

# THE CITY OF GOLD



Johannesburg, South Africa.—Both, the famous Boer guerrilla general, a British premier and fetid in London; the Transvaal, after three years of warfare and five of military rule, once more a self-governing colony under Boer control—how strangely events reverse themselves! And yet Johannesburg, which created the Transvaal and nine-tenths of it, goes on serenely, pouring forth gold in a continuous stream, unmindful of political change, and will continue, doubtless, to do so, till the last paying particle of the auriferous metal has been extracted. Then the mines will close down forever, the houses tumble to decay, and the myriads of migrating springbok will once more wander over the site of the great mining city.

Dumped down in the middle of a vast, rolling sea of barren uplands, crowned with strong granite hills, joined to the southern coast, over a thousand miles away, by only two slender railway lines, Johannesburg is emphatically dependent for its existence on the gold output. Just one-and-twenty years ago a party of prospectors made a discovery of gold upon the farm of an ignorant Boer named Johann, who resided far from civilization in a desolate region where it had been stated officially that gold could not possibly be found. They offered him a price which seemed enormous for the sale of this property. The old man pocketed the money, packed his wife, children and household utensils inside his ponderous wagon, inspanned his oxen and trekked away northward into the wilderness. Today his farm is valued in billions; and now, where once the wild was blackened by antelope herds, stalked by the lion and leopard and a few adventurous frontiersmen, there stands a city of 150,000 souls, white, black, yellow and brown, known as Johannesburg.

## The City To-Day.

It is a long, irregular, straggled succession of mining villages, amalgamating into a fine town toward the center of their length, and stretching away for about 30 miles along the course of the famous reef—a series of tall chimneys, miners' huts, groups of stores, negro and Chinese compounds, huddled beneath the shadow of the great wheels which crown the headgear at the entrance to the shafts. From miles away, when everything is hidden under the noon haze, or floats a dancing mirage, between earth and sky, may be seen the immense heaps of "tailings," which is the name given to that refuse that remains after the gold has been extracted by cyanide of mercury from the pulverized ore, and shines, whiter than snow, in immense mounds along the whole course of the outcrop. So vast are these heaps that when, during the exciting days of revolution and the Jameson raid, Boer officials suspected that Maxim guns and rifles were hidden therein, they were searched systematically for days without their contents being discovered.

There is probably no city in the world which has seen so many eventful days or held such an assorted population. The fame which Johannesburg over attained on the discovery there of the richest gold fields in the world, sustained by her constant prominence in the eternal Anglo-Dutch feud in South Africa, attracted thither adventurers and fortune-hunters from all corners of the earth. Here may

see the Englishman, recently arrived and superficially scornful of colonials; the miner from Wales, speaking no tongue but Welsh, drawn thither by high wages; the Yankee, supreme in enterprise and slowly outting all his competitors from business; the French investor, the German brewer and, of course the Scotch bank clerk, Indian coolies, Afghans with horses, Persians in round, embroidered caps; Syrians peddling and hawking, Greeks and Italians pushing great barrows laden with fruits and luscious grapes from the Cape orchards; Malay women with regular, oval features, carrying upon their backs enormous bundles of washing; Boers with wagons and oxen, cracking their long whips round the market square; half-castes and natives from every tribe between the Zambesi and Table mountain, pass and repass, intent upon their business. There is the sturdy farmer from the backveld, making his first visit "to town," with his round fringe, veldschoen of untanned antelope hide and nautical trousers buttoning at the sides, and the Hebrew, predominant in everything, in the saloon trade, the factories, the general stores.

Before the war there existed in Johannesburg a syndicate, well organized, with wide ramifications, controlled by half a dozen millionaires, which sold liquor illegally to the natives at an enormous profit. The penalty for conviction of engaging in this traffic has now been made life imprisonment, and the stringency of the law has mended matters, but not ended them. Illegal whiskey and smuggled opium are now the desperate enterprise of a few smaller men, who stake their liberties against the 1,000 per cent. profits which can be made by them.

## Illegal Liquor Sellers.

In the old days when Johannesburg was still a mining camp, when beer and champagne were both retailed at \$5 the bottle in the corrupt and palmy days of the Kruger oligarchy, the liquor dealers had a monthly turnover of millions, the natives were debauched by Cape gin, and all work upon the mines had to be suspended between Saturday and Tuesday, until they had recovered from their intoxication. Vile alcohol, manufactured from potatoes at a cost of about two cents a gallon, was colored, bottled and retailed at 12 cents a drink. Usually the manager of the nearest mine received a salary from the syndicate to close his eyes to the affair; and the majority of the detective force likewise received a salary from two different and, theoretically, opposing powers. The bars in which the liquor was sold were simple rooms, adjoining some store, access being obtainable only through a single door. The liquorists stood upon a disappearing sideboard, which, when a spring was pressed, sank through a trap door in the floor. Spies stood at every corner in the vicinity to keep watch against the approach of strangers of a suspicious nature; and should such draw near, an electric signal bell rang out its warning, so that the detective, rushing into the store, pistol in hand, would find nothing more exhilarating than a party of Kafirs bargaining over a blanket, unless one of these same bargainers happened to be a confederate of the raiding party, and had retained the alcoholic beverage in his mouth through the medium of a small sponge, and had thus kept the evidence which was to send the she-

been down to Capt. Town for a number of years, to help in construction work on the breakwater.

## Few to Enact Role of Spy.

But the vengeance of the liquor syndicate was no less far-reaching than that of the illicit diamond brokers at Kimberley, and thus it occurred that the role of Noah Claypole was never a popular one.

To-day the traffic is chiefly in opium. The importation of 50,000 coolies from China, accustomed to smoking it, has led to an insatiable demand for the product. Upon the Rand, the name given to the districts along the gold reef, there exists a yellow population of indentured servants—virtually serfs—equal in number to all the whites in Johannesburg. Lodged in overcrowded compounds, where they are confined like animals, liable to be flogged for any infraction of discipline by their white overseers, who have learned the summary ways of the Boers with natives, from time to time some of this seething horde overwhelms its guards, breaks out, and takes to a life of pillage and murder along the outlying districts.

South Africa is not an especially law-abiding country, and the punishment of the opium smuggler is usually summary. He is offered the choice between a flogging and a period of imprisonment, and, of course, chooses the former. Thereupon he is strapped tightly to a wagon wheel and receives 50 lashes from a whip of hippopotamus hide, wielded by half-castes. These men, delighted at taking their revenge upon one of the white race, do not spare the victim. His back is literally cut to pieces, and, at the end, half-dead and streaming with blood, he is flung out of the compound.

## At Night in the Square.

The farmer, arriving at Johannesburg about midnight, after a long day's trek, "outsleeps" in the great market square, and goes to sleep beside his wagon, while the native "boys," having fed and watered the animals, kindle a fire in the square, round which they crouch in their blankets until the morning, chanting and twanging upon their one-stringed lyres, or playing some cheap Swiss accordion. At break of day coffee is made, and breakfast prepared—the latter a haphazard mixture of hare, steinbok and partridge, or whatever else may have fallen to the farmer's rifle during his journey, stewed in the ubiquitous pot and eaten with a coarse porridge made from ground maize. Soon the square will be filled with a chattering crowd of farmers with vegetables and sacks of produce, anxious to dispose of them and go to return; auctioneers holding

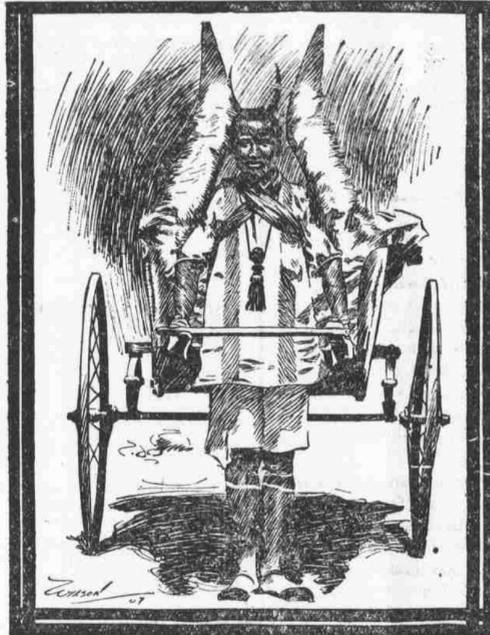
tramped hundreds of miles northward from their kraals on the southeast coast of the continent to seek work in the City of Gold. Yet, so firmly bound are they to their tribal chiefs that a call to arms, as in the recent Zulu rebellion, will send them hurrying in hot haste homeward to enroll in their regiments. It is difficult to identify in their smiling faces the descendants of the fierce warriors who made the Zulu name a nightmare throughout South Africa for nearly a century. They hire their rickshaws from the owners, paying at the rate of about three shillings, or 75 cents, a day, and receiving all their earnings. The rickshaw is in general request in Johannesburg, being cheap, comfortable and just adaptable to two persons sitting rather closely together. Hence it plays a leading part in bringing about relations, and its requisition is in dozens on moonlit nights in winter, when the band is scheduled to play at the Wanderers' club grounds, and the stifling heat and the dust storms are nullified by a brisk canter through the empty streets. The Zulu rickshaw boy would consider himself dishonored in the eyes of his brethren if he did not attire himself in garments of an esthetic value. The specimen shown in the illustration appears to have combined the horns of the Evil One with the wings of the seraphim. It is probable, however, that this combination possesses some weird, secret symbolism of its own, known only to the wearer.

## Zulu as Serving Maid.

The Zulu is one of the mainstays of the housewife in South Africa. The maid of the up-country Boer woman is usually a yellow Hottentot girl; but the Zulu takes in the towns, the places filled in Northern countries by the serving maid. He is the housemaid, nursemaid, errand boy, a good cook and a fair coachman. To take care of the baby is, however, the chief pleasure of his existence. When he reaches this age of confidence his life is one series of capacious smiles. It is an amusing sight to see small children in Joubert park, carefully tricked out in white sunbonnets and finery, attended by some stalwart Zulu of six feet and more, who, almost uncouth in the clothes, or rather, half-clothes of civilization, stalks proudly along, almost overcome by a sense of his importance, wheeling the go-cart or holding the tiny hand in his enormous, ebony fist.

## Revel in Drunken Conflict.

From Saturday afternoon till Tuesday morning work is practically at a standstill upon the Rand. It is a common proceeding for the Zulus of



A ZULU RICKSHAW BOY

forth with the ingenious patter of their tribe the world over, trying to dispose of second-hand furniture or worn-out horses, which they vainly guarantee to be "salted"—that is, immune against horse sickness. There are Syrian women, with shawls across their faces, offering laces to the inspection of the voluble vrows who have accompanied their husbands upon their journey, to take charge of the receipts, in fear that Hans, or Jan, or Paulus may happen to fall in with jolly companions; and, passing deftly among these, are the native attendants, leading horses to water, or herding oxen.

## The Rickshaw "Boy."

One of the most picturesque sights in Johannesburg is the Zulu rickshaw "boy," one of whom is shown in the accompanying illustration. These "boys"—grown men, in fact—have

the city to send a formal challenge to the Basutos, or for the natives of, say the Robinson mine, to challenge those of the Driefontein to combat on the succeeding Sunday. All Saturday night the rival warriors soak themselves with rum, until the vile potato alcohol has reduced them to a state bordering on insanity. In the morning, half dazed and infuriated, they take their knobkerries—a species of shillelagh—and assagai, and sally out to the battle. The opposing party is equally intoxicated, and a furious combat ensues, several deaths and scores of casualties constantly occurring. The white overseers, knowing that in the condition of their employes their own lives would be practically valueless should they interfere, remain spectators of the fight until both sides are exhausted; then up come the police and separate the combatants.—Baltimore American.

## ILLS OF HUMANITY.

### The Demonomological Theory of Disease and Its Curious Phases.

The earliest conception of disease seems to have been that evil spirits for the time being took possession of the body, says the British Medical Journal. This general notion expressed itself in various ways.

The Hindus built temples to the goddess of smallpox—a fact used with deadly effect by Edmund Burke in his impeachment of Warren Hastings, whose apologetics had pointed to the temples erected in his honor by the natives as evidence of the mildness of his rule. The Romans had no fewer than three shrines dedicated to the goddess of fever, which was doubtless malaria. As to the present day, there is a church in Rome dedicated to our lady of fever, which is a lineal descendant of these shrines.

Another belief was that the demon of disease was introduced by evil-disposed persons by means of magic. Again, in different races or tribes are

found such beliefs as that disease is caused by ghosts of the dead, or by the spirits of animals killed in hunting invading the living. These notions must be carefully distinguished from the later concept that disease is a punishment inflicted by an angry deity.

This notion of the causation of disease naturally led to methods of treatment directed to the dislodgment of the demonic intruder. Sometimes a hole was bored in the sick person's skull to provide an outlet by which the evil spirit might escape. But the most common plan of expelling the disease demon was to make his usurped abode as uncomfortable as possible. The patient was beaten, starved, smoked with evil-smelling substances, and drenched with every foul thing that the savage imagination could conceive.

In the matter of medication, too, the system of ejecting the trespassing spirit by making the quarters in which he had established himself as far as possible uninhabitable persisted long after the belief on which it

was originally founded had died out, and is not even now entirely extinct. The horrible concoctions prescribed by doctors in the middle ages might seem to have been intended for the forcible eviction of evil spirits. Medieval pharmacy is fairly represented by the contents of the witches' cauldron in "Macbeth."

The demonomological theory of disease held sway over the minds of men for thousands of years. But if the simple pathology of primitive men causes us amusement, the smile dies on our lips when we reflect on the appalling consequences of that belief translated into action. It was the notion that disease was caused by demons that led to the belief in witchcraft, which survived in full rigor till the seventeenth century, and is not by any means extinct in this century of light. The belief in witchcraft caused the persecution and judicial murder of countless human beings, chiefly of women, guilty of nothing worse than eccentricity or madness. The medical profession may justly pride itself on the fact that to the

teaching of some of its members the abolition of atrocities which make the heart sick was mainly due.

Witchcraft is by no means dead yet, and, as readers of J. K. Huysmans know, "Satanism" with the "black mass" and the like superstitions have still a fascination for minds of certain kind of morbid culture. With these things the demonomological theory of disease has a close affinity. The same superstition survives in another form in the doctrines held by many at the present day, and that sickness is the result of sin, and that sickness is itself sinful. From this teaching springs the rank growth of quackery which chokes the good seed of truth in the minds of so many of those to whom the higher education has failed to teach the right use of their reason.

Room for All the World. In the state of Texas you could place each man, woman and child 70 feet apart, giving each 4,900 square feet of land—room sufficient for houses, cattle and vegetable garden.

## FIXING OF THE COST

### THE FACTORS IN PRICES OF COMMODITIES.

### PRODUCTION AND DISTRIBUTION

Equity in Division of Profits to All Engaged in Producing, Manufacturing and Selling.

Were the masses of people better informed as to principles underlying business transactions and commerce in general there would be less cause for complaint as to matters pertaining to buying and selling of commodities.

One of the faults, if it may be so termed, is the inclination of the people to complain about prices they must pay for goods required for domestic and other uses. There can be no doubt but that in many districts retail merchants exact exorbitant prices, this to an extent is the fault of the people who are little acquainted with real values. There are three important things to be considered in the fixing of the selling price of all commodities. These factors are the cost of the raw materials, the expense of manufacturing and the expense of distribution. From commercial transactions neither of these basic elements can be eliminated. The farmer who is the grower of corn, wheat and other cereals that comprises food stuffs, receives compensation for his product in accordance with the laws of supply and demand, and the values that may regulate the monetary markets of the world. The producer of cotton in the southern states, must receive for his product compensation that is based upon the cost of labor, manufacture and what finished articles in the cotton line may bring in the markets of the world. The producer of the raw materials must pay for his labor, and for his investment in farm lands and farm equipment. The manufacturer who buys the raw products must take into consideration the expense of labor, the maintenance of his manufacturing plant, the interest upon the amount invested, and also various other items, and the sum of these with what he can secure for his finished product, regulates the price that he pays for the raw material. In the distribution of goods the middle man plays an important part. He is the go-between the producer of the raw material the manufacturer, and the manufacturer and the consumer.

He cannot well be eliminated from commercial transactions. He performs a service that neither the producer of the raw material or the manufacturer can more economically perform. The middle men are the jobbers, the commission agents and the retailers; each performing his special service in the matter of distribution. The consumer is the end of the chain, the final buyer of commodities who utilizes them for his own use and the uses of his family. There should be a margin of profit in each of the different transactions that will allow equitable compensation to each and every one interested in the production of a finished article. All goods have a real value and this value is determined solely by the elements referred to herein. The consumer must expect to contribute his mite towards the support of all engaged in commerce. He is the beginning link, as well as the ending link of every transaction. The farmer who grows wheat, when he forces the grocer from whom he buys his flour to sell the flour at a low rate, indirectly has an influence in lowering the market for the wheat that he produces. When the consumer demands that goods be sold at a price below the cost of production, he invites substitution of inferior goods, adulteration of the articles and encourages a system that is unwholesome.

The people should understand that they never receive something for nothing, or receive anything of value for less than its value unless under some abnormal circumstance. Of late years there has a system grown up of offering great bargains in various kinds of goods by catalogue sent through the mails, and presenting attractive and illusive advertising that goods are being sold at less than cost. The intelligent man or woman will carefully consider all the circumstances relative to such offers, and will be guided accordingly. It is a pity that when special bargains are made there are conditions that justify such bargains; that goods are not of standard grade, are stale, or deteriorated in some manner. Also there has a system of offering "free premiums" grown up that is unwholesome, and to an extent an imposition upon the people as the system compels them to pay for articles that are not essential for them to have. The man who buys sugar does not care to be forced under the guise of paying for sugar to pay for a paper of pins or a package of needles, even though these may be a "free premium." It is well to bear these points in mind, and a little study in business economics and principles will be highly advantageous to the one who desires to know about the proper value of goods he must buy.

## PUBLIC OPINION.

### Power of the Country Press and Its Influence Upon the Community.

While the influences of the great city papers are recognized and the great magazines fill a necessary field, neither of these conveyers of general information can ever supplant the field which is occupied by the country press. The home paper is the medium that conveys local intelligence to its readers. It fills a place in the journalistic world that no other publication can ever supplant. The country press is one of the greatest powers in the molding of public opinion. It may not be up to the highest classical standard, but its rough literary gems are continually shining resplendent and cast their rays in the most remote corners of the land. It is a power for good. In its reflections of events, in the local field are shown the progress of the people whom it represents. It is the mirror of the condition of the town and the country. The residents of every community should take the greatest pride in assisting in making the home press more powerful. Stand up for your home paper. It is the one staunch advocate of your local interests and to an extent is indicative of either your prosperity or your lack of progress.

### Starlings Egg-Stealers.

A correspondent, writing from Leith, England, expresses a strong opinion that the starlings rob small birds' nests. Some years ago there was a large tree opposite my dwelling-house. There was a hole in the trunk of the tree about ten feet from the ground, and sparrows built their nests in the cavity. I have time and again seen starlings driving away the parent birds, enter the nests, taking hold of the eggs with their bills and flying away with them.

A gravedigger in Banffshire once told me that a yellowhammer had built its nest in the churchyard, and it contained four eggs. One day a starling attacked the hen bird as she sat on her eggs. The yellowhammer defended her nest and made a great noise, which attracted his attention, but before he got up to the nest the yellowhammer had been killed by the starling, and the latter was on the nest and breaking and eating the eggs. Forty years ago starlings were rare birds in many parts of Scotland, but now they are to be seen in thousands everywhere, and there can be no doubt they have some destructive habits.

### Queer Ways of Men.

Many a man, who permits his boy to fool with cannon firecrackers would not for a moment think of allowing him to play with a mad dog.

## SCHEMES TO DEFAUD.

### Some of the Plans to Secure Money Without Adequate Compensation.

Plans to secure money from the people without giving adequate returns are numerous. Not alone are the residents of country districts made the victims of schemes, but city people as well are now and then humbugged by shrewd fakirs. Within the past year or two it was announced in the columns of magazines and the farm papers of a seedless apple being evolved. A few months later seedless apple trees were widely advertised from different parts of the country. One concern which started in to operate on an extensive plan organized seedless apple companies in different states of the western country. Within a few months hundreds of thousands of dollars were taken from the pockets of the people for seedless apple trees. These trees were just the ordinary kind, and poor stock at that. So bold were the operations of the seedless apple tree schemers that the secretary of agriculture found it necessary to issue a bulletin warning the people of the fraud, and later the post office department issued fraud orders against those engaged in the nefarious business. There are nurseries located in nearly every state. It is a good plan for the residents of farming and fruit growing districts to carefully investigate concerns selling fruit trees and similar lines before they are given patronage.

A number of petty grafts have lately been worked throughout the country. One of the common ones is the hiring of agents to sell soaps, perfumes and other commodities on the premium plan. The concerns which operate games of this class generally have their headquarters in some large city and through advertising secure the names of people desiring employment as canvassers and agents. To such they send letters holding out extraordinary inducements. Those who agree to act as agents sign a contract which is an agreement to pay for such goods as may be sent to them on consignment. The sample outfits which are forwarded, or the small stock of goods, are billed in such a way as to allow the concern an exorbitant profit. If the agent succeeds in selling the goods and remits promptly there is not likelihood of being any trouble, but generally the goods are so poor in quality that they remain dead stock in the hands of the canvasser, and he will find that the agreement he has signed will hold him to pay for the goods.

One of the humbugs that is perpetuated upon the people of many communities is the selling of stock in cooperative mercantile companies. During the past three or four years the residents of many small towns and agricultural districts have lost hundreds of thousands of dollars, if not millions, through the buying of stock in alleged cooperative establishments in large cities. One company with headquarters in Chicago, doing a mail order business, sold stock in excess of \$1,000,000, and when the concern went into the hands of a receiver about a year ago there was not ten per cent. of assets to return to stockholders. Other alleged cooperative deals involve what is termed a profit sharing plan. This plan does not require the purchase of stock, but the cooperative part is purely a scheme devised for the securing of trade.

## MONDAY UNIVERSAL WASH DAY.

### Recognized as Such Over Almost All the World.

Why does nearly all the civilized world wash clothes on Monday? What has Monday to do with washing? It was originally the moon's day and was sacred to the queen of night. I read in a schoolboy's history that the Pilgrims landed on Monday and the good women immediately set about washing the clothes that had been soiled on the trip over. We might judge from that alleged fact that no washing was done aboard ship; yet the finest place for such necessary work of sanitation and blessedness is out at sea where there is plenty of water and nearly always a drying wind.

The voyage of the little Mayflower lasted 63 days, I believe, and as nearly as we can now reckon the landing was made at Plymouth Rock on a Monday, though some historians insist on Friday. It must have been a vile and filthy vessel on arrival, with 102 passengers and crew going over two months without washing their linen. Linen? What did they wear in 1820? Can you realize how big was the Mayflower? A miserable little bark of 160 tons (Capt. John Smith) or 180 tons (according to Bradford).

## Close Confinement.

The new phonograph had just arrived, and in her husband's absence, Mrs. Jones thought she would give her parrot a treat, so she set the machine working on a record of "In Old Madrid," sung by Mr. Jones in his best style.

At the very first bar Polly opened her eyes in surprise, and rocked herself to and fro in deep and speechless wonder.

She was evidently thinking deeply, and her excitement was intense. She cocked her head on one side, with an expression that indicated interested conjecture, and irritation at not arriving at a satisfactory conclusion. As the song finished, an idea dawned upon her.

"Well," said Mrs. Jones with pride, "what do you think of that, Polly?" Then the bird found words: "Great Scott!" she shrieked. "You've got the old man boxed up this time."

## MCKINLEY MONUMENT

### To Be Dedicated in Buffalo Sept. 5. Former Residents Invited.

The beautiful white marble shaft erected by the state of New York in Niagara Square, Buffalo, N. Y., to the memory of President McKinley, is to be formally dedicated Thursday, Sept. 5, and the event will be the central feature of Buffalo's Old Home Week, Sept. 1 to 7. Former residents of Buffalo and the public at large are cordially invited to attend the dedication.



The McKinley monument was planned and executed under the direction of a commission of prominent men, at a cost of \$150,000. Gov. Charles E. Hughes, with his military staff, will take part in the ceremonies and President Roosevelt and former President Grover Cleveland have been invited to attend and speak. Military parades will be a feature of the occasion.

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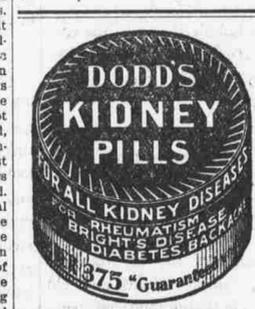
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## WINCHESTER



## Shotgun Shells "Leader" and "Repeater" and Repeating Shotguns

make a killing combination for field, fowl or trap shooting. No smokeless powder shells enjoy such a reputation for uniformity of loading and strong shooting qualities as "Leader" and "Repeater" brands do, and no shotgun made shoots harder or better than the Winchester.

THEY ARE MADE FOR EACH OTHER