

People of Note

Snapshots at Celebrities Talked About



PRINCESS LOUISE.

EVER since Princess Louise, the only daughter of the kaiser, made her bow to society she has been reported betrothed to various sons of royalty, and now comes the statement that she has been won by the Archduke Karl Franz, eldest son of the late Archduke Otto of Austria.

When John E. Redmond, who is now touring America with several other distinguished Irishmen, delivers a speech in parliament it is always received attentively. He is a tactician who knows the value of obstructing business, but who realizes just how and when to do it.



J. E. REDMOND.

James C. Dahlman, the "cowboy mayor" of Omaha and Democratic nominee for governor of Nebraska, recently had published some early incidents of his life owing to rumors circulated by his enemies.

The immediate cause of my leaving Texas was this: An elder sister married a man named Charley Bree, a shiftless sort of fellow, nothing more or less than an outlaw. They lived together for two years, and some time after their child was born he deserted her for no apparent reason than that he was tired of married life and his innate cussedness.

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Photo by American Press Association.

JAMES C. DAHLMAN.

Well illustrative of the "boy scout" spirit was the care which Lieutenant General Sir Robert Baden-Powell took at the dinner given in his honor to accept no undue credit as the starter of the admirable movement which he has done so much to further. He did not claim to be more than an uncle of the scout idea and frankly admitted its American origin.

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In the Limelight

Gossip of People In the Dispatches

ACCORDING to a story being told of Henry L. Stimson, the Republican nominee for governor of New York, he rode into office on a horse. While Mr. Roosevelt was president Mr. Stimson used to visit him socially. On one occasion he went to



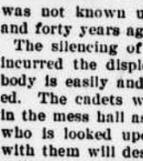
HENRY L. STIMSON.

The White House unannounced and found that the president had gone for a walk. Mr. Stimson then decided to take a horseback ride and soon found himself in Rock Creek park. Suddenly he heard a hullo from across a creek and saw Mr. Roosevelt and Ellhu Root on the opposite bank.

"Hello, Stimson!" cried the president. "Come on over." Mr. Stimson without hesitation plunged his horse in. The creek was swollen, and this, with the uncertain footing, made the trip a perilous and exciting one for both horse and rider, but finally they pulled themselves out, dripping, on the opposite bank. After he had appointed Mr. Stimson to the United States district attorneyship Mr. Roosevelt recounted the incident and added:

"I thought that anybody who was fool enough to jump into that stream the way Stimson did would make a good prosecutor."

The hazing of Captain Rufus E. Longan at West Point recently by the "silence" method is an episode which has been discussed throughout the length and breadth of the land, and thousands of people have wondered where such a custom had its origin. This practice of which Captain Longan has been the victim is a modification of the old English idea of "sending to Coventry" one of whom his fellows disapproved, and to this day it appears in armies, including that of the United States.



CAPTAIN LONGAN.

The silencing of an officer who has incurred the displeasure of the cadet body is easily and simply accomplished. The cadets when seated at table in the mess hall as long as the person who is looked upon with disfavor is with them will desist from all conversation among themselves and remain with folded arms looking at their plates.

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General Baden-Powell's military title and record have had one slightly unfortunate consequence—that of giving the impression that the boy scouts are in training for war. They are not, except incidentally and rather remotely. It is indeed expected that the scouts will be better soldiers in case of need than other boys, but only because of higher efficiency and intelligence, developed for the attainment of ends entirely unwarlike.

BOWSER'S AIR BAG

Dreams a Scheme to Do Away With Drowning.

HIS WIFE NEARLY DAZZLED.

Still She Doubts When He Says All Depends on a Syndicate—If He Can Float, Fortune Comes to Stay—But Suppose It Doesn't?

By M. QUAD. (Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

WHEN Mr. Bowser had finished breakfast the other morning he did not rush from the house and hustle for a street car as it was the last one ever going to pass the corner. On the contrary, he sat down and lighted a cigar and appeared very serene.

"Will you tell me what this means?" asked Mrs. Bowser after gazing at him in astonishment. "Sit down, my dear. I want to talk with you," he replied.

"But have you failed—gone into bankruptcy—busted up?" "Nothing of the kind. I have simply made \$5,000,000 in the last two weeks, and I thought you would like to hear about it."

"You—you can't mean it! Why, I have seen nothing unusual in your conduct."

"And I didn't mean you should," he laughed. "You think you can read me like a book, but you can't. I was determined to carry this thing through to a successful end without saying anything to you, and I have done so. Do you want \$100 to shop with today?"

"Oh, Mr. Bowser!" "I will give it to you—that is, I will probably give it to you some day next week. I may make it \$200—\$500."

"Then you haven't made \$5,000,000?" "Listen to me and see. Mrs. Bowser, do you know how many victims the oceans of the world claim every year?"

"You said you would give me \$100." "I should be ashamed to hand you out such a trifle. Let that go just now and listen to me. You cannot answer my question. I have gathered statistics to show that 232,054 persons are annually lost in salt water. The number drowned in lakes, ponds and rivers amounts to 151,257. Think of this terrible loss of life! And then

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MRS. BOWSER CHIEDED FOR DOUBTING.

think that I am going to put an end to it! From now on there won't be ten lives lost a year by drowning." "It seems nonsense to talk that way," she said.

"I admit that I thought so a week ago, but I have changed my mind. Do you know anything about air?" "I have breathed it a few times."

"Do you know that there is common air, such as you get when you put your head out of the window to look at the hand organ man, and rarefied air, such as you find at an altitude of a mile?" "Y-e-s."

Air, Buoyant and Common. "Well, let me tell you that the buoyancy of rarefied air is just ninety-two times greater than that of common air. A rubber bag the size of a hot water bag, filled with common air, will support the weight of a tonnet in the water. Fill the same bag with rarefied air and it will support the biggest man."

"Well, what of it?" "What of it? Why, woman, there's the nub of the whole thing. There's where Bowser comes in. There's where he makes his \$5,000,000. You are dull this morning."

"But you promised to give me a hand!" "Pay attention to me, Mrs. Bowser. I get the rubber bags made. I fill them with rarefied air. I sell them at \$2 each. They are to be worn under the clothing. Every person going on or near the water wants one. One wearing which I shall call Bowser's life bag can jump overboard in midocean and drift in safety for weeks. There will be no such thing as drowning. If I wanted to get rid of your mother I should have to take her by the heels and hold her head under water."

"But where are you going to get your rarefied air?" "Just now, to give the matter a thorough test, I have secured some from a chemist. Later on I shall have the air from the top of Mount McKinley brought down."

"And how are you going to test it?" "Ah, ha! Interested, are you? Why am I here this morning instead of being at the office? To make the test. I am sure it will be successful, but I

must convince the public. I shall buckle a bag around me and leap into the river. The public will expect to see me go to the bottom like a grindstone, but I shall float away like a duck. I have calculated things to the fraction of an ounce.

"But I wish you would leave the hundred dollars with me before you make the test."

Syndicate's New Check. "Mrs. Bowser, your sentiments don't do you credit. On the contrary, I should say they come under the head of reprehensible. We will let that pass, however. A syndicate stands ready to hand me \$5,000,000 the moment success is assured. It will be assured by 1 o'clock. At 12 I shall arrive home with a certified check in my pocket. At 1 o'clock we go down shopping and spend a thousand dollars. That's the program."

"If you could spare me the hundred now," she appealed. "Woman, cease to harp. Your conduct is strange indeed. I am on the eve of accomplishing the greatest thing on earth, and yet you persistently seek to rattle me. Is that a wife's part? When I lay a check for \$5,000,000 in your lap what are you going to say for yourself?"

"But you may not do it." "In other words, you think I may fail. You doubt if your husband—Bowser—knows what he is about. You look upon this thing as a pipe dream. I suppose I ought to be very angry, but all inventors have had to meet the same thing. When Fulton invented his steamboat his wife called him a fool. We will let it go, however. Later on you will doubtless render me a full apology. I must now be off."

"I don't say you are a fool, Mr. Bowser," she said, "only—only I wish you would give it up."

"Heavens, but hearken to the woman!" "I think you are deceived in it."

"Bowser deceived—Bowser?" "You may not float."

"Why not say that the sun may drop out of the sky or the earth cease to revolve? Why not say that I'm as crazy as a loon and should be locked up? Mrs. Bowser, I cannot comprehend you. Indeed, I shall not try to comprehend you. The discussion will now close, and I will go."

Mr. Bowser had bought a hot water bag for his experiment. A drug store man had talked about rarefied air and then put a bicycle pump at work. It was ready for him. A crowd was also ready for him. It had become noised around that a man was to commit suicide on account of unrequited love, and many dock loafers had gathered. The inflated bag had been buckled on under his clothing, and his rotundity gave rise to such remarks as:

Guyed and Fished Out. "Oh, what a bay windy he'd make!" "And he wanted to be loved!" "If he's goin' to die all over it will take a long time!"

Mr. Bowser was pale, but determined. The die was cast, and he didn't propose to flunk.

The crowd didn't understand what was at stake, but he did. The water looked deep and the river wide, and after all Mrs. Bowser was a pretty good wife.

As he stood on the edge of the dock he could hear men around him whispering: "He's a new kind of submarine!" "He's a hippopotamus!" "He's a Hamilton and he's going to fly under water!"

"Mebbe he's goin' down to the bottom to look for a cent!" It was the fatal moment. Mr. Bowser poised and sprang. He went for the bottom of the river like a thousand ton stone, and when next he became conscious of earthly things he was on a dray and being carried home. It was like a dream, but he heard a man say to Mrs. Bowser when the house was reached:

"The old boy is game. He stayed right down on the bottom for ten minutes. Oh, no, he ain't a dead'n. He's jest recoverin' his hilarity. Swallowed two barrels of water and won't want another drink till next year."

And half an hour later, when the life bag man had regained his senses and asked what had happened, good Mrs. Bowser gently replied:

"Don't worry. You fell off the roof of the house, but never even barked a shin. You'll be singing around within an hour."

Warning to Maud. Maud Muller will get a crick in the neck from looking up at the judge in an aeroplane.—New York American.

Sorry He Spoke. She—You seem to have something weighing on your mind? He (grouchily)—Well, I haven't. Do you think my mind is a pair of scales? She—Oh, no; scales are evenly balanced.—Boston Transcript.

The Easier Way. "Do foreigners buy many of our stocks?" "Some. Usually, though, they prefer to acquire them by marriage."—Pittsburg Post.

Fashion's New Decree. O men who rattle and wheeze, Old Fashion's dictated, or so it is stated, That you must propose on your knees! Alas for the calloused old shins! Alas for the cramps when they seize! A fig for digestion when popping the question! You've got to slump down on your knees! —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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