MEETING A MIGHTY HUNTER; WALLOWING IN SACRED MUD OF THE NILE AND SENDING A CABLE MESSAGE FROM THE JUNGLE

BY GILSON GARDNER

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On board the Abbas Pashaw, under special charter by your correspondent to go up the white Nile to meet Theo. Roosevelt approaching Khartoum on the S. S. Dal, March 12.—It happened yesterday (Friday) Roosevelt has been met and the story has been cabled. Now for a few details not in the cable story.

We started from Khartoum Tuesday afternoon, and our race was ended yesterday morning at 6 o'clock. For three nights and two days we had pushed the old Abbas to the limit. If a paddle broke we cast it loose. If the engine pounded—let her pound. Another chartered newspaper boat, the Cairo, was hanging on our heels and we must get along.

I had just put away my shaving kit when "Cal." O'Laughlin of the Chicago Tribune, who was my partner in this voyage, came dashing down from the bridge.

"Here comes the Dal!" he cried.

Sure enough! Less than a mile away, like a pretty toy boat in the brilliant morning sun, a steamer, with a barge lashed to her starboard side, was stealing toward us.

Then things hummed. We dragged our skipper out of bed, and made frantic signs to our Arab "riis" to put about. "Cal" must have time to get into something less informal than a bathrobe. And we might even get a cup of coffee.

Which, being done, we let the Dal come up.

On the upper deck, waving a brown helmet, a brown figure, short and wide about the hips, could be none other than T. R. The figure with the beard, wide, brown and flowing—of course must be Cunninghame.

"Come aboard!" hailed the figures on the Dal. And the Dal's nose was run ashore.

The wind made it unsafe to come alongside, and we poked the Abbas against the bank a few hundred feet down stream.

"Look out for snakes!"

The warning reached me just as I was sliding from the shoulders of a native sailor into a mass of sedgy giant grass.

A moment later and my white canvas shoes had sunk in to 10 inches of rich Nile mud, and I was lost in an impenetrable jungle. The stalks of the grass were like a tangle of sugar cane edged with thistle.

"Mother of wool" is what the natives call the grass. So I learned afterward, and why. For when I was finally hauled up on the Dal my hands were "wooly" with pestiferous prickles from the grass, and blood dripped from my finger tips.

Surely the grass must be pushed aside if one is to get through (it was not less than 15 feet high), and how can it be pushed aside except with hands?

So that's how it happened that my meeting with T. R. and his party was both cordial and bloody.

"I guess you'll have to take him in charge and doctor him up," said the colonel to Cunninghame. And I was led away to be soaked and salved and bandaged.

So now, when I have nothing else to do—no cables to file or copy to write or sleep to make up—I pick "wool" out of my hands.

I have told by cable of the meeting. I have told that Roosevelt is the some good scout. In spirits and health he is—almost am I tempted to say—bully.

"I've reformed on 'bully'," the colonel remarked. "A distinguished authority has said that 'bully' is a word used only by children and Mr. Roosevelt."

"Come on over the boat," the colonel said, after the preliminaries were over. "I want to show you some of the specimens. A perfectly corking giant eland. Got it since we left Gondokoro."

So we saw the barrel full of horned skulls, the piles of rhino hides, the guns, and the collection of bullets—each notable for some exciting experience—and the native gunbearers and tent men. The latter we lined up on the top deck and tried our kodaks on them.

It was interesting to see the devotion of these blacks to Bwana Makaku (the great master), and his love for them.

(Special Photograph by Correspondent Gilson Gardner.)
THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE AT RENK, WHERE GARDNER FILED HIS CABLE MESSAGE AT 3 A. M.

"I tell you," said the colonel in this enthusiastic way, "when a fellow like that has gone with you through life and death experiences, and has shown perfect courage, as well as devotion, you can't help respecting him."

Even with politics barred, there was plenty to talk about, and we visited and breakfasted on the Dal, with the Abbas following, until we came to Renk. It was then 11 a. m., and cables had to be filed.

"Dine with me at 7," said the colonel, as we were leaving. "You will find us tied up to the bank somewhere below."

The operator at Renk proved to be a native Sudanese with the three scars on his cheeks—tribe marks. He could understand some English, and speak a little. He lived in a house shaped like a beehive, and the telegraph office was a palatial structure of mud walls, dirt floor and a flat roof. But that operator was a surprise. He sent phonetically, and had no idea of what it was all about, but he got through the copy at the rate of 800 words an hour.

Our cables filed, we bade farewell to Renk, and getting back to the river, we made our way down to where the Dal was tied up. Believe me, we were ready for something to eat that night. The dinner was picturesque. The table was set on the deck of the barge, and the colonel sat at the head. Behind him were the flat shores of the Nile, lit up by the flare of blazing grass. The ships lanterns—merely protected candles—did the rest. The hunters were in their working clothes, and the guests in the damour, or native cotton—suits built in a day at a cost of $6 the suit.

"I dress by buttoning the top button of my shirt and adding a green silk tie," the colonel explained.

The food tasted quite civilized. Dr. Mearns and Kermit had gone ashore and bagged some ducks. The barge housed a lot of live goats and chickens, and the Swiss steward had spread himself. The menu card was his handiwork—a flag done in blue and red pencil, with appropriate inscriptions. The talk was free and interesting, but as at the dinners of the Gridiron club, "there were no reporters present."

At midnight we went on board the Abbas, leaving the Dal to a more leisurely trip down to Khartoum.

Yes, I should say T. R. is the same. Only more so. Personally, I am satisfied.

(Special Photograph by Correspondent Gilson Gardner.)
COL. ROOSEVELT AT THE RACES AT KHARTUM. THE FORMER PRESIDENT IS SEATED IN THE CENTER OF THE PICTURE, SURROUNDED BY HIS ENGLISH ENTERTAINERS. KERMIT IS STANDING ON THE LEFT OF THE PICTURE, WEARING HIS FIRST MUSTACH.

MURDER CASE IS WITH JURY

(By United Press Leased Wire.)

EVERETT, April 13.—The Freestone murder case will go to the jury today and a verdict is expected by tonight. The trial has been in progress ten days.

William Freestone is an old resident. He is accused of having shot and killed Mrs. Edna Warn, a woman by whom he declares he was jilted. The defense rests its case on a plea of accidental shooting.

PLAYGROUND NECESSARY AS SCHOOL;--.SEYMOUR

Second only in importance to the public schools themselves are playgrounds, in the estimation of President W. W. Seymour of the park board who addressed the Plymouth Congregational church brotherhood on the subject last night.

He said the playground must go with the school if children are to be properly developed, kept off the street and guarded from vice.

AGED COUPLE BOTH DIE WITHIN TWO DAYS

(By United Press Leased Wire.)

BELLINGHAM, April 13.—Dying three days apart, Amelia Ray, 77 years old, and her husband, Josiah Ray, 84 years old, will be buried in the same grave this afternoon.

Mrs. Ray was stricken with paralysis and died yesterday afternoon, just three days after the death of her husband, from a severe attack of grip.

Mrs. Ray was so low that her husband's funeral was purposely delayed.

WRIGHT PARK BAND CONCERT SUNDAY

If the weather permits, the consolidated band of union musicians will give a concert in Wright park next Sunday afternoon, beginning at 2 o'clock. Should the weather prove unfavorable, the concert will be given on the first clear Sunday.

IDENTIFY NEGRO SHOT BY POLICE

SEATTLE, April 13.—Harry Van, aged 25 years, is the negro who was shot to death in a running battle with the police yesterday morning. Van had a police record and frequented gambling resorts.

In the Public Eye

PATTI (Baroness Cederstrom.)

It begins to look as if Patti, the once great singer, did really make her "last farewell' tour the last time she was over here, some five or six years ago. But Patti was the past grand master of that "farewell' business, and everybody expected that there would be still another "last in America' 'tour.

That "January and May" marriage of Patti, now 67, and the Baron Cederstrom, half her age, was not so much the cause of the "last tour" being the last as her growing inability to touch the high spots in grand opera. The baroness is now living in Crag-y-Nos castle, Ystradgynlais, Breconshire, South Wales, which is something of an address when placed southwest of a 2-cent postage stamp, but it's easy for anyone who has tackled dago grand opera as successfully as Patti has.

Councilmen Pay $3,150 For Pretty Plans of Impossible Fire Tug

Here is the way the city council does business:

Fred Ballin and McCoy & Spear last year got into a fight over making plans for a fire tug for Tacoma. Each said the other was incompetent. So anxious was the council to rush through a fire tug scheme, however, that despite the charges against all the architects, the council got them together and gave them the job jointly.

The plans were finished a couple of weeks ago. The council took them, looked at the pictures a few minutes, then accepted them and ordered the money paid, amounting to $3,150.

Later some members looked at the specifications and found they would not do.

Then they began trying to save something out of the wreck. In the meantime the architects rushed to the treasurer and got their money.

Now the council has a lot of pretty plans.

It does not know whether they are good for anything or not.

And the city is out $3,150.

This is just the first little grab on that fire tug deal.

This Ought to Look Good to Folks Back East Who Are Slaving For Just Enough to Eat and Wear

Railway men report the greatest tide of immigration to this state known in history. The colonist parties now coming break all records. Most of them also know what they want. They are coming to raise the "big red apple" and to start in other agricultural pursuits.

Just now attention is being directed to Puget Sound as the home of the pear. Authorities all agree that there is more money in pears on Puget Sound without irrigation than there is in apples east of the mountains with irrigation. **This is the only section in the country where pear blight is unknown, and the prices secured for the fancy French and Dutch pears which will keep all winter are something remarkable.**

Those who have investigated say Puget Sound country is destined to be the pear country of the world.

WAGE WAR ON LOAN SHARKS IN SEATTLE

(By United Press Leased Wire.)

SEATTLE, April 13.—In the superior court here, Judge A. W. Frater put himself on record as being emphatically opposed to the practices of the Seattle loan sharks. He ordered a mortgage held by one of these usurers cancelled and threw the suit instituted by the loan shark out of court.

The loan shark, fearing to publicly display his hand, persuaded his own sister, Hattie P. Walcott, to bring the suit against Rebecca McKinnon and her husband, hard working people, who gave their little house and lot as security for a loan of $50 which they secured from W. H. Fisher, a money lender.

The McKinnons signed a blank mortgage and this was later filled in by Fisher, it is said, for $250. After the McKinnons had paid Fisher $100 they asked for the return of their mortgage, but it was refused on one pretext and another. The mortgage was transferred then by Fisher and later the suit just decided in favor of the McKinnons was instituted.

Usury Law a Failure.

The law passed by the last legislature with the object of curtailing the misery caused by the salary loan sharks is a failure. The loan sharks laugh at it. It does not affect their business in the slightest degree. They ignore it. It has no more effect upon the salary loan industry than if it had never been passed. Ignorance of the methods of these usurers is all that led the legislature to believe that such a law would be effective.

The law provides that no assignment of wages, to be earned in the future, made as security for a loan, shall be legal unless the assignment is accepted by the employer and the acceptance filed with the county auditor in the county in which it is made. If the person making the assignment is married the assignment is not legal unless signed by the wife.

The trouble with the law is that the loan sharks, even before the passage of the act, never considered the assignment of wages they take from the borrower as being legally enforceable. They never intended to enforce the assignments in the courts. The assignments have always been taken simply and solely for the purpose of threatening the borrower.

Threatens Victims.

Its sole object was to support a threat to show it to the employer if the usurious loan is not paid and then to harass the employer and employe until the employer to escape the disagreeable acts of the loan shark's agents compels the employe to pay under threat of discharge for nonpayment.

An assignment nonenforceable in the courts and of no legality is just as effective for the loan sharks' purposes as one protected by the courts.

EDITOR ENDS FUED; MAYOR IS SLAIN

(By United Press Leased Wire.)

MOORHOUSE, Mo., April 13.—Claud B. Hay, editor of the Moorhouse Hustler, yesterday shot and killed Dr. L. . Hart, mayor, ending a political feud of three years' standing. After the shooting on the main street Hay surrendered.

YAKIMA COPS ARREST 57 TRAMPS

(By United Press Leased Wire.)

NORTH YAKIMA, April 13.—There was a general clean-up of hoboes and vagrants yesterday. The names of 57 were called in police court yesterday following a raid on all the box cars and shacks in town.

20 MORE NOSE COUNTERS WILL BE EMPLOYEC

Twenty additional men will be added to Census Supervisor Kelly's list of 73 workers. The Commercial club has appointed a committee to secure the men and place them in the field to gather information about and count the floating population. The chamber of commerce has also appointed a committee and will assist in the work.

GIRL WOULD SHARE FORTUNE OF TENDERLOIN KING

(By United Press Leased Wire.)

LOS ANGELES, Cal., April 13.—Miss Jeanne Uhalt today is plaintiff in a superior court action to break the will of the late "tenderloin king," Bartolo Ballerino. She asks letters of administration on the ground that the instrument under which a compromise was effected between Bellerino's heirs and Della G. Quinn, a nurse, was not the actual will of the late "king."

Miss Uhalt, who was Ballerino's secretary, claims that the will making Miss Quinn a beneficiary was not executed by him, nor signed in the presence of witnesses. She further claims a prior instrument left much of the forture of $400,000 to her.

The STORY CLUB

BY EDMUND VANCE COOKE

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(Continued.)

Supper was ready, you may be sure, and Mrs. Hyupp and Paul's three sisters plied the voyagers with all the goodies in the house. Paul ate enough for both, but the little lame angel wouldn't eat anything. Fruit, pie, candied sweet potatoes, ice cream, doughnuts, she declined them all. But with the ice cream Mrs. Hyupp served some angel food and the little lame angel nibbled some of that and declared she had had an ample supper.

"Now to bed," said Mrs. Hyupp, when supper was finished.

"Angel's going to sleep with me," said the three sisters in chorus.

"I'll sleep wherever you say," answered the guest, "only you may not find me very comfy."

But each little girl insisted on having the visitor for a roommate, so Mrs. Hyupp put them all sideways in one big bed and they were tucked in with much giggling and excitement.

After a while the three sisters dropped off to sleep and the little angel took the covers and made them into a round nest, in which she snuggled down quite comfortably. She had no idea the sisters would be cold, and when they awoke and felt around for the covers and were cross about it, the little lame angel fluttered out of her nest and fanned them with her well wing, until the hot, angry feelings were fanned away. Then she gave them the covers and sang them to sleep in the sweetest-voiced song you ever dreamed of, and when the sisters awoke in the morning they found the little angel ROOSTING on the foot rail, with her head under her wing.

There is no time to tell you of all the funning things which happened while the little lame angel stayed. She was the pet of the household and the marvel of the neighborhood. As her lame wing grew stronger, she made an amusing playmate. In tag, she would spread her wings and skim the ground like an ostrich. In hide-and-seek she would drop out of some tree, and when they played horse and it was her turn to be hitched to the wagon, she would rise on the air to the length of the lines and make the wheels fairly fly along the sidewalk.

If any of the children quarreled and warm words followed, the little angel would flutter into the aid and fan the small heads with her wings until the little brains were cooled.

But as the days went by, the little angel grew quiet and sad. She was always ready and willing to do what was asked of her, and never scolded or sulked, but she seemed to miss something. "What is it, Angel?" asked Mrs. Hyupp.

"Oh," said the little pet angel, "I suppose I'm homesick. You know I really don't belong here and I suppose I ought to go away. You're all good to me and I love you very much, but everybody has something to do in this world and the other world, and my something-to-do is in the other world."

Mr. and Mrs. Hyupp talked it over very soberly and then Mr. Hyupp oiled up his flying machine and started it, and the little pet angel flew to the top of it and

away they went, up, up and up, and the little pet angel waved her wings "Goodby," and leaped off and pretty soon she was just a little speck in the sky, like a tiny white fleck of a cloud. And then there wasn't even that.

So now, on a summer's day, the four little Hyupps look up at the fluffy clouds and pretend they see the little pet angel. And if ever they are angry at each other, they seem to feel a soft, little fanning breeze in their faces, and they say, "All right, little lame angel; we'll be good."

END OF THE STORY CLUB.

35,000 SHRINERS IN NEW ORLEANS TODAY

(By United Press Leased Wire.)

NEW ORLEANS, April 13.—There is a total of 35,000 Shriners in New Orleans today. It was ordered at the close of yesterday's session that no uniformed patrols of women will be allowed and no auxiliaries will be permitted to attend ceremonial sessions.

INSPECTION OF TROOP B

Final inspection by government officers of Troop B will be held at the Armory tonight to decide whether the troop is entitled to an appropriation under the Dick bill. If Troop B passes the inspection it will be continued as a branch of the regular service. It is the only troop in Washington or north of San Francisco.

BURNS HIS LEG TO KEEP HIM AT HOME

(By United Press Leased Wire.)

WILKESBARRE, Pa., April 13.—Michael Kinsel is highly indignant today because his wife burned his wooden leg, and Alderman Donohue refused even to reprimant her when she was arrested and brought before him.

Mrs. Kinsel declared that, despite her entreaties, her husband insisted upon a regular Saturday night pilgrimage to saloons. In desperation she secured his wooden leg while he slept and used it for fuel to prepare the morning meal.

The Best Record Yet

Cash Dividends and Undivided Profits of $45,617.56 in Three Months.

A Seattle Company Once More Breaks Its Own Record.

The Northwestern Mutual Fire Association, which has made such a remarkable record for the past nine years, has again broken its own record in its quarterly report just issued. During the three months it paid cash dividends to policy holders amounting to $26,423.40 and carried $19,194.16 to surplus or undivided profits. The cash dividends paid run from 25 per cent on general business to 55 per cent on its annual payment dwelling policies. The average dividend was a little more than 40 per cent and this, with the undivided profits, makes a profit to policy holders of over 65 per cent of the premiums paid.

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is only good taste, and good taste never runs to extremes.

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What Do You Know About Krueger