

Western Writer Pays Tribute to Railroad Magnate as Builder-Up of the Country.

Mr. Edward H. Harriman is on a trip to Europe. Ordinarily there would need be nothing added to this announcement beyond an exhortation to Emperor William to chain down his railroads and to other monarchs to put their crowns and other valuables in the safe at night. But Mr. Harriman is going off on a pleasure trip, and so many mean things have been said about him that it will not hurt any to change the tune a moment while he is out of the country and not able to take any advantage of the lapse from the cold attitude of severity that is usually used in mentioning the name of Harriman.

Of all the great railroad men developed in this generation, E. H. Harriman is easily the biggest and the best, says a writer in the Hutchinson (Kan.) Daily News. The head of a railroad company, under the rules of the game, must work for his stockholders, whether it is for the advantage of politicians, shippers or consumers. It is his job to do the best he can for the interests entrusted to his care. Harriman is not only a financier, but he is a builder and an operator. Lucky is the town, city or community that has a Harriman road. He insists on a good roadbed, level track, safe track and the convenience and comfort of the traveler and the shipper. The Harriman roads are noted as the best in the country. When Harriman gets hold of a one-horse or played-out track and right off he proceeds to put it in first class condition. He does not raise the rates of fares, although he doubtless charges "a plenty," but he insists that enough of the funds go into real improvements to make a railroad. And that is where he stands ahead of a good many others and why Harrimanism is not such a bad thing as some people have been led to think. He makes better railroads, and there is more need for improvement that way than there is in some others which are being discussed. So far as we can see, he believes in giving every interest along his road a fair deal.

He is a public benefactor from that standpoint. He uses his power fairly. He is a great man, and as good or better than the ordinary citizen who looks upon him as the personification of the money power, seeking whom it may devour. He is a strong man in the financial world, but that should not be against him, for the financial world is the object which most of us want to reach. He is a good American and he spends his money on American railroads, not on foreign titles, race horses, old editions or other bad habits. If he is not perfect—and we don't think he is—he is no exception to the rule and is worthy of the praise of his fellow citizens for the good he does and has done.

Laughter a Series of Barks. Laughing is barking, say the scientists. The neck and head are thrown back while a series of short barks are emitted from the throat. However musical the barks may be, they are barks. The laugh begins with a sudden and violent contraction of the muscles of the chest and abdomen. But instead of opening to let the air pass out of the lungs, the vocal cords approach each other and hold it back. But they are not strong enough to exercise such opposition for more than an instant, and the air, which is under pressure, promptly escapes. As it does so it makes the vocal cords vibrate producing the bark.

This obstruction and liberation of the air expelled from the lungs repeats itself again and again in intervals of a quarter of a second. There are thus in a hearty laugh four barks a second, and if continued, they go on at that rate as long as the air reserve in the lungs holds out. The empty lungs must then fill themselves, and this interval is marked by a quick gasp for breath, after which the barks are renewed. The barks occur in series with gasps for breath at intervals.

When laughter is violent, the entire body participates. The upper part of the trunk bends and straightens itself alternately or sways to right and left. The feet stamp on the floor, while the hands are pressed upon the loins to moderate the painful spasm.

Interviewing the Professor. "So you don't think Mars would reply, even if we did send signals?"

"I am almost convinced that there would be no response," answered Prof. Thinkum, adjusting his glasses.

"Then you don't believe that Mars is inhabited?"

"On the contrary, I think it extremely probable that life similar to our own exists on the sister planet."

"But you don't give those people credit for intelligence equal to ours?"

"Yes, I am inclined to credit them with even greater intelligence than we display. There are many indications that they have a civilization older than ours, in which case they should have too much sense to fool away their time on any such impractical proposition."

The Way He Did It.

Jenkins—Well, sir, I gave it to that man straight, I can tell you. He is twice as big as I am, too, but I told him exactly what I thought of his rascally conduct right to his face, and I called him all the names in the dictionary, and a lot of others as well.

Studs—And didn't he try to hit you, Jenkins?

Jenkins—No, sir, he didn't. And when he tried to answer back, I just hung up the telephone receiver and walked away.

Up on Hoyle and Blackstone.

Sir Frederick Thesiger, while engaged in the conduct of a case, objected to the irregularity of the counsel on the opposite side, who, in examining his witnesses, put leading questions.

"I have a right," answered the counsel, "to deal with my witnesses as I please."

"To that I offer no objection," retorted Sir Frederick; "you may deal as you like, but you sha'n't lead."—London, Tribune.

NEW WONDERS of MEN and NATURE

By Henry M. Hyde

The Traveling Rootless Cactus



New Link Between Science and Business

Basket Willows—the New Farm Crop



Wireless Photograph of King Edward



Sending Photographs by Wireless

Not content with sending wireless messages for hundreds of miles through the ether, Mr. Hans Knudson, a Danish engineer, has recently perfected an electrical appliance by means of which actual photographs may be sent through the air without wires and reproduced with great fidelity at a receiving station hundreds or even thousands of miles away. The photograph shown at the left is the small piece of apparatus which sends the photograph, and on the right is reproduced a photograph of King Edward VII. of England, which was actually sent by Knudson's apparatus, and reproduced 100 miles away, the whole process occupying only 12 minutes.

ENGLISH AUTOMOBILE HOUSE.

The latest development in automobile-billing for pleasure is the construction of a real house on wheels. The machine shown in the photograph contains comfortable sleeping accommodations for four people, a kitchen with a small coal range, and a combined dining and living room. On the top are plenty of seats for lounging in pleasant weather. Mr. Charles Fletcher of London, England, and his family lived in this machine last spring and summer, during a tour which covered a large part of the continent of Europe. Touring in this way, one is quite independent of hotels and may live with more than gypsy freedom, going wherever the condition of the roads will permit.

BURBANK'S SPINELESS CACTUS.

The spineless cactus is one of the Wizard Burbank's recent productions which holds out promise of great future usefulness. It can be grown, of course, in the most arid deserts, and, the spines eliminated, it will furnish, when properly prepared, very nourishing forage for cattle and horses. Further experiments are now under way

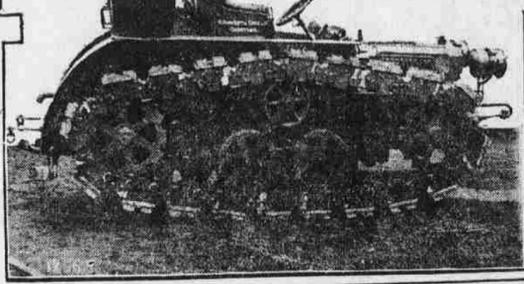


To Save Ten Thousand Lives

on the Burbank farms, in the direction of producing a cactus which will furnish an appetizing addition to the list of vegetables edible by man.

A CAR THAT CARRIES ITS OWN TRACK.

The curious automobile shown in the photograph, which carries with it its own track, is designed for use in the rougher parts of the United States where roads are either altogether missing or are practically impassable during a large part of each year. The track consists of a number of heavy feet, linked together to form an endless chain. This chain is revolved by the sprocket wheel shown near the rear of the photograph. With this machine great weights can be carried over the roughest ground. It will even go up and down the sides of an extremely steep ravine and makes nothing of ordinary ruts and mud holes. A number of these strange automobiles are in



Car that Carries Its Own Track

use in the undeveloped regions of the northwest.

NEW LINK BETWEEN SCIENCE AND BUSINESS.

Out at the University of Kansas they have taken a step which seems to be the last link needed to bind together science and business. In the big chemical laboratory of the university eight or nine post graduate students are already at work, each of them trying to solve some problem which means a fortune to the business man or corporation directly interested. The young man shown in the photograph, for instance, is spending three years in the study of the chemistry of bread. During this time he is supported by a fund appropriated by the National Association of Master Bakers. Another student is working to find a better stamper for lining the inside of steel bath-tubs. His scholarship of \$1,000 a year is paid by a large corporation, which will be directly benefited by his work. These post graduate students will also be paid a certain per cent. of

the extra profits which their discoveries may bring to the manufacturers who adopt them. In many cases, also, they will step directly from the university into extremely responsible and well paid positions.

BASKET WILLOWS THE NEW FARM CROP.

Willows for use in making baskets are a new farm crop which the department of agriculture is doing its best to introduce in this country. At present vast quantities of basket willows are imported from France and Germany, but already large plantations have been established in western New York, Indiana and the vicinity of Baltimore. On a single acre of rich, well-drained bottom land, as many as 34,000 plants may be set out, and it tended with the same care given to other crops, the net result may well exceed that of any other acre of the farm. Cuttings of the variety of willow which has proved most successful may be obtained from the department of agriculture in Washington.



Burbank's Spineless Cactus for Desert Crops

TO SAVE TEN THOUSAND LIVES.

Two million men and women employed in various industrial pursuits met with more or less severe accidents last year. During the same time the number of male workmen 15 years of age or over killed by accident was be-

THE TRAVELING ROOTLESS CACTUS.

The curious round object shown in the photograph is a rootless cactus, a native of the great California desert. For eight or nine months in the year, in the shape of a flattened globe, the plant is blown about the flat sandy floor of the desert by the winds which sweep fiercely from the ocean. When the first cloudburst breaks over the desert in the spring, the dried-up cactus sends out a perfect network of thread-like roots, often spreading over a circle whose radius is ten feet. From these roots spring small shoots each of which becomes a cactus like the mother plant. The young plants suck the life out of the parent. When the few weeks of the rainy season are over the roots dry up and in the place of one there are perhaps 100 little balls left to be tossed about over the desert floor, some of them traveling 40 or 50 miles from the spot where they first appeared.

(Copyright, 1909, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

inflammatory rheumatism in bad form. The first cry of the city authorities against these lodging-houses is the great expense, yet they think nothing of adding hundreds of thousands of dollars to the cost of constructing other municipal buildings for no other purpose than making them ornamental.

Is it not strange how we human beings would prefer to pay taxes for the support of criminals in the penitentiaries rather than take a cheaper means to prevent the making of criminals?

Every man who walks the streets unemployed is looked upon as a vagrant or suspicious character of some sort. I tell you that 90 per cent of those unemployed men are honest. I know it from experience. Do not take the estimate of the police department. The police department is looking for criminals. With the police, every beggar is a suspect.

Twice I have been arrested while wearing my disguise and was thrown in jail. I do not know whether you understand what a bulpen is. They are dungeons, located generally in the middle of the jail building. Into these they herd the vagrants, the criminals and the suspects of both sexes.

Prospectors Buried Alive.

Mitchell county, North Carolina, was the scene of a tragedy last week when two young prospectors were buried alive in a mass of earth and mica in an abandoned mica mine. The discovery of their predicament was due solely to the faithfulness of a little dog, which stood guard for three days at the mouth of the pit. One of the entombed men, John English, was still alive when rescuers came to the shaft's mouth in response to the yelping of English's dog. The man's face

Relics of First American House.

Two bricks from the first brick house erected on the American continent are on exhibition in the flag and relic room in the Ohio state house. They are from the house built at Jamestown Island, Va., by Gov. Richard Kemp, of that colony in 1623.

SPENDS TWO YEARS AS TRAMP STUDYING WORTHY UNEMPLOYED

By EDWIN A. BROWN.

DESCENDING to the level of the humblest member of the great army of unemployed that I might keenly suffer the deprivations of the worthy homeless and gain a full understanding of their needs is what I have been doing for the last two years.

A young man who accosted me one night and asked for the price of a meal took me for the first time into the highways and byways of the men who lack work.

This lad struck me as not being a common vagrant and I took him to a restaurant and bought him a meal. He told me that he had come west looking for work. I undertook to verify his story and found it true. His case caused me to think and it was through him that I got my first incentive to work for the erection of a municipal lodging-house in Denver, for which the law provided. I called on Mayor Speer and told him of the

need of a lodging-house for the city's poor and reminded him that the law provided for the erection of some sort of shelter for the homeless. He admitted a knowledge of the law, but said he thought such a place would only encourage idleness.

I told him I did not think that all the homeless human beings walking the streets of Denver were imposters.

To carry out my plans I obtained an outfit of shabby clothing, including overalls, with the idea of appearing as a man out of work for some time. Then I went into the lower end of the city and began scraping acquaintances. My shabby clothing was the badge that brought confidences and I began to get facts. Every unfortunate that I met I asked, "Where do you sleep?" What I learned will be a convincing argument for the erection in every city of a municipal lodging-house.

One night, asking a passing hobo

where he slept, he directed me to the brickyards on the edge of the city. Arriving there, I found it to be also a tile making plant, with many fiery kilns in operation. The employees were cleaning out the fire for the evening. I approached one of them and asked where a fellow could find a place to sleep. He led me to a kiln, the fire of which had been raked out a short time before. "In there," he replied, gruffly, yet kindly enough, pointing to the interior of the kiln, which was still warm. I looked in. There on the floor of the kiln were at least fifty men, sprawled out. I entered. Some of them were asleep. No one spoke to me. I tried to sleep, but could not because of the heat. Every little while I crawled to the opening for air. I was determined to stick it out.

That experience was one of my first and strongest arguments for a municipal lodging-house. In the morning we were aroused early by

the appearance of the working men of the plant. Coming out into the cold air, all of us half clad, the chill was insufferable. Every day some of those who had sought like resting places the night before were taken with pneumonia and necessarily became a charge of the city.

In Chicago I went into a police station and inquired where I could get a night's lodging. The lieutenant told me I could find several places in the neighborhood where I could get a bed for 10 or 15 cents. I told him I had not a cent. Turning to a patrolman he said, kindly: "Here, show this man to the North Union Street Municipal Lodging-house." I found the building to be an old one, and nothing to boast of from an architectural standpoint, but the interior was a revelation for order, cleanliness and watchfulness on the part of the attendants. Every feature of the place was good. The sanitation was perfect. After having a bath clean night clothes were given to me and I was led to the dormitory. The beds, the floors and other equipment were faultlessly clean.

New York has a half-million-dollar municipal lodging-house. I stayed there one night. I entered the building about 10:30. As I ascended the stairs a young girl, maybe 15 years old, was in advance of me. The great portal opened, one of the matrons embraced that girl, clasping her in an affectionate motherly hug. They have a wonderful system in New York. After registering I was taken down-stairs, stripped and given a bath. My clothes were placed in a bag and taken to the fumigating room. After the bath I got clean under clothing. As I stood with the others who had entered with me, a man entered with a bucket and a paddle. Sticking the paddle in the bucket he then gave me a swab on the head. "What is that, I asked, taken somewhat by surprise. "Germside," he replied, "that'll kill 'em all." He was going to swipe me again when I remonstrated. "One paddleful is enough. "Better kill 'em all," he exclaimed, laconically. The municipal lodging-house at New York accommodates 1,000 men and fifty women. It is an excellent place and a splendid example to every city in the country. How different in this sort of treatment than that I found meted out to the unfortunates at the Helping Hand mission in Kansas City. There I remember a poor lad suffering from

KNOW NAUGHT OF LATCHKEYS

In Mexico you would think being so near this country, that the American latchkey would be common. But even in the finest hotels in the capital the big doors are closed at 11 o'clock, and to gain admittance after that hour you have to pound on them with the great knockers that hang outside. After five minutes you hear a sleepy grunt within, then some mutterings and the Spanish word which means

"I'm coming." Finally the small door in the center of the big one will be unbarred and you step inside. Then, if you don't want to sleep in the park the next night you are kept out late, you give the "portero," or else the keeper of the gate is drunk, as he frequently is. These "porteros" usually sleep curled up in a blanket just inside the door, on the stones with which every interior courtyard and entrance is paved, and all of them have colds. Yet it is a position much sought after, and the gate keeper ranks highest among the servants.

ened by the pounding of the knockers in the neighborhood of my hotel. I timed one man for ten minutes before I fell asleep. Probably he had neglected to see the "portero," or else the keeper of the gate was drunk, as he frequently is. These "porteros" usually sleep curled up in a blanket just inside the door, on the stones with which every interior courtyard and entrance is paved, and all of them have colds. Yet it is a position much sought after, and the gate keeper ranks highest among the servants.

was all that was exposed. His arms were pinioned by the mass of debris that had buried him to the chin. His companion was dead and English died a few hours after he was dug out.

European Countries and Latin America All Without This Great American Convenience.

"I'm glad to be back in the land of the latchkey," said a mining engineer who had been in Mexico for the past year. "In France, Spain, Italy and throughout Latin America there is a servant in every house and hotel whose business it is to open the door.

Many a night I have been awak-