

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 cowlick 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 was, 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 for 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 ear-playing abominations.

"Inside of a couple of years I had pushed Bricky, the plasterer, through Wichita, Kaiser and Kretzer, 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 in a moment of petulance I knocked his 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 gleams 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 this sofa with great care. Then he walked back to where I stood, turned me 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 take it to heart, particularly; after I'd 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 hand again. After two years I gave up my Wichita class and went to Denver 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 any worse town in the West at that time than Durango. It was a jumping-off place for bad men. Nearly a dozen marshals—none of them a craven either—had already, at that period, 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. Bud Caldwell had stuck up Schiff's bank that day. He had most of the man-hunters of Colorado and New Mexico tied in bowknots with fear of him at that time. Caldwell belonged to that class of desperadoes of which Billy the Kid was another example—that is, he killed whether there was any necessity for it or not. He had stood off whole camps, backing out of the camps afoot when they'd hebbled or shot his horse. He was so unerring on the shoot that the most determined and reckless bad-man potters fought shy of him.

"On this day, then, Caldwell had strolled into Schiff's bank at noon and put the whole outfit back of the trellis under his pair of guns. He instructed the cashier to stack up all 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 groceries 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 Remeny 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 fiddlin'.

"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 ombrey 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 kene yell and cash in. We've all to do 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 stinging into you—keep

right on practicing, whether it's a harp or fiddle."

"That ain't such a bad bunch o' breezes, professor," Bricky replied to me just before giving his horse the spurs, "but any time any cheap stick-up man pipes me out I want you to take a peek at my remains when the inquest's bein' pulled off and see if I look like a prairie dog under my shirt."

"And with that Bricky clattered into the blackness of the canon trail. He got back just thirty-six hours later, almost to the minute, pulling up his lathery cayuse in front of the Hell-Nor-Pete Hotel from which he had started.

"Bud Caldwell was slung across the front of Bricky's saddle. Bud couldn't have been much deadlier if he had fallen from a cage into a 900-foot shaft. Both of his forearms were broken by bullets in exactly the same spot. The other ball had cut Bud's jugular in two.

"Bricky didn't even tell me, his old friend and fiddle instructor, how he had got by with it. The bag, with all of Bud's loot in it intact, was swung around Bricky's neck.

"Bricky dismounted, toted the dead man into the barroom, laid his burden down gently enough on a table, and then strolled over to the bank with the bag of cash. A crowd of good citizens of Durango—mine owners and superintendents and such—were already standing around in the bank when Bricky got there, waiting for his appearance.

"The president of the bank counted Bricky out his \$5,000 reward in bills, and then he pinned a gold star, with 'Marshal, Durango,' engraved on it, on the left side of Bricky's big fannel shirt. That badge hadn't been used by anybody for six months, the last man to wear it having piped out with such shocking suddenness that no successor to him could be found.

"It took Bricky Barr, the plasterer-fiddler, just eight months to clean Durango up and make it the most decent and safest camp, even for a tenderfoot, from the Columbia to the Rio Grande.

"There is, I suppose, a certain amount of elemental savagery surviving in all of us. That, at any rate, is about the only excuse I have for saying that, of all my violin pupils, some of whom became quite distinguished, I never had such a glow of pride over the achievements of any of them as I did over my plasterer on the day that he brought the most heartless devil of the Southwest into Durango on the pommel of his saddle."—Washington Star.

Marriage in India.
Marriage ceremonies in India are full of pretty incidents. The chief incident of the better class Hindoo marriage ceremony is called the Bhauri. It is the sevenfold circuit of a tree or post, or seven steps taken in unison. The seven steps are the seven grades of life. The husband, often a boy of fourteen, walks round and round solemnly with the end of his coat tied to the end of the cloth which his girl-wife wears on her head, symbolical of their union. All the time they do this they must not look at each other, but upward. The Hindoo is bound to invite his whole cast, within a reasonable distance, to his wedding. Fireworks play an important part in the rejoicings incident to an Indian marriage. The marriage season is limited to two or three months of the year.

Yarn Will Cut Steel.
Yarn, with powdered stone, can cut a steel bar. Major McClaughey, warden of the federal prison at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., once found a prisoner who was supposed to be pounding stone working away at one of the bars to an outside window. The man was induced to give a demonstration. A grating of the same description was placed in his cell and a guard stationed over him to watch the cutting process. With the limestone dust and silicate from the stone pile, the yarn from his sock and a little water, the man cut the bessemer steel bar in eighteen working hours. With some fine emery, a chalk line and two wooden hand-holds to save his fingers he made a clean cut of the other bessemer bar in five hours.

Lost By Detention.
While a New York commuter was stalled an hour on a train coming to the city because the electric engine had blown out its fuses he walked through the train and made a calculation. "There are six hundred persons on this train," he said. "An hour lost for each person means a loss of seventy-five work days for one man. If we were concentrated into one man and he would suffer the loss don't you think he would feel that damage should be done for the loss? Why does the nation of the loss change the rate of ability?"

A Job for the Hairless.
Bill Nye in his earlier days once approached the manager of a lecture bureau with an application for employment, and was asked if he had ever done anything in that line. "Oh, yes," said Bill. "What have you done?" "Well," replied Bill, "my last job was in a dime museum, sitting in a barrel with the top of my head sticking out—posing as the largest ostrich egg in captivity."

The Contented Man.
The man who is thoroughly contented is likely to be a bore or a tramp.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS
On the Sunday School Lesson by Rev. Dr. Linscott For the International Newspaper Bible Study Club.

January 30th, 1910.
(Copyright, 1910, by Rev. T. S. Linscott, D.D.)
Some Laws of the Kingdom. Matt. v:17-26, 33-48.

Golden Text—Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect. Matt. v:48.

Verses 17-20—In what sense did Jesus fulfil "the law and the prophets?"
How many persons can you recall, from the scriptures of elsewhere who did the perfect will of God, other than Jesus?

There are those who teach that it is impossible for any man to keep all the commandments of God, what reason is there to suppose that these are among the number whom Jesus calls, "the least in the kingdom of heaven?"
What was the "righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees?"
What are the reasons which lead us to believe, that all God's commandments are reasonable, and keepable by all Christians, and that those who do not keep them are verily culpable?

Verses 21-22—Recall the prominent outward sins, and then say if any, or all of them, can be committed, in God's sight, without the culminating or outward act being committed?
Why is a man who, out of an angry revengeful heart, calls his brother a fool, and would like to consign him to the worst of suffering, in danger of suffering himself that to which he would consign another?

Verses 23-26—Why cannot a man truly worship God, or enjoy the love and favor of God, while he has bitterness in his heart to another?
According to the teaching of Jesus, what is our duty toward a person who is angry with us, either with or without just cause?

Verses 33-41—Are these precepts to be taken literally and if not, then what do they mean?
See Ex. xxi:24-25, Lev. xxiv:20, Duet. xix:21, and say if these laws are in harmony with the teaching of Jesus?
Are these precepts of Jesus given as rules of conduct, or as underlying principles, and what is the difference in the two ideas?
Can you mention supposed cases, where it would be wise to literally carry out these precepts of Jesus, and other cases, where it would violate the spirit of Jesus' teaching to do so?
What motive would compel a child of God to literally carry out these precepts of Jesus, when, and as often as, The Holy Spirit should indicate?

Verse 42—What attitude should the Christian always take, in the matter of giving or loaning money to those in need?
Verses 43-44—What are the advantages of loving our enemies, and the disadvantages of hating them?
What does it imply, practically, to love our enemies, and is it possible of performance by every Christian?

Verse 45—Why does God treat the evil as well as he does the good, in the matter of sunshine and rain, and the similar common blessings of life?
Verses 46-47—Which gets the greater good out of life and why, the generous and forgiving, or the harsh and those that render evil for evil?

Verse 48—What does Jesus mean by this commandment to be perfect as God is perfect. (This question may have to be answered in writing by members of the club.)
Lesson for Sunday, Feb. 6th, 1910.
Almsgiving and Prayer. Matt. vi:1-15.

Foreign Educational Schools.
A few years ago the foreign missionary schools were practically the only institutions in Foo-Chow offering facilities for the acquisition of Western learning. There are now at least 30 native schools fashioned after the foreign model. Foo-Chow is a city of 600,000 inhabitants and these schools embrace about 2,000 students. Posters placarded all over the city advertise the opening of various modern schools, which are springing up in every nook and corner of the place. Scarcely a week passes without the announcement of the opening of a new school.

The Man in Need.
The director of a matrimonial agency says the young girls ask only: "Who is he?"
The young widows: "What is his position?"
The old widows: "Where is he?"

New Definition.
Scott—A Bohemian is a chap who borrows a dollar from you and then invites you to lunch with him.
Mott—Wrong. A Bohemian is a fellow who invites himself to lunch with you and borrows a dollar.

The Devil Wagon.
"That wealthy young broker has given his motor to a well-known actress."
"Yes. He says his father taught him to hitch his wagon to a star."

Minds Meet.
"I wish I had known what a poor cook you were before I engaged you, Bridget."
"I wish you had, mum," said Bridget devoutly.

Expensive Feed.
Guest—Bring me the best porterhouse steak you have.
Walter—Beg pardon, sir, but gentlemen ordering porterhouse steaks are now required to make a deposit.

Notes and Comment
Of Interest to Women Readers

WHY WOMEN DO NOT MARRY.
Gertrude Atherton Says the "Sharpened Intellects" of Modern Girls Encourage Independence.

Leaving entirely out of the question the substantial improvements demanded by the suffragists, and those ill-balance children of their old age called suffragettes, there are certain more intimate disadvantages pertaining to the immemorial status of woman, which, unconsciously or otherwise, influence the thousands of girls that deliberately enter upon the independent life before man shall have a chance to marry, desert, neglect or bore them. It is possible that the woman never lived who was born without the instinct for romantic love, and its less romantic sequels, marriage and maternity, says Gertrude Atherton in The Delineator. Being the only hope of the race until science learns to manufacture estimable Frankensteins, every sort of woman, when young, is as prone to the disease of love as to the microbous afflictions of childhood; but the sharpened intellects of the modern female teach her to observe not only that indulgence in the primitive blessings is often productive of a tame happiness at best, but that it is mere chance if she does not waste several years of her active youth waiting for some man to exert his inalienable right to woo and propose.

A man may trample down barriers, make opportunities, persist, overwhelm, but a woman, with double the fascination and intelligence, must either stoop to contemptible scheming or proudly bide her time, as likely as not to miss her one chance of happiness because circumstances do not give her the opportunity to reveal herself to the kindred spirit.

If she can not pursue a man as a man pursues a woman when he wants her; if she has not the supreme attractions which bring a man to a woman's feet with a flash of the eye, she can at least avoid the mean subtleties of the husband-hunters, and lead a life in which man as a love-factor is practically eliminated. She can also enjoy much the same privileges as men, until, perhaps—who knows?—one day she may meet in this larger, fuller life a congenial, many-sided creature who wants something more than a reproduction of his grandmother.



The Process of Evolution; or, the Descent of Woman.

Science and the Girl.
Science seems disposed to spoil the girl of the present day. A famous doctor has actually announced before the august body of the French Academy of Science that it is unwise to rise the moment one is called. Girls who have been dancing half the night will rejoice in the knowledge that they are only acting for the best when they refuse to get up in the morning as soon as they are called.

The proper plan is to treat the announcement that the bath is ready with the contempt it deserves for fully twenty minutes for, says this worthy doctor, to get up at once and energetically set about the business of dressing is actually dangerous to the health.

Umbrella Clothes Dryer.
Take an old umbrella frame and wind the wires with white cloth, suspend by handle from the ceiling near the range. Excellent for drying baby's clothes and other little pieces. If handle is not of the hook kind a hook can easily be bored into a straight handle.

Against Daily Naps.
Prolonged "forty winks" during the day are severely condemned by many doctors on the ground that they affect one's regular sleep. Scientists have found that in the ordinary course in the human being there is the greatest vitality between 10 a. m. and 2 p. m., and the least between 2 o'clock and 6 o'clock in the evening. Long sleeps during the day interfere with this order of nature and sometimes affect various organs, causing headache. The nap of forty winks, but only forty, proves refreshing to many because it is too short to have any injurious consequences.

THE D. & H. SUMMER-HOTEL AND BOARDING HOUSE DIRECTORY.

The Delaware & Hudson Co. is now collating information for the 1910 edition of "A Summer Paradise," the D. & H. summer-hotel and boarding-house directory that has done so much to advertise and develop the resorts in this section. It offers opportunity for every summer hotel or boarding house proprietor to advertise his place by representation in this book. The information desired is, as follows: Name of house; P. O. Address; Name of Manager; Altitude; Nearest D. & H. R. R. station; Distance from station; how reached from station; Capacity of house; Terms per week and per day; Date of opening and closing house; what modern improvements; Sports and other entertainments. This information should be sent at once to Mr. A. A. Heard, General Passenger Agent, Albany, N. Y. Blanks may be obtained from the nearest ticket agent, if desired. No charge is made for a card notice; a pictorial advertisement will cost \$15.00 for a full-page or \$7.50 a half-page. Our hotel people should get busy at once and take advantage of this. Don't make the mistake of thinking that your house will be represented because it was in last year, but make sure that you receive the benefit of this offer by forwarding the needed information without delay. Owners of cottages to rent are also given the same rates for pictorial advertisements, but, for a card notice, a minimum charge of \$3.00 will be made.

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Sundays at 2:48 p. m.
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Sundays at 7:02 p. m.

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