

### SNAPSHOTS AT CELEBRITIES

Senator Dixon, Roosevelt's Campaign Manager.



Photo by American Press Association.

Senator Joseph M. Dixon of Montana, manager of Colonel Roosevelt's campaign for the presidential nomination, is one of the most energetic Republican leaders of the west. In the last national campaign Mr. Dixon was head of the G. O. P. in Montana and worked manfully for Mr. Taft. Of Quaker descent, Senator Dixon comes from Erie, Pa. He was elected to the Montana legislature in 1882 and the same year settled in Missoula, Mont. He served three years as prosecuting attorney of Missouri county and also as a member of the Montana legislature. In 1902, he was elected to congress and re-elected by an increased majority. Then he went to the senate, succeeding William A. Clark, for the term beginning March 4, 1907. Senator Dixon is forty-five years old.

Colonel Lewis of Illinois. Colonel James Hamilton Lewis of Chicago, Democratic nominee for United States senator from Illinois, has long been a picturesque figure in politics. He has been called the best dressed man in public life, lauded for his luxuriant whiskers and his famous air of an orator. He will contest for the seat now held by Shelby M. Cullom. Before settling in Chicago in 1867, Colonel Lewis had spent seventeen



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years at Seattle. He had been a congressman from Washington in 1847 and had the votes of the Pacific states for the vice presidential nomination at the Democratic national convention of 1860 at Kansas City. He served on the staff of General Fred D. Grant in the Spanish-American war in Cuba and was appointed by President McKinley as an attaché of the joint military commission on Canadian and Alaskan boundaries that sat in London. He was corporation counsel for Chicago under Mayor Dunne in 1907.

A native of Virginia, forty-six years old, Mr. Lewis was reared in Georgia and educated at the University of Virginia. He was admitted to the bar in Savannah in 1834.

A Cheap Cynic. Champ Clark at a banquet in Washington defended the honesty of American politics. "It is cheap cynicism," he said, "nothing but cheap cynicism, to talk like that."

"Do you think it follows, a friend said to Blinks, that because a man is a politician he is a liar?"

"Oh, no," Blinks retorted, "but unless a man was an expert liar I don't think he could be called much of a politician."

### MYSTERY OF THE STOLEN PAPERS

Explanation of a Queer Incident Aboard a Warship.

The real names of those who figure in this story are necessarily concealed in the summer of 1898 we were cruising in Cuban waters. Our ship was a small wooden gunboat brought temporarily into the navy.

One morning the commanding officer's orderly came around among the officers with an order for them to report in the captain's cabin. As soon as we arrived we saw that something of importance was to be communcated.

"Gentlemen," said the captain, "when I came down here at 2 o'clock this morning from the bridge before entering my room I heard some one within the door was slightly ajar, and I saw a man rifling my desk. I waited till he came out, and without making my presence known to him I entered, to find a package of papers missing. The man who committed the theft is one of your number."

Four of us looked at one another as if a hand grenade had been dropped on the deck above. The fifth, Ensign Archie Reeves, a dare-devil young fellow whom we all loved, looked at none of us. Nevertheless his face wore the same imperturbable expression we had all seen on it in action.

When the captain had spoken he dismissed us—not a word about preferring charges against the culprit, not a word about a discontinuance of his duties, nothing but the bare facts. We were all sure that Reeves was the man referred to, yet such was his bearing, repellent of any mention of the accusation, that none of us broached the subject to him. When we saw that no explanation was forthcoming, no move made toward demanding an investigation, all except myself felt it incumbent upon them to cut him.

One night when we were hovering near an undetected part of the Cuban coast Reeves came to me and requested that I should act for him in an affair of honor. I consented, and he sent me to Surgeon Irwin, who informed me that he represented the captain. I asked him what the affair was about, but he did not know. No one knew except the two principals. The surgeon handed me a paper signed by the captain. It was a waiver of his rank, between the hours of 4 and 6 on the following morning.

Shortly before dawn principals and seconds took the captain's dinghy and pulled to the shore. Anchoring off the dunes, measured off the ground and placed our men, and when all was ready the surgeon gave the word. The captain received a bullet in the arm. Irwin asked him if he was satisfied, and he said he was. Lashed Reeves if he was satisfied, and he also assented. I supposed the two would shake hands but they did not. The surgeon bandaged the wound. The captain vowed his coat as usual and we moved back to the ship without any one on board knowing the purpose for which we had gone.

At the juncture mess when we assembled for breakfast the surgeon said: "Gentlemen, I am authorized by the captain to announce that he and Mr. Reeves have had a meeting ashore this morning. The captain received a flesh wound on the arm. He requests that you keep the matter a secret from the men."

"Well," the word was not spoken. It was looked by every man present. I have nothing more to communcate."

It was plain that the matter of the theft as well as the meeting was of a personal nature. At any rate, all now felt that they might recognize Reeves. Though he had not cleared himself of the charge he had resented the accusation. The affair gave those of us who were not the principals something to talk about during the dull hours of blockading.

### FOR THE CHILDREN

Fingers and Toes.

Such funny songs my grandma sings! She plays such funny games, And, oh, she calls a lot of things Such awful funny names! She raps my fingers one by one And says, "Now hear me tell, Who picked the currants from the bun And pinched the cat as well."

And when at night I've taken off My shoes and stockings, too, She'll pat my feet and frown and cough And say, "It wasn't you That kicked the pantry door, I pose And scoured and scratched it so." And then she'll laugh and tweak my toes And say, "I guess I know!"

Concerning the Hair. When a girl is brushing her hair she sometimes comes across a particularly obstinate snaggle and gives such a pull that it makes her wish she were bald like grandfather and didn't have to have her hair brushed. She feels that if she keeps on pulling out her hair at that rate she will soon be bald. But it would take a great many pullings to make her bald, for she has thousands and thousands of hairs.

Some persons have more hairs than others, and the number varies, it seems, according to the color. Light haired persons, for instance, have between 140,000 and 165,000 hairs, and there is little difference between men and women. Dark haired persons have on an average about 105,000, and the red haired have only about 80,000, which means that red hair is much coarser than other shades. It has, however, the virtue of lasting longest, for a head so covered seldom becomes bald.

To Learn the Future. Place three bowls of water on a table, one containing clear water, one soapy or colored water and the third empty. Blindfold the players one at a time and lead them to the bowls whose positions are changed each time and have them put their fingers in one of them. If a player touches clear water he will be happily married if the soapy water the future partner will be a widow or widower if the fingers are placed in the empty bowl that player will never marry.

For learning the occupation of the future one article or picture suggestive of different trades or employments may be buried in a pan of flour and the players in turn take a spoonful out of the pan and see what they can find. If not successful at first they may have another trial, getting nothing then signifies an idleness.

Locks of the Panama Canal. To pass a big ship through each lock of the Panama canal no less than twenty-eight electric motors will have to be set in motion twice and this number may be increased to 147 dependent upon the previous condition of the gates, valves and other devices that make up the completed locking system of the great waterway.

In passing a ship through the locks it will be necessary to open and close miller gates weighing from two to five tons and empty lock chambers containing from 3,000,000 to 5,000,000 cubic feet of water and lower ponder chains weighing 24,000 pounds each, and to tow the vessels through the locks. Yet so admirably has this tremendous task been systematized by the engineers, according to the Canal Record, that all of the operations except that of towing will be controlled by a single man at a switchboard.

### IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Playing of Johnny Evers Will Be Watched Closely.

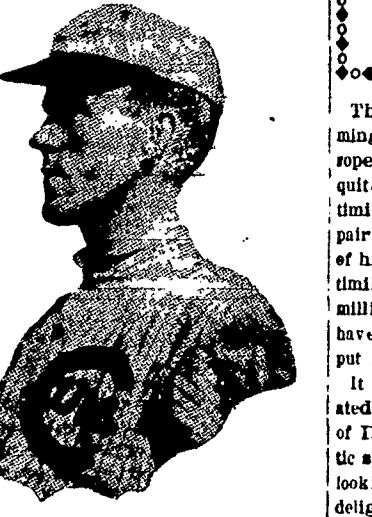


Photo by American Press Association.

Can Johnny Evers come back? This question is now being asked by the Chicago National league fans. The greater part of last season he was out of the game with nervous trouble, and previous to the world's series in 1910 he broke his leg. Now he says he is as well as ever and will aid the Cubs in capturing the pennant. When at his best Evers was one of the greatest second basemen that ever handled a ball.

Fifty Years a Sprinter. It is rare to find a man who has been more than fifty years a follower of track and field sports in an active way. Many men over sixty at the present time have fished shot or played billiards since they were ten, but for a man to be in active competition for half a century is a record. Such a curiosity was Isaac, a sprinter who passed away recently in England. He had seen sixty seven summer and only a few weeks ago had engaged in a sprinting match at Watlington with another veteran. He began to run in the early nineties and was in active competition around the days when Dearfoot, Lang and Jack White were running their matches over the distances.

At his best Isaac could do around even for the 100 yards and when he was forty years of age could come well inside 11 seconds. At sixty he could beat 12 seconds and was a little slower at the time of his death and he was always willing to make a match with any man of his years.

May Abolish Cycle Title. The annual congress of the Union of Cyclists Internationale, which met in Paris a few weeks ago, did not have a chance to vote on the proposal to abolish the world's amateur championship, the promoter of the restriction recalling it and retaining it with a recommendation that the subject be considered by the national unions. The proposal was at first put forward on the ground that there should be only one event and title and that it should be open to both amateurs and professional alike to compete together. The world's championship will be held at Newark, N. J. the last of August, and the next congress will meet on the eve of the racing.

Keen Competition For Swimmers. According to reports received by the American Olympic committee from various countries where track and field sports flourish, the American team will find competition keener at the Stockholm games next summer than in any previous international meet.

Strang Baseball Promoter in France. Sammy Strang, the former New York second baseman, is in France, where he is booming the American sport. He is president of an amateur league and will manage and play on one of the teams. In dividing his time between trying to teach Frenchmen how to play baseball and taking vocal lessons Sammy will have a busy season.

\$25,000 For Harness Stakes. The early closing stakes for the Readville grand circuit meeting the last week in August reach a total of \$25,000. The American trotting Derby is announced as a \$10,000 event. Other stakes events include the \$5,000 Massachusetts race for 2 1/2 trotters and five races for purses of \$2,000.

### The Tick of the Clock

There Was a Legend About It

By EMERSON MARBLE.

There is coming about a singular mingling of American wealth and European ancestral abodes. It is now quite the fashion for an American millionaire to buy an old castle, repair it, decorate it and keep it for one of his homes. I am not exactly a millionaire. Indeed, I am scarcely a millionaire, but plenty rich enough to have bought a castle a small one—and put it in habitable order.

It is a veritable feudal castle, situated in Pomerania between the towns of Dlewynow and Kolberg, on the Baltic sea. It stands on an eminence overlooking the sea and altogether makes a delightful summer residence. As to winter, well, I can't say how pleasant it is in winter for the moment the winds grow the least bleak in autumn I invariably leave, like the birds, for a warmer climate, but I should fancy it would be very desolate.

With the castle I bought what of the furniture remained in it. There were not many pieces, but what there was was very old. There was an elaborate bedstead with the arms of the family that built the castle carved upon the framework set on the posts supporting the canopy. There was the original dining table of massive oak. No wonder it remained. It was too heavy to be easily taken away. There was a spinning wheel that had spun all the material worn by the members of the inhabitant family for centuries.

At a turn in the great staircase leading to the rooms above stood one of the first clocks ever made. It was seven feet high and large to proportion. The machinery was crude, the weights heavy and the hands warped out of shape with age. But they were not moving for many years. The pendulum was unhooked and standing in the case just below where it had ticked away a number of generations. A baby would be born live to three-score years and ten, die and meanwhile the pendulum would swing slowly back and forth, as the poet has beautifully expressed it, saying "Never, forever, forever, never."

Of course there was a legend about the clock. There always is a legend about an old timepiece like that. A musty record book went with the pendulum, giving the history of the castle in entries that had been made from time to time. I went to live there in the early spring, intending to spend the summer, and one of my principal amusements from the first was poring over this old record. "Certain entries in the record scattered here and there interested me exceedingly. These are some of them."

June 12, 1641. At midnight the clock stopped. All knew that it would begin to swing at the next daylight and that it would mark the birth of a child. But that day who is living never returned.

June 11, 1642. The clock began again to tick at midnight and was heard to mark when the Duke of Silesia was born. But it ticked no more after his death.

Water entry was as follows: June 3, 1748. Though the pendulum of the clock had been detached for forty years last midnight a loud ticking was heard in the castle. All counted seven ticks. Four ticks later it was very low. We look for his first to pass away in three days.

From a precious entry recording the birth of Hubert I judged that the lord of the castle and his wife had been married long without a child and Hubert had come to them a great blessing. After his death he seems to have died in childhood, the entries for some twenty years are very meager, and the castle appears to have been seldom occupied.

I wondered at the superstitions of these people, who seemed to look upon the supposed or dreamed of ticking of a rusty clock whose pendulum had been detached for forty years, as no more unusual than one would consider the appearance of a comet in the heavens. Nevertheless I never passed the old clock as I went up and down stairs without something akin to dread. I attributed this feeling to the superstition prevailing among my own ancestors centuries ago, the rudiments of which still exist in me.

I passed a delightful summer in my castle. I would sit all day looking at the ships now far out at sea, moving apparently so slowly that I could not detect their motion, just as we fall to perceive it in the passage of our lives. In the morning a sail would stand on the horizon, a more spark of yellow sunlight and by noon it would be opposite me. Sometimes when the wind was light it would be within my range of vision all day. On a terrace, at my window or on the battlements of a tower I would dream dreams of the former denizens of my castle.

boofs upon it as the warriors under their feudal lord went forth to do battle for the king. Then they go scampering over the winding road, their metal suits and armor shining in the sun, their plumes dancing on their heads, their forms growing less and less, horses and men passing into a gradual confusion until they are swallowed up in a green wood.

The summer passed altogether too quickly. September came and my children, preferring the gay life of Berlin, departed and my wife was obliged to go with them. I preferred to remain a few weeks longer. So I let them go, intending to content myself with the companionship of those who in my dreams, had centuries before peopled my castle. But the days had grown very short in that northern region by September and evening came all too early. I did my dreaming before the mammoth fireplace where I burned great logs, but though they blazed and crackled and sputtered merrily I did not like being alone. There were a couple of cats, but I could have no companion but with them.

One night a dark cloud came up over the sea and brought a shower. I was lying in bed and heard the rain come down for a few minutes, after which all was still again. I was about dropping off to sleep when my attention was arrested by what sounded exactly like the tick of a clock.

"Could it be the old timepiece on the stairs?" I waited for a repetition. It was not a second, but what seemed ten seconds, when it came again. My heart stood still. Was the old machine about to predict the day of my death? I propped up. There it is again, a third tick coming after the same interval. I tried to recall something in the old record book mentioning that the ticks marked more than a second of time. Nothing was said about this, but since they were phantom ticks by pendulum that was not hung and since the weights were resting quietly in the bottom of the case an interval of one second was not to be expected. The seconds of eternity are some times centuries in duration.

Why had I begun to count the ticks? I would cease to do so. I tried, but failed. Four, five, six, seven, eight. I was obliged to count them. They would not permit me not to count them. Nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen. It was the 13th day of the month and I hoped there might be no other tick. Then it would be no warning to me. Warning! What warning? That I was going to die some time during the month between the 13th and 31st?

Nonsense! But my heart didn't say nonsense at all. It beat like a triphammer. There it is fourteen. Now I hoped it would tick on. If I must die I would rather have time for preparation. I continued counting the ticks. I had to continue counting them—fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty.

What was that moon? Oh, that's the moon. I have heard that enough before. It comes from the current passing in a certain direction through openings. But how like a man-of-war in suffering! It's the indication that is working upon me with its magic would come. But it was the ticks always begin at midnight and there has thus far been no tick yet.

Twenty-one, twenty-two—it seems to me that there is a longer interval than at first. Twenty-three, twenty-four. Surely they are coming to an end. There is now a long while between each tick. I make the breaths of one dying man counted twenty-seven, and there must have been half a minute before twenty-eight came. And it was the last.

Oh heavens! I'm to die on the 28th of this month! What a night I spent! Would that I had been blown up by the torpedoes centuries ago and I had never seen it. Two weeks to live! Two weeks and one day! I would telegraph my wife the first thing in the morning. Telegraph what? That I was to be ticked out of existence by a rusty clock with no pendulum? How could I do that? Doubtless when I got home I would feel better about it.

And so I did. I arose, ate a good breakfast and got on pretty well till evening was coming on, when I called my seneschal—a fat, baldheaded Swede and told him that I would take the evening train for Berlin.

"Why, Herr, I thought you would stay with us to the end of the month!" "The 28th? No. What am I talking about? I am going on the first train and, Adolph, I wish you to take the old clock off the stair landing and put it down in the cellar. Bury it. No, don't do that. Don't do anything. I'll write you."

I seized my suit case and walked to the station, though it was two miles. I wished to put distance between me and that old clock. What shall I say when I reach Berlin? That I'm sick? Who'll believe me? Nobody did. I told my wife what had scared me away from the castle, but she kept it from the others.

"Why, I always thought you had such a contempt for superstition!" she said. "So I have till I see a ghost myself." I replied. I thanked heaven when the 28th of September had passed and I still lived. There is a sequel to this story, but it didn't transpire for a long while. One night when my wife and I were at our castle it rained. I awakened her. "What is it?" she asked. "The clock is ticking." She listened to the first tick, then pruned over and was going to sleep. "Well?" I observed. "That's a dripping of water!" This time the clock ticked all night.