

People of Note

What a Few Celebrities Are Doing



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

THE recent announcement of the illness of James Whitcomb Riley suddenly recalled to the country the fact that this was our greatest—or, at least, our most popular—living poet. Mr. Riley had not been writing much of recent years and for that reason had somewhat dropped out of the news. Indeed, the stroke of paralysis from which he suffered antedated by some weeks the general announcement of it. Then the vast majority of readers learned with surprised regret that the poet had not been well for months. Any one knowing him, however, could understand that the lack of news concerning his illness doubtless arose from his own shy reticence regarding everything that concerned him personally and his habit of minimizing his own troubles.

The Democratic candidate for governor of Pennsylvania is only forty-four years old, yet he has received his party's vote for United States senator, has been floor leader of his party in the state senate, has been permanent chairman of a state convention, has been chief of the Knights of the Golden Eagle of his state, has been elected many times in a Republican stronghold and is one of the leading lawyers of Bucks county. In addition, he was for twelve years superintendent of a Sunday school and for more than twenty years church organist and leader of the choir. These are only the beginnings of the things Senator Grim has done.



SENATOR WEBSTER GRIM.

Among the remainder he has been member of a school board and justice of the peace. Yes, and he led his Odd Fellows' lodge when it captured a prize in Canada. To do all of these things we are assured that Senator Grim works till 12 o'clock at night when not at church or lodge. Furthermore, he is so jovial that the motto "Grim he is by name, but not by nature," is explained.

Just now politicians the country over are wondering what George B. Cox, the Cincinnati boss, will do. Cox's candidate for governor, Judge Brown of Dayton, was turned down, and there were some who said that Cox only swung in line for Harding because he thought the nominee would be beaten at the polls. They overlooked the factor of gratitude, however, for Harding once made a most eloquent and eulogistic speech in nominating Cox for delegate at large to a national convention. The Cincinnati boss is not the sort of man to forget a thing like that, so it is a safe bet that he is supporting Harding in good faith.



GEORGE B. COX.

Cox is an ex-saloon keeper, ex-fighter, present banker and theatrical backer. When he was in his prime he stood six feet in height. He first became a force in politics because he could leap flatfooted over his saloon counter and land on the jaw of a man on the other side on his way down. He never ran for office but once, and then he was beaten by the length of the Ohio river. But he has ruled Cincinnati and the politics of southern Ohio absolutely.

They are still saying that "Loeb did it," and if any one asks, "What has Loeb done now?" the answer is: "Haven't you heard? Shaved off his mustache." Fact! If you don't believe it, look at the picture. This is William Loeb, Jr., up to date.

The fell deed was done on a very hot day. When a smooth faced man, with classical features, wearing eyeglasses, entered the custom house the next morning the uniformed attendants in the outer office of the collector jumped to their feet and asked the seeming stranger what business he had within.

They told him the collector had not arrived yet for the day.

"I am Collector Loeb," he said quietly and with a smile after some deliberation, weighing what he should say.

He then entered the inner office, where he surprised two deputies and a secretary. When Collector Loeb was asked why he had shaved off his mustache he replied, after a little thought, that he did it because it was hot and he wanted to be cooler.

WILLIAM LOEB, JR.

In the Limelight

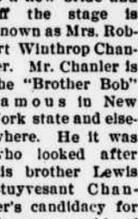
Glimpses of the Great and Near Great



MRS. KATE RICHARDS O'HARA.

FOR a woman while at the wash-tub to receive a notification that she had just been nominated for congress and then for her to dry her arms and start out to make fifty speeches in the district indicates that we are either going back to old fashioned things or going forward to very new fashioned things. Considering that this woman, Mrs. Kate O'Hara, lives in Kansas and has been nominated by the Socialists inclines one to the new fashioned interpretation. The false notion must not be gained that Mrs. O'Hara takes in washing for a living. She was simply doing her own family wash as the fateful summons came. When Rome called Cincinnatus he left his plow in the furrow. It is not probable that Mrs. O'Hara left her clothes in the suds, however. She is too careful a housewife for that. Nor is it even likely that she will leave her opponents in the suds at the end of the campaign. The Socialist party is not strong enough to do things of that sort. However that may be, the people of her district and elsewhere will admire Mrs. O'Hara's pluck, even though they do not elect her to congress.

The world of music will be delighted to hear that Lina Cavalieri has come successfully through a recent operation for appendicitis performed in Paris. The disease had become chronic, and complications were feared, but assurance is now given that the famous singer will suffer no ill effects. A romantic interest is lent to the case because of the fact that Mlle. Cavalieri is a new bride and off the stage is known as Mrs. Robert Winthrop Chanler. Mr. Chanler is the "Brother Bob" famous in New York state and elsewhere. He it was who looked after his brother Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler's candidacy for the governorship of New York two years ago. "Brother Bob" has also been sheriff of Dutchess county, N. Y., member of assembly and amateur artist of note. Perhaps his most famous picture is of a number of very tall giraffes eating golden oranges growing on silver birch trees.



MRS. ROBERT W. CHANLER.

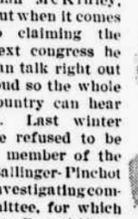
The congressional campaign does not attract quite the popular interest that attends the election of a president, yet the fight in off years sometimes determines the result in the succeeding presidential canvass. The present battle to control congress will not be without its influence in 1912.



WILLIAM D. MCKINLEY.

The campaign manager on the Republican side has the name of the warty president and a middle name thrown in. William Brown McKinley is a minister's son, started life as a drug clerk and is now the head of large street railway interests that make him a millionaire. He was formerly treasurer of the Republican congressional committee and succeeded Vice President Sherman as chairman. He can make a speech, but prefers to leave that to others. He is known chiefly as a harmonizer and organizer. It has been said of McKinley that he is the most popular man in congress. Yet he is seldom heard on the floor. Possibly that is the reason for his popularity.

The Democratic congressional chairman, James Tighman Lloyd, has represented the First Missouri district since 1893. He is a quiet, self contained man who gives the impression of reserved power. Lloyd makes no more noise on the floor than McKinley, but when it comes to claiming the next congress he can talk right out loud so the whole country can hear it. Last winter he refused to be a member of the Ballinger-Pinchot investigating committee, for which the Republican caucus named him in place of Henry T. Rainey of Illinois, and gave as his reason that it would interfere with his work in organizing the congressional campaign. Both the Democratic and Republican chairmen have their headquarters in Chicago, but spend most of the time on the warpath and in the field. Lloyd really believes he will win this fight.



JAMES T. LLOYD.

DIET FADS ATTACKED.

Physician Disputes Some Ideas About Foods and Nutrition.

A Britisher is your true "knocker" of fads, provided he turns at all in that direction. Dr. A. L. Benedict has taken this tangent and has set about disputing a lot of ideas concerning foods and nutrition.

Few people, comparatively, eat too much; most of them, through fad foods, economy and lack of condition for a normal appetite, don't eat enough.

A cooked egg is more nourishing than an egg eaten raw.

Sugar, used to the extent of three to four ounces a day, is one of the cheapest and best foods for the development of energy; if not all digested, it isn't as harmful to the digestive organs as are the undigested fats and protoids.

Starch never advances far toward digestion in the stomach; the pancreas deals with it easily and effectively.

Fruits, nuts, desserts and the like are unnecessary to the physical needs of the system.

Excepting the olive, almost the only vegetable foods that contain appreciable fats are nuts.

Meat and many vegetables contain as much phosphorus or "brain food" as does the fishiest fish.

A Welsh rabbit is sterile, highly nutritious and no harder to digest than is milk curd. It's what you drink with it after midnight that hurts.

The best bouillon and other clear soups have about 6 per cent of proteid content. Beef tea is about as nourishing as is the water in which an egg has been poached.

Of eggs and milk, the calories of a day's rations should call for twenty-five eggs or three quarts of milk. As to raw oysters, 2.2 pounds yield fifty calories, which is about one-twelfth of what a person needs of proteid.

No healthy person should be a semi-invalid after a meal, requiring a snooze to recover; dawdling over a meal is as bad as bolting it.—Chicago Tribune.

LEAD IN MONTANA.

Ores in the Bearpaw Mountains May Prove Valuable.

The approaching exhaustion of the world's richer known lead producing districts gives special interest to the study of any possible source of lead in countries where increasing prices or improved methods may soon make even low grade deposits valuable. Accordingly the United States geological survey has published a report by L. J. Pepperberg on the little known lead field of the Bearpaw mountains, in Montana.

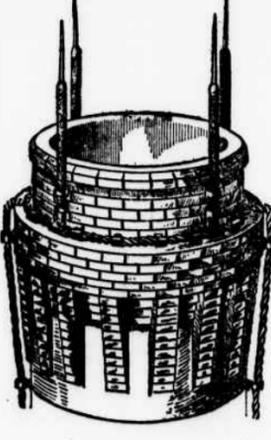
The region considered was long ago prospected for gold and silver, but no valuable mineral deposits were found until about 1888, when work was begun on a vein of argentiferous galena near Lloyd. A claim on this vein was patented in 1892, but work was suspended because it proved to be unprofitable. Since that time several other claims have been patented, and some work has been done, though no ore has yet been produced.

The rocks in this region are widely mineralized. The ores were probably deposited by hot waters ascending from great depths. Later, during the long continued wearing down of the Bearpaw mountains by erosion and weathering, the metallic minerals were dissolved, carried down again into the rocks by rainwater and redeposited in concentrated form within moderate distances of the surface.

The ore contains a little gold, forty or fifty ounces of silver to the ton and 50 or 60 per cent of lead and is easily crushed and concentrated. More thorough prospecting in this region may develop ore bodies of greater value.

Lightning Rod Protector.

The lightning conductor point and point rod protector herewith illustrated is the invention of Carl Bajobr of St. Louis. It was designed for the purpose of protecting the point rods from the corroding effects of gases due to combustion. Due to the nitric, sulphuric and muriatic acid fumes present in various gases of combustion light-



SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

ning conductor points on power plant and smelter chimneys are frequently eaten away or so badly corroded as to destroy their efficiency. To overcome this condition the lightning conductor point here illustrated has been invented, which consists of a platinum tipped point mounted on a rod which is protected by a tubular jacket of carbon.

NEW TALES THAT ARE TOLD

Mushrooms Versus Toadstools.

The fame of the late Charles A. Dana's mushroom caves at Garden City, N. Y., had got abroad in the land, so much so that one day a big chap wearing a long frock coat, long top boots, long drooping mustache, long hair and a sombrero invaded the



"YOU DON'T QUITE FOLLOW ME, SAH,"

sanctum of the great editor and started right in by saying: "I am Colonel Dickworth of Texas, sah. Some of my friends, sah, and myself, sah, are very much interested in mushrooms, sah, and seeing in the papers, sah, that you have made a scientific study of their propagation, sah, I have called on you, sah, to ask how you tell mushrooms from toadstools, sah."

Mr. Dana glared at his visitor and snorted: "I don't tell them. If I told them anything they wouldn't understand me. They are inanimate things, sah, as you say in Texas."

"You don't quite follow me, sah. What I want to know is how to distinguish between a toadstool and a mushroom?"

"Well, why didn't you say so, then? If I eat a toadstool it kills me, but if I eat a mushroom it doesn't. Good day, sah."

STARTLED THE COLORED MAMMY.

Impression Produced by a Visit to an Exhibit of Statuary.

Booker T. Washington, the talented head of the Tuskegee institute, told, after a visit to the Metropolitan museum in New York, a Metropolitan museum story.

"A Kentucky lady," he said, "visited the museum with her maid, an old fashioned mammy. 'Malinda had never seen an art gallery before, and the nudes startled her in a way that would have endeared her to the heart of Mr. Comstock. But when she entered the hall of sculpture then she was more than startled."

"'Land!' she said. 'Land sakes!' 'And with dubious shakes of the head she passed before the white beauty of the Venus de Medici, the Apollo Belvedere, the Venus de Milo and the other gracious shapes of snowy marble."

"'Land sakes!' 'Don't you like it, Malinda?' asked her mistress. 'Yes'm,' said Malinda. 'Ah likes it well enough, but Ah's powerful glad dar ain't none o' my color here.'"

Where America Leads.

Robert Herrick, an author, praised in an after dinner speech in Chicago the philanthropy of the American millionaire.

"Our millionaires, with all their faults," he said, "are in their charities the most liberal men in the world. We should be glad that no American fashionable preacher can say of his rich parishioners what I once heard a London fashionable preacher say from the pulpit very bitterly. 'Our upper classes,' the preacher said, 'don't give according to their means, but according to their meanness.'"

Quotation Marks.

Senator Beveridge, in an after dinner speech in Cleveland, said of a corrupt politician: "The man's excuse is absurd as the excuse that a certain minister offered on being convicted of plagiarism. 'Brethren,' said this minister, 'it is true that I occasionally borrow for my sermons, but I always acknowledge the fact in the pulpit by raising two fingers at the beginning and two at the end of the borrowed matter, thus indicating that it is quoted.'"

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

IT isn't hard to lead any man provided you lead him in the direction that his inclinations point, no matter what has been his opposite training.

The only way to hide a thing is to forget it.

A cold potato is an excellent symbol of professional charity.

The trouble with the ultimate consumer is that he is so often found unable to consume.

The man who roasts you seldom does it by heaping scriptural coals of fire upon your head.

When sweet words ferment they often make a bad mess of it.

The high polish of some persons serves to make manifest their extremely coarse grain.

The trouble seems to be that we have too many preachers and too few practicers to make things in this old world run as they ought.

People who live in glass houses should provide the house with automatic shades.

As a general thing the average man has far greater capabilities for getting into trouble than he has for getting out.

The Real Czar. I'd like to be the emperor. There in the center standing before the audience and men To hold the place commanding. Deciding things offhanded. The frantic crowd defying. And paying no attention To words and missiles flying.

The noisier the people The calmer and the cooler I'd hold to my decisions. As well becomes a ruler. Though they should rise in fury And yell, demanding slaughter, They couldn't make me tremble Or half an inch back water.

The player who got noisy And came to make a holler, I'd shut him off by saying, "You're fined another dollar." And even should the captain Get on his ear and fling I'd show him in a minute Just who was high and mighty.

Oh, if my wife could see me Commanding like a Nero Perhaps for weeks thereafter I'd be her little hero! I wouldn't work the racket On her or my relations. For that I am too foxy. I know my limitations.

Hard on His Brand. "He smokes awfully." "Yes. He is absolutely brutal about it." "Brutal?" "Yes. His wife just loathes tobacco." "Tobacco?" "Yes." "What has that got to do with it?"

Nothing Doing. "They say she cheats horribly at cards." "And they all hate her, I suppose." "Not at all. It amuses us." "Why, you generous hearted things!" "Oh, I don't know." "Indeed you are!" "But, you see, she never wins, anyway."

Business Sense. "All ACCEPT"

"Charlie proposed to Edith last night." "That so?" "Yes." "What did she say?" "Asked for time." "And he?" "Said he never gave time; his terms were cash on the spot, discount off." "And she?" "Took her discount."

Queer. "The good die young." "Is that so?" "Yes." "That accounts for it, then." "For what?" "Their peculiarity. I have always noticed that the good have queer taste."

Profitable. "I always patronize the store in my neighborhood." "What store?" "The drug store." "What do you buy there?" "All my postal cards and postage stamps."

Makes Them Suspicious. "These modern songs are the limit." "I should say so. Now, there is that one 'My Wife's Gone to the Country.'" "Has a bad effect, doesn't it?" "I should say so. We can hardly get them to go any more."

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