

Bricky & Barr

Wilton Andrews, the leader of the special orchestra accompanying a dramatic production which recently visited Washington, told at the Garrick Club a curious story about a violin pupil he once had.

"It was at Wichita, Kan., where I was teaching in the early '80s, that I got hold of this pupil," he said. "He was a plasterer. Don't laugh when I say on top of that that he was one of the most promising violin pupils I ever had. He was a quiet, good-natured, sawed-off, named Frank Barr, but everybody called him Bricky Barr, because he had the reddest suit of cowlicky hair that ever entered into competition with a stormy sunset. He was about four inches over 5 feet high, but as broad across the back as Hackenschmidt, with a pair of orang-outang arms that reached almost to his knees. He could pick up by the rear axle a two-horse wagon loaded with brick and raise it five feet clear of the ground with one hand.

"I belonged to the drifters when I reached Wichita and organized my class there. One evening, soon after I'd got my scraping flock assembled, I was passing a mechanics' boarding house on the outskirts of Wichita. This crimson-haired runt was sitting before one of the open front windows, sawing on a fiddle. It wasn't a violin. It was a fiddle, and a vicious fiddle. The man making the sounds on it, I knew at once, an ear player. Yet there was occasionally a certain sentiment true and sound about the fellow's rude performance. So I stopped and chatted with him.

"He told me that he didn't know one note from another, but that he'd had the fiddle bug all his life. When he told me that he was a plasterer I looked at his hands. They were neither rough nor stiffened. Bricky told me that he always wore gloves while plastering, not with the idea of keeping his hands dainty, but so as not to spoil them by his fiddling.

"Well, I took Bricky into my Wichita class. Inside of six months he had a safe lead on all the rest of them, even if I had been compelled to make him unlearn all of his saw-playing abominations.

"Inside of a couple of years I had pushed Bricky, the plasterer, through Wichtl, Kaiser and Kreutzer, and he didn't do half badly with the Dancie show pieces that I occasionally let him have to relieve the tedium of exercises.

"Bricky was a tractable pupil. But one evening, after he'd been working at the violin under my direction for about a year and a half, something occurred to convince me that Bricky wasn't to be fooled with. He was a bit out of form with his lesson and a moment of petulance I knocked is bow up from the strings of his violin with my bow. Bricky's bow went flying across the room.

"Bricky had a pair of those steely blue eyes that a good many Western men of extraordinary nerve have been provided with. He turned those eyes upon me for about fifteen straight seconds and there were beams of a tigerish topaz in them. He didn't say a word, but he walked over to a sofa in a corner of the room. He deposited his violin upon his sofa with great care. Then he walked back to where I stood, turned around, took me under the arms from behind, toted me over to a window of the second story room as if I'd been a setter pup, held me suspended out of the window for an instant and then dropped me to the ground.

"It was only a ten-foot drop and the ground was soft from a recent rain. No harm was done. I didn't like it to hear, particularly; after I had time to think it over.

"After that Bricky and I got on perfectly well together, although I never knocked his bow out of his hands again. After two years I gave my Wichita class and went to answer to take a position as orchestra leader in a theatre. A few years later I quit music for a time and went into business.

"Occasionally my business called me to Durango, Col. There wasn't a worse town in the West at that time than Durango. It was a jump-off place for bad men. Nearly a dozen marshals—none of them aiven either—had already, at that time, been put away by the Durango-gun-fighters.

"When I reached Durango one afternoon in the summer of 1886 there was a lot of excitement there. Caldwell had stuck up Schiff's ak that day. He had most of the a-hunters of Colorado and New Mexico tied in bowknots with fear him at that time. Caldwell begged to that class of desperadoes which Billy the Kid was another ample—that is, he killed whether there was any necessity for it or not. Caldwell stood off whole camps, back-; out of the camps afoot when they'd hobbled or shot his horse. He was so unerring on the shoot that the most determined and reckless bad-men potters fought shy of him.

"On this day, then, Caldwell had called into Schiff's bank at noon and put the whole outfit back of the sills under his pair of guns. He instructed the cashier to stack up a lot of the gold and currency on the counter in front of him.

"The cashier didn't make any superfluous movements in obeying. The other employees of the bank, also recognizing Caldwell swept all of the bank's ready cash, \$16,000, into the leather pouch suspended from his neck by a strap. Then he backed out the door. None of the bank people had made a move except the cashier, and the cashier only moved to do what Caldwell told him to do. Caldwell got on his horse in front of the bank and made for the canons at a leisurely amble.

"As I say, when I got to Durango, three hours after the thing happened, Durango was a heap perturbed over the thing; but nobody seemed to want the \$5,000 reward which the bank immediately offered for Caldwell, dead or alive.

"The folks stood around and talked about it in the groggeries and gambling joints and honkatons, but none of those quick-trigger people of Durango had lost any \$5,000 worth of Bud Caldwell that they were anxious to recover. The idea of camping on Bud's trail wasn't even suggested by any of them.

"About 7 o'clock that evening I was having an after-supper smoke in the 12x20 lobby of the Hell-Nor-Pete Hotel, where I was registered, when the hotel buckboard came up from the railroad station with a new guest. He'd swung along from Deadwood. He was Bricky Barr, my former violin pupil of Wichita.

"I recognized him at once, although he had picked up some bad and disfiguring knife scars on the left side of his face. He remembered me, too, and he was kind enough to say, in his foolish loyalty to his first instructor, that, although he'd heard Wilhelm and Remenyi since seeing me last, he considered that I had both of those renowned violinists eaten up in a limekiln when it came to sure-enough fiddling.

"Bricky had been prowling around the new mining camps of Colorado for some years, he told me, and we were having a pleasant time, talking fiddle and fiddling, when Bricky's attention was attracted by the uproar of caloric talk in the bar over Bud Caldwell's visit that day. Bricky pricked up his ears at that and instantly lost interest in the fiddle conversation. I told him briefly about the Caldwell business.

"Anybody goin' after him?" inquired Bricky, getting up and addressing the thirty or forty men lounging around. Two or three of them muttered that they hadn't lost any Bud Caldwell.

"Well, you're a pigeon-livered lot o' Junipers," said Bricky, whereupon I instantly ducked behind a partition in the rear of the office, not hankering for any lead ballast.

"Poor plasterer," I breathed to myself as I made the shelter of the partition, 'you've fiddled your last double-step in G major or in any other key!'

"But, to my intense astonishment, there was no fusillade. Bricky had got by with his savage crack. I peered from behind the partition. They were all standing fixed in their position, looking curiously at Bricky. He was a natural captain of men. I observed that the topaz glitter I had caught once before in his eyes was there again. The others in that lobby and bar seemed to be under the influence of that eye of Bricky's, too. Anyhow, not a man of them went for his guns, despite the hot gibe from the lips of this stranger in the camp.

"Is there anything in it for fetching the coyote in?" Bricky inquired of the crowd in general, after the long pause.

"Five thousand," two or three of them chorused.

"Well, that's a slick enough piece of change to be worth tearing off," said Bricky, not in any boastful tone, but with the air of a man expressing approval of a business transaction that looked pretty good. 'Any omebrey here stake me to a couple o' guns?'

"Well, I could see them rubbering still harder at the red-haired chap then. He had given them all that raking about being pigeon-livered, eh, without having any guns on him at the time he spoke? It was plain that they couldn't make anything out of Bricky. But a big ruffian of a camp terror brought his mallet-like fist down on the bar.

"He ain't no gopher if he is a red head," the ruffian bellowed.

"And then he strolled over to Bricky and handed him a pair of .45's, butts foremost. Then he unshipped his cartridge belt and Bricky buckled it around his waist.

"Any haws loafing about camp that can get out of his own way?" inquired Bricky then.

"The horse was in front of the Hell-Nor-Pete Hotel in less than five minutes. It was then 8 o'clock at night and pretty black. They pointed out the west trail to Bricky as the one Caldwell had taken.

"After the plasterer had vaulted into the saddle I shook hands with him, not without a bit of pride as the only man in camp who knew him well enough to do that.

"Bricky," I said, 'you've got a swell chance to figure in one of those bone-bleaching things down yonder in the canons. But, still, you've had a pretty good time with yourself, barring the working at your trade, and you seem ready enough to give the keno yell and cash in. We've all to die some time. You'll probably be qualified as a stringed instrument performer long before I cut your trail on the other side of the big divide, and when you make your cash-in don't you forget what I used to have to keep dinging into you—keep

WOMAN YET SAVAGE, PROF. STARR KNOWS

The Famous Student of Monkeys Finds Her Still in a Primitive Condition

LIKES EVIDENCES OF SLAUGHTER

Says All Her Practices Are Fierce—Her Fondness for Bloodshed He Considers Still Pronounced—Makes Use of Deception and Treachery.

Chicago.—Frederick Starr, professor of anthropology in the University of Chicago, described the twentieth century woman as a savage, who gains her ends by deception and treachery and who delights in evidence of slaughter and bloodshed. He asserted that women have not changed since the days when the human race had tails and lived in the jungle.

This attack upon women is a new line of activity for Professor Starr, who is best known to the world by his studies of the monkeys in Africa. The professor at one time entertained the hope of catching the talk of monkeys upon the phonograph. Three months ago Dr. Starr made the prediction that Theodore Roosevelt would die of fever on his African hunting expedition.

The professor airs his knowledge of women in an article called "The Women Men Marry." He begins by making it clear he believes women never must be permitted to rise above the savage state, for he reasons that the existence of the race itself depends upon the savage or barbaric instincts in the heart of the feminine half of the world.

"Woman, the eternal savage," declares Starr, "whose only salvation lies in the fact that she always has been, always will be a savage!"

Then he continues to say it is impossible to civilize women, "for the fundamental nature of woman is barbaric, and the continuance of the race depends upon the rigid assertion of the fundamental difference between man and woman."

Professor Starr then challenges any one to point to a single first class achievement in literature, in science, in art, by woman. He has been unable to find one, for the simple reason, as he holds, that there has never been a first class woman artist.

"Woman's religion is also notably that of the lower culture," continues the professor. "She is always seeing signs in everything; she avoids having thirteen at her table and starting on a journey on a Friday. She is the chief supporter of the spiritualistic mediums; she is the founder of new sects in which the religious attitude of savagery is given high-sounding names and maintained by the most select individuals. Further, woman dabbles constantly in the occult, and spiritualism, mental science and the occult are among the oldest ideas of savagery."

Starr says that the twentieth century woman shows herself no further advanced than her sister of the jungle by her love for bright colors, her fondness for decorating herself with birds and the furs of animals, also in her love of jewels and her use of perfumes.

"In the very fundamentals of her character, in her very instinct," says Starr, "woman has come down through the ages unchanged. Savage ingenuity in gaining ends through deception and treachery has become proverbial. The modern woman retains these practices of savagery. When it would seem equally easy for her to gain her end by straightforward and direct methods she delights to resort to sinuous means and duplicity. Woman lives in an old, old world. She thinks the old thoughts, feels the old emotions, is moved by the old impulses; she dresses in the old gowns; she is thrilled by the world-old hopes and fears."

Starr's parting shot is at the charge of fondness for evidence of slaughter and bloodshed, and he says that in his respect woman's savagery is most pronounced.

HAS UNWELCOME JOB.

"Bob" Meldrum to Clean Out Wyoming Cattle Rustlers.

"Bob" Meldrum, a typical gun-fighter of frontier days, has been given the job of "cleaning out" the cattle rustlers who have been making life miserable for the cattlemen in one of their last western strongholds—the Little Snake river country, on the Colorado-Wyoming line, near Utah.

Putting one man against a band of outlaws who would just as soon kill a human being as a steer, does not look like the accepted idea of "fair play," but those who know "Bob" Meldrum have no fears as to the outcome. The cattlemen of the Little Snake river country are backing the shrewd, keen-eyed deputy sheriff against all the "bad men" who infest that part of the country.

For years the country adjoining the Little Snake river has been the haunt of characters more or less undesirable. It is a wild and unfrequented country, remote from railroads. On the vast ranges run countless thousands of cattle and sheep. There have been bloody conflicts between the cattle and sheep men, but finally their differences were adjusted through the recognition of a "dead line." The sheep are kept north of the Colorado-Wyoming line, and the cattle range south of that line, except

When being driven to the railroad for shipping purposes.

Before this "dead line" was established clashes were frequent between herders and cowboys, and many partisans of the sheep and cattle barons lost their lives in duels with rifles. Cattle rustling used to be a flourishing industry in this locality also, and some of the old log cabins along the Little Snake river have been the gathering places of bands of desperate outlaws, ready for any mischief, from cattle rustling to robbing trains.

"Bob" Meldrum made his reputation as deputy at Baggs, where he broke up the rustler army and drove the last one out of the country.

Curiosities of Longevity.

One of the most curious instances of longevity is found in Miss Louisa Courtenay's "Notes of an Octogenarian," says the Denver News Times. A witness in a will case in which Belenden-Ker, the great English conveyancer, was engaged, was asked if he had any brothers or sisters. He replied that he had one brother who died 150 years ago. The Court expressed incredulity and documentary evidence was produced in support of the statement.

This showed that the witness' father, who married first at the age of nineteen, had a son who died in infancy. The father married again at the age of seventy-five, and had a son who lived to appear in the witness box at the age of ninety-four, and made the above startling statement.

Friedrich Theil, a peasant of Rauda, in Saxony, whose leisure hours have been devoted to the study of Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Sanskrit, Arabic and Gaelic, is seventy-five years old. He is beginning to study the English language. Theil is in correspondence with some of the leading philologists of the day.

A Tale of a Tape Measure.

The explorers were sitting one on each side of the President when Dr. Stein produced from his waistcoat pocket a small spring tape measure in a tiny aluminum drum. "It was a very curious thing," said Dr. Stein, "but in 1906, when I was in Eastern Tibet, I picked up this measure at the foot of an old ruin. I have carried it ever since and use it constantly." Dr. Sven Hedin took the measure in his hand. "This is mine," he said at once. "I lost it in Tibet in 1901, and he named the spot where he believed he had dropped it, with the number of miles it was distant from a certain great lake. This proved to be the spot where it was found."

Deep Breathing Beneficial.

The simplest way to get warm after exposure to cold is to take a long breath with the mouth firmly shut. Repeat this several times until you begin to feel the heat returning. It requires a very short time to do this.

The long breath quickens the pulse, and thus causes the blood to circulate faster. The blood flows into all parts of the veins and arteries, and gives out a great deal of heat.

It is stated that this method of deep breathing prevents colds and a great many other ailments if begun in time.

Of Interest to Women

Plan to Win State Aid in Securing Small Tracts of Land on Which Women May Engage in Profitable Agriculture—A Refuge for Mass.—100,000 Who Can Never Marry

To solve the problem of what to do with the 100,000 spinsters and widows of Massachusetts who can never hope to marry owing to the scarcity of men in the Bay State, and who are obliged at present to drag out a weary existence, three score prominent business and professional women of Greater Boston have formed an organization for the purpose of winning State aid in securing small tracts of land near large cities where women can engage in profitable agricultural enterprises.

The Women's Massachusetts Homestead Association plans to encourage the many thousands of women of all ages who are forced to struggle night and day to gain a livelihood, to take up the cultivation of small plots of land in the suburbs and raise flowers, herbs, plants, mushrooms, strawberries, vegetables, squabs, chickens, bees and pigs.

To achieve this end the association wants the Commonwealth to buy tracts of land wherever available, divide this land into acre lots and then, through a commission, supply women—particularly spinsters—who would like to engage in such pursuits with a share of the land. If the State is not willing to furnish the land free, then the association asks that it take a mortgage on land bought by philanthropists, develop this land, build cheap, comfortable homes, barns and out-houses on it, and then furnish the necessary implements for cultivating the soil.

This plan, says the members of the Homestead Association, will take thousands of women and children out of the large cities of Massachusetts, will thin out the congested slum districts, and will place these women and those dependent upon them where they can be profitably employed under sanitary conditions, and instructed in garden and truck farming.

"Man owns the earth and has heaven preempted," says one of the most enthusiastic members of the new association. "We ask the right to live. We want homes. There are 100,000 of us in Massachusetts who cannot get them because there are not husbands enough to go around. We must either be provided for or else taken out like worn-out horses and shot."

"Think of it! There are 100,000 women without husbands who have no future under present conditions. Besides that, there are thousands of middle-aged married women, either widows or the heads of families dependent upon them, who are willing to take advantage of the legislation we seek if the opportunity were offered them."

The Homestead Association has established a literary bureau for the distribution of literature calling attention to the necessity of women sharing in any legislation which would tend to provide homes. The association has also organized a lecture bureau, and plans to have women, well-versed on the condition of women workers in Massachusetts, lecture before all the women's clubs of the State to arouse interest in the cause of the organization.

The members of the Massachusetts association declare that their work has been greatly aided through the statistics and information gathered by one of the members before the association came into existence.

This woman has interested a wealthy New York woman in the project of providing small tracts of land for spinsters and widows, and it is announced that she will spend from \$200,000 to \$300,000 if the cause appeals to her in buying land for struggling "old maids" and mothers of families.

Options have been secured on several farms. One farm, consisting of 6 acres of land, and located but eight miles from Boston, can be bought for \$8,000. There is also a philanthropist living in Brookline, who offers to give his big farm for experiment, if the State decides to aid widows and spinsters in earning a living from the soil.

Monument to Dead Horses.

The services of horses in the South African campaigns were quite as essential as those of men. Many of the battles were cavalry engagements, and troops had to be moved rapidly from one part of the country to another. Enormous numbers of horses were requisitioned from all parts of the world, and the mortality among these animals was very great, though there are no definite figures at hand. The monument to these "gallant steeds" has been raised by small subscriptions from all parts of the British empire; a large portion of the funds coming from various "humane societies" and from officers and men in the army.

Freaks of Wireless.

Wireless telegraphy has many apparently mysterious qualities for which scientists have been unable satisfactorily to account to the layman. Failure to operate on account of the conditions of the atmosphere has been the chief source of annoyance. Another fault, which has recently been remedied, is in the absence of secrecy in transmitting messages.

Lightning and other electrical disturbances have also caused some inconvenience, but in the event of a storm the apparatus is now usually grounded in order to prevent injury. It is reported that lightning will seriously injure if not entirely destroy instruments, even though it might strike at a point five or ten miles distant.

Why the wireless has worked better at night or in cold weather rather than hot, why transmission is better on the Pacific Ocean than on the Atlantic, or why communication is better in one direction rather than in another, have all been puzzling questions. These elements of unreliability and disappointment are now disappearing, however, and the confidence of the public has been won.

Originator of the Base Ball Field.

Our veteran base ball writer, Mr. T. H. Murnane, declares that to Alexander J. Cartwright, of New York, belongs the credit of conceiving and mapping out the ball field just as it remains to-day. In fact, the bare lines that he laid down at the foot of Murray Hill, New York, in 1844 have never been changed an inch. Speaking of the event Duncan P. Curry, of New York, once said: "Well do I remember the afternoon that young Cartwright came up to the old field and unfolded his pet game, then practically without rules. Never do I remember noting the sunbeams fall with a more sweet and mellow radiance than on that particular afternoon in May." The game still depends largely on the weather.—Boston Globe.

Clipping the Finger Nails.

Clipping the finger nails was one of the most important services the ancient barber rendered to his patrons. Martial, chaffing a fellow who had tried to dodge the barber by using plasters to remove his beard, asks sarcastically, "How about your nails?" And the miser in Plautus collects the parings of his nails to make something out of them, seemingly, never dreaming that he could have clipped them himself. The nail clipping of to-day, or manicuring, has passed from the barber to young women from whom radiates a perfume strong enough to help in the work, and whose modern coiffure gives the highest touch to the art.

HORSES KILLED IN BATTLE.

Fine Memorial to Them Erected in South Africa.

Horses killed in battle now have a monument to their honor. It recently has been erected at Port Elizabeth, South Africa. When Lord Byron put up an elaborate monument to his dog, Boan, everyone regarded it as a mad caprice, but now a general public subscription has been raised by English people for the purpose of perpetuating the memory of "the services of the gallant animals which perished in the Anglo-Boer war, 1899-1902." Pictures of this monument are being sold in great numbers, mostly among army officers, though the animal-loving public is also buying them largely.

The first horse monument ever raised by public subscription consists of an oblong pile of granite on the top of which are two figures—a life-sized bronze horse and a kneeling soldier offering the animal its food. The figures are beautifully executed. The granite base of the statue serves a utilitarian purpose by forming a fine drinking fountain, both for man and beast, a huge granite block being hollowed out into a trough, into which water flows from three spouts in the form of lions' heads.

On the base of the monument is the significant inscription: "The greatness of a nation consists, not so much in the number of its people, or the extent of its territory, as in the ex-



Monument to Dead Horses.

tent and justice of its compassion." The services of horses in the South African campaigns were quite as essential as those of men. Many of the battles were cavalry engagements, and troops had to be moved rapidly from one part of the country to another. Enormous numbers of horses were requisitioned from all parts of the world, and the mortality among these animals was very great, though there are no definite figures at hand. The monument to these "gallant steeds" has been raised by small subscriptions from all parts of the British empire; a large portion of the funds coming from various "humane societies" and from officers and men in the army.

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