

SPELLING THE DOOM OF THE HORSE THIEF

CHASING a fleeing thief on a special train is a new feature just introduced into detective work in Kansas, and has served to attract attention to the Anti-Horse Thief association, which made use of that unusual method recently at Parsons, Kans. A policeman, in collusion with others, had burglarized a store, been arrested, and escaped from jail. His route was learned, and there being no regular train soon, a special was chartered, and with a bunch of Antis, and the members of the A. H. T. A. are called, aboard, started in pursuit. When it returned a few hours later it had aboard the policeman-burglar.

The Anti-Horse Thief association is rather a novel organization now flourishing in the middle west, having members as far east as Ohio, and as far west as New Mexico, and a total membership of 40,000. It is organized on the lodge system, and combines both protection and detection in its plan of operation—protection, in that its members unite in guarding the person, home and property of each member against unlawful interference by others; and detection, in that the members hunt and capture any persons who transgress on the rights of any member, and hunt for and recover stolen property. The detective features are for the purpose of making the protective features more successful and effective. The order often spends ten times the value of a stolen article in recovering it, but it teaches thieves what to expect if they molest the property of any member. Hiring a train to chase a thief is a heavier expense than any public officer will, or can, afford to incur, but that expense was small when divided among hundreds of members, and they consider it well spent. A big thief is in the penitentiary, and an impressive lesson has been taught to other thieves in that locality.

There is a marked difference between the A. H. T. A. and the old-time organizations of that nature, about whom our fathers sometimes speak, often set themselves up as judge, jury and executioners. They sometimes held "necktie" parties in secluded spots in the woods on a dark night, and perhaps there would be a light-fingered gentleman missing from that community the next morning. The regulators, about which we have read, sometimes forced people to leave the neighborhood or "take the consequences." Their motives for such action were often questionable. Not with the A. H. T. A. It does not violate one law to uphold another. It imposes a strict obligation upon its members to obey the law themselves. It then commands others to do likewise or suffer the penalty the law provides. It catches criminals, but turns them at once over to the officers of the law. Some have styled the A. H. T. A. an officers-and-jury society, and in fact its record entitles it to that appellation. It opposes mob violence with all of its influence, and has prevented more than one lynching. It has prevented the introduction of "night-riding" in Arkansas and Oklahoma. "Protect the innocent; bring the guilty to justice," is its motto.

A mistaken idea that some people have of the A. H. T. A. is that it looks after horse thieves only. Every kind of stealing, as well as other violations of the law, comes within the scope of its work. Cases are on record where the A. H. T. A. spent ten dollars to recover a dollar whip. One such case usually puts an end to whip-stealing in that community. Its object in doing so is not the value of the whip, but the lesson taught. It convinces thieves it is not profitable, and is extremely hazardous, to



steal from a member. Thieves have been known to pass by the horse of a member and take that of his neighbor. The thief knew it was easier to elude one man than many.

This unique, practical and useful organization was first organized in Clark county, Missouri, during the civil war. Maj. David McKee, a brave soldier, was its first president, and his first efforts was to suppress bushwhacking in northeast Missouri. The disorganized condition of the country gave the order men much to do, and it grew and spread until it now extends over seven states.

John W. Wall of Parsons, Kans., is the supreme president. Wall is a born detective and a crack shot with a Winchester at long range. He leads the crowd that chartered the special train to seek the fleeing policeman. Through the thoroughness of the organization Wall is able to call to his aid, by secret methods if needed, members of the order almost anywhere he may go, and with this assistance his work has risen to the saying "If Wall goes after them he will bring them in."

Some of the experiences of the order read like sketches from Conan Doyle, but they are actual happenings. The work of William Weaver in capturing two yegmen at Carl Junction, Mo., holds the record for grit, daring and activity among the Antis. Weaver arrested a man he knew was wanted, and started off with him. Four strangers nearby, one with

two guns and each of the others with a gun, came to the rescue of their comrade, and before Weaver was aware, they had five ugly guns pointed at his head and his own hands and guns were extending upward toward high heaven. The leader of the gang told the others to get away while he took care of Weaver with his two guns. "Drop that gun or you die," came the command to Weaver in no uncertain tones. A pause, and again the command was repeated. The two men stood staring into each other's eyes a trying moment, one in which most men would have dropped the gun. Weaver is small and lithe. He knows no such thing as showing the white feather. As president of the grand lodge of the A. H. T. A. in Missouri he had been drilling others for just such work. He, their leader, must do his duty. He dropped to the ground like a flash, and as he dropped he sent two bullets through the body of the stranger, while two others went whizzing over his own head. "I'm all in," said the stranger. Weaver kicked the dying man's guns beyond his reach and started after his first man, and in a few minutes had him on the way to jail. An hour later it became known that yegmen had blown a safe in a nearby town during the night, and that Weaver had put an end to the career of two of the men who did the work.

Bill Rudolph, the Ironton, Mo., bank robber, who had eluded the Pinkertons for months and had killed one of the best detectives in the country, was captured by the Antis near Paola, Kans., not long after he made his daring escape from the St. Louis jail by dashing through the jailer's house in broad daylight. The newspapers said he was captured by a bunch of farmers, but they were men who had been preparing for months for just such cases, and were acting under direction of their chosen leader.

Bob Worthman, a noted criminal, who was sent to the penitentiary from the Indian Territory a couple of years ago, got gay, and he and two of his pals caught an active anti while on his way home from church one Sunday night. They started to hang this anti, but after compelling him to take an oath of their own making, they released him. This particular anti dropped out of the hunt, but the other members kept it up until the rascal was put in safekeeping, where he still remains.

These are only a few of many cases, but they serve to show the work of the order.

HER INFINITE VARIETY

BY BRAND WHITLOCK
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WATERS

SYNOPSIS.
Senator Morley Vernon's visit with his fiancée was interrupted by a call from his political boss at the state capital. Both regretted it, the girl more than he, because she had arranged to attend a dinner that evening with him. She said she yearned for a national office for him. On Vernon's desk in the senate he found a red rose, accompanied by a plea for suffrage for women. He met the authoress, pretty Miss Maria Greene of Chicago, who proposed to convert him into voting for house resolution No. 25. Miss Greene secured Vernon's promise to vote for the suffrage. He took her to the fair suffragette. Miss Greene consulted with the lieutenant-governor. Vernon admitted to himself that the suffragette had stirred a strange feeling within him. He forgot to read his fiancée's letter.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.
Once or twice he glanced into the pamphlets Miss Greene had given him, but he could not fix his mind on them; their types danced meaninglessly before his eyes. He was angry with himself for this nervousness. Why must it assail him now, just when he wished to be at his best? He had spoken before, a hundred times; he knew his audience, and he had the proper contempt for his colleagues. He had never, to be sure, made a set speech in that presence; seldom did any one do that; the speeches were usually short and impromptu, and there was no time for anticipation to generate nervous dread. And yet his mind seemed to be extraordinarily clear just then; it seemed to be able to comprehend all realms of thought at once.

But it was not so much the speech he thought of, as the effect of the speech; already he could see the newspapers and the big headlines they would display on their first pages the next morning; he could see his mother reading them at breakfast, and then he could see Amelia reading them. How her dark eyes would widen, her cheeks flush pink! She would raise her hand and put back her hair with that pretty mannerism of hers; then impulsively resting her arms on the table before her, she would eagerly read the long columns through, while her mother reminded her that her breakfast was getting cold. How proud she would be of him! She would never chide him again; she would see that at last he had found himself.

The Eltons, too, would read, and his absence from their dinner would react on them impressively. And Maria Greene—but a confusion arose—Maria Greene! He had not thought of Amelia all the morning until that very instant; Amelia's letter lay still unopened on his desk back there in the senate chamber. Maria Greene! She would hear, she would color as she looked at him, and her eyes would glow; he could feel the warm pressure of the hand she would give him in congratulation.

And it was this handsome young woman's presence in the chamber that gave rise to all this nervousness. He was sure that he would not have been nervous if Amelia were to be there. She had never heard him speak in public, though he had often pressed her to do so; somehow the places where he spoke were never hers to go. She would wish to be there, but she would wish to be there in the one top of conversation throughout the state; his picture would be in the newspapers—"The brilliant young Chicago lawyer who electrified the Illinois senate with his passionate oratory and passed the woman-suffrage measure." It would be an event to mark the beginning of a new era.

But his imagination was broken, his name was spoken; he turned and saw Miss Greene.

"Come," she said. "It's up! Hurry!" She was excited and her cheeks glowed. His teeth began to chatter. He followed her quick steps in the direction of the chamber.

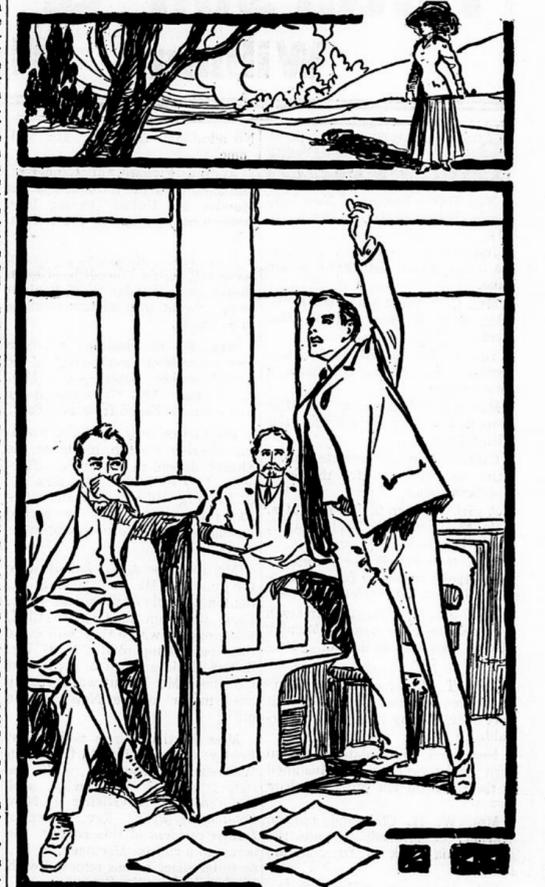
"But," he stammered. "I—I didn't know—I haven't even arranged for recognition."

"Oh, I'll fix all that!" the woman said. "The lieutenant-governor promised me." She was holding her rustling skirts and almost running.

CHAPTER V.
As they entered the senate chamber, Vernon heard the lieutenant-governor say: "The question is: Shall the resolution be adopted? Those in favor will vote 'aye'; those opposed will vote 'no'; when their names are called; and the secretary will call the 'no.'"

"Mr. President!" Vernon shouted. There was no time now to retreat; he had launched himself on the sea of glory. A dozen other senators were on their feet, likewise demanding recognition.

"The senator from Cook," said the lieutenant-governor. Vernon stood by his desk, arranging complacently the documents Miss Greene had given him. Once or twice he cleared his throat and wiped his lips with his handkerchief. The other senators subsided into their seats, and seeing that they themselves were not to be permitted to speak, and like all speakers, not caring to listen to the speeches of others, they turned philosophically to the little diversions with which they whiled away the hours of the session—writing letters, reading newspapers, smoking. Vernon glanced around. Maria Greene was sitting precariously on the edge of a divan. Her face was white and



"This Recognition of Her Equality Can Not Be Overestimated in Importance!"

upon the importance of this decision; he extolled the court; it had set a white milestone to mark the progressing emancipation of the race. Then, briefly, he proposed to outline for them the legislative steps by which woman's right to equality with man had been at least partly recognized.

He fumbled for a moment among the papers on his desk, until he found one of the pamphlets Miss Greene had given him, and then he said he wished to call the senate's attention to the employment act of 1872, the drainage act of 1885, and the sanitary district act of 1890. Vernon spoke quite familiarly of these acts. Furthermore, gentlemen would, he was sure, instantly recall the decisions of the courts in which those acts were under review, as, for instance, in *Wilson vs. Board of Trustees*, 133 Ill. 443; and in *Davenport vs. Drainage Commissioners*, 25 Ill. App. 32.

Those among the senators who were lawyers, as most of them were, looked up from their letter writing at this, and nodded profoundly, in order to show their familiarity with Vernon's citations, although, of course, they never had heard of the cases before.

"This recognition of woman's natural right," Vernon shouted, "this recognition of her equality with man, can not be overestimated in importance!" He shook his head fiercely and struck his desk with his fist. But then, having used up all the facts he had struck in Miss Greene's pamphlets, he was forced to become more general in his remarks, and so he began to celebrate woman, ecstatically. He conjured for

little differently and to change his figures. Thus it was easy to work up to a panegyric in which Illinois stood up as a beautiful woman leading her sister states up to new heights of peace, of virtue and of concord. He had a rapt vision of this woman, by her sweet and gentle influence settling all disputes and bringing heaven down to earth at last.

The senate was in raptures. "That is the face," he cried, "that launched a thousand ships and burned the topless towers of Ilium!" "She is wholly like in feature to the deathless goddesses!" So he went on. "Age cannot wither, nor custom stale, her infinite variety." He was growing weary. He already showed the impressive exhaustion of the peroration. He had sacrificed a collar and drunk all the water from his glass. He fingered the empty tumbler high while he said: "Of lovelessness alone, A woman, of her gentle sex The seeming paragon— Her health! and would on earth there stood Some more of such a frame, That life might be all poetry, And witness a man!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Strange Hoosier Waterpower

By A. E. MARSH.

WATERPOWER was the foundation of our industries. But this humble agent of producing energy was abandoned in favor of the more flexible and available steam when the coal fields were opened. Steam was hailed as the giant of civilization, but had scarcely established itself when it, too, was found too clumsy, and the electric current, which could be carried many miles over a slender wire, while steam could be carried only as many feet through a cumbersome pipe, became the monarch of our mills. In the last decade gasoline, which does not need even the slender wire, but can be carried in the most convenient tin can, has assumed a large share of the burden of relieving man of physical exertion. And now, after the others have had their inning, millions are being spent to develop waterpower again.

Niagara, which for years was useful only as an artist's model and a spooning ground for Mr. and Mrs. Newlywed, has been "harnessed" to light the streets of Buffalo. The Great Falls of Montana, the International Falls on the Canadian-Minnesota border, the mountain torrents of Switzerland, the Victoria Falls in central Africa, which, 15 years ago were almost regarded as a myth of the explorer; even the humble St. Anthony "falls" at Minneapolis are earning their living.

The turning of water into horsepower has given employment to the wits of our greatest engineers, and the most complicated projects have been put through to adapt the power plants to the varying conditions found in the

LICENSE WAS FOR BROTHER

Moral in This Story Is That When You Want a Thing Well Done, Do It Yourself.

If a comedy of errors had not been corrected at the eleventh hour in the courthouse recently Miss Susie P. Bryan might have found herself intended to wed the brother of her intended husband.

Joseph B. Clements, although a man of neat and intelligent appearance

and the best of intentions, was the one who came near causing all the trouble. He walked up to the marriage license desk, presided over by R. P. Belev, and asked for a license, giving his name, the name of the girl and the officiating minister, Rev. J. D. Marr. When the time came for him to be sworn Mr. Belev said: "Now take off your hat and raise your right hand."

"Do you mean it, or is it a joke?" asked Mr. Clements. "Surest thing you know," said the marriage license clerk. "It's just a legal form, you see. Mother might come around to-morrow with a gleam in her eye, and we want to be able to get from under. You swear what you tell me about this license is true, so help you God."

Mr. Clements nodded in a dazed way, and handed over a dollar. Suddenly he said:

answered that the people had neither the means or the materials to make use of it.

But Gordon was not that kind of man. He pitched his tent near the falls and lived with them day and night for several weeks studying how to overcome the handicap which the lack of the proper facilities made to develop the power. He finally discovered the entrance to the hermit's cave, and explored the falls from the rear.

He finally announced to the farmers of the settlement that he would have a mill running, ready to grind their corn by the time of the fall harvest. He announced at the same time that he would buy all the cow's horns that could be found in the community.

The idea of mixing cow's horns and a grist mill was rather confusing to the country folk, but they were willing to be shown, and came from miles around, and even from Kentucky, across the river, bringing all the horns they could find, which they gladly donated when the plan was explained to them.

Gordon and his two sons had rigged up a stout oak shaft across the brink of the falls, on which was mounted a wooden wheel three feet in diameter, with wide fanges. Over this ran a pair of log chains, joined at intervals by cross chains, much in the form of the chains used on automobile wheels. To these cross chains, which were about six inches apart, they riveted the cow's horns, tips downward. The chain carried over a thousand horns, and they served as an excellent substitute for the buckets which Gordon had neither the materials nor the tools to make.

A little mill was set up on the bank, and soon Chain-Mill Falls was the busiest spot in the county. For 15 years the cow horns sang their little song as they ground their grist, until finally the mill could not take care of the business, and Gordon had to turn engineer again.

He explored behind the falls, and found that a portion of the rock had sealed away, leaving the shelf over which the water flowed a bare 20 feet thick. This gave him the idea, and

proceeded to put it into execution at once. The stream was dammed to one side, exposing the rocky bed half way across, above the falls. Gordon procured dynamite and sunk a shaft 5 by 15 feet to the cave below, about ten feet back from the brink of the falls. A dam was built at the brink, so the entire flow was diverted through this hole. A new two-story mill was built and a bigger chain hung in the shaft, to which huge wooden buckets were fastened, and Gordon found to his joy that he had more power than he had any use for, and actually had to remove every third bucket to lessen the speed.

Education. For, when all is said and done, the value of formal education is not in the facts acquired nor in the arts or sciences of which some idea may be obtained. It is in the training and exercising of the mind to work—to know how to go about the task that may present itself—to understand that because the task is strange it is not therefore impossible. It is in the equipment of the mind with a fulcrum on which to rest levers and move the world.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

"Swear me again, will you? I didn't answer 'Yes.'"

The oath was administered again, and still again, because Mr. Clements couldn't get the idea out of his head that he was being made the victim of a joke. Finally he put the license in his pocket and walked out of the door.

Two minutes' later he came rushing back, pale in the face.

"Hi, there!" he shouted, "I don't want to get in on this. It's for my brother James."—Washington Herald.

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