—At his Brooklyn home, Joseph Richards, a mounted policeman of Coney Island, is recovering after an illness of weeks from nervous prostration. His physicians declare that his illness was brought on by having to listen to the continuous playing of hand organs and bands at the amusement places of Coney Island.

One free ride St. Joe to Denver, 600 miles..... \$0.00  
Denver to Salt Lake..... \$30.50