

**A WEEK'S EXPERIENCE.**

The year had gloomily begun  
For Willie Weeks, a poor man's  
He was beset with bill and dun  
And he had very little  
"This cash," he said, won't pay my dues,  
I've nothing here but ones and  
A bright thought struck him, and he said,  
"The rich Miss Goldlocks I will  
But when he paid his court to her,  
She laughed, but firmly said, "No."  
"Alas," said he, "then I must die!"  
His soul went where they say souls  
They found his gloves and coat and hat,  
And the coroner then upon them  
—Success Magazine.

**The Red Box.**

By G. F. STRONG.

"Johnnie, please take that squash on the kitchen table over to Mrs. East's right away. I told her yesterday morning that I would send it over by you," Mrs. Walker said to her twelve-year-old son, one pleasant spring forenoon.

"May I stop and play?" the boy asked.

"Why, yes, for an hour," the mother answered.

The Walkers lived on the south side of the North Fork of the Umpqua river, a mile from the Rasts, who lived half a mile up the river on the other side of the stream. The Umpqua flows through the little community of Winchester, in Western Oregon, a large mountain stream, famed throughout that region for the salmon and trout fishing of its eddies and rapids.

So wide is the stream that the only means of crossing is by boat or a railroad or wagon bridge three or four hundred yards below the Rast house. Hardly a hundred yards below the bridge is the power station for the electric light and water works, which supplies Roseburg, a town of four thousand inhabitants, five miles distant. The power is generated by motors, the water for which is held back by a twelve-foot dam. On the power station end of the dam a big "crib" stands to protect the motors and other machinery.

As Johnnie walked by on his errand, he looked with longing eyes to this crib, which was an especially good place for fishing. No one was there.

Mrs. Rast was glad to get the squash, but her son Charlie had gone up the river with his father. Joan at first was disappointed, but she thought he could spend the hour fishing just as well, and so said he did not care much.

"Wait a minute, John!" Mrs. Rast exclaimed, as he turned to go back. "Your sister Annie wanted something. Wait until I get it."

She brought back a small, dark red box for the sister and a piece of pie for the lad.

"Now, don't lose that," she said. "You carry this in your hand all the way. Your sister wants it more than anything in the world."

"All right, ma'am," Johnnie answered, dutifully.

"Now, don't you lose that. If you do, your sister will be the maddest girl you ever saw," she repeated, as the boy passed through the gate. Johnnie looked at the red box carefully. On the back was a jumble of names, suggesting some kind of medicine, as nearly as he could tell.

"Must be for sister's throat," he thought.

From the bridge, with the three spans of nearly a hundred feet each, and one approach equally long, the river looked most enticing. The portion above the dam was glassy, the bottom revealing every pebble and stone, except in the deeper parts. Below the dam the stream ran like a mill-race as far as the lad could see, beyond the railroad bridge, down to the bend under a frowning mountain.

"My, but I thought I saw a salmon jump just below the dam!" he mused to himself. Then he hurried on.

When he came to the power house he hesitated, then determined to go out on the crib to see who was fishing. No one was there. He looked round. A piece of fishline was tied to an iron bolt. He stuck the red box with its precious contents into his left pocket.

The boy had only two, and both were in the front of his trousers, opening upward, not like the usual side pockets. The right one had a hole in it, and the left had been sewed up so near to the mouth that the box, when he stuck it in, barely slipped down half its length. When he had pushed it a little farther down, he pulled the fishline up.

It was of unusual quality, there being on the end an unbailed double gut No. 5 hook. On the other side of the crib, where the water came out from the motors, was the best "chub hole" in the vicinity. Several small chunks of salmon egg were scattered on top of the crib.

The boy wound up the line, and baited the hook with one of the chunks. He fixed the length that he needed, and in a small loop about eight inches in diameter rolled the several extra feet of line round his wrist.

Then he slipped to the edge of the structure, next to the chub hole, and gently dropped his bait, the eggs, into the water below. Before it sank far the current caught and carried the hook and line fifteen or twenty feet from the boy, near to where the small current joined the main stream.

He stood on the edge, barely balancing in his interest. There was a quick flash in the current from where it joined the larger flood of the river. Johnnie felt an overpowering pull.

As he fell toward the water, he grasped the red box with his left hand.

The cold water made him shiver and gasp, but when he came to the surface he kicked out instinctively to keep himself afloat. He attempted to

draw back his right arm so as to make a stroke. He could not. The fishline which he had wound round his wrist was drawn taut. He was moving, moving faster than the current, toward the main river. The lad kicked and struggled, but the current and pull of the line were too strong for his efforts. Before many seconds he knew that he was in the main current of the swift river, being towed and swept along slightly faster than the current. The rate of movement kept him on top of the water, but the waves and splashes were constantly striking him in the face, making breathing difficult.

As he was swept over the first bad riffle of the long series from the dam to the bend, he tried to reach his wrist with his left hand. The red box was still in his hand. The effort failed, for the arm was drawn too tight by whatever was pulling the wriggling ninety pounds of boy. As the lad gained his presence of mind he screamed, and kicked himself toward the shore. He made some headway, the fish at the other end of the line continuing to draw him faster than the current.

The river is spotted here and there by rocky reefs, which show their heads above the surface. On one of these, a short distance ahead, there grew a clump of river willows which overhung the edge of the main current. Seeing them, Johnnie struggled with his whole might toward the shore. He did not succeed in getting close, but yet near enough so that, as he floated along, he could reach out with his left hand to the two or three longest branches and could touch them.

In his hand was the red box. He seemed to realize it for the first time, instinctively clutching it tighter, and at the same time missing his chance to grasp the willows.

The big salmon, for such proved to be the fish that had caught the boy with his own line, seemed to have felt the effort the boy had made to reach the willows, and as the fish does when brought almost within reach of the gaff, made a more vigorous effort to gain its freedom, and pulled all the harder and faster down the current.

Before many seconds the lad, half-drowned, struck a rock with his foot. He attempted to get a foothold, but before he could put his weight on his feet he was carried once again into deep water by the current and the fish. All the time he was getting weaker. A cramp had seized his right arm, partly owing to the strain, and partly to the cold water. No help was in sight as far as he could see. His head was half-covered with water most of the time, and in the ripples of the stream it was rare that he caught a glance of the surface of the river more than thirty feet away from him. And the time he could stay on the surface was now only a question of minutes.

Above the last long riffle before the whirlpool eddy the river stopped and seemed to hesitate to take the last swift leap. The water here was deep, but just where the rapid began the bed rose close to the top of the water. Probably because of this the salmon stopped. The boy felt the line slacken and his own body begin to drift.

A short distance away was another of the rocky reefs, on which grew a huge clump of river willows. He slowly swam toward it. In his weakened condition, the feat was all that he could do. But at least he reached the reef, still holding the red box in his left hand. As he drew his arms up, he felt that he had reached the end of the slack in the line between him and the fish. However, he had a good hold on the bushes, and was slowly drawing his body from the water.

The fish was once again roused, and for a few brief seconds it seemed to the boy as if he could not hold to the bush. Then the fish apparently quit fighting.

The boy crawled on to the narrow ledge and laid the red box to one side, and then with his free hand tried to disengage his arm round which the line had tangled itself.

He had barely touched the first knot when a sharp jerk interrupted his efforts. The fish gave another strong pull.

He braced himself as best he could on the ledge, and slowly, hand over hand, inch by inch, dragged up to the ledge the creature which had towed him for a quarter of a mile

down the river. It was a large salmon that had taken the bait. So exhausted was the lad that it is very doubtful if he could have taken the great "chinkook" from the river but for some neighbors, who arrived in their boat before the struggle was over. The salmon weighed slightly over thirty pounds.

As Johnnie clambered into the skiff, he still held the red box for his sister, thinking: "I mustn't forget that."

One of the men in the boat opened the box, and in it was some sweet-pea seed!—Youth's Companion.



A new method of protecting safes, says Popular Mechanics, is to arm them with a grenade which explodes when the safe is blown open and fills the air with deadly fumes, so that burglars cannot proceed with their work.

Glass in made iridescent by being exposed, in a red hot condition, to the fumes of salts of tin, barium and strontium. Red is produced by the stroma, blue by the baryta and bluish white by the tin. In ancient glass, which is more opaque, iridescence is due to partial decay.

Prof. Case, of the zoological department of the Ann Arbor University, has returned from an expedition to the desert regions of Texas with one of the most valuable collections of reptiles and amphibious fossil remains in existence. He brought back with him over 900 pounds of the bones of antediluvian reptiles.

An unexplained phenomenon of sea life has caused great loss to the sardine fishers and packers on the west coast of France. The French sardines have long been known everywhere for their superior quality, but the last season they seem to have deserted their favorite haunts, and most of the few caught have been too large for packing.

Prof. Frederick Starr, of the University of Chicago, told a class in archeology several days ago that base ball was not a modern game. He said that the mound builders were the original ball players, and that he had discovered their diamonds and found a ball used by them. He said he had been able to trace their ball fields in Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana and Ohio.

The production of oxygen and hydrogen on an industrial scale by the decomposition of water with electrolytic apparatus in Germany has led to the suggestion that hydrogen thus produced may find a wide field of employment as a lighting agent. It is now used for inflating military balloons. For lighting purposes it is compressed in steel cylinders. With a proper burner it is said to be a cheaper illuminant than acetylene, the relative cost for equal illuminating power being 25 for hydrogen to 50 for acetylene.

**HOW BIRDS KILLED A SNAKE.**

Contest in Which Reptile Had Small Chance For His Life.

Ed Neal and his sister, Miss Jessie Neal, of Alma, tell a strange story and vouch for the truth of it. They had been spending the last month with their father, Younger Neal, at their old home in the country near Alma, and one day last week they were out driving when they saw in the road in front of them a large snake of the kind known as coach whip.

Stopping the horse in order to kill the snake they discovered that a pair of mockingbirds were flying at and striking the reptile with their beaks, first from one side of the road and then from the other. They watched the battle, as they call it, for something like half an hour, when the snake entirely ceased to attempt to avoid the angry onslaughts of the enraged songsters.

Ed Neal got out of the buggy and going to the scene of conflict found that the snake's head was almost severed from its body. The neck just back of its head was cut down to the skin on its throat, and when he picked it up the head fell down limp. The snake was dead. It measured five and one-half feet and seemingly had just swallowed a half grown rabbit, which was in the stomach undigested. —Alma Correspondence Forest and Stream.

**The Wrong Charge.**

"Officer," said the police magistrate, "what is the charge against this man?"

"Disorderly conduct, your Honor. He approached two chorus ladies to whom he had never been introduced and invited them to have a Thanksgiving dinner at his expense."

"That wasn't disorderly conduct—it was reckless daring."—Judge.

**Why Not?**

Among the oddest personals ever inserted in the society column was one that appeared in a paper published in an Eastern town. It reads as follows: "Mrs. Coulter, being confined to her bed by illness, will not be at home next Thursday, as usual." —Harper's Weekly.

**OUR NEW NATIONAL COSTUME.**  
(Hush! Not a word!—This only your Uncle Sam appropriately disguised for a trip to Washington.)



—Cartoon by Triggs in the New York Press.

**U. S. Government Spends \$20,000,000 a Year For Secret Service**

Assertion That This Amount Was Paid Out in 1908 Will Form the Basis of a Rigid Investigation Into the Uses to Which Such a Sum Has Been Put—Representative Tawney Says Country Will Be Astonished by What Committee Will Reveal.

Washington, D. C.—The Senate Committee on Appropriations, which is carrying out the Senate's instructions to investigate the operations of the Secret Service and other detective bodies employed under the Administration, already has obtained sufficient information to show that in the last year sum of money aggregating about \$20,000,000 have been expended in secret investigation under the direction of the President. This knowledge will be used by the Senate committee's sub-committee of inquiry as the basis for a rigid examination into the uses to which such a vast amount of money has been put. Much of the money expended was not appropriated specifically for making investigations of a secret character, but was taken from lump sums placed at the disposal of the Executive to meet contingent expenses.

The criticism of the lavish way in which Government funds have been used for purposes of investigation is becoming very pronounced among Senators and Representatives, and they think it is about time to call a halt. Where all the \$20,000,000 was spent is a source of wonder at the Capitol.

In spite of reports to the contrary it is denied that there is any real basis for the belief that in undertaking to investigate the workings of the Government's secret agencies the Senate and House are making a first step in the direction of causing trouble for the President. The purpose of these inquiries, it is asserted, is to ascertain and prevent further abuses by the Executive and not to place obstacles in the way of the President in performing his legitimate constitutional and legal functions.

There is good reason to believe that the Senate investigation will result in an effort to define in unmistakable terms the relations between the Executive and the legislative branches of the Government and to make clear that moneys appropriated by Congress shall be used only for the purposes for which they were specifically appropriated.

"The enormous ramifications of the system of Federal espionage which has grown up largely under the Administration, extending even to the domestic affairs of citizens," are shown by figures quoted by Representative Tawney, of Minnesota, chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations.

During the last session of Congress the Administration, which is now complaining because \$10,000,000 was taken of the usual appropriation for the Secret Service division of the Treasury Department, called for very large appropriations for other secret investigations, and these appropriations were actually made by Congress. The several amounts reached the enormous total of \$8,126,000.

While it is only fair to say that a part of this large sum was not expended for investigations essentially secret in character an enormous amount was expended to further the secret police and investigation work of the Government; the rest was for various inspection work.

Representative Tawney and other members of the House Committee on Appropriations declared that large

Costs Santa Fe \$2,000,000 to Replace Telegraph With 'Phones. Chicago.—The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad announced that it would operate the entire main line from Chicago to the Pacific Coast by telephone instead of by telegraph as now. Contracts have been let for the installation of the telephone system between Kansas City and Emporia, Kan. As soon as this section is finished work will be begun between Kansas City and Chicago. The cost will be \$2,000,000.

Feminine Notes. Barnard undergraduates decided to give a Latin play. Mrs. Susan T. Mills, president of Mills College and the pioneer woman educator of California, has passed her eighty-third birthday. A summons was issued for the promoters of the Vimedia Company on the complaint of a woman in New York City, who had invested \$2500. Miss Ruby Abrams, who was recently graduated at the head of the art class in Cooper Institute, is deaf, and until a few years ago was almost dumb.

**ANOTHER MESSAGE**

President Vetoes a Bill and Tells Congress Why

**"GREAT WATER POWER TRUST"**

Submits Figures to Illustrate the Trust—Bill Does Not Protect the Public Interest.

Washington, Special.—The President in his message to the House Friday vetoing the bill passed by Congress granting water power privileges from the James river, Missouri, submits figures to illustrate the workings of the "water power trust."

He says: I return herewith without my approval House bill 17707 to authorize William H. Standish to construct a dam across James river, Mo., and divert a portion of its waters through a tunnel into the said river again to create electric power. My reasons for not signing the bill are: The bill gives to the grantee a valuable privilege, which by its very nature is monopolistic, and does not contain the conditions essential to protect the public interest. My reason for believing that the Federal government, in granting a license to dam a navigable river, has the power to impose any conditions it finds necessary to protect the public, including a charge and a limitation of the time, is that its consent is legally essential to an enterprise of this character. It follows that Congress can impose conditions upon its consent. Believing that the national government has this power, I am convinced that its power ought to be exercised. The people of the country are threatened by a monopoly far more powerful, because in far closer touch with their domestic and industrial life, than anything known to our experience. To give away, without conditions, this, one of the greatest of our resources, would be an act of folly.

The total water power now in use by power plants of the United States is estimated by the Bureau of the Census at 9,300,000 horse power. Information collected by bureau corporations shows 13 large concerns of which the General Electric Company and Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, are the most important, now hold water power installations and advantageous power sites aggregating 1,046,000 horse power, where control by these concerns practically admitted. It is probable those 13 concerns directly and indirectly control developed water power equal to more than 33 per cent. of the total.

The following amendment to authorize this in national forests was inserted in last year's agricultural appropriation bill:

"And hereafter permits for power plants within national forests may be made irrevocable, except for breach of condition, for such term, not exceeding fifty years, as the Secretary of Agriculture may by regulation prescribe, and land covered by such permit issued in pursuance of an application filed before entry, location, or application, subsequently approved under the act of June 11, 1906, shall in perpetuity remain subject to such permit and renewals thereof."

I repeat the words with which I concluded my message vetoing the Rainy river bill:

First. There should be a limited or carefully guarded grant in the nature of an option or opportunity afforded within reasonable time for development of plans and for execution of the project.

Second. Such a grant or concession should be accompanied in the act making the grant by a provision expressly making it the duty of a designated official to annual the grant if the work is not begun or plans are not carried out in accordance with the authority granted.

Third. It should also be the duty of some designated official to see to it that in approving the plans the maximum development of the navigation and power is assured, or at least that in making the plans these may not be so developed as ultimately to interfere with the better utilization of the water or complete development of the power.

Fourth. There should be a license fee or charge which, though small or rational at the outset, can in the future be adjusted so as to secure a control in the interest of the public.

Fifth. Provision should be made for the termination of the grant or privilege at a definite time, leaving to future generations the power or authority to renew or extend the concession in accordance with the conditions which may prevail at that time. Further reflection suggests a sixth condition, viz:

The license should be forfeited upon proof that the licensee has joined in any conspiracy or unlawful combinations in restraint of trade, as is provided for grants of coal lands in Alaska by the act of May 28, 1903. I will sign no bill granting a privilege of this character which does not contain the substance of these conditions.

I esteem it my duty to use every endeavor to prevent this growing monopoly, the most threatening which has ever appeared, from being fastened upon the people of this nation.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.  
The White House, Jan. 15, 1909.

**Hains Acquitted.**

Flushing, Special.—The Thornton Hains jury, after deliberating since Thursday evening, nearly 24 hours, Friday afternoon returned a verdict of not guilty and Thornton Jenkins Hains is now a free man. Hains was charged with the murder of William E. Annis, August 15th, at Bayside Yacht Club. A great crowd around the court house cheered as the jury, tired out, filed in.

**GOOD ROADS**



State Roads.

Public sentiment favors the extension of State aid for good roads; in fact, demands much larger appropriations for the purpose.

In this connection it is well to recognize that method of construction is quite as important as amount of total expenditure. The lesson taught by New York emphasizes this fact. In that State more than \$15,000,000 of the public funds has been expended during recent years in building macadam roads, under supervision of the State Engineer. Some of those roads, costing \$5000 a mile and upward, have been completely broken down within four years. They need to be resurfaced, in fact, virtually reconstructed, at another cost of \$4000 to \$5000 a mile.

It must be apparent that even wealthy States, like New York and Pennsylvania, cannot afford the construction and upkeep of an extensive system of roads on such a scale. They must have greater permanence, even at the penalty of much larger initial cost. On this principle the Pennsylvania Department of Highways has decided to pave Greene County roads with brick. They will probably be cheaper in the end than plain macadam. In other sections it has been found necessary to use oil or tar binders to prevent rapid disintegration of macadam roads.

Some of the Western States have found properly oiled earth roads much cheaper than macadam without binder, when kept in shape by Foster's split-log drag. In Pennsylvania stone is more abundant and costs less for transportation than in the prairie country. But in urging the appropriation of State money for road building it is well to recognize the fact that plain macadam is not efficient or economical unless regulations can be applied to prevent the speeding of automobiles thereon.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

**Road of Sand and Sawdust.**

A road made from sand and sawdust is the latest style of roadmaking designed by George W. Cooley, State Highway Engineer. Last spring he made a section of road with clover and rye on a sand foundation. This has been very successful. The road made from sand and sawdust is at Cambridge, in Isanti County.

Four inches of sawdust was raked on the sand road after being graded. This was worked into the sand by passing teams, and as fast as ruts were formed the sawdust was raked into the ruts, to be further mixed with sand. This is a new roadmaking material, and if successful will make an exceedingly profitable means of using the immense quantities of sawdust from the mills of the State. In those counties where there is nothing but sand in the roads, good roads are impossible, without the addition of other material. Mr. Cooley is now experimenting with various means of turning the sand into vegetable loam which can be worked to advantage. The idea is that the sawdust will rot and mixing with the sand will form a loam suitable for roads.

Such a small amount of money is appropriated by the State for the construction of roads that the experiments have been on a limited scale and the construction of roads proceeds slowly. This State spends only one-tenth as much on State roads as does New York in relation to the value of the property.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

**Modern Oiled Roads.**

It somewhat appears that our whole country is soon to be made available through roads constructed by what some one has dubbed the petrolytic process, says the Los Angeles (Cal.) Times. In riding over a country road a few days ago a chauffeur was heard to remark: "I have driven over all kinds of roads, but that sausage machine roller beats down the best surface I ever traveled over." Judging by the mileage now under construction by this process, it would appear that the general public heartily indorses the opinion of the driver quoted.

**Cost of Good Roads.**

The commissioners of Chester County, Pennsylvania, recently received bills from the Pennsylvania State Highway Department for improvements made on certain public roads in various townships of the county, as follows: Westtown, \$15,008.31; Schuylkill, \$23,863; Valley, \$11,996.33; Avondale borough, \$7159.94. These amounts cover the contract price, the extras, the inspection, the engineering and surveying, etc. The State pays two-thirds of the expense, the county pays one-sixth and the township pays one-sixth.

**The End of the Primrose Path.**

Stanford White lies in his grave, to which he came under circumstances that make even his own family reluctant to have his name mentioned. Harry Kendall Thaw is in an insane asylum. To get himself sent there was his only alternative to going to the electric chair as a murderer. Evelyn Nesbit Thaw is in a sanatorium, a physical and moral wreck, living on the charity of friends.

The moral of the tale is the old, old one—as old as humanity itself—and yet one that never grows old, since in every generation there are those who will not learn it—until too late. The lesson of it all is plain and clear before us every day. But it needs ever to be reiterated and enforced upon the minds of the young, and to be taken to heart by young and old alike. It is better to be decent, no matter how pleasant it may seem to tamper with indecency. The primrose path leads down to hades, and the wages of sin is death.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Of the 533 locomotives in Romania, 427 use petroleum for fuel.

After all, men are judged in their journey through life  
By the "gray matter" under their hoods,  
And those who "win out" in this strenuous strife  
Are the ones who "deliver the goods."