

Training Husband

Begin Task Early—Be Courageous and Philosophic

By MRS. LEONARD MARSHALL.



HUSBANDS are what we make them. If a husband is properly trained in the way he should go, he will become quite an endurable male specimen of humanity.

The great point is to start from the first. Unfortunately, the young wife is fond and foolish, and the moon of honey is very sweet. Edwin is such a darling just at the outset that she is blind to all the faults which are going to make her life miserable later on. If Angelina knew, she would treat her dear lord like an antagonist; she would lay in wait for the opportune moment to come, and pour balm over the wounds she had inflicted. No man loves the submissive slave. It is the struggle for the mastery, the taming of the tigress that charms him, for man is a born hunter, and the pursuit of the elusive prey is dearer to him than the dove that never will take wing!

The husband spoiled in the first months of his married life rapidly becomes demoralized. He is, metaphorically speaking, in slippers. He is a hero, too, for he knows how that little wife of his adores him!

Vanity (men are vain than women) works havoc with his reason. His sense of possession becomes unendurable even to the blind little mate who has sworn to love, honor and obey.

The remedy is the thing, and it takes a dose of courage and philosophy to administer it.

The first step is to be on the alert. The husband will presently begin about the housewife's virtues of his sainted mother. She never allowed her servant to leave a room dusty; her pie-crust, and so forth. Do not, my dear woman, allow this secret sorrow to prey upon your soul.

Tell him firmly that he can go home and eat his sainted mother's pie-crust, and that as to the dust, you will speak to the servant, and that is the best you can do! There may—there will be—a row, but stand your ground; your first battle is decisive. Use those subtle arts we are versed in to make the man understand that women are feline—if you stroke the right way, life is harmonious; if not, the results are deplorable.

Do not be too eternally sweet, neither should you smother him with "duddy dears." Blow hot and cold by turns, treat him to every caprice, keep him on the rack to know what you will do next and he will adore you, because he will not have had the opportunity of developing those despotic instincts which are growing in his heart.

He will come to you and tell you that he needs fresh air (you do not, of course), and thinks of going with a friend for a spin in the country on Sunday. You, poor, foolish child, will tell him that you are sure it will do him good. Result—you can sit at home and spin for every Sunday while the fine weather lasts. Edwin is going back to his boon companions and the joys of his bachelorhood, with the added bliss of a nice little woman at home to cook the supper and darn the stockings.

I once knew a resolute little woman who went down for a week to the seaside the second time her husband left her in solitary splendor at home. Then, again, the first—the very first time Edwin bullies you about the dinner in the presence of the servant, pay her a month's wages next day! "Why, my dear, where is Jane? Is she ill?" "No, Edwin; but as I could not live in the house with a servant who heard me insulted and would henceforward question my authority, I have dismissed her from my service." Tableau.

The mere man can always be made to feel through his pocket—money appeals to him when nothing else will.

Love's Law Rules World

By DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

Whenever we find a great effect we pass instantly to the inquiry: "What great cause produced it?" For example, here is the rapid growth of Christianity. It began a golden dot on the map; now its banners wave over two continents. It began with the Christ on Mount Olivet; in 40 days it numbered 3,000, in 100 years a half million, and now it rules the minds and hearts of 600,000,000. So wonderful is the effect that we cast about for a cause equally powerful. The proverb runs, no golden conduct from leaden motives. Once Philistinism offered men the ethics of

mud; the old world philosophies offered leaden motive and iron penalties; occasional teachers, like Buddha, spoke with a silver tone, but golden conduct began with the golden rule. That law of love that fell from Christ's lips, was interpreted by Christ's life, enforced by his death, and made powerful by his living presence, alone can furnish an adequate explanation of the victories of Christianity.

Now, despite the pessimism of some in high places, many of our greatest industrial leaders are making the law of Christ to be the golden reed with which they are laying out their lives. Let us believe that our brother men are just as anxious to fulfill the law of Christ as you and I are, and are more successful in their plans. Despite what has been said, most lawyers are not the hired tools of evil clients.

Most of the industrial leaders are not corrupt grafters. One swallow does not make a spring—no—that is true; but neither does one red bough showing disease in the leaf in June argue winter on a summer's day. Last week I read the account of a meeting of the directors of a railroad system. These rich men decided not to reduce the wages of the engineers, conductors, switchmen, flagmen, but chose rather to cut the dividends on their stock to three per cent.

One of the most terrible railroad strikes ever precipitated in this country was due to the fact that in 1893 a railway magnate in the time of panic cut the wages of his workmen a third at a single stroke, while he insisted that his dividends should remain at ten per cent. Capital was everything. Workmen, cold, hungry and starving, were nothing. The dollar must have its ten per cent.; the soul can have what is left, if a crust remains. That selfishness of capitalistic leaders is passing as surely as gladiatorial games have gone. The new Christian regime is on. That action of these railroad directors, under the lead of a noble president, publishes the whole story



TO USE A BALLOON

BECKER WILL CAMPAIGN WISCONSIN IN AERIAL CRAFT.

"Boy Mayor" of Milwaukee Will Keep Up Reputation for Being Odd in Race for Governorship of the State.

Milwaukee, Wis. — Sherburn M. Becker, the "boy" mayor of Milwaukee, who, having been successful in conducting his campaign for mayor from an automobile, has now decided to enter the race for governorship of Wisconsin, and will use a balloon this time for campaign purposes. Becker was only 29 years of age when elected mayor of Milwaukee two years ago after a whirlwind campaign. His race for governorship promises to be equally sensational.

"I shall use either a duplicate of Maj. Hershey's United States, with which the American representative competed in the St. Louis balloon races," said ex-Mayor Becker in telling of his plan to campaign from an airship, "or I shall buy the United States and rechristen it Wisconsin when I start to campaign the state. I am thoroughly in earnest in my plan to run for governor with a balloon instead of a touring car as I at first intended, and I will surprise the farmers, you bet.

"You see, it's this way. The people up the state read about any way of doing things, and they simply say: 'He's a crazy fool.' But they are on the watch just the same. Then when I get to them I hand them solid common sense and politics straight without any of the freak about it.

"That's the way I am going to make the campaign this year. I will go up in a balloon and light when I feel like it, and it's a cinch that when we get to earth there'll be a crowd there to hear me speak. Then is when I'll get in my real work. They come to see the boy candidate, and they get



SHERBURN M. BECKER

sound common sense. The result is that they think the logic they hear is a heap better than it really is, because they expected something so much different.

"Two years ago, when I beat Dave Rose for mayor of Milwaukee, I was called the boy candidate, and even my friends thought I was a fool to enter the race. They first told me I couldn't get the nomination, but I fooled them, and then I won at the election. People came to hear me because my motto was 'The Young Man in Politics,' and they went away having heard nothing more sensational than any other campaigner would give them."

That in brief, is the system under which Milwaukee's "Boy Mayor" works his campaigns. He turned from a cottillon leader to supervisor, and in the county board he exposed a printing graft and saved the county \$35,000 a year. He then decided to run for alderman, and his friends laughed at him. He was elected and made such a record that he was able to run for mayor and win that, too.

His famous coffee automobile did much to help him in the city campaign. When he was alderman he had one of his automobiles fitted up with a huge coffee pot, which he could start a-boiling when there was a fire, and the coffee would be hot when he reached the scene of the conflagration. Whenever there was a big fire he was notified and a quick hitch harness for a runabout, which he had at first adopted, was soon supplanted by the automobile.

In his city campaign he started a series of smokers, furnishing corn-cob pipes and tobacco, and when he addressed a meeting he would, instead of standing on the platform, sit among the listeners and talk conversationally. This won votes and he proposes to adopt the same tactics when he runs for governor.

At Chicago recently he decided upon the balloon means of reaching the country districts. He met C. A. Coey, an enthusiastic automobilist and aeronaut, and arranged his plan for a balloon campaign almost instantly.

A Sweeping Assertion.
Novelist's Wife—Why does your heroine "enter and sweep the room with a glance?"
Novelist (scornfully)—Because she has no vacuum cleaner.

Comforting.
Female Voyager—Is there any fear of danger, Mr. Sailor?
Mr. Sailor—Lots of fear, ma'am, but no danger!

RAPID RISE OF GEN. BARRY.

Career of Army Officer Recently Named for Promotion.

Washington.—The rise of Brig.-Gen. Thomas H. Barry, recently nominated as major-general, vice Gen. C. B. Hall, retired for age, has been rapid. Born in New York in October, 1855, he was graduated from the Military academy in June, 1877. After three years' service in the cavalry and 17 years in the infantry he was transferred to the adjutant-general's department with the rank of major in January, 1897, and became colonel in that department in



Gen. Thomas H. Barry.

July, 1902, less than six years ago. As a brigadier general of volunteers he served in the Pekin relief expedition and in the Philippines. For those services he was made a brigadier general in the regular army in August, 1903, and now stands fourth in that grade, his seniors being Gens. Funston, Carter and Bliss, in the order named.

Gen. Barry is now in his fifty-second year, and will not retire until October, 1919. With the exceptions of Gen. Funston, who is his junior by ten years, and Gen. Pershing, who is five years younger, Gen. Barry is the youngest officer of brigade rank in the army.

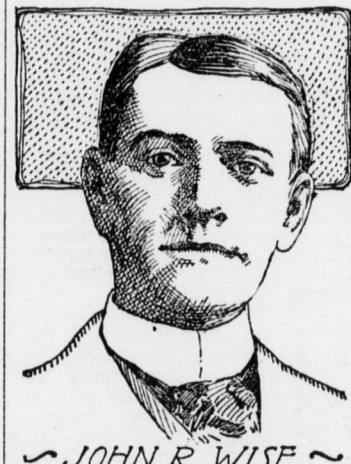
For several months past Gen. Barry has been in command of the army of Cuban pacification, and it is announced that he will remain on that duty in spite of his promotion.

GETS IMPORTANT POST.

John R. Wise Appointed Superintendent of Chillicothe Indian School.

Washington.—John R. Wise, for many years a resident of Washington, has been appointed by Secretary Garfield as superintendent of the United States Indian school at Chillicothe, Okla. This is one of the largest and most important Indian schools in the northwest.

Mr. Wise was graduated from the University of Wisconsin in 1888. He entered the government service in Washington in 1891 in the record and pension office. For over 12 years he was employed in the office of the commissioner of Indian affairs. He was designated by the secretary of the Interior in 1898 as manager of the United States Indian congress held in connection with the trans-Mississippi



JOHN R. WISE

exposition at Omaha. For the last three and a half years Mr. Wise has served as assistant superintendent of the Carlisle Indian school.

Why American Gardens Disappoint.
The reason why American gardening has not yet come up to the standard of the Europeans is simply that we do not pay enough, says a writer in Country Life in America. We employ incompetent landscape designers or none; we beat the nurseryman down on his plants; we are not willing to pay a first-class gardener what he is worth. Yet we are "dead game" when it comes to yachts, automobiles, horses, dogs and houses. Why should not our wealthy men be equally willing to pay for good gardens?

I believe they will. These things are all parts of the same outdoor life. The more self-respect a man has the more he values his family life and the more willing he is to spend as much on his outdoor living room as on one of his indoor rooms.

The writer then describes a landscape garden in a Pittsburg back yard which cost about \$7,000. The effects are certainly splendid.

Her Good Work Recognized.
Mrs. W. S. Peabody of Colorado is called the mother of Mesa Verde National park, because of the interest she has taken in the preservation of the relics of the mysterious cliff dwellers of Colorado.

PERILOUS AUTO TRIP IN AFRICA

OFFICER OF GERMAN ARMY TELLS OF HAZARDOUS EXPERIENCE IN DARK CONTINENT.

NEAR TO DEATH ON BRIDGE

Mozambi River is Crossed by Means of Shaky Structure Made by the Natives of Sticks and Branches.

London.—Lieut. Paul Graetz of the German army, who is crossing the heart of Africa from Dar-es-Salaam, on the east coast, to Swakopmund, on the west, is encountering formidable difficulties in the tropics. His last stage of 125 miles has occupied nine days. He describes the journey as follows: "Leaving Aborcorn, near the southern end of Lake Tanganyika, we reached Kasama in nine days through the Chambezi valley. But we and our motor car have had to go through a horrible ordeal. We have faced fearful trials and hardships under tropical rains; we have been delayed by raging streams and deep marshes.

"We have had to cross 28 swollen rivers and swamps innumerable. We have traveled on bad wooden bridges built by the natives, and often we have crossed over the wretched tottering remnants of such bridges. We have fought hard against flooding waters.

"At first we journeyed through thick brush. Running and jumping near our automobile, a number of Lobebe natives sing as they accompany us. Then a terrible thunderstorm bursts upon us in a fury, and streams of water pour down like huge water-spouts. Now the underwood becomes lighter. Halt! Water! The Mozambi river is before us and rolls on its yellowish course in the middle of a swampy depression 200 yards in breadth.

"There is a kind of bridge over swamp and stream, and it zigzags like a gigantic centipede. The natives rush through the storm-beaten high grass and gather sticks and branches. They drag them forth and build a small bridge over the dangerous deep mire; we widen the existing narrow bridge and repair it as best we can.

"Finally, after hours of strenuous work in pouring rain, we proceed. The car is pulled forward on the perilous



Crossing Over the Tottering Remnants of a Bridge.

path; the driver grips the steering wheel with great steadiness. We tremble. What if the wheels skid on the slippery road? We are lost if the car moves only one hand's breadth to either side. We are lost if our hands or our nerves give way on these fearful 200 yards.

"The heavy car and ourselves would fall and disappear, without any possibility of rescue, in the wild stream or in the soft, deep mud. The passage seems to last an eternity. Slowly we creep forward.

"We are nearly on the other side, when suddenly the car stops and is dragged backward. We all burst into a shriek of terror. We realize what has happened.

The back wheels have sunk through a hole in the bridge. The front-wheels are lifted upward. But by a stroke of luck in the midst of our misfortunes the springs of the car have caught in the oblique planks of the bridge and it is wedged fast.

"A fresh activity seizes us. We fasten a strong rope to the front part of the car. There is no time to waste. A catastrophe is still threatening us. The Lobebe natives are etched back. The bridge is repaired after a mighty effort, and the natives slowly drag the car forward. The rescue is a success.

"The sun is now piercing through the gray clouds, and before our eyes gleams the fresh landscape. A few miles' drive and we come to another river. There are many dangers before us. Hidden in the tall grass are numberless bowlders, branches, roots and tree trunks.

"Day after day the difficulties and obstacles increase, and we nearly lose the hope of ever reaching our goal. The car, however, has worked without one break down since we left Aborcorn. At last we see, on the hill in front of us, the village of Kasama, the buildings of the magistrate, and the African lake corporation, appearing above the green landscape."

IN JAIL OVER YEAR, MAN IS FORGOTTEN

NO RECORD OF HIS NAME, CRIME, COMMITMENT OR TRIAL CAN BE FOUND.

Uniontown, Pa.—It would seem incredible that in this age a man could be imprisoned for more than a year in the jail of this county, in this town, not knowing himself the reason or cause of his imprisonment, his identity unknown to the county officials, and no entry reliably affecting him or his alleged offense to be found anywhere in the public records, yet it is a fact this is so.

The man, a foreigner, was recently released from jail because no ground could be found for his further detention, nor indeed for his detention at any time. He might still be in prison had there not been a change of sheriffs.

The new sheriff is Peter A. Johns. During one of his late official enumerations



"What Are You in Prison For?"

of the jail inmates his attention was called for some reason to this man.

"What is your name?" inquired the sheriff.

"Elecck Lenchack."

"What are you in prison for?"

"I don't know."

"How long have you been here?"

"More than a year."

The sheriff examined the jail register covering a year and longer, but could not find the name of Lenchack. He did the same with the commitments, but with equal unsuccess. Then he questioned the prisoner more closely. Lenchack could not handle English very well, but he managed to explain that all he knew about it was that he had been walking across a field at one of the coking plants not far from this town when two men accosted him, took him before a magistrate and then brought him to jail.

It is the sheriff's theory that Lenchack had been committed to jail under one name; that he had got on to the jail register under another name, and on the trial docket of the court under still another name, and that when the name on the trial docket was called during sessions of the court there was no prisoner to answer to it. The poor fellow was so glad to get out that his expressions of gratitude, so far as he was able to make this sentiment clear, were most pathetic. A foreigner, knowing little or nothing of the habits and customs of this country, not understanding the language, homeless, friendless, knowing no one to apply to, he had got into jail for a trivial offense. There, forgotten, unable to confide in any one even if he had wished, ignorant of how to take steps to get free, he had put in more than a year of his life in a place to which he should not, perhaps, have been sent at any time.

PIES BREAK MAN'S FALL.

Tight-Rope Trick on Roof Ends in Heading Plunge.

Philadelphia.—While trying to demonstrate to a friend some of the acrobatic tight-rope walking ability which had won him fame in circus life some years ago, Frank Velloski, 25 years old, fell from the third-story roof of his home, to the alley below and was taken to the hospital, suffering from concussion of the brain. His condition is serious, the doctors say.

Velloski occupies the fourth floor. Shortly before noon he stepped out of his window on to the roof of the third floor extension, to get a breath of fresh air. Just across the alleyway, on the roof of No. 116 Spruce street, was one of Velloski's friends.

"Guess I'll come over for a while," he said. "I'll show you the way we used to do when I was a circus man," he added, as he mounted a thin clothes line which stretched between the two houses across the alley.

He had successfully gone to the middle of the rope when suddenly it snapped. Velloski went crashing down to the hard pavement of the alley below.

A woman in No. 116 had been baking pies and half a dozen specimens of her art were out to cool in the alley. Velloski landed head first into them.

The hospital doctors say that it was due to this fact that the former circus man's skull was not fractured.

The Nature of the Brute.
Ex—Did you ever see an Indian idol?
Wy—I never saw one any other way.—Cleveland Leader.