

## Stories About The Authors Of Indiana.

By EDWARD HALE BRUSH.



BOOTH TARKINGTON.

THE state of Indiana has become so fertile as a literary field as to cause much comment upon the fact. Other commonwealths are almost envious of the Hoosier State on account of its growing literary fame. Not content with producing a Lew Wallace, it also sent forth into the ranks of literature two very popular humorists, James Whitcomb Riley and the younger genius in making folks laugh, George Ade. It is the native state of Joaquin Miller and has produced Booth Tarkington, Charles Major, George Barr McCutcheon, Meredith Nicholson, Wilbur D. Nesbit and others whose literary stars are in the ascendant.

Indiana writers are noted for taking home scenes or types of character as subjects. This is especially true of Booth Tarkington, author of "The Gentleman From Indiana" and of "The Conquest of Cannan," the scenes of which are laid in the Hoosier State. Others of his best known works are "Monsieur Beauclaire," "The Two Van Revels," "Cherry," "In the Arena" and "The Beautiful Lady." Mr. Tarkington, who was born thirty-eight years ago in Indianapolis and who studied at Princeton, once said that he had no literary success until, after trying other lines, he struck Indiana subjects. While "The Gentleman From Indiana" was running in serial form the author received a great number of letters from people throughout the state who thought they saw in the first few numbers of the story evidences of disloyalty to Indiana. They advised Mr. Tarkington to go east, where he belonged, and called him everything from a snob to a traitor. Four county papers took up the same cry and abused him with as much ardor as if he had been running for office. "I really hardly knew what to think of it," said Mr. Tarkington. "It never occurred to me to be disloyal, and I was glad when the story was finished and they saw that they were mistaken."

Though Wilbur D. Nesbit, author of "The Trail to Boyland" and "The Gentleman Ragman," was born in Xenia, O., he sprang into fame while a news-



WILBUR D. NESBIT.

paper worker in Indiana, and much of his writing has been done while residing in the Hoosier State. He married an Indianapolis girl, Miss Mary Lee Jenkins. Mr. Nesbit is thirty-six and very boyish looking. One is astonished to learn that in his brief career he has written over 5,000 poems. Naturally enough, some of these effusions do not evince a high order of genius, but some of them have won popularity. There was a time when the only way he could turn his poetic talents to profit was by writing rhyming advertisements. One such effort was turned to the glorification of an array of straw hats in an Indianapolis dry goods store. As a writer of "ads." in prose Mr. Nesbit had not been much of a success. He was already facing the danger of being "fired" when this "poem" appeared.

"Who wrote that stuff?" demanded the proprietor of the store of the manager at the sight of the morning's proofs. "Er—Nesbit. I told him I didn't think it was."

"Tell him to go ahead and write some more of the kind," broke in the proprietor, and thus out of a Hoosier dry goods store a poet was made.

George Barr McCutcheon has the good fortune to be a Hoosier born and bred, for he first saw the light on a farm in Tippecanoe county, Ind., in 1866 and was educated at the public schools of Lafayette and at Purdue university of the same place. He also worked on Lafayette papers during his early career as a writer. He is a brother of the cartoonist and illustrator John T. McCutcheon and is accounted a clever artist himself. The scene of "The Sherrards," which won a \$15,000 premium from his publishers, is laid in Indiana and Illinois. Among his other works are "Castle Cranecrow," "Graustark," "Brewster's Millions," "The Day of the Dog," "Nedra" and "Purple Parasol."



GEORGE B. McCUTCHEON.

Joaquin Miller, the "Poet of the Sierras," is one of the brilliant galaxy of literary stars which has made the state of Indiana proud of itself because it gave them to the universe. He was born in Grant county, near Jaipans, in 1841 and, though that was close to

threescore and ten years ago and the poet left Indiana with his parents for the Pacific coast when he was nine, he still has vivid memories of the days of his early youth in the Hoosier State. Mr. Miller proposes to visit his boyhood home on the occasion of his next birthday, which falls in August, and the people of the vicinity are going to give him a welcome at the time of his "home coming." Writing to George B. Lockwood, editor of the Marion Chronicle, the poet recently said:

"What I most of all things want to see is the old log home which my re-



JOAQUIN MILLER AS OLD MAN AND AS BOY.

vered parents built away back in the forties, and I want to see the beautiful river. I want to go fishing in it again. I want to go out to the old Miami village and see Jim Sasequas Shinglemeia and his two bright boys. They made me a bow and arrows. The arrows had keen, bright points, which they made out of an old barrel hoop with pap's file. And they were perfect. As proof of this there is scarce a single buffalo left.

"I want to walk down the old dusty corduroy state road. I want to go to Lafontaine bareheaded. I want to walk in the dust, with my pants rolled to my knees, just as of old. We can take some doughnuts in our pockets. Maybe we can steal a few apples from Bluebeard pirates harbored along the creek. Anyhow I want to make a day of it. I want to be a boy back on the old place once more before I die. Come along and bring a lot of boys and girls, and let them all be 'kids' once more, not caring a bean whether school keeps or not."

Mr. Miller has recently avowed an intention to take up his residence in Oregon and run for the United States senate.

James Whitcomb Riley is Indiana's best known poet and humorist, and the public expects at least a touch of playfulness in his poetic effusions, but he can write serious verse, as was shown in the poem he read at the unveiling of the statue of General Henry W. Lawton in Indianapolis. It was entitled "The Home Voyage" and was composed in honor of General Lawton's memory when the body of the hero was being brought home from the Philippines.

Dr. Henry van Dyke in a recent article in the Book News Monthly thus discussed the personality of the Hoosier poet:

Some men use their personality as an island. Others use it as a boat; it enables them to move around and see the world, without being lost in it. These last are the men of genius—which is one of the qualities of genius—and James Whitcomb Riley is a person of that kind. Speaking of boats, we are inevitably reminded of that famous comparison of old Thomas Fuller's, in which he imagines a wit combat between Ben Jonson as a stately, ponderous Spanish galleon, and Will Shakespeare as a light, quick moving English man-of-war. If we modernized the figure, and set, let us say, Mr. Riley and Mr. Kipling afloat, what shapes would our fancy give them? Perhaps the one would be a trading schooner, ready for adventurous voyaging in strange seas, laden with all sorts of foreign and mysterious merchandise and redolent of eastern spices; and the other would be a native built canoe, framed for the exploration of familiar and friendly little rivers, journeying with ever new delight of discovery through the woodland and the farmland of Indiana, stopping without fail at "The Old Swimmin' Hole," and tying up at night at some landing place along the Brandywine, within sight of a farmhouse, where William Leachman or Doc Sifers would be waiting for a good talk.

Right here at home, boys—see right where we air! Birds don't sing any sweeter anywhere: Grass don't grow any greener in the grove: Across the pasture where the old path goes— All things in earshot's party, er in sight, Right here at home, boys, ef we air 'em right.

Charles Major, author of two of the most popular novels of the day, "When Knighthood Was in Flower" and "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," is also a native of Indiana. He was born in Indianapolis in 1850 and educated at the common schools of that city and of Shelbyville, where he now resides. He also studied at Michigan university. He married a Shelbyville belle, Miss Alice Shaw, in 1885. Mr. Major combines the practice of law with the writing of fiction. Among his stories, besides those mentioned, are "Bears of Blue River," "A Forest Heart" and "Yolanda, Maid of Burgundy." At Shelbyville he shares honors as a prominent citizen with a big chicken grower, and that his genius is not unappreciated in his home town is shown by the remarks of a friend, who is quoted as saying:

I have known Charley for thirty years, and I have never yet heard a bad word spoken against him. I never heard a man as straight as a string and one of the best fellows in the place. He ain't stuck up about his money, either. He is as liberal as you get 'em, and there ain't nobody in town that can say that they ever did anything for Charley Major that they didn't get paid for.

Wellesley Float Day. At the colleges there are many features of commencement week besides the conventional baccalaureate sermon on Sunday and the bestowal of degrees on some succeeding week day. These time honored institutions remain, but the programme is varied by other functions, often of lighter and sometimes of more hilarious nature. Customs differ at different colleges, but at those attended by women at least there are sure to be beautiful and picturesque scenes at this time. One of the prettiest of such functions is "float day" at Wellesley, on Lake Waban. A prize is awarded to the crew which handles the oars most gracefully, bouting songs float over the water, and at night there is a grand display of fireworks.

## FINLAND'S "NEW WOMEN."

Some of Them Now Sit as Deputies in the National Diet.

Strange as it may seem, Finland, which is in the domain of the czar, grants women greater participation in government than they enjoy even in England or the United States. The "suffragettes," as they have been termed, have been knocking loudly at the door of the house of commons in England only to be turned away with more or less lack of ceremony, and some of them have been arrested for disturbing the peace while engaged in besieging the strongholds of male authority. In Finland, despite the fact that the government is quite autocratic, the women have succeeded in gaining admission to the parliament, which is there called the diet. Some of the Fin-



MISS L. HAGMAN.

nish women who have participated in movements for Finnish nationality and liberty have been rewarded by banishment to Siberia. Nevertheless the czar's government has loosened the reins to the extent of permitting women to sit in the diet.

In the campaign for nationality and perpetuation of Finnish institutions and customs the women raised funds needed for patriotic agitation, spread pamphlets and circulars to take the place of the gagged or suppressed press and bolstered up the courage of husbands, sons and brothers. This work seemed to develop in them the desire to exercise the suffrage. They came to believe that with universal suffrage their country would be most likely to obtain and preserve its liberties. There are six women deputies in the present diet. One of the most prominent of them is Miss L. Hagman. The others are Miss Dagmar Hervins, Mrs. Alexandra Gripenberg, Mrs. Minna Sillangva and Mrs. Hedwig Gebhard.

## THE METROPOLITAN ANTONIUS

Greek Church Functionary in Russia Who is Friend of Douma.

According to letters written by the late Constantine Pobedonostzeff, procurator general of the Russian holy synod, it was this religious functionary who prevented the late Emperor Alexander III. from granting a constitution to Russia. But Pobedonostzeff is dead, and the most influential personage in the Russian church now is Antonius, metropolitan of St. Petersburg, who is described as a strong friend of the douma. It is said that he has bent every effort to prevent a break between the czar and the douma and to thwart the designs of the reactionary party at court. He has been characterized as one of the great men of the Russia of today and because of his personality



THE METROPOLITAN ANTONIUS.

and his position in the church exercises a strong sway over the emperor. It was he who stood by the czar at the ceremony of the blessing of the Neva when the Russian monarch so narrowly escaped losing his life. He is said to head the party of reform in the Russian church, and it was in part his influence which led to the proclamation of religious liberty in Russia by the emperor's decree.

Wellesley Float Day.

At the colleges there are many features of commencement week besides the conventional baccalaureate sermon on Sunday and the bestowal of degrees on some succeeding week day. These time honored institutions remain, but the programme is varied by other functions, often of lighter and sometimes of more hilarious nature. Customs differ at different colleges, but at those attended by women at least there are sure to be beautiful and picturesque scenes at this time. One of the prettiest of such functions is "float day" at Wellesley, on Lake Waban. A prize is awarded to the crew which handles the oars most gracefully, bouting songs float over the water, and at night there is a grand display of fireworks.

## VITALITY OF GERMS.

Microbes of Disease Flourish in Dimly Lighted Rooms.

Gaffky, writing in the Berlin Medical Journal, finds that microbes retain their vitality much longer in dimly lighted than in sunny rooms. This may be one reason why disease germs flourish better in winter than in summer, owing to the lesser hours of sunlight. He points out that influenza epidemics have never occurred in Germany except when the weather has long been cloudy. The vitality is also directly proportional to the size of the particle of dust or moisture. The germ dies more rapidly the finer the particles. In his tests droplets such as are expelled in speaking, sneezing or coughing were used.

He found that the bacillus prodigiosus and the typhoid bacillus retained their vitality twenty-four hours in daylight, the diphtheria bacillus twenty-four to forty-eight hours in daylight and five days in a cellar, the tubercle bacilli five days in daylight and twenty-two days in a cellar, the fowl cholera bacillus ten hours in daylight and twenty-four hours in a cellar, the Staphylococcus pyogenes aureus eight to ten days in daylight and thirty-five days in the cellar, the Streptococcus longus ten days in daylight and thirty-eight days in the cellar and anthrax spores ten weeks in daylight and at least three months in the cellar.

## FIRE KILLED TIMBER.

Wood of Trees Destroyed by Flames Makes Valuable Lumber.

The traveler who has wondered why some use is not made of the timber that has been fire killed all over the country will be interested to learn that the United States forest service at the University of Washington, Seattle, has discovered a means of utilizing this timber, which in the past has largely gone to waste.

In testing fire killed timber—that is, timber which had its bark destroyed by a fire not severe enough to entirely consume the tree and which left it standing—it was found to be thoroughly sound and to all intents and purposes thoroughly seasoned lumber.

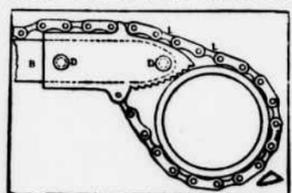
It was determined that if such lumber is cut within the first year after it is injured it can be used for any purpose for which the original wood is satisfactory, but if allowed to stand the timber checks so badly that it cannot be worked up to advantage.

It has also been disclosed by investigations undertaken that good railroad ties have been made from timber that in some instances was killed fifty years ago.

## HANDY PIPE WRENCH.

Serviceable Tool Made of a Piece of Old Bicycle Chain.

To make the wrench herewith shown procure a piece of old bicycle chain (A) and a steel handle (B), about one inch wide and the same thickness as the solid links (LL) of the chain. The handle should be about fifteen inches



CHAIN PIPE WRENCH.

long. Make two steel jaws (C), three-sixteenths or one-quarter inch thick, and rivet to the handle by the rivets (DD). An old leaf spring or almost any flat piece of tool steel will furnish the necessary material for the jaws, which should be cut nearly to size with a hacksaw and then finished by filing. If the steel is too hard to cut, anneal it by heating to a red heat and allowing it to cool very slowly. After shaping and drilling the jaws, harden and temper to a dark straw color.—Popular Mechanics.

**Use of Elastic Macadam.**  
The elastic macadam that seems to be proving so satisfactory as tried on Swiss roads is made of tar and gravel, the latter having a coarseness of one to two inches. The liquid is applied to the heated stones in a rotating drum until a considerable coating is formed. The material is then piled under cover and left for eight or ten weeks to undergo fermentation, the process filling the pores of the gravel and lessening the dust from it. A cubic yard of gravel requires about fifty pounds of tar.

**A Mammoth Screw Wrench.**  
The largest screw wrench yet reported is made by a firm of Worcester, Mass., for tightening the large nuts used in bridges. The wrench is seventy-two inches long and has a full jaw opening of twelve inches, with a depth of eight inches. The total weight is 100 pounds, of which the jaw supplies 33½ pounds, the screw 52½ pounds and the bar 14 pounds.

**Red Copper Bronze on Tin.**  
Dissolve nine drams of copper sulphate in pure water to saturation. Then add forty to eighty drops of sulphuric acid. Brush the tin, previously cleaned with onion juice, with the liquid. When dry rub the article with chalk.

**Substitute For Turpentine.**  
A product called turpene, manufactured from petroleum, is said to be a good substitute for turpentine, which is becoming scarcer every year. The process by which it is made is a secret one.

## Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

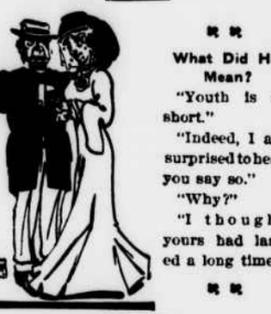
### SOME EASY STUNTS.

Suppose Columbus did come on And find this land of plenty. With all its islands, trees and things! I'll bet you ten or twenty That I'd have done the very thing Had I been there to do it. What was a little job like that? Why, there was nothing to it.

They make a fuss about the way That Julius Caesar fitted Around through Gaul and conquered all. The force against him pitted. It wasn't such a trick, for see The army he commanded. I would, had I been in his shoes, Have licked them single handed.

Of course I own that Washington Was quite a great commander, But others might have filled the bill And in a way been grander. I'll bet if I had had his job, Though England was the stronger, I'd won the war in thirty days And not a minute longer.

The ancient heroes did their best And gave fame quite a tassel. But would they have been giants in These modern days of hustle? I am a modest man and not Given to the boasting habit, But still I could have made that bunch Look like a half starved rabbit.



The Upper Berth.

A citizen of St. Paul has gathered together some of the choicest and most expressive words in the English language and has used them for the express purpose of telling the Interstate commerce commission some things it should know respecting the upper berth in sleeping cars.

This brainy gentleman does not see the poetic justice of charging for a bed that cannot be entered save by means of a portable fire escape the same price that is charged for one into which the tired passenger can roll and lie down to pleasant dreams after bumping his head only a few times.

He thinks the man on his uppers should get an upper for less money. Some travelers go further and insist that the company should pay a man to ride in the upper.

However, if the crusade is successful and the price of the upper is made lower we can see a school of travelers arising who will insist that the upper is more healthful and that they would ride in it if it cost more money.

**Forgot His Manners.**  
"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" said Badlands Bill reproachfully. "You have gone and disgraced the hull camp."

"I know it," replied the Terror of the Rockies meekly, "but I never seen the gentleman before."

"What has he did?" asked One Eyed Pete, butting in.

"What has he did?" said Badlands Bill. "Why, he has gone and swore right before a Boston man!"

### PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Some people prefer in battle to be the rear guard, and more rear than guard at that.

Being interested in other people's troubles is fostering ingratitude and working for your own undoing.

Who undertakes to energize inertia has a life job.

Keeping up with the procession is a costly way of playing the fool.

Being without imagination is equivalent to being without trouble—also to being without everything that makes life worth living.



Time is the only scorer that doesn't sooner or later get pinched for speeding.

Some people believe in going ahead and making it right afterward.

A pessimist is an optimist with his engine reversed.

Some people know how to make money, while others only know how to take money.

## THE NATURE WRITER.

We have just been entertainin' a gent who said his forte Was huntin' fame for stories—not killin' it for sport— He writes up yarns of grizzlies and porcupines and such, And at sellin' dope of that kind they say he's gettin' rich.

He blamed near filled his notebook with yarns at Piker Bill's. And then we said we'd take him to a bear hunt in the hills. Where he could study grizzlies and get more stuff to write. When the bear kind come a-troopin' to the water hole at night.

We had took a mountain lion that had been long stuffed and dead. And we fixed it in a tree top, right above the writer's head; Then the moon was shinin' pale, And we told him to stay quiet till the bears come down the trail.

Well, just at the proper moment, down the lion comes, kerwhop! On the shoulders of the workman from the literary shop; There was one long yell of terror, and a streak right through the gloom. As the nature story writer give the mountain lion room.

So we're lookin' in the foothills for a gentleman that writes. And who got the me plus ultry of conspition fits and frights. And when we've found and roped him it will take some coin, by jinks, Just to give this town of Cactus all that's due to it in drinks! —Denver Republican.

**Called.**  
The comedian boarder who owed five weeks' back pay was in one of those facetious moods. "Madam," he chuckled, spearing a green strawberry and holding it above his saucer, "I understand that you entered the boarding house business merely to save enough money to become an actress. Am I right?" The landlady stared at him coldly. "Yes, Mr. Highball," she responded in rasping tones. "I am boarding beats at present so that I may be able to beat the boards later on." And then the comedian boarder left the table without even finishing his dessert.—Chicago News.

### An Unpardonable Intrusion.



The Colonel—Confound him! The first nibble I have had today, and the idiot must needs frighten every fish in the river.—Black and White.

**A Deceiving Soldier.**  
Sergeant Day was as regimental as a button stick. "Shun!" he cried to his squad. "Quick march! Left wheel! Halt! Take Murphy's name for talking in the ranks!" "But he wasn't talking," protested a corporal who was standing near. "Wasn't he?" roared Sergeant Day. "Don't matter, then. Cross it out and put him in the guardroom for deceiving me."—Tit-Bits.

**It Tastes Just the Same.**  
"You say you were in the saloon at the time of the assault referred to in the complaint?" asked the lawyer. "I was, sir."

"Did you take cognizance of the bar-keeper at the time?" "I don't know what he called it, but I took what the rest did."—Lippincott's.

**Not Complaining.**  
"Of course you know that work of art is not genuine." "Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox, "we'll have to get rid of it. But we've had a good time fooling so many people, ourselves included, that I don't know but we've had our money's worth out of it."—Washington Star.

**Poor Even at That.**  
Ascum—D'Amber of course considers himself an artist. Wise—Huh, the only thing he can do is paint the town, but he's perfect at that!

Ascum—No, he isn't. His perspective is always way off.—Philadelphia Press.

**Selfish.**  
"I see Jack Hanson was married the other day to Miss Richley." "Yes, and I was very sorry to see it." "Sorry? For her sake or his?" "For mine. I wanted her."—Detroit Tribune.

**Disproved.**  
"You Americans are too literal," said the visitor. "You have no imagination. You give fancy no play." "Oh, I don't know. We yell, 'Kill the empire!' but we let him get away generally."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**A Different Meaning.**  
"He has no end of money." "Neither have I. Not even a beginning."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Important Query.**  
Customer—Have you rouge? Saleslady—Yes, madam. What color do you prefer?—Yale Record