

L. M. CRIST'S SONS, Publishers

ESTABLISHED 1855.

THE YUKON TRAIL

By WILLIAM McLEOD RAINE.

CHAPTER XXX

Holt Frees His Mind.

Macdonald whirled in his tracks. Old Holt was leaning on his elbow with his head out of the window. "You better come and beat me up first, Mac," he jeered. "I'm all stove up with a blasted hang, so you can wallop me good. I'd come out there, but I'm too crippled to move."

"You're not too crippled to go back to Kuslak with me. If you can't walk, you'll ride. But back you go."

"I'm been wanting about how to get home. It's right good of you to bring one of these here taxis for me, as the old saying is."

"Where is the rest of the gold you stole?"

"I can't see the latest papers, Mac. What is this stuff about robbing a bank and shooting Milton?"

"You're under arrest for robbery and murder."

"Am I? I don't mind the particulars. When did I do it all?"

"You know when. Just before you left town."

Holt shook his head slowly. "No, sir, I can't seem to remember it. Sure it ain't some one else you're thinking about? How come you to fix on me as one of the bold, bad bandits?"

"Because you had not sense enough to cover your tracks. You might just as well have left a note saying you did it. First, you come to town and buy one of the fastest dog teams in Alaska. Why?"

"That's an easy one. I bought that team to win the Alaska Sweepstakes from you. And I'm going to do it. The team wasn't handled right or it would have won last time. I got to millin' it over and figured that old Holt was the dog puncher that could land those huskies in front, see?"

"You thought it to make your getaway after the robbery," retorted Macdonald.

"It's a difference of opinion makes horseflesh. What else have you got against me?"

"We found in your room one of the sacks that had held the gold you took from the bank."

"That's right. I took it from the bank in the afternoon, where I had it in a sack, to pay for the team. I know my books will show that."

"When you banked the gold—if it was really gold," added the old man significantly.

"Of course. I knew you would have an alibi. Have you got one to explain why you left town so suddenly the night the bank was robbed? Milton was killed after midnight. Before morning you and your friend Elliot routed out Ackroyd and brought a lot of supplies from him for a hurry-up trip. You slipped around to the corral and hit the trail right into the blizzard. Will you tell me why you were in such a hurry to get away, if it wasn't to escape from the town where you had murdered a dead old fellow who never had harmed a soul?"

"Sure I'll tell you." The black eyes of the little man snapped eagerly. "I mean that while you was dancin' and philandering with other women, Gordon Elliot was buckin' a lizzard to save the life of the girl you both claimed to love. He was muddin' into fifty miles of frozen hell while you was millin' up with potted grouse and champagne. Simultaneous with the lame goose and the monkey singlestep you was down; this was windhamman through white drifts. He beat you at your own game, man. You're a blizzard for the outside world. You're a blizzard and throat a pack of wolves to work up an appetite for dinner. It's your specialties. All right. Take your hat off to that chevron who has just whaled you blind. He has outgamed you, Colby Macdonald. You don't run in his class. I see he is holding his hand up again. Give him another half-hour and he'd be ready to go to the mat with you again."

The big Alaskan pushed away a fear that had been lurking in his mind ever since he had stumbled on that body buried in the snow yesterday afternoon. Was his enemy going to escape him after all? Could Holt be telling the true reason why they had left town so hurriedly? He would not let himself believe it.

"You ought to work up a better story than that," he said contemptuously. "You can throw a husky through the holes in it. How could Elliot know, for instance, that Miss O'Neil was not safe?"

"The same way you could 'n' know it," snapped old Gideon. "He phoned to Smith's Crossin' and found the stage hadn't got in and that there was a hell of a storm up in the hills."

Macdonald set his face. "You're lying to me. You stumbled over the stage while you was making your getaway. Now you're playing it for an alibi."

Elliot had risen. Sheba stood beside him, her hand in his. She spoke quietly.

"It's the truth. Believe it or not as you please. We care nothing about that."

The stab of her eyes, the carriage of the slim, plant figure with its suggestion of the gallantry, challenged her former lover to do his worst.

On the battered face of Gordon was a smile. So long as his Irish sweetheart stood by him he did not care if he were charged with high treason. It was worth all it cost to feel the warmth of her brave, impulsive trust.

The deep-set eyes of Macdonald clenched with those of his rival. "You caught the rest of the gold, I suppose," he said doggedly.

With a lift of his shoulders the younger man answered lightly. "There are none so blind as those who will not see, Mr. Macdonald." He turned to Sheba. "Come. We must make breakfast."

"You're going to Kuslak with me,"

his enemy said bluntly.

"After we have eaten, Mr. Macdonald," returned Elliot with an ironic bow. "Perhaps, if you have not had breakfast yet, you will join us."

"We start in half an hour," announced the mine-owner curtly, and turned on his heel.

The rifle lay where Sheba had dropped it when she ran to gather her stricken lover into her arms. Macdonald picked it up and strode over the bow of the hill without a backward look. He was too proud to stay and watch them. It was impossible to escape him in the deep snow that filled the hill trails, and he was convinced they would attempt nothing of the kind.

The Scotchman felt for the first time in his life old and spent. Under tremendous difficulty he had munched for days and had at last run his men down. The last of vengeance had sat on his shoulders every mile of the way and had driven him feverishly forward. But the salt that had lent a savor to his passion was gone. Even though he won, he lost. For Sheba had gone over to the enemy.

With the fierce willfulness of his temperament he tried to tread under foot his doubts about the guilt of Holt and Elliot. Success had made him arrogant and he was not a good loser. He hated the man who had robbed him of Sheba, but he could not escape respecting him. Elliot had fought until he had been hammered down into unconsciousness and he had crawled to his feet and stood erect with the smile of the unconquered on his lips. Was this the sort of man to murder in cold blood a kindly old gentleman who had never harmed him?

The only answer Macdonald found was that Milton had taken him and his partners by surprise. They had been driven to shoot the cashier to cover up their crime. Perhaps Holt or another had fired the actual shots, but Elliot was none the less guilty. The heart of the Scotchman was bitter as he pondered the deed. He would have liked to have killed the man who had crawled to his feet and stood erect with the smile of the unconquered on his lips. Was this the sort of man to murder in cold blood a kindly old gentleman who had never harmed him?

The only answer Macdonald found was that Milton had taken him and his partners by surprise. They had been driven to shoot the cashier to cover up their crime. Perhaps Holt or another had fired the actual shots, but Elliot was none the less guilty. The heart of the Scotchman was bitter as he pondered the deed. He would have liked to have killed the man who had crawled to his feet and stood erect with the smile of the unconquered on his lips. Was this the sort of man to murder in cold blood a kindly old gentleman who had never harmed him?

Senator Banks Would Have the State Furnish it to Cost.

Following is the text of Senator Banks's Warehouse Insurance bill as the same has passed several readings in the senate:

A bill to provide insurance for warehouses operated by the state of South Carolina and for cotton stored therein:

Whereas, the state warehouse commissioner is required to keep insured cotton on storage in state warehouses; and

Whereas, a number of the larger insurance companies refused to operate here under the law regulating insurance, passed at the last session of the general assembly; and

Whereas, the rates charged by insurance companies operating in South Carolina have not been uniform and in many instances are and have been excessive; now, in order to protect stores of cotton in state warehouses, as well as the state itself from liability on warehouse receipts, issued in the name of and under the seal of the state:

Be it enacted by the general assembly of the state of South Carolina:

Section 1. That the state warehouse commissioner is directed to prepare a schedule of rates of insurance on warehouses operated by the state and the cotton stored therein, taking as a basis the rate of insurance now being paid in state warehouses and cotton. When this schedule shall have been prepared, it is to be submitted to the governor, insurance commissioner and comptroller general, and no rate is to be promulgated without their written approval.

Sec. 2. The premiums shall be collected in advance by the said warehouse commissioner and remitted by him at the end of each month to the state treasurer. The state treasurer shall set aside all moneys collected for insurance and paid to him by the said warehouse commissioner to be held as a separate fund for payments of losses by fire in the various state warehouses, or upon cotton stored therein. When this fund shall exceed the sum of \$50,000, it shall be invested by the state treasurer in interest bearing securities which may be readily changed into cash. The rate upon the warehouse and the cotton stored therein shall be fixed with regard to the danger from exposure as practiced by insurance companies in assessing rates upon property, and the schedule when completed by the state warehouse commissioner and approved by the governor, or insurance commissioner and comptroller general, shall be filed in duplicate in the office of the insurance commissioner and the state warehouse commissioner. The said schedule shall give the number and location of each warehouse, the rate of insurance and the storage capacity of said warehouse, together with a diagram showing all exposure. The premiums are to be assessed upon the same system now practiced in the state warehouse and payment be made upon the daily average number of bales on storage so that the assessment shall be only for the time each bale of cotton is actually

WAREHOUSE INSURANCE.

Senator Banks Would Have the State Furnish it to Cost.

upon storage and protected against loss by fire.

Sec. 3. No risk shall be taken for insurance in any individual instance in excess of the sum of \$100,000, subdivisions of standard construction with fire walls being considered a separate risk. It shall be the duty of the state warehouse commissioner, where an individual risk is in excess of the sum of \$100,000 to reinsure in one or more reputable companies either all or any portion of the risk. The state warehouse commissioner is further authorized, when in his judgment it is for the best interest of the state, to insure any risk or risks with reputable companies upon the best terms obtainable.

Sec. 4. The state warehouse commissioner shall prepare a form of insurance policy to be issued to the manager of each warehouse, which is to be kept on file in said warehouse subject to the inspection of any person with cotton on storage. The said policy to set forth as follows:

"1." Rate on cotton stored therein.

"2." The portion of the risk carried by the state under the provisions of this act.

"3." The names of any company or companies insuring any portion of the risk and the amount carried by each.

Sec. 5. In order to carry out the provisions of this act the governor, comptroller general, state treasurer and state warehouse commissioner are directed to execute a note, as officers of the state of South Carolina, for one year, in the sum of \$250,000, said sum to be paid to the state treasurer, who shall place same at interest subject to call. This money is to be held subject to the draft of the state warehouse commissioner, to meet any loss by fire before the premiums collected shall be sufficient for that purpose. If at the end of one year the premiums collected by the state amount to enough to pay said note, then the governor, comptroller general, state treasurer and state warehouse commissioner shall renew such portion of the note as may be necessary for another year until the note is fully paid from the premiums collected as herein provided.

CONSCRIPTION BY ENDORSEMENT

Sensible Observations on the Subject of Factionalism.

Greenville Piedmont.

Col. Blaise has shown Senator Tillman how to be conscripted. A meeting of the Reform delegates in Columbia yesterday unanimously endorsed Blaise for senator. That was natural, for Blaise is the main strength of the faction that was represented by the convention in Columbia yesterday. With the possible exception of McLaurin, no man who is or has been identified with that faction would have any chance of dividing its vote with Blaise—and McLaurin's eyes seem to be turned toward service of the people in the governor's office.

That endorsement will hardly make Blaise any stronger as a candidate for senator than he would have been had no such convention been held and no such action taken.

As we take it, the real purpose of the convention yesterday was not served. That purpose, as we understand it, was to eliminate all save one Reform candidate for governor, with the idea that the candidate so selected would be strengthened by such selection and with the further and more important idea that such an elimination of Reform gubernatorial candidates would solidify the faction and prevent a fight in the campaign that might prove unfavorable upon the senatorial candidacy of Blaise.

Richardson and Peoples, each of whom has up a gubernatorial lightning rod, were willing for an eliminator to be worked, but Stuckey, who also has up a lightning rod, said he would run regardless of any elimination as he had already made a promise to be in the race and he was going to keep that promise.

McLaurin was not at the conference but he had a number of friends among its members and they possibly also helped delay or prevent action toward elimination. He has been requested to run for governor by a number of the most prominent Reformers of Anderson county and this regardless of which party they are affiliated with. He said that he did not care to become governor of South Carolina if given that office by a faction and therefore expected by that faction to serve it rather than the state as a whole. He said that elected as a factional governor he would be just about the same kind of governor that other factional governors have been. That is true as to McLaurin and it is true as to any other man in the state who achieves the governorship via a factional route.

The Piedmont has no factional affiliation and it wishes that it could believe that there was a chance that year for election of a governor who would not have a factional affiliation that would clip his wings.

If ever there was a time in the histreic need of a governor who would not in any way be hampered in his efforts to be governor of the whole people that time is now.

As this war goes on, it will press more and more heavily upon our people and they can better bear its burdens if they are wholly united under wise leadership that can draw its following equally from all classes.

Imlay, a Model Town.—Next step is Imlay; twenty minutes for lunch.

Imlay, the only town of its kind on earth. A freight division point on the Southern Pacific Railway about thirty miles west of Winnetucca and just the other side of Humboldt house. Imlay is a railroad town of about 300 population, a town where all the buildings look alike and all the inhabitants talk about being transferred to Sparks or Ogden.

Imlay is a model town in some respects and peculiar in others. There are no saloons in Imlay; consequently no falls. There are no lawyers, no doctors and no red light district. There is no church in Imlay and no cemetery on its outskirts. Imlay has no theatre and no pawnshop. Every one eats three meals a day and everybody works for a living.

Next stop is Imlay; twenty minutes for lunch.—Carson Weekly.

SOLDIERING AT SEVIER.

James D. Grist Writes Interestingly of Life in the Training Camp.

(Passed by the Censor.)

Camp Sevier, Greenville, January 22.—"I am a soldier in the South," exclaimed a soldier from New York state, an interne at the Base Hospital, as he and I half crawled, half slid down the steep hills that surround the camp. "I am not a rarin' to go west (die), but it will be worth \$10,000 to my folks for me to pass over. My widow could marry a sure enough man on \$10,000."

—Jas. D. Grist.

NEWSPAPER AUTOCRAT

How Owner of Herald Runs His Business.

MAN OF STRANGE PECULIARITIES

James Gordon Bennett lives in Paris and directs his great property from there—has numerous palaces and is the social equal of kings.

Though he makes his home in Europe and does most of his editing by cable, Mr. Bennett's presence is felt in the Herald office every day and the time. It is to emphasize this effect that he insists upon having the lights kept burning in his private office each night until the presses begin to turn, and everything there kept in full readiness for him. Penula, ink, pens and stationery are properly arranged upon his desk, upon which, too, are placed morning and afternoon all editions of the New York daily papers.

In the editorial council room his big arm chair, ever ready for his occupancy stands at the head of the table and about it is all the atmosphere that is supposed to surround a throne. In the memory of the present generation the sacred chair has never been violated by plebeian touch.

Mr. Bennett's only living relatives are a sister and her children and between him and them there is not the faintest cordiality. It is his declared intention to leave the Herald to those employed in making it.

Swift Change in City Editors.

Col. Henry Watterson of Kentucky, who is one of Mr. Bennett's most intimate friends, a few years ago came from Europe on the same steamship with him. In conversation the last evening before making port, Colonel Watterson attempted to impress upon Mr. Bennett his opinion that it would be wise for him to give his employees in the Herald office greater power in the conduct of the paper.

"You are wrong," responded Mr. Bennett. "The Herald is everything but the man nothing. To prove to you that this is so I am going to promote to the position of city editor the first Herald reporter who boards this ship."

"But what is wrong with your present city editor?" queried Col. Watterson.

"Nothing at all," was the reply. "He could ship new today."

Chambers the Man Picked.

Five Herald reporters met the ship the next morning to interview the passengers. The first one over the side was Julius Chambers, then just starting his newspaper career. Mr. Bennett, after inquiring his name sent him back to the Herald office. "Chambers entered upon his duties as city editor that same day."

Speaking of the matter of this occurrence Mr. Bennett smiled grimly and said:

"Mr. Chambers took himself too seriously. He didn't last long—three months, I think."

That Mr. Bennett derives humor from the humiliations his position enables him to force upon those over whom he possesses power is unquestionably true, but his humor at times takes a less cruel turn. On one of his visits to New York his suspicions were aroused by the neatness of the members of the staff of the Herald.

As he left the office one midnight he came upon a reporter, who while on an errand in the composing room, had got a heavy smear of ink on his face.

The fortunate man received an immediate increase in salary as an implied compliment for being the only one about the establishment who appeared to be doing any real work.

This incident made a deep impression upon the younger men in the office. Mr. Bennett had decided to take some one back with him for editorial service on the Paris edition of the Herald. His selection rested between two men, both of whom were instructed to see him at his New York home the next evening.

It was not many months, however, before Mr. Carter was back in the New York office. When asked why his stay in Paris had been so short he replied that he had not known unless it was that he had eaten \$47 worth of eggs one morning for breakfast.

Mr. Bennett had shipped to him at regular intervals from South America eggs that are laid by birds in the remote Andes mountains. Mr. Carter was invited to breakfast with Mr. Bennett, who as a mark of special favor ordered served to him two of these eggs. Not knowing the variety he was eating, the visitor made so bold as to ask for the second helping. Later on he learned that the eggs cost Mr. Bennett \$200 a dozen. His stay in Paris terminated soon after the breakfast.

Sent Stanley to Africa.

It would be an act of unfairness to picture Bennett the unscrupulous and tyrannical journalist without calling attention to the fact that many of the greatest newspaper achievements of the world have been his. He has a wonderful mind and is never happier than when planning a big stroke of enterprise. Success came to him as soon as the Herald passed under his control. In 1872, when Stanley returned from Livingstone, that the Herald had its greatest popular triumph.

When Stanley returned to New York after his meeting with Livingstone his employer briefly congratulated him and assigned him to cover routine news in the Jefferson police court. Mr. Stanley never forgave the humiliation.

When the last great famine struck Ireland Mr. Bennett made a powerful appeal through the Herald for assistance for the starving. He headed the subscription with a gift of \$100,000, and succeeded in raising \$300,000 more.

Mr. Bennett for many years has been convinced that war between the United States and Japan will come when Japan is ready to strike the

REPRESENTATIVES MEET IN COLUMBIA

Staff Correspondent of the Greenville News.

Columbia, January 23.—The convention of the Reform party of South Carolina in session here this afternoon refused to place itself on record endorsing any one man from among the party's ranks as a candidate for governor.

John G. Richards and Thos. H. Peoples, both of whom are bidding for the party's favor, made speeches before the convention and agreed to a proposition that all prospective Reform candidates, save one, be eliminated. There was strenuous objection to this by a number of delegates and debate on the question lasted over two hours. Although no definite action was taken, it is understood that delegates from each county will get an expression from the voters therein as to who their favorite candidate is and meet in Columbia later and decide who shall be the party's candidate for governor.

While Richards and Peoples agreed to the eliminating process, W. A. Stuckey of Hishopville said he was opposed to it and, regardless of who was the choice of the Reform party, he expected to make the race for governor. He has already made a solemn promise, he said, to a large number of farmers to be their candidate, and expected to live up to that promise. Mr. Stuckey made his position clear and then left the hall.

Eventually the party is expected to endorse, for governor either John G. Richards, Thos. H. Peoples, W. A. Stuckey or John L. McLaurin. The latter was not present today.

The convention adopted a resolution endorsing Cole L. Blaise for the United States senate. There was no hesitancy or debate on this resolution.

Another resolution, expressing faith in the good intentions of the Charleston American, was adopted. The resolution called on the postmaster general to reinstate the American to the mails as second class matter. This privilege was taken from the paper some weeks ago. John P. Grace, editor of the American, was present and took a very active part in the convention.

The convention went on record as being behind the president of the United States in carrying on the war and pledged the services of the party to the Democratic administration.

About two hundred Reformers were present, including most of the prominent men of the party. The convention was held in the Richland county courthouse and lasted over three hours.

It is very probable that either Richards or Peoples will, in the end, be the party's choice for governor. Both had scores of friends here today.

WAR DARE DEVILS.

First of the American Heroes to Storm No Man's Land

It was night in the trenches of France, and the Canadian contingent lay watchful for the foe, on duty at the listening posts, and night patrols crept stealthily about in No Man's Land with lamp black so that the sudden bursting of a star bomb would not betray their presence.

In this particular Canadian section, writes Henry James Buxton, were one hundred or more stalwarts from the international boundary into Canada so they could enlist. These Americans were together in one section of the trench.

One of these was Private "Scotty" Anderson, farmer, telegraph operator, who had tapped the key from Boston to Frisco.

Scotty was long, lean and lank, with arms like bean poles. But his muscles were steel, and his courage without a blemish. Said Scotty to his pal, Jack Murdock:

"This is too slow for me; why can't we go over the top once in a while, and take a slam at the Boches?"

"Time apparently ain't ripe," replied Murdock.

"Ripe," snorted Scotty disgustedly. "We'll soon make the Boches ripe if we get at 'em with our bayonets."

Just then a sergeant hurried into the trench from a communicating passage.

"Boys," he cried excitedly, "the United States has declared war with Germany."

Scotty was on his feet with a whoop. He grabbed the sergeant and said: "Say that again." The sergeant repeated the message.

Scotty grabbed an American flag with one hand and seized his gun with the other.

"Come on, Yanks," he yelled, "over the top for us; we've got to celebrate this."

With a whoop 100 Americans followed Scotty; over the top. The sergeant yelled something about orders, but he was brushed aside.

Yelling, the Americans rushed over No Man's Land, and leaped into the German first line trench. The onslaught was so sudden that the Germans were taken by surprise. A score or more were shot down before they were aware what had happened, and nearly a score more surrendered. The Americans returned to their own trench with their prisoners and they were greeted as heroes by their Canadian comrades.

"We had to do something to celebrate the entrance of Uncle Sam on the job," Scotty explained to a superior.

Werner K. R. W. Sturzel, a German spy operating in Porto Rico, has been sent to Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., for detention until after the war.

GENERAL NEWS NOTES

Record of Current Happenings Collected From Various Sources.

New York state will hold an election on March 5 to elect four representatives in congress.

A London butcher has begun putting horse meat on the market. He started with 100 head.

The George H. Brooks public school of Philadelphia, was destroyed Wednesday night with a loss of \$2,000,000. There were no casualties.

Six morning and six afternoon papers of New York city, have advanced the price from one to two cents per copy.

By the sinking of two British ships in the Mediterranean three weeks ago, London has just been advised, 718 lives were lost.

The Belgium government's terms of peace, as stated to the pope, include in substance absolute political, economic and territorial independence.

Nearly 100 men were entombed in a coal mine at Steelton, Nova Scotia, Wednesday night, by an explosion of coal gas.

During the week ending January 13, only eight British ships were sunk, and for the week ending January 20, the toll was eight ships.

A liner arriving at a Pacific port, reports that a German raider is in the vicinity of the Dutch East Indies. Officers said there is a submarine base on the Dutch East Indian coast.

By orders of the Washington food administration 25,000,000 dozen eggs held in storage in the United States will be placed on sale within the next three weeks.

It was announced in New York last Thursday by C. S. Thompson, secretary of the American Defense societies' executive committee, that fourteen spies have been shot in the United States by the military authorities.

R. C. McCann, posing as Lieutenant W. Alwyn Jennings, took a little flyer in Atlantic, Ga., society a few weeks ago. McCann is to be sent to the Federal prison for a year for impersonating an army officer.

Five drafted men, all of Austrian parentage, are under arrest at camp Upton, L. I., charged with sowing the seed of discontent among their comrades. They will be interned during the war.

Porto Rico has on hand and immediately available more foodstuffs than at any time during the past two years. Prices in the island for staple commodities are, on the whole, lower than anywhere under the American flag, so far as available records go.

Frederick H. Bugher, police commissioner of New York, has resigned at the request of Mayor Hylan after the commissioner refused to suspend certain motor-cycle policemen mentioned in connection with the Ruth Cruger murder case. Bugher was commissioner only thirty-three days.

By a vote of 1,886,000 to 722,000, British laborers in session at Nottingham, England, Thursday, defeated a resolution demanding the withdrawal of labor members from the coalition government. The resolution, which was adopted, the Lloyd George government would have fallen. The eloquence of Arthur Henderson, who himself withdrew from the war council some months ago, when he was at odds with the premier over the Stock-holm conference plan, saved the day for the government.

The United Press association has announced that the International News Service, against which the Associated Press recently secured an injunction to prevent pirating of material and supply by way of Monte Tomba and the west bank of the Piave, at least for the present, he is now constructing defensive works in the rear.

When the French made their drive at Monte Tomba, some of their detachments were carried by enthusiasm further into the trenches than they should have been. Mr. Bennett had decided to take some one back with him for editorial service on the Paris edition of the Herald. His selection rested between two men, both of whom were instructed to see him at his New York home the next evening.

It was not many months, however, before Mr. Carter was back in the New York office. When asked why his stay in Paris had been so short he replied that he had not known unless it was that he had eaten \$47 worth of eggs one morning for breakfast.

Mr. Bennett had shipped to him at regular intervals from South America eggs that are laid by birds in the remote Andes mountains. Mr. Carter was invited to breakfast with Mr. Bennett, who as a mark of special favor ordered served to him two of these eggs. Not knowing the variety he was eating, the visitor made so bold as to ask for the second helping. Later on he learned that the eggs cost Mr. Bennett \$200 a dozen. His stay in Paris terminated soon after the breakfast.

Sent Stanley to Africa.

It would be an act of unfairness to picture Bennett the unscrupulous and tyrannical journalist without calling attention to the fact that many of the greatest newspaper achievements of the world have been his. He has a wonderful mind and is never happier than when planning a big stroke of enterprise. Success came to him as soon as the Herald passed under his control. In 1872, when Stanley returned from Livingstone, that the Herald had its greatest popular triumph.

When Stanley returned to New York after his meeting with Livingstone his employer briefly congratulated him and assigned him to cover routine news in the Jefferson police court. Mr. Stanley never forgave the humiliation.

When the last great famine struck Ireland Mr. Bennett made a powerful appeal through the Herald for assistance for the starving. He headed the subscription with a gift of \$100,000, and succeeded in raising \$300,000 more.

Mr. Bennett for many years has been convinced that war between the United States and Japan will come when Japan is ready to strike the

Government Ownership of Railroads

Director General McAdoo declared last Monday that the Federal court in Columbia on Wednesday on a charge of counterfeiting. He was given six months in jail and fined \$200 and the court, Rufus Shannon, co-defendant, was given a fine of \$100 and a year in jail and \$100 fine.