Faces In Hall of Fame

Bert M. Fernald — Loudenslager of New Jersey and the Campaign—Frank O. Lowden of Illinois.

Dr. Wiley, Foe of Germs. "Marse" Henry Watterson, Publicity Expert of the Democracy.

BERT M. FERNALD.

BERT M. FERNALD, nominated for governor by Maine Republicans, is making an active canvass. The state election in Maine is chiefly interesting to the rest of the country because it takes place a number of weeks before the general national election. While Maine cannot be said to be a political weather vane for the whole country, its state election is always interesting as indicating by the vote which way the political wind in general is blowing.

The late Senator Allison of Iowa was very cautious about taking sides on any question. "The more I see of that marvelous equilibrist, Allison," once remarked "Private" John Allen, "the more I am reminded of a man named Gates who used to live in my peerless town of Tupelo. Gates would never take sides. He would not commit himself. One day a doctor and a lawyer decided to force an opinion out of him. They got into a quarrel with Gates present.

"'I was out hunting,' said the doctor, 'and I shot a bull buffalo. He was sitting up in a big tree eating grapes, and I plugged him and down he fell.'

"'Go along!' broke in the lawyer. 'Buffaloes do not climb trees.'

"There was a long dispute, and the two decided to leave it to Gates. He deliberated carefully. 'Well,' he said finally, 'as a general thing buffaloes do not climb trees, but there's no telling what they will do when they are after grapes.'"

Congressman Henry Clay Loudenslager of New Jersey, who is to have charge of the New York headquarters of the Republican national campaign, is one of the hard working members of his party. He is serving his eighth term in congress. Mr. Loudenslager was mentioned as a probable chairman of the Republican congressional campaign committee, a post held for two years past by Congressman James S. Sherman, the vice presidential nominee. But Chairman Hitchcock decided to place the Jerseyman in personal direction of the work from New York.

H. C. LOUDENSLAGER.

Mr. Loudenslager is fifty-six years old, a native of Mauricetown, Cumberland county, N. J., and has been in politics since 1882. He worked on a farm in his boyhood and was engaged in the produce commission business in Philadelphia for ten years. He returned to New Jersey and was elected county clerk in 1882 and was re-elected three years later. From this office he stepped up into congress, where his constituency of the First district has kept him ever since.

Mr. Loudenslager lives at Paulsboro, N. J.

Frank O. Lowden of Chicago, who is prominent as a member of the executive committee of the Republican national committee in the conduct of Judge William H. Taft's campaign for the presidency, is a lawyer and capitalist. He was born in Sunrise City, Minn., in 1861, and is an alumnus of the Iowa State university. Mr. Lowden married a daughter of the sleeping car magnate, the late George M. Pullman. He is a factor in various financial and industrial corporations of the middle west. When Colonel Lowden unsuccessfully ran for governor of Illinois four years ago he was credited with making the most unique campaign since Victor Murdock, the aurora borealis statesman from Kansas, rallied the red headed men of his district to his support and won the race for congress in a warm finish. Mr. Lowden did not travel in cars patented by his father-in-law. On the contrary, he traveled in nothing but freight cabooses. He dressed in the working "togs" of a farmer and smoked a corncob pipe.

FRANK O. LOWDEN.

Colonel Henry Watterson, the famous Kentucky editor, politician, statesman, lecturer and speaker, has had a varied and important career, and he is now engaging in still another branch of the world's work. He has been appointed the generalissimo of the publicity forces of the Democratic national campaign committee that is just now working to elect W. J. Bryan president, and that the colonel is extremely well fitted for this task not even his bitterest opponents will deny.

As head of the national Democratic publicity department it is Colonel Watterson's task to see that the newspapers throughout the country are kept supplied with timely matter concerning the Democratic candidates and the proceedings of the campaign. He will see to it that the speeches of Mr. Bryan and Mr. Kern, the vice presidential candidate, are placed before every voter in America who can read, no matter what language he reads, and

HENRY WATTERSON AT HIS DESK IN DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS.

that the editorial writers of the daily papers in the great cities are kept supplied with arguments to meet the attacks of the Republican speakers and writers.

The influence of the newspapers on a presidential conflict cannot be underestimated, and if Colonel Watterson with his national reputation and acknowledged ability can fulfill the plans he is already said to have made for advancing the cause of Democracy and Mr. Bryan there is no doubt that he will wield a most potent influence in the present contest for the most powerful governmental office in the world today.

Corn on the cob raised on the Bryan farm is now part of the daily menu at Fairview. The husks are being saved as provender for the Minnesota mule which has been donated to Mr. Bryan.

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, who as pure food expert of the government is on the lookout for enemies of the public health, has started a crusade now against cracked crockery on account of the death dealing germs that may be concealed in the aforesaid cracks and thus able to escape the onslaught of the dish rag. Another expert on the subject, however, takes issue with Dr. Wiley and says: "Of course there are germs in cracked china, as there are in everything else in the universe. And it may be that some of these are bad instead of good. The proportion of bad germs to good ones is as 6 to 1,000,000,000. The bad germ may kill you; the good ones may be eaten by the spoonful without harmful results. A healthy person will eat many billions a day or at a single meal without getting so much as a suggestion of the stomach ache. In fact, if he did not eat great quantities of micro-organisms he could not assimilate his food and would soon dry up and blow away."

DR. H. W. WILEY.

Herman Ridder, who will collaborate with Colonel Henry Watterson and other Democratic editors in an advisory capacity to the national Democratic press bureau, is the president of the New Yorker Staats-Zeitung company and one of the best known German journalists in America. He is very much interested in tariff legislation designed to provide cheaper paper for newspapers. Mr. Ridder is of German parentage, but is himself a native New Yorker. He began his business career as an errand boy at the age of eleven years, entered the employ of an insurance company in his thirteenth year and at twenty became an insurance agent. He engaged in newspaper work seven years later, established the Katholisches Volksblatt, a German Catholic weekly, and in 1885 founded the Catholic News, which soon became the leading American paper of that religious denomination. Mr. Ridder has been influential in politics—city, state and national—as an independent Democrat. He took a prominent part in the Cleveland campaigns and in the various reform movements in New York city, having been especially active in the German-American Reform union. Much of his time is devoted to charitable work. A year ago he was elected president of the American Newspaper Publishers' association.

HERMAN RIDDER.

WORK is now well under way on the Manhattan bridge, the fourth great aerial highway over the East river planned by New York city. Two bridges are already in use, the famous old Brooklyn and the still later Williamsburg bridges, both suspension structures. A third, the Blackwell's island bridge, an impressive cantalever design, is nearing completion, but its opening will be delayed until it has been thoroughly tested owing to apprehension caused by the collapse of the mammoth Quebec bridge of the same type, a disaster that cost the lives of over 100 workmen.

The Manhattan bridge will be of the suspension type and will resemble somewhat the old Brooklyn bridge, long noted as the "jumping off" place of people ambitious to secure dime museum jobs or a golden harp and wings. Steve Brodie, who ultimately realized both ambitions, was one of the first men who jumped from Brooklyn bridge and lived to tell the tale. It must be confessed, however, that one of Mr. Brodie's rivals in the hazardous business asserted that he never did actually jump, which called forth Brodie's retort: "Dat bloke calls himself a bridge jumper, does he? S-a-a-y, dat mug couldn't jump off a trolley car on to a good thing!"

The Manhattan bridge is being erected very near the scene of Brodie's alleged exploit. In fact, it is so near the Brooklyn bridge that some people

TEMPORARY FOOTPATHS OF MANHATTAN BRIDGE.

have wondered why it is being placed where it is. However, there are excellent reasons, one of which is that it will furnish a direct route between lower New York and a part of Brooklyn only reached in a roundabout way by streets converging at the eastern end of Brooklyn bridge. When he pays the bills for Manhattan bridge Father Knickerbocker will separate himself from the sum of $28,000,000 of which $20,000,000 will be for the bridge itself and $8,000,000 for the valuable land required for the approaches to and anchorages of the structure. The towers have been built, and two temporary footpaths cross the river connecting them. On these footpaths much of the work of weaving the great supporting cables of the bridge will be done. The making of the cables and putting them into place is a task of herculean proportions and accompanied by immense hazard of life and limb. Each cable is built of thirty-seven strands, and each strand is composed of no less than 256 separate wires. In other words, high up in the air on swaying, narrow platforms or board walks, the workmen and engineers will have to make four cables, each comprising 9,472 wires, a total for the four cables of 37,888 wires. Each of these individual wires must be laid with exactly the same curve, with the same strain on it, or else it will become a useless part of the great cable to which it belongs.

After the cables are completed they are hung in place and allowed to stretch. Then they are wrapped around with a covering of strong wires, and this covering is given two or three coatings of paint. All this acts as a protection from the weather and adds to the life of the cable. The four cables for the bridge will be completed in about six months, according to the calculations of the chief engineer.

Men lose their lives in almost every big bridge enterprise, and the new bridge already has its death roster. The great height at which most of the important work has to be done places a strain on the strongest nerves and the clearest heads. But one woman has ventured to the top of the skeleton structure, a newspaper reporter, Miss Marie Clemens, connected with a New York daily. She tripped and fell on the narrow walk way and escaped plunging under the guard rope to instant death only by a miracle.

Miss Clemens spoke of her experience in part as follows:

"I climbed up 300 steps and when I reached the beginning of the footpath the force of the wind compelled me to remove my hat, and I, being of slight build, had a fear that the breeze, if it freshened, might waft me along with it.

"From anchorage to anchorage I climbed a seven foot walk until I approached the ascent to the highest point on top of the first tower. There was no hand rail except where the cable ran along the posts here and there, not even a board on either side. It looked almost impossible to me. I gazed and trembled at the prospect, but I started on the journey. It was a bigger effort than I figured upon, but I stuck to it. At last, panting but triumphant, I stood 400 feet above water and gazed upon the magnificent panorama of New York spread far below me.

"I have been rocked in an ordinary cradle and in the cradle of the deep and enjoyed both sensations, but it was a new and creepy feeling to stand on the gently swaying, creaking structure at such an altitude and peer down between the great cracks of the footboards on the rickety path to the river below, where the big river boats were passing to and fro, looking like small tugs as they swept majestically along.

"Following the instructions of the contractors, I wore rubbers and low shoes to make my footing more secure. But when I felt a trifle dizzy I clung to the arm of my sturdy guide.

"The journey over the footpath was completed in just twenty minutes, walking steadily all the while. Our time from the ascent of the stairs in Brooklyn to the finish on the New York side was just forty minutes, but it seemed to me as if I had spent years on the journey."

CHAMPION DIXIE II.

Swift Motor Boat That Won the Harmsworth Trophy.

It seems quite the fashion nowadays for the newspapers to print news that the United States has defeated Great Britain in some one sporting event or another. Our lads swept the boards in the Olympic games in the stadium at Shepherd's Bush, just outside of London, and now comes the information that an American built and designed motor boat has defeated the much praised English craft of this class in the races for the international championship.

The races took place off Huntington bay, Long Island, and, although five boats started, from the very outset it was seen that the result of the aquatic combat would be determined by the Dixie II., representing the United States, and the Wolseley-Siddeley, owned by the Duke of Westminster, who is one of the most enthusiastic motor boat racers in all Britain.

The Dixie II. won for the stars and stripes by no less than forty-nine seconds, a crushing defeat when it is considered how far a racing motor boat can travel in this time. She traveled through the water at the rate of over twenty-eight knots an hour, or, according to the landsman's way of reckoning, she went over thirty-two statute miles an hour. In the words of the horsemen, "that's going some, and a little bit more."

Much of the credit for the sensational performance of the Dixie II. goes to Captain S. Barclay Pearce,

CAPTAIN S. BARCLAY PEARCE AND DIXIE II.

who had charge of her during the contest. The engineer, Albert Rappuhn, collapsed during the race owing to the intense heat of the engines and the gasoline fumes that escaped. He fell senseless alongside of the swiftly pounding machinery, and Captain Pearce was forced to run the engines as well as to govern the course of the craft until the engineer regained his senses. The fact that the Dixie II. won the race in spite of this accident and handicap goes to accentuate the high quality of Yankee pluck, perseverance and ingenuity. England had another competitor beside the Dixie II. in the Diamler II., owned by Lord Howard de Walden.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

It makes a man swear to— But what's the use? So many things make a man swear.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever if she doesn't talk too much.

Undoubtedly the reason why women talk so much is because they think it would be embarrassing to be caught out of practice.

Heroes are painfully made by a brave deed and easily unmade by a little silliness.

Keeping up appearances often taxes one's income, but keeping up disappearances taxes the resources of the sheriff.

Some men will do anything for money—except work.

There are people so stingy that they never flatter anybody but themselves.

Compliments, while seeming to be very innocent and simple, sometimes prove to be expensive things.

People who look large have often been known to feel small.

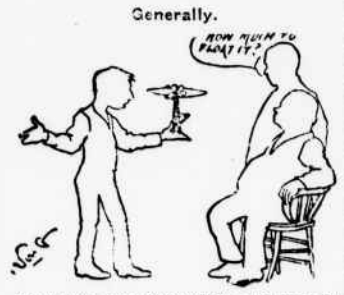
Don't expect too much of your fellow man. Our hearts may be all right, but some of us have an impediment in our brain.

It is a good thing to know how to quit and much better to prove it.

Hay Fever.

Kerchoo!
Listen
To the chorus.
Before us
Lies the month
Of the big sneeze.
These
Warm August days
Set the music going,
And the blowing
Is like unto the blast
Of forty cyclones
And a roaring well.
Ragweed gets busy,
Scatters its pollen,
And the man,
Woman or child
Who has the hay fever habit
Tries earnestly
To slough
Off
His head.
Great sport—
Nit!
Those who can flit
Do so—
Play Crusoe
On some lonely isle
Or go in style
To the mountain tops,
Where the thermometer
Dares
Not go to where
Common people feel
Like associating with it.
Near the snow line
They rest
And pine,
Not for the fragrant
Meadows—
Not they!
Say,
One touch of hay fever
And they fly
Toward the sky—
If they have the money.

Generally.



"Anyway, we can safely say that his intentions are good."

"What are they good for?"

"Oh, a touch at least!"

Hateful Thing!

"Are you fond of men's society?" chirrupped the chappie who had haunted the girl all summer like the ghost of an undesirable past.

"Really I don't know," murmured the girl.

"Don't know?"

"No; you see I have had no chance to try for a long time."

Smart Youth.

"If at first you don't succeed what should you do?"

"What, me?"

"Yes."

"If I don't succeed first time trying?"

"Yes."

"Make a kick to the management."

Artistic.

"He's an awful liar."

"I do hate that sort."

"Ah, I felt that you are like me and can only admire strictly truthful people."

"Oh, don't misapprehend me!"

"What do you mean?"

"I do admire a good liar."

Undesirable Acquaintance.

"You will have to bow to the inevitable."

"But I refuse."

"Why, pray?"

"I am not acquainted with it."

Careful.

"Will your dog bite me?"

"I hope not. He is an expensive dog, and we have to be careful as to what he eats."

UNIQUENESS WANTED.

Where is the out of town resort
Where men are so extremely short—
Or scarce? I'd like a true report—
Authentic information.
I'd like to know where maidens fair
Find that condition hard to bear.
I'd like to save them from despair
Through my two weeks' vacation.

The only pebble on the beach,
I'd be extremely nice to each;
I'd take them out to row and teach
Them all the art of swimming.
Impartially with all I'd spoon,
With all admire the lovely moon.
My cup of joy at such a boon
Would be quite overbrimming.

For generally, I admit,
I do not seem to make a hit;
The girls seem bored a little bit
Whenever I go near them.
But if they really had no choice
My manly form and manly voice
Might make their lonely hearts rejoice.
I'd love to go and cheer them.
—Chicago News.

Giving Him Encouragement.

"Do you think your father would hurt me if I was to ask him for you?"

"Hardly. But there's no telling what he will do if you don't say something pretty soon!"

He Realized at Last.

"So glad to meet you again, Miss Green. I saw you last in"—

"I beg your pardon."

"That must have been before"—

"Excuse me, Mr. Brown."

"It doesn't seem possible that so many"—

"Really, Mr. Brown, you"—

And then the luckless Brown suddenly understood that the lady didn't care to hear any further references to the flight of time and changed the subject.—Town Topics.

Not Meant For Him.

"See here," indignantly cried the transient guest—"here's a collar button in this stew!"

"Oh, that's a mistake, sir!" replied the waiter.

"A mistake?"

"Yes, sir. We never give extras except to our regular customers."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Emulation.

"Why do you think college boys are so fond of athletics?"

"I suppose," answered Mr. Si Levelhead, "that the youngsters overhear us old chaps braggin' 'bout what we did when we were boys an' sort o' feel it their duty to try to keep up."—Washington Star.

Proof Positive.

Jack—She is an exceptional woman.

Tom—In what way?

Jack—She understands the game of baseball.

Tom—How do you know?

Jack—She finds fault with the umpire from start to finish.—Detroit Tribune.

Wisdom of the Wise.

"I never trust a man who is continually harping on the beauties of honesty," said the sage of Sageville.

"Why not?" queried the youth.

"Because," explained the wisdom dispenser, "it sounds too much as if he were arguing with himself."—Chicago News.

Fashions Reversed.

Mabel—How do you like my new gown, grandmamma?

Grandmamma—I don't. In my day girls wore one button gloves and gowns buttoned up to the neck. Now they wear one button gowns and gloves buttoned up to the neck.—Judge.

Got Rattled.

Tired Thomas—After givin' me sumthin' t' eat dat ole farmer asked me t' turn de grindstone for him.

Lazy Lewis—Wot did youse do?

Tired Thomas—Nawthin'. I wuz so rattled I didn't know which way t' turn.—Minneapolis Journal.

Overwhelming Success.

"You have the three cent fare in your town now, have you? How does it work?"

"Too well. There's only about one person in half a dozen that can get a seat in the street cars now."—Pittsburg Post.

His Job.

"Yes, he doesn't do anything but pick up pins all the time."

"Well, well, that's a queer superstition."

"Not at all. It's an occupation. He's employed in a bowling alley."—Success Magazine.

Things Going His Way.

Bill—Was the umpire struck by a pitched ball?

Jill—No, but I guess he was struck with everything else!—Yonkers Statesman.