

In the Public Eye

WOULD UNIFY INSURANCE RULES



Thomas Dillon O'Brien, state insurance commissioner for the state of Minnesota, is the man who got behind the movement for uniform insurance rules and legislation throughout the country, and seems about to push that excellent idea through to a successful interstate organization. The idea that the various states should co-operate and adopt similar methods of dealing with the big insurance companies is one that appeals immediately to the intelligence and common sense of the public, so that the only question that arises is as to why no such steps were ever taken before.

Mr. O'Brien interested enough insurance commissioners from other states to make a national gathering feasible, and that meeting resulted in a definite organized plan of action in the direction he has urged. A Democrat, O'Brien is one of Gov. Johnson's appointees in Minnesota, and has had the co-operation of the executive at all points. He is a lawyer by profession, and has been prominent in politics and in secret society circles for a number of years.

NEW MINISTER FROM HONDURAS



Dr. Luis Laze Arriaga, the new minister to the United States from the republic of Honduras, made a formal address upon the occasion of his being officially received by the president, in which he declared that never before has the United States been so closely allied with the Latin-American states. His own government, he declared, has planned an even closer and fuller affiliation with our own for the better development of the all-American spirit, and he prophesied the near approach of the day when the whole American continent will be practically one great government and people with the various separate countries holding a similar relation to our own individual states at the present time.

Dr. Arriaga is a man of unusual scholarly attainments and a physician of wide note, who has held many important positions in his own government. He is 49 years old and finished his education in Guatemala and in Paris.

SUGGESTED HUNTING TRIP



Leigh Hunt, the man who put the idea of an African hunting trip into the head of President Roosevelt in a conversation at the White House dinner table, is not second to the executive as an example of strenuous energy. For that reason, perhaps, he is counted as a friend of Roosevelt's.

Hunt's life story up to the present time is a series of ups and downs, a varied and altogether remarkable string of disconnected and differing experiences, out of which he has invariably come a winner. He has been a builder of states and cities, a newspaper publisher in Seattle, a steel miller, a miner in Japan and Korea, a diplomat and royal fiscal agent in Russia, a reservoir builder and irrigation promoter in Africa and half a dozen other things in as many other places. He has failed at least once for a million, and returned a half dozen years later to discharge every debt with interest. Mr. Hunt, a native of Indiana, is still in the prime of life and has decided to remain in his own country to enjoy the advantages of a familiar civilization.

WILL EXPLORE AFRICA



Rev. Peter MacQueen has left his pulpit in the Harvard Congregational church at Charlestown, Mass., to go into the African interior on an exploring tour. He tried to resign, but his congregation instead gave him an indefinite leave of absence.

Dr. MacQueen prefers the exhilaration and excitement of travel in far away lands to the monotony of pastoral work. He spends much of his time in the former pursuits. He was with the Rough Riders in Cuba during the Spanish war, with Gen. Lawton in the Philippines, in South Africa during the Boer war and at the front in the far east during the Russo-Jap unpleasantness. He has visited nearly every corner of the earth studying races, fauna and flora, and topography.

A native of Scotland, he came to America in his sixteenth year and graduated from Princeton. Although a naturalized citizen, he was elected during the past year to the Royal Geographical society of London. Dr. MacQueen is 45 years old.

NEW FLORIDA SENATOR



D. W. Fletcher, the new senator from the state of Florida, comes to Washington with one well-defined plan strong in his mind. That is nothing less than the construction of a big ship canal entirely across his state.

It is a modest little stunt, as Senator Fletcher pictures it, entailing possibly an expenditure of some trifling sum like \$50,000,000, but that is nothing like an indication of the real value of the big ditch proposed.

Given a non-combatant listener, a large sheet of paper and a lead pencil, Senator Fletcher will prove by all the established rules of geography, commerce, mathematics and hygiene, that every dollar dropped by our Uncle Samuel into this big ditch will return big profits. Not only would it save 500 miles of travel for the big ships that rank our commerce around that route, but it would prove a decided stimulus to commerce generally. And so it will—when he gets it.

Disproving an Old Adage.

Bent on an errand of mercy, a city prowl made his way into a strange neighborhood. What impressed him most was the bookstore windows. In every one for blocks around were stacks of a new book he had never heard of by a writer of whose identity he was equally ignorant.

"Who is this man?" he finally asked. "Why is he so popular hereabouts?"

"He is the pastor of the Presbyterian church down in the next block," said a stationer. "Every bookseller in the neighborhood is making a specialty of his book. That is the usual way of doing things when a clergyman brings out a new book. Anybody else

might appear in the publishers' catalogue every month without arousing local pride, but with the preachers it is different. When a minister turns author that old saw about the prophet being without honor in his own country is disproved with a vengeance. Every fall there is a considerable literary output by the pastors of New York churches. The first place where those volumes are put on sale is in the bookstores near the church where the minister preaches, and usually the largest sales are made there."—New York Times.

Some men talk of their superiority every time they resist temptation.

SERIAL STORY

Mr. Barnes, American

By Archibald Clavering Gunter
A Sequel to
Mr. Barnes of New York

Author of "Mr. Barnes of New York," "Mr. Potter of Texas," "That Frenchman," Etc.

Copyright, 1907, Dodd Mead & Co., N. Y.

SYNOPSIS.

Burton H. Barnes, a wealthy American touring Corsica, rescues the young English lieutenant, Edward Gerard Anstruther, and his Corsican bride, Marina, daughter of the Paolis, from the murderous vendetta, understanding that his reward is to be the hand of the girl he loves, Enid Anstruther, sister of the English lieutenant. The four fly from Ajaccio to Marseilles on board the French steamer Constantine. This vendetta pursues and as the quartet are about to board the train for London at Marseilles, Marina is handed a mysterious note which causes her to collapse and necessitates a postponement of the journey. Barnes gets part of the mysterious note and receives letters which inform him that he is marked by the vendetta. He employs an American detective and plans to beat the vendetta at their own game. For the purpose of securing the safety of the women Barnes arranges to have Lady Charlis lease a secluded villa at Nice in which the party is to be taken in a yacht. Suspicion is created that Marina is in league with the Corsicans. A man, believed to be Corregio Danella, is seen passing the house and Marina is thought to have given him a sign. Marina refuses to explain to Barnes which fact adds to his latent suspicions. Barnes plans for the party on the yacht. The carriage carrying their party to the local landing is followed by two men. One of the horsemen is supposed to be Corregio. They try to murder the American. The cook on the yacht—a Frenchman—is suspected of complicity in the plot. The party anchors at St. Tropez. The yacht is followed by a small boat. The cook is detected giving signals to the boat. Barnes attempts to throw him overboard, but is prevented by Marina and Enid. The cook is found to be innocent of the supposed plot and is forgiven. The party arrive at Nice and find Lady Charlis and her daughter Maud domiciled in the villa rented with Barnes. Barnes is amazed to find that Count Corregio is at Nice and is acting the role of admirer to Lady Charlis. Barnes and Enid make arrangements for their marriage. The net tightens about Barnes. He receives a note from La Belle Blackwood, the American adventuress. Barnes hears that Elijah Emory, his detective, has been murdered by the Corsicans. He learns that the man supposed to be Corregio, who followed the party on their way to the boat, was Saliceti, a nephew of the count, and that Count Corregio had been in Nice for some time prior to the party's arrival.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"Will that woman never let me alone?" thinks the American, and pushes the note back in his pocket. "I'll forget Sally Spots forever by going and seeing the minister."

But at the entrance to the residence of the divine a suspicion enters his mind that he is being followed. He makes his interview with the minister of the church of England a very short one, and coming rapidly out of the house, his quick eyes perceive two men on the opposite side of the street. These turn casually toward the traffic of the busy avenue from the railroad station and are lost in the crowd from an arriving train.

Now that his footsteps are being dogged, he thinks he had better see Perrier, the French detective recommended by the Pinkerton man. Therefore, keeping his eyes about him sharp at any dark corners of the streets, he walks to the Rue Palermo, and rings the bell at the house mentioned in Emory's letter.

Here an old woman concierge informs him that Monsieur Perrier's room is number four on the second floor.

Barnes, pushing his way to number four on the second floor, is confronted at the door of this apartment by a man of very brisk manner, sharp, penetrating eyes and a nose whose peculiar aquiline formation impresses itself on Barnes' memory.

"In order to avoid any mistake," whispers the American, "I simply mention to you the word 'vendetta.'"

"And I simply reply 'Marseilles,'" answers the man, "but I don't wish to have anything to do with the affair."

"You are Monsieur Perrier?"

"Yes, of course; you know by my returning the word of recognition to you," remarks the Frenchman.

"I must have a reason for your declining to aid me. This matter is too important for you not to listen to me."

"I have been informed," answers Perrier, "by my poor friend Emory's letters of this peculiar and most unfortunate affair, but I do not wish to engage in it."

"Why not?" asks Barnes, shortly. "Don't you think I have money to pay for it?"

"Of course, I know Monsieur is rich," answers the Frenchman, deprecatingly. "But my life is my only asset. I have a wife and children. I saw one vendetta in Corsica a few years ago, and I don't want to get into another cat fight where cats are armed with stilettos. Your enemies already know your location at Villefranche, Bernardo Saliceti has come from Corsica hoping to win the election in his island by vengeance upon you. He and Enrico Danella, the dead Musso's nephew, are in Nice."

"Has Enrico a scar upon his forehead over his left eye?" asks Barnes, eagerly. "He has."

"Then I've the name of the scar-faced gentleman, thank you," remarks Burton. "Now it is necessary you come into this affair, Perrier. You've got to aid not only me, but two women."

The answer that comes causes Barnes to look aghast.

"I dare not," answers Perrier, shortly. "The fate of my poor friend Emory is too horrible."

"Fate! What fate?"

"Why, he was to be here two days ago, according to his letters to me, to arrange for guarding your villa. He is not here even to-day. His last note from St. Tropez indicated he was close upon the track of those who have sworn this blood feud against you—and all who aid you. That letter was written four days ago—and what has become of Emory?"

"How can I tell?" mutters the American gloomily.

"But I can," answers the private detective. "Madame Blackwood, for whom I have executed some little commissions, called on me two days ago excitedly. 'Perrier,' she said, in her American abruptness, 'I want you to bring to justice some villains who murdered a Yankee detective named Emory, the other day near St. Tropez.' You saw him killed?" I asked.

"No, but I've got evidence—a few words from—she checked herself; but added, 'I don't dare to tell Mr. Ruggles of this; he's so impulsive he'd spend his money and his blood, too, to bring a murderer of one of his countrymen to justice. So you just go on and get the evidence against these fellows and trot them to the guillotine.' But the fate of Emory warned me, I determined to give up the whole affair," adds Perrier.

"Thank you again," sneers Barnes, and coming out the American laughs to himself. But the mention of Madame Blackwood reminds him of her letter. "By George, Sally's note hinted at grave danger to me. It must be this Emory business!" and without more ado Mr. Barnes, hurriedly keeping his eyes alert for sudden dangers, makes his way to the promenade, by the sea and shortly after enters the luxurious Hotel St. Petersburg.

It is ten in the evening. He is about to send up his card to Madame Blackwood and request an interview when she enters. As she comes in by the ladies' entrance, the Kansas cattle king, who attends her, chances to glance into the office and calls out: "Whew, Barnes, that was a lucky address you gave me in Paris five weeks ago," and, taking him aside, whispers, "I caught the lady. The goods came high, but they're worth the money. Step up and have supper with us."

This invitation Barnes finds it impossible to politely decline, as Sally Blackwood has already put her beautiful eyes upon him and said: "So glad you're here. You mustn't refuse. We saw so little of you in Monte Carlo."

A moment later Barnes finds himself ushered into La Blackwood's private parlor, where supper is shortly served to them. Several times Burton is about to hint at the purport of her note, but the expressive eyes of the adventuress warn him to hold his tongue. Coffee, however, is no sooner served than the fascinating creature says: "Now, Dan, supposing you run downstairs and have your smoke there. I want to talk with Mr. Barnes of New York—something I don't want you to hear. That needn't make you jealous—it's about my parents in Ohio."

The minute the cattle king disappears the lady's manner changes. She cries airily: "Guess what made me write to you?"

"Hate," mutters Barnes, between puffs of his cigarette.

"No, though I ought to hate you. What I want to see you about—" La Blackwood's eyes become intense and her voice falls to a whisper—"is to save your life—if I can. Do you know that half of a commune in Corsica want your blood?"

"I've guessed it in the last few days," observes Barnes grimly.

"Are you acquainted with a certain Count Cipriano Danella?"

"Never have seen him."

"No, but you've heard of him?"

"Oh, yes, he's a brother of the Danella who was killed in Corsica."

"Yes. Now, this gentleman, who is a very good man and very tender-hearted, obtained an introduction to me about three days ago on the des Anglais. From some words of a Lady Charlis, a cousin of yours, he has learned that you are to marry very shortly the pretty girl whose lips I threatened to kiss at Monte Carlo. Well, this Cipriano Danella, who looks

quite romantic in his Corsican mourning, while making love to me till Dan got jealous," she laughs slightly, "hinted to me that it would be very unfortunate for Miss Anstruther should she become Mrs. Barnes of New York; that, as your wife, she would be drawn into this blood feud that has been declared against you. Now, I suggested Count Cipriano, 'you are the lady best fitted by past friendship and present charm, to prevent this danger to the pretty English girl, by destroying the wedding.'"

"You have brought me here for this?" says Burton, his eyes growing angry.

"Wait! Listen! As an American, my desire is to protect you from death. I appeared to accede to Cipriano's request to fascinate you again. I wonder if I could do it?" She looks at him roguishly and laughs through her white teeth. "Don't be frightened of me. So I pumped the romantic Corsican, who made half love to me while he tried to persuade me. I found out that not only was the commune of Boco-Bocognano or something of that kind—anxious for your blood, but that several gentlemen from that neighborhood were here in order to obtain it, and to make their task easy, they had done up in some way or other a detective you had employed to shadow them, a Yankee named Emory, I believe. Therefore, I said to myself: 'I'll take care if possible to inform Mr. Barnes of the dangers that surround him, and if he is the man I think him, he is about as well able to protect himself and his coming bride as anyone I know.'"

"Hold up a moment. I want to ask you a question," interrupts Barnes. "What makes you think the devils have done up poor Emory?"

"Well, a careless expression of Count Danella—only this: 'He won't bother them again,' something of that kind from Cipriano."

"I must be going. I'm deeply grateful to you," Burton rises. "Mr. Ruggles—"

"Don't be afraid. Dan won't be jealous."

She extends to him her beautifully formed white fingers dazzling with rings. "Good-by, I hope you'll be happy on your wedding trip, but don't let love make you careless, mon Bayard."

Barnes takes her hint. His pistol is ready as he throws open the door of her apartment and passes cautiously out; so all the way down the stairs of the hotel he is careful as to corners, and out on the street, well peeped as is the des Anglais, the American has a wary eye about him. Lady Charlis has doubtless told Cipriano Danella of his visit to Nice and that he returns with her to her villa this evening. He therefore breaks his appointment with Prunella and taking a hired carriage watches till the lady, tired of waiting, drives angrily home, then jogs along a few hundred yards behind her, ready for any emergency. But nothing of a threatening nature is seen.

As the vehicle enters the grounds of the villa, the sight of a Scotch tar on the lookout gives the coming bridegroom confidence in the sailor's watch.

As he wakes up in the morning, notwithstanding the thought that it is his wedding day is dominant in his mind, he reflects over the matter. What has this Cipriano Danella done except to arouse his suspicions? "Even the count's conversation with La Belle Blackwood didn't disclose that he meditated any attack upon me or my bride," he reflects, moodily, "only that Cipriano wished to prevent an innocent young girl being drawn into this frightful feud. Hang it, I can't shoot the cuss on suspicion—and yet!" The American closes his jaw with a snap and goes down to breakfast, to meet as charming a bride as the sun has shone upon.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TEARS OF THE CROCODILE.

Belief Said to Have Origin in an Ancient Fable.

The phrase "crocodile tears" owes its origin to the imagination of some of the old travelers, who invented the fable that the crocodile weeps over its prey. One of the earliest English globe-trotters to mention this fiction was Sir John Mandeville, who in his "Travels" (1499), speaking of "Aethiopia," "Ynde" and an "Yle cleft Silla," says: "That Lond is full of Serpents and of Cokadrilles. These Cokadrilles ben a manner of Long Serpents, salowe and rayed above, and had 4 Feet and schorte Thyes, and grete Nayles as Clees or Tallons; and there ben some that had 5 Fadme in length; and some of six and a half-day. And in the nyght thei dwellen in the Water, and on the Day won upon the Lond. These Serpentes slue men, and thei eten hem wepyng; and when thei eten thei moven the over Jowe, and noughte the nether Jowe, and thei have no Tonge."—Montreal Standard.

Success and Business.

"I suppose it is necessary that business should be transacted; though the amount of business that does not contribute to anybody's comfort or improvement suggests the query whether it is not overdone. I know that unremitting attention to business is the price of success, but I don't know what success is. There is a man, who we all know, who built a house that cost ¼ million dollars, and furnished it for another like sum, who does not know anything more about architecture, or painting, or books, or history, than he cares for the rights of those who have not so much money as he has.—Charles Dudley Warner.

More potatoes are eaten in Belgium than in Ireland.

BOYS' COURT IDEA

SYSTEM STARTED BY GOULD OF PORTLAND, ME.

Plan Inaugurated Years Before Judge Lindsey of Denver Was Named for Bench—Also Father of Probation System.

Portland, Me.—Years before Judge Ben B. Lindsey of Denver, who has won a world-wide reputation for his establishment of a juvenile court, was elevated to the bench, and before William Jeff Pollard, judge of the Second district police court of St. Louis, became known because of his system of administering pledges to men brought before him for intoxication, Portland had a judge who used both systems successfully. Judge George F. Gould fathered the plan, now in operation in Portland, which has been followed many years, of giving the "kids a show."

He was appointed as judge of the municipal court when he was but 25 years old by Gov. Robie, and he was not so far removed from play days that he didn't know just what it meant to be a boy. He had hardly assumed his judicial duties before he began to shock the matter-of-fact police officials by his treatment of juvenile cases. Judge Gould never would give a boy brought into his court a "record" if he could avoid doing so, and he was often accused of leaning too far on the side of mercy.

The first case brought to his notice as judge was that of boys accused of playing ball in the streets and breaking windows. The city marshal wanted to have the culprits punished according to the law.

"Henry, I am afraid you have forgotten how it feels to be a boy," said the judge to the police official. "Bring those boys, not into the court room,



JUDGE G. F. GOULD

but into my office, to talk it over with me."

They trooped in, a frightened company, and faced the man who became known in Portland from that day out as "the judge who gives the kids a chance." Judge Gould listened to their sides of the case with patience and sympathy. The boys had no other place to play. To throw a baseball in the streets didn't seem to them a great crime. Judge Gould having cautioned them as to their future conduct and won their regard and respect, sent them away without making any threats or imposing any punishment.

That was the beginning of the system in Portland, which has helped many a boy to do the right thing and has made many good citizens of those who under a different system might have become criminals. Few boys ever sat in the prisoners' dock while Judge Gould was on the bench, and he stayed for 12 years and retired at his own request.

Judge Lindsey has won an international reputation by his treatment of just such cases, but the police court judges of Portland from the time of Judge Gould to the present day have handled cases in that way.

In the case of intoxicated men, scores of whom found their way into this court day after day in spite of the law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquor in Portland, Judge Gould established a probation system. To-day the system he inaugurated is recognized by the law of the state and a probation officer takes in hand all such cases and deals with them as he thinks best. Judge Gould was his own probation officer. He exacted a pledge from every man who he thought might try to live up to it. Often he knew, and he did not hesitate to say so to the men themselves, that it was only one chance out of a thousand that they would live up to their pledge for more than a few days.

By giving such offenders a chance he claimed that he aided them in overcoming their appetite for liquor, and as their will power increased Judge Gould found that their appearance before him came to be less frequent, and in many cases ceased altogether. Judge Pollard of St. Louis, who began a similar system, was invited to England to explain it to parliament, and it was largely due to his efforts that the system was recognized by the English law. In Portland Judge Gould established his card pledge system years ago, and co-operated with the families of the men, with their clergymen and friends in aiding them to reform.