

## THOSE THAT ARE LEFT.

'Mid all the onrush of the world;  
'Neath blazoned conquest's flags unfurled;  
Remember, when the foe's downhurled—  
Those that are left!

Not they who fell beneath thy power;  
Not they who helped thee scale the tower;  
But they who missed the tidal hour—  
Those that are left!

Not few! not few! nor yet to blame  
That never riches, power, or fame  
Came nigh to conjure with their name—  
Those that are left!

Not few! Not few! The god of chance,  
With careless hand and eyes askance,  
Hurls, without destiny, his lance.  
Those that are left!

The maid unsought. The cripple cowed.  
The child untaught. Man unendowed.  
The gray head, disillusion-bowed—  
They are the left!

Remember! Man who art a god!  
When, head erect, thou walk'st abroad—  
Remember those who kiss the rod—  
Those that are left!

—Stephen Chalmers, in the New York Times.

## OVERCONFIDENCE.

By ROE L. HENDRICK.

"It's the expert swimmer who usually gets drowned," said Jackson, throwing down the newspaper he had been reading aloud, and gazing off upon the lake. "I insist that my boy learn to swim, but right there I stop. I don't want him to be what they call a 'crack' swimmer."

"What are your reasons, Fred?" I asked carelessly.

"The expert is too venturesome," he replied. "He overestimates his powers, takes chances, gets exhausted, or is seized with cramp, and goes down. Every one should swim well enough to keep afloat for a time in an emergency. That degree of skill would save hundreds of lives now lost through complete ignorance of a very useful art. But everyone also should have a wholesome respect for the superior power of nature. The expert loses that respect; the indifferent swimmer knows his limitations, and keeps within the margin of safety."

"Your theory is certainly plausible," I admitted, "but how about your own experience? You're a crack swimmer, and you have never been drowned."

"To all intents and purposes I have been," he said, earnestly. "True, they revived me before life was quite extinct, but I had all the sensations of a drowning man, and lost consciousness as completely, if not as permanently, as if I had been dead. And I also fully illustrate the foolhardiness of the expert, precisely as did the lad mentioned in the article I have been reading."

"The thing happened nineteen years ago this summer, while I was here on a visit to my uncle. I had won two swimming races that season, and felt as much at home in the water as I did on land. I think I can truthfully say that I had absolutely no sense of fear when swimming—like the young fool that I was!

"I heard that Davy Brown, father of Isaac Brown, you know, had set a number of lines for sturgeon out there in the lake, and I wanted to see how that type of fishing was conducted. When he and his son-in-law, Henry Simmons, went to visit them one morning, I asked and received permission to go along.

"We rowed out in a heavy scow—the kind they used to draw their seine with—and the trip took some time, deceiving me as to the actual distance. I estimated it at less than a mile, because their boat rowed like an ore barge; but we must have gone faster than I thought, for the distance to the bar is approximately a mile and a half.

"I had on swimming tights, and the moment we reached the shallows on the 'old bight' beach, as they call the bar—out where you see the waves breaking—I sprang overboard. The water at that point was not more than two feet in depth, and I waded across to where they had a spar as thick as my leg deeply planted among the rocks. It stood fifteen or twenty feet out of water.

"The fishermen had a guide line leading straight out from the spar for about forty yards, to where one end of the set line was anchored. The set line, kept afloat by kegs used as buoys, extended along the deep water outside the bar and parallel with it for a hundred rods, to where there was another anchor, similarly equipped with guide line and pole. Brown and Simmons had three set lines, fixed thus end to end, reaching nearly a mile, or most of the way across the entrance of the bight.

"There was merely a light breeze at the time, and the low waves did not break on the shallows as they do now, so I was not bothered by them as I splashed along; but I soon found that where I had jumped from the boat was the shallowest part of the submerged beach. There also were gaps in the bar, wide enough for ship channels, where the water was at least one hundred feet deep, perhaps more. You can see three or four gaps in the breakers from here now.

"Well, I swam across those places,

and along not a few other stretches, too, for everywhere toward the northeast shore of the bight the water was at least breast deep. Finally, when the end of the last line had been reached, I climbed back into the scow and helped to row it to shore. Thus my first trip to the drowned beach was, as you see, without incident.

"The second day following this trip was a scorcher. The thermometer registered ninety degrees in the shade; and directly after my aunt's noon dinner I resolved to cool off in the lake.

"I walked the three miles to the beach, and when I reached there was dripping wet with perspiration. In I plunged, with the smallest possible delay, however; and the only wonder is that I didn't have a cramp at the outset.

"Near shore the water was almost too warm, but once out a few rods, I had only to let my feet down to

I felt that I was making very little headway, and was minded to turn for the shore, I did not dare. For the first time I was really worried, forced to the conviction that my strength would be exhausted if I tried to cover the mile of tumbled water between me and the beach.

"I set my teeth and kept doggedly at it, husbanding my breath and fighting off the sharp pain that kept returning to the muscles extending from beneath my right shoulder-blade down to my hip. For ten minutes I seemed to gain hardly at all, but I really was going ahead, though slowly, for suddenly the breakers were on both sides of me, and the air was thick with spray. In a few seconds I was clutching the spar, with my back turned to the wind.

"It seemed as if the waves were high enough and extended deep enough to expose the sand and rocks between crests, but I could see nothing but roily water, even in the troughs. I lowered my feet to touch bottom, and went down nearly to my eyebrows before my toes came in contact with the boulders that were piled about the foot of the spar. I gasped, climbed hastily up the thick stick, and looked about me.

"Then I knew that, instead of swimming to the pole near which I had alighted before, I had reached one farther to the east, where the water on the bar was deeper. But it had then been only four feet in depth and was now nearly six. Were there tides on the Great Lakes?"

"There are such things, as I now know, although the rise and fall ordinarily is only a fraction of an inch. But a northwest wind will raise the water two feet in this bight in a very short time, if it blows hard enough; and that squall was a record breaker. Even with my back to the waves, I soon became afraid of being smothered. I climbed higher and higher up the spar.

"The land was hidden, the sky had become a dull lead color, splashed with black, and the thunder and lightning roared and flamed incessantly. Just before the rain came—and with it a slight lessening in the violence of the gale—the highest

surrounding me. After that my mind seemed sodden, like my body, and there was no consecutive thought, only blind instinct.

"I felt as if an iron hand were bound about my chest. Then consciousness floated from me. The last I remember was when the spar turned over with me, plunging my head beneath the surface.

"It seemed only a second later, though a half hour had elapsed, when I opened my eyes and saw Henry Simmons kneeling back of my head, grasping my wrists and working my arms like pumps, to force respiration. I knew I had drifted ashore and been picked up by the fishermen, but it was an hour before I could converse with them coherently.

"I was bruised and battered from head to foot, and was sick in bed for several days. Simmons had seen me from the bluff and had dragged me out of the breakers, or I should have stayed drowned.

"I am now one of the few good swimmers who have learned how helpless a man can be when he is really exposed to the fury of the elements. That, perhaps, is best of all; but only about one in a hundred would have the good fortune to acquire my experience and come through it alive."—Youth's Companion.

## ODD FACTS ABOUT TURTLES.

It has been said that the turtle, like the whale, has no other enemy than man, inasmuch as both the little creature and the big pursue their various ways in practical immunity from harm and the fear of sudden death.

In many ways the turtle is one of the strangest of living things. Whales must come to the surface frequently to breathe, and it is pretty well known what they feed upon.

The seal cannot remain beneath the sea nearly so long as the whale, and his food is very well known, but the turtle, in all his varieties, in all his ways, is a most mysterious animal. It does not, indeed, seem to matter to him whether he stays beneath the surface for an hour or for a week, nor does it trouble him to spend an equal time on land if the need arises.

Your turtle is neither fish, flesh nor fowl, yet his flesh partakes of the characteristics of all three. Eating seems a mere superfluity with him, since for weeks at a time he may be headed up in a barrel, with the bung out, and emerge, after his long fast, apparently none the worse for his enforced abstinence from food, from light and almost from air.

In the whole category of animal organisms there is none so tenacious of life as the turtle. Injuries that would instantly be fatal even to fish leave the turtle apparently undisturbed, and his power of staving off death is nothing short of marvellous.

Just so soon as a baby turtle emerges from the egg off he scuttles down to the sea. He has no one to teach him, no one to guide him. In his curious little brain there is implanted a streak of caution based upon the fact that until a certain period in his life his armor is soft and no defense against hungry fish, and he at once seeks shelter in the tropical profusion of the gulf-weed, which holds within its branching fronds an astonishing abundance of marine life. Here the young turtle feeds unmolested while his armor undergoes the hardening process.

Whatever the young sea turtle eats and wherever he eats it—facts not generally ascertained—one thing is certain, it agrees with him immensely. He leads a pleasant sort of life, basking in the tropical sun and cruising leisurely in the cool depths.

Once he has attained the weight of twenty-five pounds, which usually occurs within the first year, the turtle is free from all danger. After that no fish or mammal, however ravenous, however well armed with teeth, interferes with the turtle.

When once he has withdrawn his head from its position of outlook into the folds of his neck between the two shells, intending devourers may struggle in vain to make an impression upon him. — From Harper's Weekly.

### Cause of Some Mysterious Fires.

A man who has accumulated a great deal of definite information about many things remarked to Tip recently that he believed many fires of mysterious origin have been caused by the carelessness of painters, polishers or decorators. Referring to a fire of this description in a large apartment house, he said: "Call up the Fire Marshall and ask if men in any of those trades were at work in the building." The answer was: "Yes, painters and decorators had been working on the ninth floor." — New York Press.

The people who are satisfied to take things as they come get the leavings.



### Repairs to Macadam.

Attention is called to the experiments made by the Office of Public Roads, wherein it was shown by instantaneous photography that the damage to the roads was produced by the rear or traction wheels of motor cars, and particularly at a speed above twenty-five miles an hour. The force with which they were propelled was sufficient to cause a marked slip upon the surface of the hard road-bed, such as is often seen in an exaggerated manner on a frozen surface.

The question is raised, Mr. Richardson states, as to the policy of constructing so large an extent of macadam roads as has been done in the last few years, and as is proposed for the future, without considering a surface of bitumen, which, he says, at a reasonable additional cost, may avoid the existing conditions.

Several authorities are quoted as to cost of repairs of macadam roads under present conditions. A road near Lynn, in Massachusetts, of almost perfect macadam construction, exposed to wind, sun and high-speed automobiles, had to be resurfaced after a single year's service. W. C. Carpenter, County Surveyor in Yorkshire, Eng., reported at the Paris Congress that the maintenance of roads in his district was \$482 per mile in 1890, and \$789 in 1908. Mr. Hooley, holding the same position in Nottinghamshire, states that the maintenance cost was formerly \$250 per mile; now it is \$750, and he advises a resurfacing with bituminous macadam.—Good Roads Magazine.

### Recent Experiments in Road Making.

In Missouri the earth of about half a mile of road was taken out to a depth of twenty to twenty-four inches, and a width of twenty feet, and was heaped beside the wide and shallow trench thus made. A very heavy steam roller then rolled the bottom of this exposed soil foundation until it was deemed to be as compact as it could be made by this means.

A little at a time the earth which had been taken from the roadway was spread evenly over the bottom of the trench, and rolled as thoroughly as the foundation had been. This loose earth was well sprinkled as the rolling went on. In this way all the soil that had been so removed from the highway was returned and packed down. Then soil was taken from the sides of the roadway, put upon the driveway and sprinkled and rolled as thoroughly as the rest had been. By the time the road had been built up to the required grade ample ditches had been made by so taking the soil from the roadsides.

They who designed and executed this work believe that this road will shed water, and be hard and smooth under traffic, if care be used to keep its foundation well drained, and its surface properly dressed by frequent and timely use of the road drag. The cost of making such road was comparatively small.—Good Roads Magazine.

### A New Road Plan For Nebraska.

Governor A. C. Shallenberger has outlined a good roads plan which he is reported as stating that he will recommend to the legislature.

The plan involves the taxation of automobiles at the rate of one dollar per horse power per year. This the Governor thinks would bring into the treasury about \$150,000 per annum. In addition to this, he would have the legislature appropriate a similar sum, which would make a road fund of approximately \$300,000 a year.

In the distribution of the road fund the Governor says: "The road fund would be apportioned on a percentage basis among the counties willing to make local appropriations for road building, the State to furnish twenty per cent. of the amount appropriated by the county, and the building of main roads east and west through the counties accepting the provisions of the act will be provided for."—Good Roads Magazine.

### Not So Darned Famished.

A man was telling about an exciting experience in Russia. His sleigh was pursued over the frozen wastes by a pack of at least a dozen famished wolves. He arose and shot the foremost ones, and the others stopped to devour it. But they soon caught up with him, and he shot another, which was in turn devoured. This was repeated until the last famished wolf was almost upon him with yearning jaws, when—

"Say, partner," broke in one of the listeners, "according to your reckoning that last famished wolf must have had the other 'leven inside of him."

"Well, come to think it over," said the story-teller, "maybe he wasn't so darned famished after all."—Everybody's.

## A Hero at the Play.

A PERFORMANCE OF "The Heroes of the Rif" at the Novidades Theatre, Madrid, recently, gave rise to an unusual demonstration. The play contains an episode of the defense of a cannon by a common artilleryman against a horde of Moors. The soldier kills four of the enemy, wounds a fifth, and then falls down exhausted, having lost the power of speech.

While this scene was being enacted, amid the intensest excitement of the audience, a man dressed in the special uniform worn by the Spanish troops at Melilla tried to make his way down the aisle of the theatre, but being unable to get upon the stage that way gained entrance by a side door and making his appearance on the stage a moment later, dashed in among the Moorish soldiers, gave them a good hammering and carried the cannon off in triumph. While the audience was still wondering what it all meant, the soldier stepped out of the wings and made a speech.

"I am the soldier who performed the deed which is here represented," he said. "My name is Pedro Cruz. With my own hands I killed four Moors, wounded a fifth and saved the gun, all for the honor of Spain. I lost the power of speech, but recovered it in the Military Hospital at Cartagena. I have been promoted to the rank of sergeant and to-morrow I am going to the palace to be received by the King."

The audience developed hysterical symptoms of enthusiasm, interrupting the play by swarming on the stage and bearing the hero off on their shoulders in a wild tumult of excitement.—New York Dramatic Mirror.

strike a temperature that seemed arctic by comparison. The depths of the Great Lakes are always cold.

"I had been accustomed to bathing in the Atlantic, and thought I had swum in fresh, it had been only during contests of limited duration. The difference in buoyancy is very perceptible, if you are not racing. I swam a hundred rods or so from shore, turned upon my back, and tried to float. In five seconds I was standing upright, treading water.

"This was repeated again and again; but at last I learned the knack, and drifted easily for a long time—perhaps an hour; much longer, in fact, than I should have remained in the water. The July sun was blazing hotly overhead, but finally a chill began to penetrate my flesh, and soon seemed to reach to the marrow of my bones.

"I turned over, to swim ashore, when in an evil moment my eye fell upon one of the spars by means of which the set lines were guyed, and without thought, I started to swim out there, my plan being to stand knee deep in the shallows till warmed through, and then swim ashore. Distances on the water are deceptive, and it seemed to me that the spar was much nearer than the beach.

"I must have been nearly a mile from it, and the swim, in my chilled condition, proved very exhausting. To make matters worse, a thunder storm was gathering in the northwest, and the wind that preceded it began to ruffle the lake. The waves, converging on the bight, rose very rapidly there. Within five minutes I could hear them pounding on the bar.

"Of course I should have turned back at the first thunder peal, but pride kept me going—pride, ignorance of conditions on the lake and of my own limitations. When at last

wave of all broke over me with stunning force.

"As it descended, I felt myself falling—and the spar falling, too. It had pried loose at the bottom under the impact, to which my weight gave added force. Somehow I clung to the stick, which, held in leash by the guy line, rose and fell with the breakers, now banging its water soaked butt on the bottom, and again tossed high in air. It seemed as if the life would be beaten out of me by this pounding alone, besides which I could catch my breath only at intervals, and was half smothered.

"The set line anchor dragged, and inch by inch I drifted across the bar. The deeper water inside no longer permitted the stick to touch bottom. This was a marked relief, till the anchor caught firmly against the outer edge of the bar, and the pitching became so violent that I was sure that I should be torn from the spar.

"Suddenly, however, just as my strength collapsed, the pitching gave place to rapid drifting; the guy line had parted.

"About ten feet remained attached to the stick. I drew it in and began feebly to wrap it about my waist and the spar, to bind myself fast. I remember taking two turns. Afterward I must have taken another and made a couple of half hitches, but I do not remember doing it.

"I was drowning by inches—and I knew it! I had no expectation of reaching the shore alive, for I was sure the breakers inshore would finish me; but I wanted the timber to keep my body afloat.

"They say that when a man is drowning his entire life passes like a panorama through his mind. I doubt it; certainly nothing of the kind happened to me. Before the pole came loose, I had been too scared to think of anything except the perils