# The Sheriff and the "Bad Man."

(An amusing story of the plonser days out West. The Sheriff of Deadwood "wanted" three desperadoes, who took refuge in an old mine and defled him to do his worst. He did it—in a most extraordinary and unlooked-for fashion, with the result that the "bad men" were ignominiously routed.)

In the days when the Far West sattempt at lynching them is made. was really "wild" in every sense of But I'll arrest them and you can the word, the resourceful man forged try them in the regular way." to the front and stayed there, and able to become a force in the strong should take its ordinary course with air, remained in the hole. and strenuous life of those frontier the murderers. days. While the six-shooter was the ferences were settled the chief actors in these little affairs sometimes knives, or shot guns, and at times Bullock. some very queer weapons were called into use when it was impossible to use the old favorites.

In its palmy days Deadwood, in the Black Hills of South Dakota, was known all over the States as the "toughest town on earth," and the boast of the town that every morning before breakfast some man "died with his boots on"-and after Just about every instrument with town, when one day a practically desperado would s new arrival showed the old-timers back was turned. remembered in Deadwood to this er over these roughs. day, and whenever some of the early citizens get together and commence talking about the early days in Deadstory of Seth Bullock and his manner of capturing a band of Bullock started after them. "toughs" without bloodshed has been the admiration of many people for a quarter of a century.

Deadwood grew from a single miner's cabin to a town of five thousand people in just three days. It was all because of the great "strike" of placer gold made down in Deadwood gulch, and when the news spread there was the biggest rush ever known in the American gold fields. Other towns were depopulated in an hour-and Deadwood grew like a mushroom.

Its new citizens were not choice. No one inquired where a man came from and to ask his name was almost an insult which demanded bloodshed. A great many of the miners had come west for the good of their health and wanted no questions asked. Sufficient to say they were the toughs of the earth-at least, most

single roulette wheel turns now. Dance-halls, saloons and gambling hosses. Among the tougher element were men who gloried in the reputation of being "killers"-and had a number of deaths to their credit.

general that same of the better class were ready for a disappearance of desperate men in the Black Hills residents determined to rid Dead- several days, or even a week, if necwood of its very toughest citizens, and a vigilance committee was

man who could draw his gun quicker about twenty-five feet long, and beand shoot straighter than anyone cause of an elbow it was quite imposelse in the camp. It also meant a sible for any one to come down the ent the psychological moment when does. the other man decided to reach for his gun.

Bullock came to Deadwood. He came | formed as to their whereabouts. Then from over in Montana, and he always attending to his own business a minute examination of it, and reand permitting no one else to attend turned to his office. Before doing so, peace officer that city ever boasted of. let down the ladder again.

There were several gun-fights bein the cemetery on the side of the

were three cronies bearing the nick- pot. It is, to say the very least, denames of "Bad Bill," "Curly" Desmond, and "Scar Face" Wilson, but no one has ever been able to fig-They were the "baddest" of the ure out just what it does or does not 'bad" men, and they gloried in their badness. They were partners in er an egg in which the bird is just everything, and if a man fought one neginning to hatch a choice delicacy, trio. Other rival "bad" men might egg which has been kept in a putrid wipe each other out of existence in their jealousles, but these three ter- erly "season," starts to make som rors never by any chance fought thing which will smell bad enough to among themselves.

Finally, there came a time when Sheriff Bulkick "wanted" "Bad Bill" and his two companions. They had had a row with a "tenderfoot" whom they were cheating at cards, and, contrary to the rules of the camp, had killed him without giving him the ghost of a chance. The easterner did not even know there miner was in the streets, watching was going to be a row until he to see what "Cap. Seth" was going easterner did not even know there ed down a gun barrel for one to do. brief moment before a bullet ended

"killing" in Deadwood was yet the slaying of an inoffensive "tenderfoot" who simply protested when he discovered that he was being robbed was more than the people
would stand, and there was a general
demand that "Bad Bill" and his
cronies should be lynched. But Bullock counselled moderation. "I am
the sheriff, boys," he said. "I'll
have to protect those fellows, if any

Bullock's quiet manner won the only the man of many devices was day, and it was agreed that the law

But Bill and his two "pals" had accepted instrument with which dif- no idea of submitting to arrest. "Tell cheer when they realized the predic-Cap. Bullock, if he wants us, to come git us," they said, defiantlyresorted to Winchester rifles, bowie- and the words was carried over to

> "We don't 'low no blamed 'ten derfoot' to tell us we cheat," the three rascals added. "And we don't 'low no sheriff to arrest us. We won't be arrested, and if Cap. Bullock fools with us we'll fix him."

Again the word was taken over well it deserved its name. It was to Bullock that Bill and his partners said they would fight to the death before they would submit to arrest. Nevertheless, it was "up" to Bullock breakfast still others bit the dust, to arrest those three men or to lose his reputation for courage, and pracwhich a man could be killed had tically his life. If he showed the seen service in this famous frontier white feather for a moment some desperado would shoot him while his a trick with a new weapon that is undefeated marshal that he had pow-

The murderers knew Bullock would make an attempt to capture them, but they did not know from wood, somebody is sure to spring the which quarter the attempt would come. The marshal had so many dif-Chinese stink-pot. Bullock himself ferent ways of tackling a fellow that still lives in Deadwood-in fact, he the three miners were worried. If it is United States Marshal for South was a straight shooting affray, they Dakota, and the best-known man in were ready; but they feared somethe Black Hills-but his unique thing-they knew not what-when

Bullock went about his business very deliberately. He sent word to better come in, surrender themselves and stand trial-thereby saving stay in it, either. themselves the trouble of having him come after them.

But again the trio hurled deflance at the marshal, and, retreating to their log cabin, barricaded the door and yelled through the window that they were ready for a siege.

But Bullock paid no attention to them. He sat in his little office and smoked. Some miners, new comers sniffed, and declared that Bullock was a coward and was afraid to go after the men he wanted.

But the old timers, men who had ladder. known the captain long, knew better; and they also knew that "Cap. Seth" was working out some scheme

The marshal's very quietness had of them were.

Deadwood was a vast gambling den in those days—although not a uated their log cabin and took refuge in his turn. "Curly" met the same in an abandoned prospect hole where fate when he came up a moment afthey thought Bullock would not find dens constituted three-fourths of the them. "We are afraid he would dynamite us during the night," they told an acquaintance later. them, and there was a little stream In time lawlessness became so of water at the bottom, so that they

essary. The formed. It was then decided that some fifteen feet deep and a tunnel and remained marshal as long as he Deadwood must have a sheriff. A sheriff, in those days, meant a tom of the shaft. The tunnel was

man of nerve who knew when to shaft and into the tunnel without draw and when not to-one who being exposed every minute of the could read in the eyes of his oppon- time to the bullets of the despera-The three men were observed has had six robes on sale this winter, stealing away from their cabin into the property of a citizen who could Just at that time Captain Seth the old mine, and Bullock was inhe quietly came out of his little office, brought with him the reputation of walked down to the shaft, and made

to it for him. Bullock was known however, he pulled up the old ladder as a man of peace who would fight which the original prospectors had like a tiger-cat whenever he had to left in the hole. "Bad Bill" and his fight at all. And Bullock was made partners were thus left without any marshal of Deadwood-the first means of escape unless some friend Like so many of the Western minfore the "bad" element began to ing towns at that period, Deadwood realize that when Bullock said, had a considerable Chinese popula-

'Come on, I want you," it was safer tion, most of whom had come direct to go than to argue the matter. Bul- from the Celestial kingdom. These lock got shot two or three times Chinamen had brought with them in these fights, but they were not their own peculiar games, musical inbad wounds. On the other hand, struments, and implements of peace each of his opponents was buried up and war. Among the latter were a number of stink pots.

It is impossible for a white man to It happened that in the camp there adequately describe a Chinese stink serving of its rather suggestive name contain. When a people who considof them he had to fight the entire or who will pay large sums for an black mud for several years to proptheir own olfactory nerves, they can evolve a thing of which a white man cannot even have a faint conception And that, in short, is a Chinese stink

> The next morning when Bullock came from his room he found that a general holiday had been declared; every mine had closed downand every

The captain walked down to old Ah Say's oplum den and started a little talk with that wily old Chir rather the usual than the unusual; gasubler. Ah Say was leader and own er of the Chinese colony, and his word was law in all the "joints." Bullock told the old rascal what h

Hundreds Join the City's Army of "Missing." and were in first class working order. The pots were wrapped singly in pieces of paper, and the waiting crowds had no idea what Bullock was doing in Chinatown.

The marshal sauntered leisurely down to the deserted mine, and half the town followed him at a respectable distance. Bullets might fly at any minute, and the miners wanted to be ready to get to cover without

loss of time. Bullock didn't say a word when he reached the mouth of the shaft, but he produced one of the stink pots, carefully unwrapped it, and threw it to the bottom of the hole, where it broke on the rocks, its awful smelling contents being scattered over the floor of the hole.

Another pot quickly followed the first, and added its odor to the already horrible stench down there. But the gas, being heavier than the

Then the crowd saw what Bullock was up to, and they raised a mighty ament of "Bad Bill" and his part-

Bullock knew that Bill and his men were guarding that portion of the hole which could be seen from their tunnel, so he kept out of range of their pistols. Edging around as far as he dared he threw another one of the pots. The aim was good, and it went right into the mouth of the tunnel. Another followed the first, and both broke as they struck the rocky sides

In about half a minute out they came-"Bad Bill," "Curly," and "Scar Face," simply falling over themselves and each other in their efforts to get out of that tunnel and into the pure air. Bullock and his guns were forgotten in the indescribable stench emanating from those awful stink pots.

But there was no relief. The air in the shaft was as bad as that in the tunnel. And the ladder was missing! While the gasping, spluttering wretches were cursing and shouting for some one to let the ladder down. another stink not came sailing over the rim of the hole and landed fairly in their midst, where it broke and

added fresh horrors to the already

sufficiently polluted atmosphere. Then the trio knew what it meant -Bullock was after them and had routed them out of their hole. They the three desperadoes that they had couldn't get out of the shaft, but the stench was so great that they couldn't

Accordingly they surrendered unconditionally, and, following the directions of the marshal, who remained out of sight behind the brink of the shaft, tossed their weapons out through the mouth of the shaft and begged to be permitted to get out themselves as quickly as possible, "One at a time there, boys," called "If any man comes out of that hole before I tell him to I'll shoot his head off as it appears over the rim." And Bullock lowered the

"'Bad Bill' first." he called, and "Bad Bill," with his fingers to his nose, rushed up the ladder and was quickly tied.

"Next time I send for you fellows," said Bullock, quietly, "I hope you'll They come in and give yourselves up and took provisions into the hole with save me the trouble of coming after

Bullock's arrest of the three most without shedding a drop of blood was so much admired by the miners "hole" consisted of a shaft that he had little trouble after that, President Roosevelt appointed Bullock United States Marshal for South Dakota, a post he still holds .- The Wide World Magazine.

> Buffalo Robes Are Scarce. "Buffalo robes will soon be a thing of the past," said a local dealer, who

not afford to keep the precious skins longer. while \$500 has been offered for the fast of the lot, the dealer is holding it for \$600, the price demanded by the owner. The robes are not unus ually large, either, and were undoubtedly bought by people who intended to use them for rugs, to retain as

curios, or for some such purpose. Imagine a carriage being driven about town, a \$600 robe thrown carelessly over the seat while the owner stepped into a business house for a few moments! Few people would recognize the robe as valuable, however, as they have no more style than the ordinary fur robe sold at \$50 or so, but the value is there, as the purchaser will learn who pines for the skin of a real buffalo.

"I remember well enough seeing buffalo robes sell here for \$10 aplece thirty years ago," said an old timer -Kansas City Star.

Eagles Raid Barnyards. The bald eagle, which is fast disappearing, still has its haunts in the vicinity of St. Mary's reservoir, es pecially in Mercer County. With no food at hand the eagles have become ferocious through hunger and are raiding the farm yards, carrying off pigeons, chickens and sheep.

Mrs. Calvin Yaney, a farmer's wife, saw one of the huge birds alight in the chicken yard and select one of the fattest fowls on the roost. She tried to chase away the robber, but the eagle would not be stared until he had secured his meal.

A farmer reports that an eagle with a spread of six feet from wing to wing swooped down and carried off one of his sheep. The farmer folks around the reservoir are begin ning to regard the kingly bird a something to be dreaded rather than revered.-Wapakoneta correspondnce Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An old gentleman, painting to his

human at times."
"Yes," said his wife, "he growls
over his food as much as you do."— Minneapolis Journal.

Are Never Seen Again-Many of Them Are Women-Just Drop Out of Sight.

at the Trenton House, Cortlandt and

Washington streets. On the morn-

ing of September 8 he walked out of

John M. Robbins, seventy-eight

years old, of No. 141 Pleasant ave-

nue Williamsbridge, walked away

from home on August 25, leaving

not the slightest trace of himself,

old, disappeared from her home, at

on November 27. She was newly mar-

lived happily with her husband, and

could learn. Still she walked out of

the life of her family and friends.

She wore three diamond rings when

Harry Dow, thirty-six years old,

a stock clerk, who lived at No. 188

West End avenue, chatted pleasantly

with his fellow boarders on the

morning of October 27, started for

Rather more unaccountable than

the average was the disappearance in

was thirty-six years old, in perfect

health, and lived happily with her

family at No. 1810 Second avenue.

She left home late one afternoon

with about \$200 in her purse, and

her relatives could find no trace of

Enrolled with the army of missing

is Elizabeth E. Burr, a dressmaker,

fifty years old, who lived with rela

tives at No. 101 Cambridge place,

Brooklyn. She started for her work

on October 1, losing herself to her

Minister "Found" Abroad.

One of the most notable disappear-

ances and "finds" of the year con-

cerned the Rev. George C. Poolton,

a clergyman, of Navesink, N. J. He

left his home in that village to at-

tend a conference of ministers in

Calvary Church, New York. When

the conference ended he did not re-

appear at his home, and inquiry

showed that he had attended but one

There was great excitement over

the ease and his friends and relative

were at a loss to explain the matter.

They were positive that there was no

reason for him to hide himself and

equally sure that he would not go

away on a journey without telling

his friends that he was murdered

his father. Why he took the jour-

Still another remarkable case was

Asked why she had delayed

left home when she was seventeen

as she then appeared, as to clothes

Around the disappearance of Wil-

ford L. Jones, a real estate lawyer,

of No. 34 Boerum avenue Flushing,

there was deep mystery. Prosperous and in every way contented, he drew,

several hundred dollars from a bank

on November 10 and dropped from

view. He was but thirty-five years

old, well known socially and just

the sort of man who would not be

expected to do saything out of the

And so they run. Every day one

or more stories of disappearance are

told to the police. There is little the police can do to find the lost

persons. A minute description is

cated to every policeman and detec-

tive in the city. He is instructed

to keep an eye open for the per-

son described, but at the same time

he is under instruction to keep a

lookout for a dozen or score of other

persons from pickpockets to embez-

zlers, and it is reasonably certain

that none of the descriptions lingers

long in his memory,-New York

Moriarity's Answer.

Eugene Moriarity, who seemed to

o a fixture in the Massachusetts

Legislature some years ago, was at

one time on the Worcester School

Board. A fellow-member, Rev. D.

O. Mears, more than hinted at one

meeting that there were altogether

too many Irish names on the list of

Worcester teachers. The charge

" 'It is,' was the answer.

"Mr. President, I took it home: I searched it through from cover to cover. I found no Mears in the book, but I found that Michael Moriarity was one of the bodyguards of General Washington."—Judge's Library.

"'Can I take it home?'

"'You can,' he said.

passed unchallenged at the time, but

written down and that is communi-

as well as in person.

ordinary.

Herald.

ney so quietly was not learned.

ago.

them. After it had been decided by

session of the conference.

friends and relatives.

August of Mrs. Mary Albert.

and vanished completely.

leaving them completely mystified.

she departed.

Mrs. Lillian Collett, twenty years

That 425 persons disappeared and | at No. 994 St. Marks avenue, Brookwere not again heard of is the rather lyn, left his home on August 22 and startling information contained in not a subsequent trace of him was the annual police report of New York obtained.

Gustave Meler, fifty-five years old. That in the last decade enough a broker, married and living at No. persons have been completely lost 48 Grove street, with no apparent to friends and relatives in New York reason, disappeared quite as mysterito make a small sized city is the ously on December 27. calm assertion made by police statis-Harry Wampole, fifty-six years old, a druggist, of Marion, Pa., came

Where do they go?" is the ques- to New York early in September to tion thousands of persons ask. And transact some business. He stayed the police answer grimly:

"Oh, some kill themselves, some start life all over somewhere else, some sneak back after a few years the hotel and was never again seen and live in secrecy, and some-why, by his relatives or friends. nobody knows what becomes of them They just lose themselves."

And while Sergeant William H. Sullivan, chief of the 'lost" department, was discussing the subject two

well dressed women entered. "I want to report the disappearance of my son, aged nineteen," one No. 267 West Twenty-second street, of them said. "He's a good boy in every respect, doesn't drink or gam- ried, had everything she wanted, He has been gone now four days and not one of his friends has had no trouble, so far as any one seen him. We don't want to have it known. He belong, as you can see, to a good family, and publicity, while it might help, might, on the other hand, also do a lot of unnecessary harm."

Sergeant Sullivan, who is ideally fitted for the job, gave comfort to the anxious mother, assured her her son would be found, and promised to send word as soon as anything his office, which he never reached, was heard of him.

"That's the way they come along." said he. "That boy probably has run away and in a few days will come back. But, on the other hand, he may join the great army of the lost, which is growing rapidly every

### Many Children Unclaimed.

Of the 1648 persons who were reported missing in 1906 in all boroughs 1091 were from New York and 557 from Brooklyn. All but 98 of the Brooklynitas were found. while 327 of the missing Manhattanites remained on the list of miss-

Coupled with these figures are others little less interesting. Of a total of 2213 children who were picked up on the street by the po lice 446 were unclaimed by friends or relatives. They were turned over to institutions.

And of the total of 372 bodies found by the police 254 were never identified. It is explained by the police that in this number of unclaimed dead were some of the persons who disappeared mysteriously.

Study of the records of the cases of disappearance reveals some interesting facts. It is shown first that painters have the disappearing habit to a greater extent than any other class of men. Next to them come salesmen and after them drivers, laborers and bartenders. About half the total number are under twenty years of age, about one-quarter are above sixty. About one-third are in New York word came from Engwomen or girls and about one-fifth land that he was at the home of of the total are persons of unsound

There have been instances where newly wedded women, perfectly hap- that reported by Mrs. Carey, of No. py and prosperous, have just van- 56 Douglass street, Brooklyn. She ished for no reason whatever; of went to Police Headquarters about men in prosperity deserting happy three months ago and said she wantfamilies without the slightest warn- ed to find her daughter, who dising; of clerks with a good record appeared mysteriously seven years behind them and a glowing future ahead, dropping out of sight and reporting the case, Mrs. Carey said leaving not the slightest clew to she had often thought of seeing the their whereabouts. Lawyers, brok- police but didn't know how to go ers, doctors, real estate dealers, about it. She said her daughter sculptors, artists, actors, and even one minister, are on the list of the years old, and she insisted on givmissing, and while behind each there ing the police a description of may be a story, no inkling of it ever reached the ears of the police.

# One Sometimes Comes Back.

Police records show that once in n while a person who entered the fold of the missing a dozen or more years ago reappears in his old haunts quietly and unostentatiously and resumes his old life, getting in touch with old surroundings. These reappearances are quite as mystifying as the disappearances.

'New Yorkers have the disappearing habit, I guess," said Sergeant Sullivan. "There is no accurate way of telling just how many people are disappearing in a year because a great many persons go leaving neither friends nor relatives to take the trouble of sending word to the police. And, on the other hand, some of those who drop out of sight come back and send no word to the police. They remain on the list of permanently missing.

"But, in considering the number of missing persons, it should be remembered that New York is constantly filled with persons from all parts of the world, and it is they as well as persons resident here who are blotted out. A man comes here from Scranton, Pa., for example. He leaves his hotel and is not seen His relatives seek us for aid and the man from Scranton goes on New York City's list of lost ones.

"And so it is with visitors from various parts of the world. of them come here with money, fall in with bad company and aren't heard from again. Whether they are robbed or killed, or whether they slink off to seclusion ashamed of themselves, no one can tell, of

at the next meeting up rose Mr. Moriarity with this little gem: 'Many of those who leave hom-"Mr. President, at the last meeting of the board some one intimated that have domestic or financial trouble, there were too many Irish mames on and doubtless throw themselves into the river or harbor. Their bodies are washed about for a while, are went up to the public library and saw Librarian Green and asked if he picked up in an unrecognizable state had a dictionary of American names. and are buried with the unclaimed. " 'I have,' he said. This is more often the case with " 'Is it complete?' I asked women than with men."

# Some Who Have Vanished.

Reference to the record of the Lost Department gives a fair idea of the character of the persons who drop out of sight. Following are few instances: Patrick J. Mulready, forty-one

years old, an insurance agent, living

BILLBOARD Persons Vanish Daily For No Known Reason and Often

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At a meeting of the Twentieth Cenmry Club in Boston recently, according to the Boston Transcript, Nathanel C. Fowler, Jr., spoke on billboard advertising in a large part, as fol-

I am uncompromisingly opposed to billboard advertising for the following established reasons: First, billpoard and other forms of outdoor idvertising constitute a second or third grade of profitable publicity, By many prominent and successful idvertisers they are classed as illezitimate methods of advertising. Comparatively few advertisers conilder them of more than secondary value; ninety per cent, of the better class of advertisers refuse to use them at all. The fundamental basis ? all good advertising, whether it be of national or local character, is vested in the newspaper and periodical of the regular lasue. All other methpds are worth comparatively little, unless used in conjunction with news paper or periodical advertising. The economy of business, as well as that of every other estate, separates things into the proper and the improper. Successful advertisers, as a rule-

those who have studied advertising values-divide advertising into the primary classes; First, the legitimate which includes advertising space in the newspaper or other periodical; and secondly, other forms of advertising, which include the billboard and other more or less questionable advertising schemes. Something for nothing isn't business, and is worth what is paid for it. The advertisement which the reader pays for the privilege of seeing is worth a dozen times more than the advertisement thrust upon him

From the readers' standpoint the billboard advertisement is something for nothing and commands the respect of nobody. The public acknowlsiges the newspaper's right to carry advertising. It knows that without advertising neither the newspaper nor the magazine could remain selfsupporting. It does not object to newspaper or periodical advertising; In fact, it favors it, because this class of advortising has an educational and other intrinsic value.

Frequently the advertising pages of the great newspaper and magazine contains more real and valuable information, and show more intelligent expenditure of brain-power, than can be found in the average literary page. Secondly, billboard and other forms of outdoor advertising desecrate nature, injure the scenery and outrage the rights of the public. Without leave or license these flaming advertisements are forced upon us at the sacrifice of decency and of ordinary fair play. The question naturally arises, why do advertisers use the billboard and other illegitimate forms of advertising unless they have s business-bringing value?

There are two answers to the question. First, all forms of advertising have some value, and the billboard may be profitable, although it is not, and cannot be, as good as first-class newspaper and periodical advertising. Then the lower class of advertigers are forced to use questionable methods of publicity. The low class and fraudulent advertiser is obliged to confine his advertising to billhoards. to religious newspapers, and to other mediums which do not discriminate. It has been said that sixty per cent.

of advertising is wasted. Whether or not this be true, seventy-five per cent, of our advertisers are not impervious to flattery. They like to see themselves in print, and especially in color. Billboard and outdoor sign solicitors are strenuous trade-getters. They besiege the advertiser by day and by night. They employ artists of the boldest school, and they present the advertiser with a sketch which will please him, whether or not it is acceptable to the public and has real business value. The advertiser, and especially the distributer of low grade goods, is impressed with bold designs, with heroic pictures of himself. This billboard sketch impresses him immensely because it is immense. It looks its size, and the advertiser, in his ignorance, does not realize that a space of a few inches in great mediums like the Youth's Companion and representative newspapers, is worth a thousand times more than the biggest billboard.

For personal reasons, for reasons built upon self-conceit, the advertiser becomes the easy prey of the billboard solicitor. He uses billboards, partly because it pays him to do so and because billboard advertising is down to his level and flatters him. Now, what are we going to do about it? The billboard is a nuisance, and will continue to be, until the greatest power on earth-public opiniondoes something about it, whether or not it talks about it. The kind of reform some of us have, and I am not excepting present company, is cold storage reform, the kind that isn't warm enough to run. Talking against billboards will not remove them. The lazy method of passing resolutions will avail nothing. The cold-blooded advertiser, and he is, as a rule, the billboard advertiser, laughs at reformers and takes no stock in the Twentieth Century Club or in any other club which makes a specialty of more or less intellectuality. The intelligent man is in the minority; the masses constitute the majority; the masses read the advertisements and buy the goods. The advertiser, like most business men, has no other god above business. You cannot touch his heart unless you can locate However, you can discover the ereabouts of his pocketbook.

Touch that and he squirms. The only way to get rid of object Clonable advertising is to create public sentiment and considerable indisidual action on the part of the publie; not by passing resolutions, not by signing petitions, but by going out into the open and refusing to purchase goods made by the advertiser who outrages nature and decency, and who does as he pleases because we let him do so. It is not up to the advertiser, it is up to us.

ADVERTISING

taurant and Elsewhere, After All. The considerate man walked into a restaurant. One choice seat had a hat on it

Another was occupied by a news-A feeder had his feet upon the

A DEADLY PARALLEL.

It Pays to Be Considerate in the Rea

runga of a third. The considerate man, wishing to bother no one, walked past these choice seats and found a chair which was sheltered from every cooling breeze and which also permitted an unrivalled view of a piece of wall and

And in this spot the considerate man waited for a waitress.

Once he coughed in a gentle sort

Other times he twisted his head around and tried to catch a waitreas

Or picked up the bill of fare and put it down with an air of finality as though wishing to be observed as saying to himself, "There. That is what I want. Now I am ready to place my order."

He began to feel as though he was being slighted. He flushed, and as he sat there with his wrists resting upon the edge of the table (his finger tips together) viewing the wall and the coat hook, he began to feel a warmth at the back of his neck, and became suffused with all the helplessness of a man who knows that his cars are turning red.

At last a waitress (possibly inexperienced) ran up to him, leaned over him, swished the table with her napkin and gave him a look that said, "Now, then, slowpoke! You needn't think you're waiting at the church."

"Do you mind bringing me, please, said the considerate man, "a small steak, well done, and a cup of tea?"

In half an hour she slapped a portion of liver and bacon down in front "Cawfee?" she demanded.

"Please," said he.

Now as he sat there viewing the wall and the coat hook while he chewed his leather and bacon, not wishing to hurt anybody's feelings by calling attention to mistakes (always fearful of causing a good girl's discharge from honest employment) another man came into that restaurant.

He was a man without modesty or breeding. He selected a cool spot where he could see everything in the place, tipped a hat and a parcel out of a chair, sat down, glanced at the bill of fare, and snapped his fingers for a waitress. He waited one second and banged his knife against the vingar crust. He waited another second, half arose from his chair and exclaimed, "Here! I want some one to

Hearing that voice three waitresses made a leap for him.

"Bing me eggs and bacon." he commanded, "eggs fried on both sides and the bacon crisp. Mind it's crisp! Graham bread. Cup of coffee. And hurry up! I can't wait all day!"

He got them so quick there seemed to be magic in it.

And while the considerate man was still struggling with his rubber heels and bacon, the bold, forward man supped his last drop of coffee, uttered "Ah!" with a great sound, scowled at the bill, paid it, left the waitress nothing, listened to the manager's opinion of the weather, barked 'Yes! Yes!" and ran out to elbow an old lady off the sidewalk.

The bold forward man went to his office. The starter, hearing him elbow, held the elevator for him and then shut the gate neatly in the face of the considerate man, who followed. In a few minutes the forward man. wishing to descend to the street. reached the elevator shaft just as the car dropped past his floor. "Down!" he howled and the car came back for him as meek as a lamb; but later, when the considerate man said "Down, please," three cars went down past him with an unhesitating

emphasis that was insulting. Coming now to the deadly parallel we will give the first column to the considerate man. The bold forward party gets the second column.

The Considerate The Bold, Forward He had no seat in He had the best seat the saftway. In the cur.

He was the last man off the train.

He was nearly run over at a corner while he went

crossing.
His dinner was half His was right on the His dinner was nan an hour late.

His steak was tough and stringy.

He never complained.

His was fine and tender.

He growled at everything on the table.

He drank his bottle of beer with a noise like the in-take of a suction He had no beer.

He choked on a large piece of mest turned pur-ple, kicked the bucket with a ter-rible jolt and was hustled down He drank his glass of water smiled back the angels at some tender

Which proves that it pays to be considerate.—New York Sun. The Bark of the Sequoias.

California's giant trees, the sequoias, thousands of years old, have been preserved to this day because of their enormously thick bark. From time to time in the course of ages forest fires have swept through the big tree lands, destroying everything, yet only scorehing for a couple of inches' depth or so the almost fireproof bark. The flames, having car-bonized that much of the bark, could

of the interior bark,

not penetrate farther, for the car-bonized portion formed an absolutely

fireproof covering for the remainds

Good Books For Boys. By a poll taken recently it was as-ertained that "Robinson Crusoe" is still the first invorite with the Eng-lish boy. Next to it come "Coral Ist-and," "Uncle Tom's Cabia," "Ivanhoe," The Swiss Family Robinson,"
"Treasure Island," "Pilgrim's Progress," Westward, Ho!" "Oliver Twist" and "David Copperfield."