

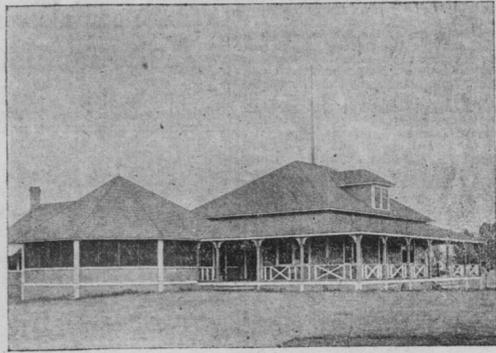
# A STATE GOLF ASSOCIATION

## Planned to Form One at the Winona Tournament Next Week—Something About the Meadow-Brook Club, the Host.

Special to The Journal.

Winona, Minn., Aug. 17.—On Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 29, 30 and 31, the first state golf tournament, held in Minnesota, will be held at the links of the Meadow Brook Golf Club in this city. It is expected at this time to organize a state golf association and arrange for holding such tournaments annually, possibly with prizes to be held by the winners merely for a year and to be competed for annually. For this first tournament, however, the prizes are to become the personal property of the winners. That they are well worth contending for is shown by the fact that they represent an expenditure of over \$250. The prizes are shown in the accompanying cut. The large cup is the championship prize and the second three-handled cup at the extreme right goes to the runner-up in the championship contest. The two egg-shaped cups, the one next to the right end and the one at the extreme left are the prizes in the consolation contest. The second cup from the left is to go to the player making the best score in the qualifying round, while the one immediately to the right of it is the trophy donated by A. G. Spaulding & Brothers, and will be the first prize in the special contest for those who do not qualify for the championship consolation prizes.

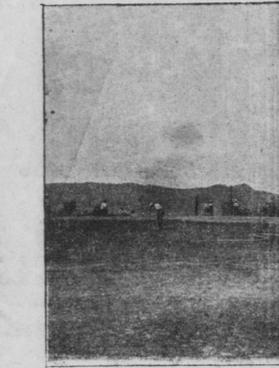
The Meadow-Brook golf links, where the tournament will be played, are at the west end, beyond the residence portion of the city. The club has improved them from year to year, until now they



MEADOW BROOK GOLF CLUB HOUSE, WINONA.

Comfortable quarters for the candidates are provided at the rear.

The course consists of nine holes and is 2,700 yards long. A brook runs through the center, and is crossed six times. There are also two series of bunkers before two greens. The location of the flag



THE HOME GREEN, MEADOW BROOK GOLF CLUB, WINONA.

are in most excellent condition and as good as almost any to be found west of Chicago. The work done on the links represents an outlay of some \$2,000, while close to \$2,500 has been expended in the erection of the clubhouse shown in the cut. The clubhouse has a large main room, a commodious outdoor dining-room screened in and a wide porch from which a view of the entire links can be secured.

or the flag itself can be seen on staff or the flag itself can be seen on nearly every green from the teeing grounds. The Meadowbrook Golf Club was organized in the summer of 1897. A. B. Youmans, now a retired lumberman, was the moving spirit in the matter, but he soon had W. M. Bolcom, J. S. Pomeroy, J. R. Marfield and others interested. Mr. You-

mans had been in the east and played the game there, and was so pleased with it that he wanted it introduced here. From the start to now, though not one of the expert players of the club, he has contributed liberally to the promotion of the sport. He was chosen the first president of the club and has held that position ever since. The club was organized July 30, 1897, at a meeting at the home of J. S. Pomeroy, when in addition to the election of A. B. Youmans as president, H. S. Johnson was chosen as vice president and J. S. Pomeroy as secretary and treasurer. J. W. Booth is the present vice president and W. F. Andrews the secretary and treasurer. The club membership, including ladies, is now over a hundred.

The first links were laid out across the lake on property belonging to the Woodlawn Cemetery association, immediately east of the cemetery grounds, but the location was too hilly and too wooded to permit of good golf playing. Nevertheless, the first tournament, a handicap af-

fair, was held there and W. M. Bolcom was the winner. After a few months at this location a grounds committee to seek a new location was named, consisting of W. M. Bolcom, C. A. Boat, H. S. Youmans, H. S. Johnson and C. M. Morse. They recommended the lease of the present grounds, the wisdom of which selection has since been abundantly justified.

In the fall of 1897 A. B. Youmans presented the club with a handsome loving cup to be contested for annually, the cup to become the personal property of any person winning it three times. It was provided that the holder of the cup from the season before should not have to play in the match except with the winner among the other players. The first two years the cup was won by Rev. T. P. Thurston, the third year by W. M. Bolcom, and last year by J. R. Marfield. It will be played for again this year in September.

Last year J. R. Marfield presented the club with a second loving cup, to be played for twice a year, in July and September, the player winning it three times to become its permanent owner. This cup was won twice last year by W. M. Bolcom and last July was taken by Rev. T. P. Thurston. In this cup contest the holder must enter the play the same as the other participants.

Entries are coming in quite freely for the state tournament now. Over twenty from out of Winona have been received by Secretary W. F. Andrews and quite a number from Winona will also play. The honors are well worth striving for. The committee having the approaching tournament in charge consists of J. R. Marfield, H. S. Youmans and J. W. Booth. For the organization of the state golf association, which it is planned to complete, each club in the state has been invited to be represented by two delegates. While the meeting will be an open one this has been deemed the best and quickest method of formation. All the tournament events are open to any golf player in the state without entrance fee.

When a large number of cribs had been made they were connected into strings, twelve to fifteen in each. Huge oars, the blades of broad planks and the stems of pine trees, were attached to the ends of each string by means of grubbing irons that acted as pivots. The water gates were then raised and, amid loud, excited shouts from the crews and creaking of the lumber, the rafts dashed over the slide, through the roaring torrent, and went sailing down the river to their first destination.

Reed's Landing, named after its first hotel keeper, was a small village on the Mississippi river near the mouth of the Chippewa. Here a large eddy formed a fine harbor and afforded the lumbermen a chance to connect the short rafts into what were termed Mississippi rafts. Additional men were then hired to work the side poles and sweeps and new pilots selected. The latter ran only certain divisions of the river and commanded salaries of \$10 to \$20 per day.

In a good stage of water the run to St. Louis, of 640 miles, was generally accomplished in six or seven days. At night the crews always tied up to shore and the task of "snubbing" a raft successfully in a swift current was no easy feat. First, the hind end was swung in and the front end out. If there was danger of missing the landing selected a man had to wade or swim to shore with a hawser. This he deftly looped round a tree or big stump and held it taut until time was gained in which to tie it.

A rough shanty built on the raft served as kitchen and sleeping quarters for the men, and though it was about as water-tight as a sieve, they were seldom inconvenienced by an sort of weather. Years of exposure seemed to have made them semi-amphibious.

Arrived at St. Louis, the lumbermen's Mecca, the lumber brought from \$30 to \$50 per thousand. The yield from one raft frequently amounted to \$40,000. Crews were then paid off and, after seeing the sights for a week, returned up river on some of the smaller packets devoted to their patronage. The chance passenger who was lucky enough to embark for the north upon one of these boats soon ceased to expect any peaceful slumber en route. The red-shirted, devil-may-care river rascals were invariably drunk and consequently jolly or quarrelsome as dispositions varied, but always noisy. Each carried a blanket roll for bedding and wore his slouch hat both night and day.

I have traveled on the old Itasca at night when its cabin floors were covered with raftsmen in all stages of intoxication. The boat was dry as tinder and lighted by kerosene lamps. The men amused themselves by hurling blanket rolls at each other and whenever a lamp chanced to be struck and shivered to atoms they shouted with glee. The boat officers fully realized the danger, but were powerless to control the men; all they could do was to sell them liquor enough to induce stupor, and not till the situation was remedied in the manner, did we in our staterooms dare to hang up our life preservers.

As a class this type of men is now practically extinct. Lumber is seldom rafted since railroads have penetrated the forest regions and the few log rafts to be seen these days are propelled and guided by steamboats.

**A Typical Mill Village in 1860.**  
The mill was the nucleus which maintained the life of every surrounding object. A creek, spanned by a wagon bridge, ran through the valley. On the side was a short street edged with small cabins facing the mill. These were built to accommodate the families of married employees, and each had a tiny garden and patch of sunflowers. A large boarding house with a dormitory above was the home of the single men. From the roof of the front porch hung an old, rusty table saw, which did duty as crane. The long line of men tramped across the little foot-bridge over the dam, taking to the tables spread with homely fare such magnificent appetites as the Vanderbilts never enjoyed in all their pampered lives. And while these sturdy woodsmen ate and smoked and rested the most unearthy and startling screams that ever greeted human ears always rose upon the air down at the mill—but murder was not being done there; it was only the old millwright who sharpened each individual tooth of his saws with a hand file.

Down the lane, beyond the tavern, were the shops where blacksmiths and carpenters cheerily hammered and whistled all day long. Further on were the charcoal pits, stock barns and pastures. Near the picturesque bridge stood the general store which contained the postoffice and such merchandise as the laboring men and the neighboring farmers might need. For luxuries, the purchaser must go to the nearest town, six miles away. The proprietor's home was built upon a hill that commanded a view of the whole valley.

No intoxicating liquors were permitted to be sold in or near the village, and, to enforce this rule, the owner was obliged to enter a great deal more land than he had any use for. Had no this precaution been taken, Monday morning would rarely have found the majority of the hands in fit condition to labor.

These men presented a cosmopolitan appearance. They were Swedes, Bohemians, Norwegians, half-bred Chippewas, full-blooded Indians and a sprinkling of Yankees, but French Canadians predominated.

**The Evolution of a Mill—A Typical Mill Village.**  
In 1837 some traders belonging to the American Fur company penetrated the forest region of northwestern Wisconsin. Two of the trappers, Hercules Dousman and Jean Brunet, decided to erect a few substantial buildings and a mill upon the site of the present thriving city of Chippewa Falls. The task was a difficult one, as rock had to be excavated for the mill's foundation, but the prospectors, inured to hardships, accomplished it with the aid of the three "couriers du bois" who had

# THE MAKING OF LUMBER

## Primitive and Modern Methods of Manufacture ---The Evolution of a Mill---A Typical Mill Village.

In no line has more marked improvement been made during the past three decades than in milling machinery as applied to the manufacture of lumber. The clumsy devices of thirty-five years ago have been wholly displaced by perfect labor-saving inventions.

To illustrate the tremendous strides that have been taken, it will be necessary to describe first the methods employed in the early sixties and institute a comparison with those now in vogue.

In the northern pineries good mill sites were rare. Therefore, the usual method was to locate a mill in a creek or river banked by bluffs, a pond was easily made by building a dam of logs with a sluice gate in the center. The only power was obtained in those days was by means of water wheels.

During the running season one man was kept busy pulling in logs for the mill. Pole in hand he walked the bottom selecting and guiding his slippery prey to the approach where he pounded a hook into it; the heavy chain to which this was fastened connected with a wheel inside the mill and the log was slowly drawn up and across the framework of square timber. A man with a cast-iron roller rolled it onto a carriage which very deliberately carried it head first against a coarse-toothed perpendicular saw.

After slabs of generous thickness had been cut off four sides of a log, it was rolled onto another carriage and borne to a circular saw revolving at the rate of 5,000 times per minute. When this had waltzed through its victim the rider reversed his lever and sending the carriage skipping off, the log was adjusted another notch and the proceeding repeated until the timber was all sliced up. The boards were taken by men to an edger which cut off the rough bark, then they pitched them down a chute to the rafting shed.

Rafting was an art in those days and the inexperienced or careless workman might easily cause damage enough to ruin his employer. If the lumber were laid down too loosely in a crib it was likely to break away and float off when the raft was subjected to the tremendous strain of passing over the dikes or lower falls.

A rafting shed was built sloping down to the water's edge. In its floor were heavy wooden rollers at given intervals. Grub pins three feet long were driven from hickory wood, were placed head downward at each end and in the center of the frame. Upon these pins were first strung, a network of one-inch planks; next the boards were laid in a way best calculated to give strength and uniformity to the crib. When the required depth was reached, from twelve to twenty-four courses, according to the stage of water, shingles, lath and siding were usually piled on top of the crib and the signal given to "roll her off"—a process not unlike the launching of a ship.

By poles the crib was guided down stream and tied up where it would be out of the way. When a large number of cribs had been made they were connected into strings, twelve to fifteen in each. Huge oars, the blades of broad planks and the stems of pine trees, were attached to the ends of each string by means of grubbing irons that acted as pivots. The water gates were then raised and, amid loud, excited shouts from the crews and creaking of the lumber, the rafts dashed over the slide, through the roaring torrent, and went sailing down the river to their first destination.

Reed's Landing, named after its first hotel keeper, was a small village on the Mississippi river near the mouth of the Chippewa. Here a large eddy formed a fine harbor and afforded the lumbermen a chance to connect the short rafts into what were termed Mississippi rafts. Additional men were then hired to work the side poles and sweeps and new pilots selected. The latter ran only certain divisions of the river and commanded salaries of \$10 to \$20 per day.

In a good stage of water the run to St. Louis, of 640 miles, was generally accomplished in six or seven days. At night the crews always tied up to shore and the task of "snubbing" a raft successfully in a swift current was no easy feat. First, the hind end was swung in and the front end out. If there was danger of missing the landing selected a man had to wade or swim to shore with a hawser. This he deftly looped round a tree or big stump and held it taut until time was gained in which to tie it.

A rough shanty built on the raft served as kitchen and sleeping quarters for the men, and though it was about as water-tight as a sieve, they were seldom inconvenienced by an sort of weather. Years of exposure seemed to have made them semi-amphibious.

Arrived at St. Louis, the lumbermen's Mecca, the lumber brought from \$30 to \$50 per thousand. The yield from one raft frequently amounted to \$40,000. Crews were then paid off and, after seeing the sights for a week, returned up river on some of the smaller packets devoted to their patronage. The chance passenger who was lucky enough to embark for the north upon one of these boats soon ceased to expect any peaceful slumber en route. The red-shirted, devil-may-care river rascals were invariably drunk and consequently jolly or quarrelsome as dispositions varied, but always noisy. Each carried a blanket roll for bedding and wore his slouch hat both night and day.

I have traveled on the old Itasca at night when its cabin floors were covered with raftsmen in all stages of intoxication. The boat was dry as tinder and lighted by kerosene lamps. The men amused themselves by hurling blanket rolls at each other and whenever a lamp chanced to be struck and shivered to atoms they shouted with glee. The boat officers fully realized the danger, but were powerless to control the men; all they could do was to sell them liquor enough to induce stupor, and not till the situation was remedied in the manner, did we in our staterooms dare to hang up our life preservers.

As a class this type of men is now practically extinct. Lumber is seldom rafted since railroads have penetrated the forest regions and the few log rafts to be seen these days are propelled and guided by steamboats.

**A Typical Mill Village in 1860.**  
The mill was the nucleus which maintained the life of every surrounding object. A creek, spanned by a wagon bridge, ran through the valley. On the side was a short street edged with small cabins facing the mill. These were built to accommodate the families of married employees, and each had a tiny garden and patch of sunflowers. A large boarding house with a dormitory above was the home of the single men. From the roof of the front porch hung an old, rusty table saw, which did duty as crane. The long line of men tramped across the little foot-bridge over the dam, taking to the tables spread with homely fare such magnificent appetites as the Vanderbilts never enjoyed in all their pampered lives. And while these sturdy woodsmen ate and smoked and rested the most unearthy and startling screams that ever greeted human ears always rose upon the air down at the mill—but murder was not being done there; it was only the old millwright who sharpened each individual tooth of his saws with a hand file.

Down the lane, beyond the tavern, were the shops where blacksmiths and carpenters cheerily hammered and whistled all day long. Further on were the charcoal pits, stock barns and pastures. Near the picturesque bridge stood the general store which contained the postoffice and such merchandise as the laboring men and the neighboring farmers might need. For luxuries, the purchaser must go to the nearest town, six miles away. The proprietor's home was built upon a hill that commanded a view of the whole valley.

No intoxicating liquors were permitted to be sold in or near the village, and, to enforce this rule, the owner was obliged to enter a great deal more land than he had any use for. Had no this precaution been taken, Monday morning would rarely have found the majority of the hands in fit condition to labor.

These men presented a cosmopolitan appearance. They were Swedes, Bohemians, Norwegians, half-bred Chippewas, full-blooded Indians and a sprinkling of Yankees, but French Canadians predominated.

accompanied them from Green Bay. During the first few years they had no device whatever for storing logs above the mill, and only felled the trees as the need arose. All provisions had to be brought up river on keel boats until ten years later.

After a tour of inspection through the modern mammoth mill at Chippewa Falls, Wis., with its magnificent equipment, one finds it hard to imagine its prototype as a mere shed covered with bark and shakes, furnished with but one lone jig saw.

Nothing about a modern mill is done as it was thirty years ago. The saws are now taken from the castings to the filling room where moving frames carry them round a circle past emery wheels which revolve automatically, grinding the teeth of each saw as it passes by them.

The boarding house system is done away with and higher wages enable the men to live where they please.

Head sawyers who formerly received \$4.50 per week, with board, now command from \$8 to \$3 per day; but they must prove themselves men of experience and unerring judgment and be able to decide at a glance what sort and size of boards each log will make.

In many mills steam has replaced water power. A Swiss firm has brought out a ribbon saw which cuts up logs over three feet in diameter and runs at a speed of 100 feet per second.

Not the least noticeable improvement about mills of the present day is the absence of the old-fashioned sawdust.

Sawdust is also furnished to ice packers, who pay \$10 per box car load, f. o. b. at the mills. In a few districts it is pressed into cubes, by the addition of pitch, and sold for kindling wood.

A genius recently discovered that pure carbon may be manufactured from sawdust more cheaply than coal can be mined. The carbon, when electrically smelted with lime, forms a superior quality of calcium carbide. This is likely to open up a new field of industry.

There is now a good demand for hardwood sawdust in the United States, Canada and England. Fine mahogany is used for cleaning fur; boxwood for jewelry and silver; sandal wood for scented bags, and others are used in making pressed mouldings, ornaments and marquetry work.

—Rex Wilson.

lever, sends the carriage forward to a hand saw fifty feet long that runs around two pulleys at the rate of 10,000 revolutions per minute. The wet, black slabs go skating off on live rollers, looking like a procession of crocodiles. The slick of square timber is then sent to the gang saws on an automatic platform, a sort of animated sidewalk propelled by a concealed endless chain.

A set of gang saws consists of twenty or thirty in a frame. They are four feet long by eight inches wide and are set one inch apart. These pass through a log as easily as a penknife through cheese, and it comes out in boards one inch thick. The irregular, jumping motion of the gang saws reminds one of savages doing a war dance upon hot coals.

**Some Uses for Sawdust.**  
For many years what to do with the sawdust was a puzzle that defied solution. Thrown into streams it was a nuisance because the water was spoiled for stock to drink and, where the currents were sluggish, channels soon became choked up, so a law was enacted forbidding the dumping of sawdust into rivers.

Now, a large percentage of the stuff is utilized as fuel under steam boilers, but so strong a draft is necessary that the smoke stacks have to be built fully 150 feet high and a wire spark arrester placed on top of each to prevent chunks passing out and setting fires.

solite neatness of both interior and surroundings. The unsightly slabs are carried off as soon as cut, by one of the innumerable moving sidewalks, and a car dumps them at the slab yard where they are put up into cone shaped piles to dry for firewood. Looking down upon one of these yards from any high point, it appears like a huge apary.

**Present Progress of Manufacturing Lumber.**  
An endless chain with hooked teeth brings the log up onto the log deck, or dipper; this gives the jacker a chance to sort.

At the entrance of the mill it passes under an archway of water jets which wash the sand from its bark. The digger—an upright shaft with an iron tooth bar, operated by a sawyer—rolls it onto a flat car. The sawyer, by releasing a

been taken, Monday morning would rarely have found the majority of the hands in fit condition to labor.

These men presented a cosmopolitan appearance. They were Swedes, Bohemians, Norwegians, half-bred Chippewas, full-blooded Indians and a sprinkling of Yankees, but French Canadians predominated.

**The Evolution of a Mill.**  
In 1837 some traders belonging to the American Fur company penetrated the forest region of northwestern Wisconsin. Two of the trappers, Hercules Dousman and Jean Brunet, decided to erect a few substantial buildings and a mill upon the site of the present thriving city of Chippewa Falls. The task was a difficult one, as rock had to be excavated for the mill's foundation, but the prospectors, inured to hardships, accomplished it with the aid of the three "couriers du bois" who had



THE OLD RIVER STEAMER ITASCA. Well known of lumbermen back in the sixties and seventies.



THE OLD MANAHAN MILL AT CHIPPEWA FALLS, WIS. (Built in 1859.)

# Beautiful Lake Shady---A Summer Mecca



SCENES ON LAKE SHADY.

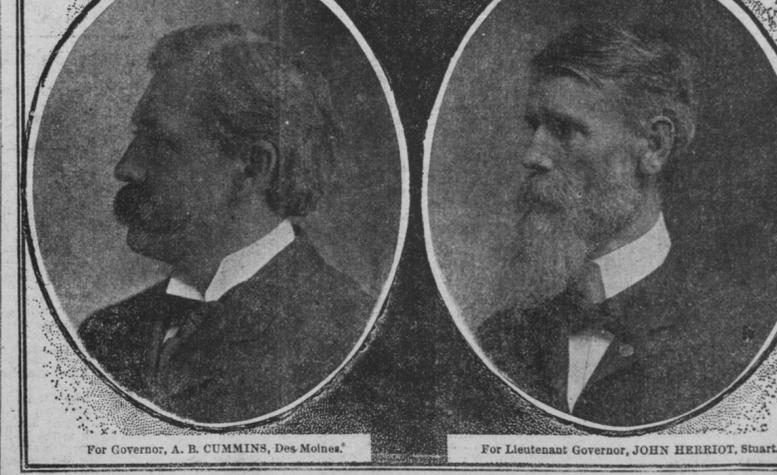


Lake Shady at Orpoco, twelve miles north of Rochester, is one of the beauty spots of the state. The lake is a mile wide and its attractiveness is enhanced by an island of fifty acres, a branch of the Zumbro river running on either side.

The grounds at Orpoco are owned by A. D. Allis and are dotted with tents and summer houses. Here the Rochester state asylum authorities have pitched large and commodious tents and give out to the patients during the summer months, taking twenty-five at a time and giving each squad a week's stay. People from all parts of Minnesota and from different localities in other states find rest and recreation at Lake Shady.

Mr. Allis has created a large pavilion and bowling alley and has other improvements in prospect. Lake Shady is no misnomer. There are many spots along its sandy, undulating shores that the fiercest sun rarely shines upon, and tree and shrub and vine conspire to make it a bower of loveliness. Its bathing pools are inviting, and its fishing is usually good. Small craft of all sorts ply the waters. It is the natural rendezvous of the picnicer out for a day's good time and for the tired citizen who would stay a month or a season.

THEY LEAD THE IOWA REPUBLICAN TICKET.



For Governor, A. B. CUMMINS, Des Moines.

For Lieutenant Governor, JOHN HERRIOT, Stuart.

**SHAKESPEARE FORGERIES**  
Remarkable Book Recently Sold by Auction in London.  
Pall Mall Gazette.

Among the thousands of books that formed the library of E. J. Stanley, M. P., and are now undergoing disposal in an eight days' sale at Sotheby's, was one precious product of the ingenuity of that arch forger of Shakespeare, Samuel William Henry Ireland, and it was sold yesterday. It is the quarto volume which deceived the world, and was published in 1795, under the title of "Miscellaneous Papers and Legal Instruments Under the Hand and Seal of William Shakespeare, including the tragedy of 'King Lear' and a small fragment of 'Hamlet,' from the original MSS. in the possession of Samuel Ireland, of Norfolk street."

In the book world the reign of the rogue is but a span, but the inventive Ireland's was rather long drawn out, and Boswell on his death bed kissing the forged manuscripts and believing his lips to be sanctified by the process, was not the only great man who was taken in by the swindle.

This book is not only interlarded with manuscript copies of the original forgeries, but is also preceded by an account of the young Ireland was first tempted by his father's unintelligent enthusiasm for Shakespeare to forge an autograph of the poet on a carefully copied old lease. His audacity grew with the growing credulity of his dupes, and ere long books of hair, private letters, annotated books, and so on, were plentifully produced, and all inquiries were put off with lying explanation. Boswell, Wharton, Dr. Parr and hundreds more were deceived, but those like Malone, really qualified to judge, denounced the imposture from the first. Ireland's audacity now reached the goal of producing a deed of Shakespeare's bequeathing his books and papers to a William Henry Ireland, an assumed ancestor. A new historical play was announced, entitled "Vortigern," and carefully concealed until its production by Sheridan at Drury Lane, but it was rapid and un-Shakespearean and was hopelessly damned.

The old man now began to smell a rat and demanded an explanation from his enterprising son. It was forthcoming in the form of the confession in manuscript affixed to the volume sold to-day. "In order," one reads, "to further obliterate as much as possible every vestige of Shakespearean production I further committed to the flames the complete impression of the present reprint, reserving no more than the annexed copy," which as a literary curiosity consequently ranks as unique. It was bought by Mr. Jackson for \$122.

# How Bill Nye Became a Humorist

New York Times.

Colonel "Bill" Root, of Laramie, Wyo., dealer in wild animals and discoverer of "Bill Nye," and who now has charge of the Indian village at Glen Island, tells the following story of how he "discovered" the humorist:

"Bill Nye, when a young man, wasn't much in fact, folks in Laramie wondered whether he would eventually dry up and blow away or just die of plain starvation. Things would never come his way, and that same way led through many rocky places. Everything to which he turned his hand seemed to wither under it, and he began to think that he was a 'hoodoo.'

"Bill was a pretty discouraged sort of a cuss when I said to him and his wife one day: 'Come out to the ranch and stay with me for a while,' and they came. Long before this time Frances, Bill's wife, had made up her mind that Bill was cast in the mold of a lawyer, and nothing would do but Bill

must study law. So Bill came along with his old books and would wander around the ranch trying to imbibe ozone and pages of Blackstone. But the cankerworm of worry was in his mind, and the ozone and several of the things I had in a cupboard seemed to do little good.

"Every little while Bill would sneak away, write something he called funny, send it away, and anxiously wait for the lightning, in the shape of a check, to strike. Now, Frances discouraged all this. She wanted the law or nothing. She felt that once Bill hung out his shingle all the world would immediately get into trouble and half of it would fall all over itself to get into Bill's office.

"Well, one day Bill met me about three miles away from the ranch and said: 'Bill, I want your advice. I've got something in my pocket and on my mind, and I want you to tell me what to do.'

"With that he unbuttoned his coat and pulled out a letter from a Denver newspaper including a check for \$20, showed it to me, and asked, 'Shall I become a funny man or a lawyer?' I looked at Bill, and then at the check, and back at Bill again. That check surprised me even more than it did him. But I was there to give judgment, and had to do it.

"'Bill,' I said, 'if you can find foolish people anywhere in this world who are ready to part with good bank checks for that stuff you grind out right to the house, get a big bottle out of the cupboard, put a wet towel about your head, and sit down and grind. A man must have brains to be a lawyer.'

"And Bill's wife never spoke to me for three years."

**THE FIRST.**  
Puck.

When their firstson was born Adam is thought by some critics to have remarked, not without much acerbity:

"He has hair! Would that jar you?"

"Well, I'm not presenting you with any golden-headed Cains, if I know myself!" retorted Eve, affecting indifference, albeit secretly mortified to death.

# The M. Y. C. Cruise Without a Wind



COMMODORE SWIFT'S LAUNCH, KATAHD IN, TOWS VICE COMMODORE F. FRAM'S SLOOP, THE OTHER YACHTS ARE BEING TOWED BY A STEAMBOAT.

As a class this type of men is now practically extinct. Lumber is seldom rafted since railroads have penetrated the forest regions and the few log rafts to be seen these days are propelled and guided by steamboats.