

# A DRUMMER'S EXPERIENCE





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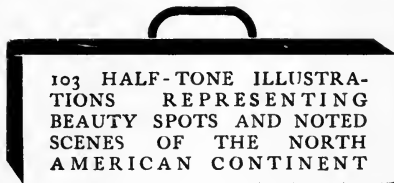
Falls of the Yellowstone

**A DRUMMER'S  
EXPERIENCE**



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*By*  
**J. S. DEARING**



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**BY**

**J. S. DEARING**

## Introduction

**T**HE AUTHOR'S object in presenting this volume is to amuse the people by ridicule; to focusing the x-rays of sarcasm on existing conditions. To feel the pulse of commerce, take the temperature of politics, and to prescribe an antidote to counteract the poison in society. To establish a signal station to show which way the wind blows, and to read the barometer of time. To burn the grass around the the traps set for man. To furnish a key to the handwriting on the wall. And to pull aside the curtain that the people may view the grand panorama of the North American Continent, whose cities are peopled with progress, whose valleys are groaning with verdure, whose plains are throbbing with animal life, whose mountains are more beautiful than the Alps and more majestic than the Materhorn. Here may you drink of the fountain of youth to intoxication, inhale the air of inspiration, and bathe in the crystal pools of joy.

Here's to your health!

THE AUTHOR





# CONTENTS

Chapter I	2	
TRIALS OF A DRUMMER.....		11
Chapter II	2	
A BOY'S TROUBLES.....		23
Chapter III	3	
LOVE, MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.....		37
Chapter IV	4	
SOCIAL PARASITES.....		49
Chapter V	5	
GRIT. . . . .		54
Chapter VI	6	
PROGRESS.....		61
Chapter VII	7	
NIAGARA AND THE EAST.....		64
Chapter VIII	8	
ABUSED CONDITIONS.....		89
Chapter IX	9	
THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A MAN AND A GENTLE- MAN.....		96
Chapter X	10	
CAN YOU BETTER YOUR CONDITION?.....		103
Chapter XI	11	
WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH AMERICA?.....		113
Chapter XII	12	
GARDEN OF THE GODS.....		126
Chapter XIII	13	
FLOODS OF THE MISSISSIPPI.....		134
Chapter XIV	14	
ODD CUSTOMS.....		137
Chapter XV	15	
HABITS OF INDIANS, JAPS AND CHINAMEN.....		147
Chapter XVI	16	
HOW TO MAKE THE AMERICAN DOLLAR.....		153

## CONTENTS—Continued

	Chapter XVII	17
THE GRAND CANYON.....		159
	Chapter XVIII	15
PIPE DREAMS.....		172
	Chapter XIX	19
HOT TO SMILE IN ADVERSITY.....		174
	Chapter XX	20
SOD SHANTY.....		179
	Chapter XXI	21
COW PUNCHING OR CATTLE RAISING.....		190
	Chapter XXII	22
THE EGYPT OF AMERICA.....		193
	Chapter XXIII	23
IS HONESTY THE BEST POLICY?.....		203
	Chapter XXIV	24
THE FAR WEST.....		208
	Chapter XXV	25
HOW TO JUDGE A MAN.....		216
	Chapter XXVI	26
MEXICO.....		223
	Chapter XXVII	27
PANAMA CANAL, RAILROADS, ETC.....		228
	Chapter XXVIII	28
ANIMALS OF THE WEST.....		234
	Chapter XXIX	29
THE DRUMMER'S WIFE.....		248
	Chapter XXX	30
INFLUENCE.....		261
	Chapter XXXI	31
SELF RELIANCE.....		267
	Chapter XXXII	32
CITY VS. COUNTRY.....		273
	Chapter XXXIII	33
WHAT MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND.....		282

## CONTENTS—Continued

	Chapter XXXIV	37	
LABOR TROUBLES.....			293
	Chapter XXXV	38	
ALASKA AND THE NORTHWEST.....			300
	Chapter XXXVI	39	
HOW TO THINK.....			311
	Chapter XXXVII	40	
YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.....			319
	Chapter XXXVIII	41	
A GOOD TIME.....			345
	Chapter XXXIX	42	
COLORADO.....			351
	Chapter XL	43	
CLIFF DWELLERS AND MOUND BUILDERS.....			367
	Chapter XLI	44	
WHAT BROKE THE CAMEL'S BACK.....			375
	Chapter XLII	45	
HIGH COST OF LIVING.....			381
	Chapter XLIII	46	
OPPORTUNITY.....			386
	Chapter XLIV	47	
YOSEMITE VALLEY, ETC.....			393
	Chapter XLV	48	
OSTRICH FEATHERS AND DREAMS.....			400
	Chapter XLVI	49	
ST. LOUIS AND OMAHA CYCLONES.....			407
	Chapter XLVII	50	
WOMAN SUFFRAGE.....			419
	Chapter XLVIII	51	
EXECUTIVE ABILITY.....			423
	Chapter XLIX	52	
MINING.....			429
	Chapter L	53	
THE POWER OF CONCENTRATION.....			437

## CONTENTS—Continued

	Chapter LI	51	
GOVERNMENT LANDS, ETC.....			444
	Chapter LII	52	
OUT OF JOINT.....			448
	Chapter LIII	53	
WHITE SLAVERY.....			454
	Chapter LIV	54	
SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE.....			458
	Chapter LV	55	
ALFALFA, BEES AND HONEY.....			467
	Chapter LVI	56	
MORMON UTAH.....			471
	Chapter LVII	57	
JOBBS AND WHERE TO FIND THEM.....			490
	Chapter LVIII	58	
HOBBIES, ETC.....			495
	Chapter LIX	59	
ALTITUDE, TEMPERATURE, ETC.....			498
	Chapter LX	60	
VOCATIONS.....			503
	Chapter LXI	61	
WHY PEOPLE DOUBT YOUR ARGUMENTS.....			508
	Chapter LXII	62	
SALESMANSHIP.....			512
	Chapter LXIII	63	
CANADA.....			517
	Chapter LXIV	64	
INVESTMENTS.....			537
	Chapter LXV	65	
PAST, PRESENT, FUTURE.....			542
	Chapter LXVI	66	
THE HOLDUP.....			546
	Chapter LXVII	67	
ALWAYS ON TIME.....			549
	Chapter LXVIII	68	
MAN TRAPS.....			558

# A Drummer's Experience

## CHAPTER I

### TRIALS OF A DRUMMER

There is a bill before congress to have a "Drummer" analyzed. The idea is to find out whether he is human, ostrich or a portable sign-board. He does not advertise in the papers, but he takes the original hot air, right off the reel. He can make more one-night stands than a third-class theatrical company; and give as many confidential talks as a *Presidential candidate*. And is better posted on the wares he is peddling; and when it comes to fulfilling his promises and delivering the goods, he can give the candidate cards and spades, and beat him. The drummer sells from samples of his goods, the candidate gives you a *moving picture show with prosperity in the background*. When the time comes to analyze or dissect the drummer, I want to be called as a witness. I have information that is likely to throw light on the subject; and

may place him in the class with the ostrich or pelican. I know of cases where they have swallowed three sandwiches, four doughnuts, two eggs and all the pie in sight, inside of five minutes, and had a ten cent cigar half smoked before the train started. As regards the sandwiches, I do not think they will hurt him, as there was not enough meat in them to bait a mouse trap. The bread used in these sandwiches has been passed on by the Medical Board, there are strict orders that none of the bread shall be less than five days old. As for the doughnuts, the only thing that will hurt you is the hole, the little ring around the the outside is harmless; it is made of water and some flour. The case the eggs came out of was marked "Special." I do not know what that meant unless it was *special* for lunch counters, and as for pie, yes, all drummers like pie, nice fresh apple pie, but not the cold storage variety. I like almost any kind of pie except the kind that has buttons, and hair pins for flavoring. A "drummer's" life is like the month of April, when you have seven different kinds of weather in twenty-four hours. Sometimes business is good; competition keeps his mouth shut; and the trains are on time; but at others the wind is always in your face when you have to make a drive. Then the horses balk, or the auto sticks in the mud a half mile from town, just

as the train is whistling for your station. All young men who think of taking up the profession of selling goods on the road, should take lessons from some correspondence school as to the best method of coiling up in a chair, or on a bench in a railroad station to get some sleep. Out in Idaho, a couple of years ago, myself and *two more tramps* were waiting to catch a train at eleven p. m.; we called up the railroad and asked about the train. "On time!" was the answer. We got our household goods together, and put them in our moving van (which we use for a pillow on the train) and proceeded to the depot. We rushed around, got our baggage checked, and looked for the headlight; could not see it with a field glass; waited a half hour, asked agent about train, said it was reported a little late. Waited two hours, asked again, said it should be here any minute. At three A. M. asked him if train was still coming, said he could not hear from it. At four-thirty a. m. it roused us out of our dreams of the Mexican war. We got to the next town a little too late for breakfast, but we ate some oat meal, saratoga chips and a Ben Davis apple to accommodate landlord. Well we went out to get an order or two, the wind was blowing and the dust was in the air. The first man I struck looked like he had lost all of his friends and his rent was overdue. I approached him in as cheer-

ful a manner as possible, but had that green taste in my mouth, from an overindulgence of sleep the preceding night. I introduced myself and offered to shake hands; he looked at me like I was a confidence man and said, "I do not want to buy anything this morning." I said, "That is all right, brother. I could not write an order anyway, I have lost my pencil." I asked him for a cigar, and after I had paid for it, I had to *beg him* for a match. He was as cross as a bear with a sore head. I tried to draw him out on all the subjects that I thought would fit his case; at last I mentioned something about business. He went off like an alarm clock, "Oh! don't talk to me about business, if steamboats were selling for fifty cents apiece, I could not buy a gang-plank. My corn is burned up; my hay is not stacked; the pigs are out of the pen; the children have the measles; and my wife has run off with the hired man." Well that was one day I was glad when the horn blew for dinner. The old fellow that ran this hotel ought to take out a patent, or draw a pension for his modern ideas, and sense of justice. He did not believe in seating a Drummer and a farmer at the same table; the farmer eating four times as much as the traveling man and only paying half the price, so he conceived the idea of making two dining rooms by drawing a rope across one end of the room, and



stretching a sheet on it; and by using paper napkins on the private table, otherwise the same. Well we went under the lope and got our feed, but it is a question in my mind yet, whether he charged twenty-five cents extra for that napkin, or whether it was to apply on the idea of stretching the line. The most truthful landlord I ever saw was one who had up a sign, "Special prices to Drummers." We found it out. He had one of the fifty-nine varieties of breakfast foods, and something that the bill of fare called home-made sausage. I will not dispute it, because *anything* makes sausage, and for dessert, we had an orange, and he gave all of this for seventy-five cents. There is one of two things the matter, he either owes a bill and has got to pay it, or he is going to leave the country. I hope it is the latter. But what is the use, anything is good enough for a "Drummer." It is said that if you give a dog a bad name you had just as well kill him. Well the drummer has the name all right; and the lunch counters and the ninth class hotels have taken the job of execution; and the lord high executioner has passed the word down the line to make it "torture;" soup, (Maud's mixture) and steak off the neck, is too good for him. Put him on a cot and cover him with a horse blanket. Traveling men have bought more houses than anybody, they

pay on the installment plan, two dollars per, but never get a deed. I object to the classification of the race, in Albuquerque, there are a great many Mexicans and negroes. A negro hotel porter went to the depot to meet the train but brought no suckers (drummers) back with him. The landlord said: "What is the matter Bob, no customers?" "Dare was only two *white men* and one drummer got off dat train." Down in Alabama two Knights of the Grip got off at a small town one Sunday p. m., and were lugging their "Satchels" up town, an old darkey and her ten year old daughter were out under the shade of the willow; the girl spied the two gentlemen of leisure walking toward them, she says: "Law, mammy, yonder comes two gentlemen." The old colored woman adjusted her glasses and looked at the men, then in disgust said: "You fool nigger, dem ain't gentlemen, dem's Drummers." We will admit that this specimen of humanity *is* a little different from most people. The wind may blow and the grasshoppers and Populists take the country but he never kicks; *business is always good*, he is an optimist, first, last and all the time. If you will get a few of the boys on your executive board of the Chamber of Commerce, the people will know that your town is on the map. He may be a *brick*, but he is not a *fossil*, and he is as jolly as a *busted sailor*,

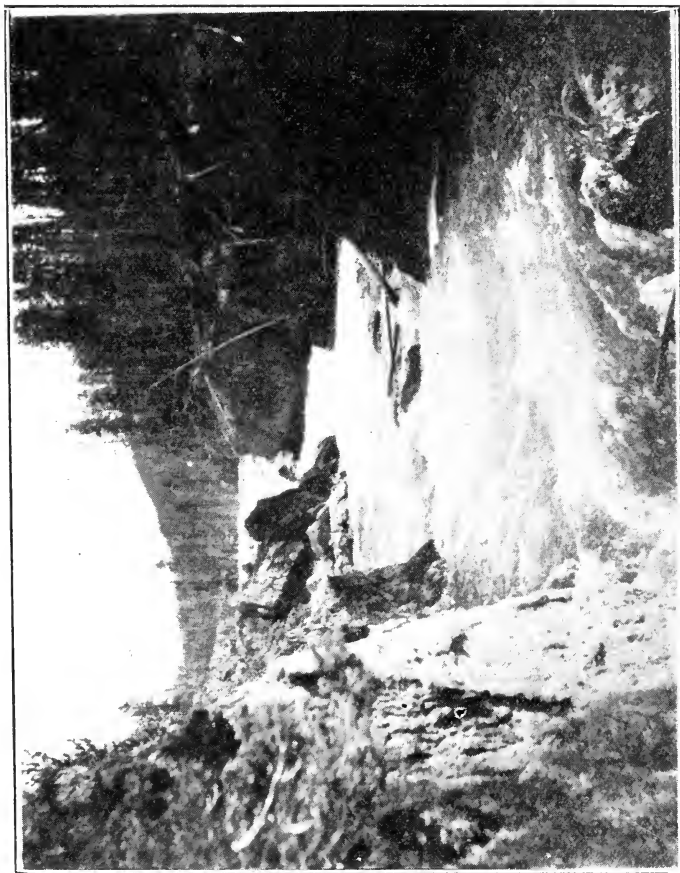
he makes three blades of grass grow where one did formerly; he is always on hand when a melon is to be cut, and is willing to take his chances with men and events, and sometimes the chances are pretty great. I call to mind a few. One Sunday afternoon going from Durango to Silverton, Colo., our train stopped suddenly on a bridge over the Las Animas river; on investigation we found that the track had spread, the engineer saw it in time to stop just as the wheels of the engine dropped down on the ties. It looked as though the bridge was about to wash out, we could go neither forward nor backward; the river was a mighty torrent; something must be done at once; we got out and crawled along the ends of the cross ties, till we got across the bridge; then waited three hours, like Nannie's lamb, for a relief train. At another time we had just passed over the track near Ophir Loop, when a snow slide came down and demolished the station house, sweeping box cars, track and everything in its course. "A miss is as good as a mile." On my way from Denver to Billings, Montana, the baggage car caught fire, and was uncoupled and left on a side track to its fate. The next morning I had checks in my pocket, but they were no more than counterfeit money to a hungry tramp. I was in Fernie, B. C., with washout and landslides on each end of the road, was

“busted” and could get no money from my firm, and only three thousand miles from home. Was on the Santa Fe when she took a header below Lamar, Colo. It was about one A. M. and running about fifty miles an hour, we struck a washout, after the jerks and jolts were over, I went to the door, it was jammed tight, by the gentle persuasion of an axe we got it open. I was first out, jumping from high side of chair car as she was tipped over, and afterwards held by rope. It was a *hot night* but I jumped into *ice a foot deep*. When I struck the ground I thought I had struck a new world. There had been a cloud burst and a terrific hail storm, the hail had washed upon the right of way, it was like jumping from a frying pan into an ice box, but in all this wreckage there were very few hurt. I have not spoken about the frightened ones, and I guess I will not as there were too many to count. Leaving Kansas City one night some five years ago on a train bound for Pueblo, we ran square into a freight train that was standing across our tracks. It was in a low cut, and when we struck the freight cars we knocked them onto the steep banks of the cut, they rolled back on us as we were plowing through the wreck. The breaking of windows, and the scraping of the sides of the coaches, sounded worse than a family quarrel. Nobody was hurt. I know

of one man who didn't grow any more after that. On board a caboose backing into the switch yards in Atlanta, Ga., myself and the conductor were talking politics, we struck a train load of lumber that was not in the clear, it tore off the side of our caboose. I do not remember that anybody told us to jump; but when I came to my senses I was on the ground, the conductor may have helped me out of the caboose but I do not think so. A small town in North Dakota found, that they had increased their population one evening by a drummer stopping off the passenger. After getting through with my business I was told that I could catch a freight out of town about 10 p. m. I got my three grips weighing one hundred seventy pounds down the track to about the place where the caboose should stop; I guessed all right; and when the wheels stopped rolling, I crawled in, conductor and brakeman were absent, train pulled out in a few minutes. When we were about a mile from town the conductor showed up. I guess he had indigestion or his liver was not working right, he would not accept money, ticket nor cigars. I protested that it was dark, and I could not find my way back; he said the rear of the railroad led to the town, and that a man who had as bright a countenance as mine, should give me light on some subjects. I protested that I had lung trouble and that

my muscles were weak. He said I did not have to go back to town, and as he slowed down and shoved me and my baggage off the train, he said he would not turn me out in the cold world, and offered me some matches to build a fire. Well I will admit that I was a little mad, but I got over it in a *week or so*. In B. C. myself and two other boys took a hack to an interior town forty miles inland. After staying there a day we caught another hack coming out, but after having gone about five miles, the driver discovered he had too much load, he had about ten people and their baggage. He stopped and through some pretext of examining the springs he took off the baggage of the three drummers, while we helped him to adjust the difficulty. When all was fixed, he got on the box, cracked his whip and left us and our baggage in the road. Yes, we said something to him as he drove away, *but I do not remember what it was*. I have a vivid recollection of a "tricycle" ride on a railroad in Western Nebraska among the hills. I wanted to make the next town down the road, and as there were no trains that would stop at my town for twenty hours, I employed a section foreman to take me to the next town on his railroad "tricycle." It was one of the kind that worked by hand, he acted as engineer, brakeman and conductor. The moon was very bright, just getting up—

was not yet above the sand hills; it was about seven o'clock p. m., one of those ideal nights. We had not gone far when he told me that the fast express going west was overdue, and we were likely to meet it any moment. I asked him to take a side track and wait till she passed. He said no, we could see it in time to get off the track. I got a little nervous and I think he was too; we were making good time, sometimes pulling up a short grade and sometimes coasting. We rounded quite a hill and the moon was not shedding any light on us; and all at once like a flash, there was a ball of fire staring us in the face; quick as a cat the foreman grabbed the arm that controlled the small wheel of the tricycle, and yanked us over in a pile. We were lying in a mudhole and the tricycle on top of us, waiting to hear the train go thundering by. After lying there a couple of minutes, the foreman raised up and said: "I will be darned if that light was NOT THE MOON." This was a good lesson to me. I learned that most of our troubles and fears is a "man-in-the-moon."



Falls of the Firehole River, Yellowstone Park



## CHAPTER II

### A BOY'S TROUBLES

At the opening of the Civil War, (in speaking of it please use the soft pedal on the word *Civil*) I was about five years old, being born in the South in 1856. My people lived on the battleground. We had "Rebs" for lunch and "Yanks" for dinner, and sometimes both at once; then we had a little scrap or a running match. Well, between the two armies, it was hard to know whether you would have anything to eat the next morning or not. They, in turn, foraged on us so often, that the *pigs never got ripe, and a hen was a stranger at our house for four years*; the old one-eared, club-footed mule was all we had left in the way of saddle stock, and we rode him bareback. The soldiers convinced us that we did not need a saddle, at least they needed it worse than we did (they thought). Cows? well, yes: there was one in our neighborhood, but she had been trained to run everytime she saw a blue coat. There was an old man in our neighborhood who had a mule. He was so afraid the Union soldiers would get his mule, that he used to put on a

blue coat and a Yankee cap, then get a brush and thrash the mule for half an hour; he would then turn him loose and run after him with his blue coat on. The mule soon got so wise that a regiment of soldiers could not corral him. The old Reb figured right, this procedure saved the mule. The brass buttons on the soldiers coats did not look so good to my untrained eye as they do to the sixteen-year-old girls of today. I was just about big enough to be scared within an inch of my life everytime the soldiers appeared upon the scene, and when they got to shooting around the house, I would go under the trundle bed with the cats. In the fall of 1862, the Federals were passing our house and the General saw our pen of fat hogs; it did not take him long to decide that it was a good place to camp. Well, the next morning all we had left of the hogs was the hair and toe nails. Did they pay for them? Well, not yet! but that was *only fifty-one* years ago. Perhaps Uncle Sam may have an enlargement of the heart yet. Our friend, Post, of Battle Creek, lived in the wrong day. He now has to advertize to induce people to buy postum; if he had been doing business in the South in the sixties, his stock of drinks would have been bankrupt in a week. In those days there were old women in the South, who would have knitted a pair of wool socks for a drink

of coffee. There was one bad thing about the war; it destroyed our sense of taste. For four years we could not distinguish the difference between sugar and salt. But all of our friends did not desert us. We had an old neighbor who could pass through the federal lines; he went to Nashville, Tenn., and brought us some coffee and salt. He did not advertise cut rates, but stood pat, five dollars a pound for coffee, and fifty dollars a barrel for salt. He sold out his stock the first night, and the next morning the soldiers could not have found a pound of either article with a search warrant.

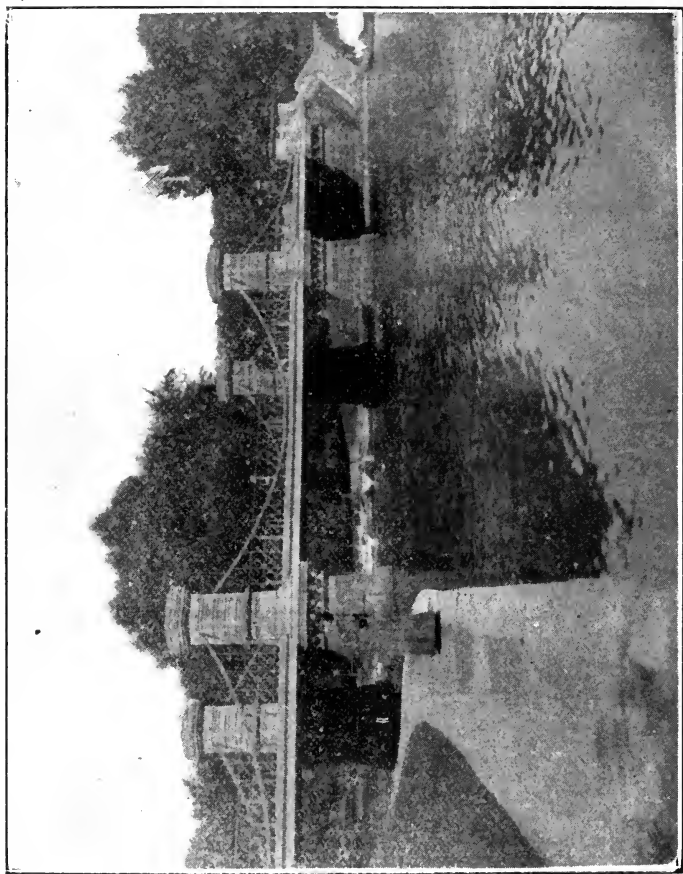
We became more expert in hiding things than a chipmunk. Barrels of molasses, loads of corn, cows and horses all disappeared; as for a ham of meat, if we got hold of one, it vanished as quickly as if a magician was manipulating it. I give you these incidents to show you that we needed no moving picture shows to amuse us. And now you ask why the South does not vote the Republican ticket? With all these pleasant memories still lingering in my mind, I decided to see some of the world while I was still quite young. I went to Florida and here fell in with a gentleman from Manchester, N. H. We conceived the idea of collecting mockingbirds and taking them to the northern market. We were successful in getting a great many

young birds. Here is where I took my first lessons in raising a family; we drew straws to see who would be cook, and who should be nurse. I got the short straw and the babies. I have often heard women pitied when they had to take care of twin babies, but I had no sympathetic tears shed for me, when I had to nurse four hundred young mocking-birds; and they had more different kinds of complaints than an old maid; and when begging for food, could make more noise than forty parrots; and eat more than a drove of ostrich. For sixteen hours a day I would feed four hundred gaping mouths, making the rounds about every-two hours, and feeding every patient by hand. At last the time came to ship. We took train to Savannah, Ga., and from here a boat for Boston. Now for an experience: the old man with me had asthma and could not help me much, but that did not make a great deal of difference after two hours. I did not care whether the birds died or not. I had troubles of my own, and I was not the only one; three of my comrades and myself spent considerable time at the rear of the boat feeding the porpoise.

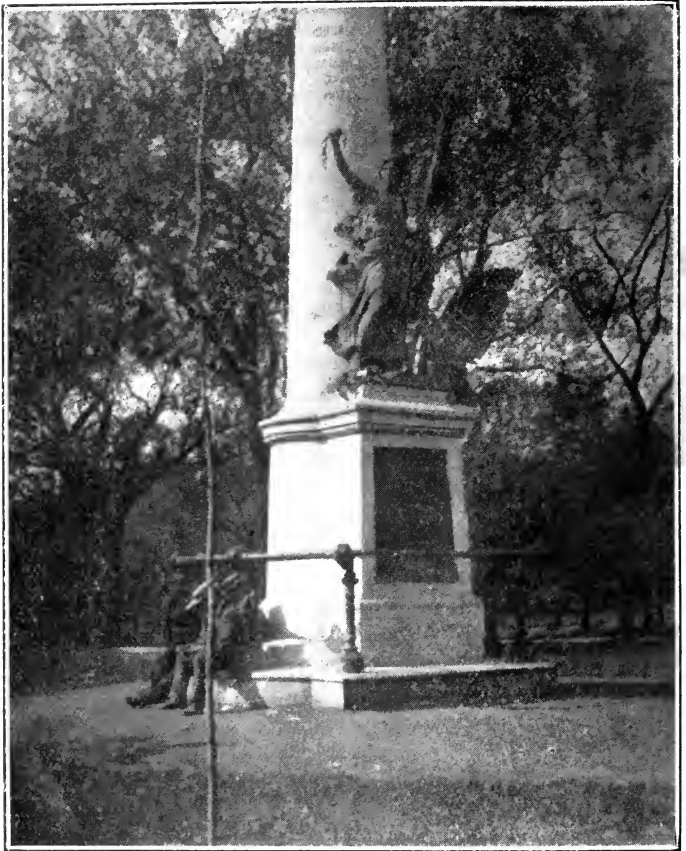
But get back to my family, I found them with all sorts of troubles; so serious were the troubles, that the funeral processions were too close together to be observed with courtesy. We decided toward the last not to strap them

to a board and tie a rock to their feet. Well we got to Manchester, N. H., with a few birds; and, of course, they were all *males and good singers*. We advertised that we were going out of business, but this was hardly necessary, another week would have closed us out anyway, as our birds had contracted vermin on board the vessel, and we doped them with grease and sulphur, arsenic or strychnine would have been better, at any rate more humane. Well, this was a good starter for a boy on his first venture, but I had learned how to nurse babies, but not how to doctor them. After disposing of my crop of Jenny Linds, I was asked to take in a soldiers' reunion at N. Weare, N. H. I took the matter under consideration for a couple of days. I had not seen any blue coats for ten years, and I could hardly make up my mind to renew their acquaintance. I had a vivid recollection of how they broke up my old gray hen's nest, and took all the apples and peaches before they got ripe; but at last I decided to bury the hatchet and be a good Indian. When I got off the train at North Weare, I went up by the kitchen tent, where I spied a pot of pork and beans; and, when I caught the delicious and appetizing odor of those beans, (I had never seen nor inhaled the odor of baked beans before, but thought I could learn to love them without much

trouble)— but about this time I caught sight of the blue coats. It was a question in my mind, whether I should stay and eat the pork and beans; or hike for the hills to save my scalp. After taking the second look, the men and the coats did not look as tough as the ones I had seen in the South; so I decided to stay and eat brown bread and beans and drink real coffee, not the kind we drank during the war (*burnt wheat*) and so it came about that I got on speaking terms with the "Yanks" and finally made up. I found them to be real men, men who had a heart and soul; so I decided that their little pranks in the South were only the legitimate spoils of war; but still I could not help wondering why the soldier took my *little red socks in 1863*. I had a notion to ask one of them if he did not have a boy about my age, that liked red socks. While at the reunion, I contracted the mumps, but did not know it for a few days. In the meantime, I had gotten acquainted with a nice little Yankee Lassie. She wanted to show the Southern "Kid" what a nice blueberry patch they had. I had been boasting as to how I could eat blueberries; and, to make my assertions good, I took about half a pint in my mouth and proceeded to make a wine press of myself. I did not do it but once. I found out that mumps and blueberries would not mix. I did not want my



Boston Commons



Liberty Breaking Chains of Slavery, Boston



girl to think that I was a tenderfoot, or a "piker," so I told her that those were not the kind of blueberries I liked. There was plenty of persuasion brought to bear, that blueberries were good for a young man, but all this flowery talk was of no avail. I cut my acquaintance, and "hiked" for the Doctor ship.

Leaving New Hampshire and the berry fields, I drifted down to Boston, at least it was in some place where the people spoke broken English; and you have to employ a private detective to take you around town, and he has to carry a Rand-McNally map, so he can bring you back to the place where you started. I thought the town was awful nice; but I did not like to start for a walk and meet myself coming back. The people have the reputation of being energetic. I suppose this is right, but my observation is, that a man has to be a good guesser, also—he surely has to guess whether he is coming or going. Lord Cornwallis' pigs must have had the blind staggers when they were employed to survey out the streets in this town. I like the snap and vinegar of the Bostonian, *he sleeps on his arms* (if he sleeps at all). He has reduced his routine of business to a system; he can tell you to a penny, what it will cost to manufacture an article and to put it on the market. He is an expert at figuring imports and discounts, and is posted on the markets of the

world. He will take up a small thing, and make it a big one, by his snap, and perseverance. He also has a taste for the beautiful. There are some elegant parks and statuary



Washington Statue, Boston

in this city, that would be a credit to any nation. From Boston I headed for the sunny South, and stopped off at Yorktown, Va., and took in the centennial celebrating the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. Here I made my first acquaintance with a gentleman of the road (I mean the light-fingered gentleman). I was attending a show; he borrowed my



Capitol Building, Boston, Draped in Mourning for President McKinley



Soldiers' Monument, Boston Commons

watch when I was not looking, and did not take my address: therefore, did not return it. Here, too, I learned the beauties of sleeping in the open air. There was no hotel in town, and the people who lived there did not care to form our acquaintance, so we introduced ourselves to the fodder stack. Is it all right? I guess so, beats a feather bed, but makes more noise when you turn over, than a two dollar spring mattress; but this is all compensated for when the farmer routs you out in the morning. You do not have to dress yourself, but it is well enough to look out for the bull dog. We got enough of Yorktown in twenty-four hours, and a lot of us young fellows pulled out for the South. We checked up when we got to Welden, N. C. There was a county fair going on here, so we loaded up on red lemonade and peanuts; and started out to have a good time. I guess we had it, for the whole bunch was "pinched." Fortunately for us, the jail had been burned a few days before, and we were sent to the court house with a deputy sheriff as guard. Well, that night was the time of our lives; we were all good Indians until the deputy sheriff fell asleep, sitting on the floor with his back to the door; we proceeded to steal his gun and hide it. Then we woke him up, and in the meantime we had ascertained that our room had been used for band practice,

and the instruments of "persecution" were still at hand. Our Deputy informed us that he was the trombone man. Well, we selected about a dozen of our party who had good lungs, but not much musical talent, *but they were willing to learn*. So we proceeded to render some of the popular airs. I guess we did fairly well, but there was no one to throw bouquets; it was a little *too early in the morning*, being about four a. m. In about an hour the high sheriff showed up and found that we had *captured the outpost*. He took in the situation, formed our acquaintance, treated us to breakfast and interceded in our behalf, so we could go on our way rejoicing.

## CHAPTER III

### LOVE, MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE

Love rules the world, from the fact that love in some form enters into every phase of life. When we speak of love we do not only refer to the love between the sexes, but in a general way include everything that man desires and longs for.

You can select fifty people from a crowd and no two have the same desires and ambitions. They do not love the same objects, and their love is bestowed in different degrees of intensity. Some love fame; others, music; and still others, flowers, scenery, learning, money, etc. But this is not the general acceptance of the word. When we speak of love, we are supposed to refer to that inexpressible, consuming desire that is felt for the object of one's affection. Love is melody, harmony and congeniality, shedding light and luster over the present and the future. Pure love has an elevating effect, gives rise to unbounded hopes and aspirations.

It is said that "Love is blind." She may not be blind, but she surely wears glasses, and they must be pink ones at that; because everything looks rose-hued; and I guess there

is no denying the fact, that the *bug* is larger in *women* than in *men*. Women love to distraction. Their love triumphs over reason, scorns all advice; precepts and examples count for nothing! Nothing short of a hypodermic will quiet a woman in love, and when she recovers she will be raving again. She embarks her whole soul on the voyage of affection. The object of her love is always a criterion and the embodiment of perfection.

Let us not criticise this absorbing, consuming passion. It has brightened some of the darkest scenes the world ever knew; it has, in thousands of cases, redeemed the most profligate and placed in their bosoms noble aspirations; it has brought forth deeds of valor, honor and integrity! Love forgives injuries, smooths the road to victory, and lightens many a burden.

Man's love is different from woman's. He may love as intensely, but it does not occupy his mind so much.

“Man's love is of his life a thing apart,  
'Tis woman's whole existence.”

A man's mind is filled with business and cares of the world. Chasing the \$ he is ever ascending or descending the hill of fortune or fame. Love is an oasis to rest, and quench his thirst and prepare for greater exertions.



## LOVE CLASSIFIED

The word "Love" is the most abused and misunderstood, of any in the English language. If everything was love that is called love, this world would be a paradise. If I were asked to define the word I would divide it into four parts: First, a mother's love; second, love by association; third, love between the sexes; fourth, *no love at all*.

There is no question but that the mother's love for her child is the purest, the most steadfast and unselfish of any love. This devotion is generated in the wellspring of instinct, and cannot be polluted or destroyed. A mother's faith in her child cannot be shaken. She is willing to sacrifice comfort, health, position, even life itself, for her offspring. Here is love *undefiled*.

Next, love by association. By this I mean the affection that is instilled by constant companionship for many years. It may be between friends; it may be between husband and wife. This love is deeply rooted from the fact that the parties learn to adore each others' dispositions. They love the principles and the sentiments; they love the actions and the intents of the friend or companion. This is the second purest love known to the human family.

Third is the love between the sexes. This is a love that is panicy. It is an unknown

quantity. It often acts like an oil well—flows strong when first tapped, but diminishes very fast and dries up in a few years. My advice is, where the flow is strong, to *strain* a lot of it, *preserve it*, and place in storage to draw on when the *atmosphere gets chilly*. This kind of love is often measured by self-interest and is spasmodic. It is much like water in that you cannot expose it to the cold; it will congeal. It should be kept warm, but not hot enough to produce a fever. Use a thermometer composed of equal parts of caution and good sense. Love will not mix with selfishness, sarcasm, neglect or jealousy. You should be careful about keeping it corked too tight; it may sour; if it sours you will have to work it over and the grade will never be up to the standard. I would suggest to the young married man that he only have one cook in the family; and ascertain before you make a trade with her, if she has been through the kindergarten. Take no chances; your stomach is valuable. If you ever lose your head and marry the second time, I would advise you to arrange it so that you get some money out of the deal. Widows and widowers often make good helpmeets, but *warmed over love* is like cranberry-pie—not very sweet.

Fourth. Under this head I want to warn all young people to be very careful and sure. *Quite a number of sentiments* can be placed

under the head of love. First, examine yourself; why do you love the man or woman? What good qualities have they? Are they enduring? Is it sentiment? Will they be an honor to me in the future? Is he or she marrying me for *myself*, or for *my money*? What other motive outside of love could prompt an acceptance of me? If you cannot answer these questions to your own satisfaction, drop the proposition like a hot potato! If you allow yourself to be influenced, you will be carried beyond your reason. Love is like the measles; it has different stages of development; and when the fever gets high it is contagious and the patient loses his head. Reason is a thing of the past. I have known of cases where the lover had no more sense than a *mad hog*; and after they had been married twelve months they had a second spell, but this time it was to get to the divorce court. Now this is not true love. True love has a different origin. It was merely an overwhelming desire to mate.

### MARRIAGE

“Didn’t the bride look sweet?”

“Yes, she had on the prettiest dress I ever saw.”

“I never saw her look so beautiful before.”

“They should have had their picture taken.”

These and kindred remarks are heard at the wedding. How many reflect that this is the beginning of the voyage of life, possibly, with rough seas ahead. Do not make too many predictions; this is a new craft, and the captain is not familiar with the disposition of his mate. Single life has its trials, and when two are yoked together the trials may be multiplied by two. When two calves are yoked together they sometimes pull in opposite directions. If each one does his part, and there are no rivers of trouble to ford, no cacti or thorns grow in their path, all is well.

“This old world we live in  
Is mighty hard to beat;  
There is a thorn for every rose—  
But aren't those roses sweet?”

The romantic ideas of young people drop faster after marriage than the mercury when the thermometer is carried from the hot-house to the refrigerator. I do not know that this makes much difference, for romance is only the spice of life; and there is no spice needed in Johnny-cake, or the 43 varieties of breakfast foods. After they have been married a year, the girl learns that she has only an everyday man, and the man discovers, that he has a woman instead of an angel, and that her feet are cold as those of a frog. She may be as pretty as she ever was, but now

he looks out of the window on a *Sunday afternoon*. He may be as strong as he ever was, but he does not see the necessity of holding the umbrella. Sometimes they both wonder what has become of the rainbow!

Do not imagine for a moment that you know each other before marriage; you only get acquainted with each other's clothes, veneer and smiles. People who are thinking of getting married should try to expect little, then divide this by two, and they will not be disappointed later. High hopes, with visions of luxury in the background, has wrecked many a matrimonial craft. The man or woman does not live who has no faults. You must expect to find them. Not only this, but you will find traits of character that you never *dreamed of*. These traits may not be bad in themselves, but they will surprise, and maybe shock you. Now, the best and only thing to do is to make allowances. Now is the time to use charity at home. *Bottle up your advice* and put it in cold storage, to be used ten years hence; use your *sarcasm* on the dog; and *kick* the cat when you get angry. When you have learned to know each other, and difficulties arise, you will know whether to charge, fire or retreat. It is not always the people who say nice things about each other, that get along best. As you grow old together, you should learn to love each other's

characters. Married life has its trials and you must expect to meet and overcome them. The ardent love of youth will cool; but you will still love each other, with less fervency perhaps, but greater thoughtfulness and consideration. Wealth has nothing to do with your happiness. "Lovers in privation will be partners in wealth." Those who are considerate, very seldom have to resort to the divorce courts. Financial troubles are the cause of more separations than jealousy. The first thing to discuss after marriage is how much money you can afford to spend. Let this amount be thoroughly understood, and each resolve to live within your means. If one is inclined to be frugal, honest and energetic; the other slothful and profligate and a bad manager, you had better have a guardian appointed at once. No man or woman can enjoy life if they are *spending more* than their *income*. True love delights in self-denial, and is always watching for a chance to perform some act of personal attention. If that act is appreciated, the service will never stop and you will not be required to *tip the waiter*. But I would advise you to retaliate in appreciation and affection.

Marriage is Nature's own law. It is the mating of the sexes, call it what you please. Every human being that is of sound mind and sound body should mate, but be sure

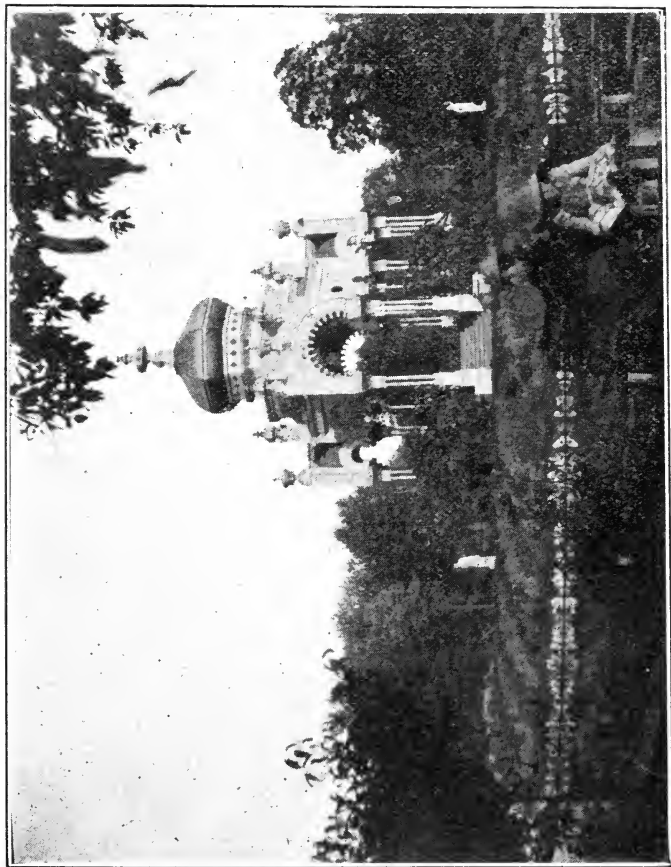
that you and your affinity both have a sound physical body. Look to this, that the one you are about to select has no inherited defects, that the family are not consumptives or afflicted with cancer, that the proposed partner for life is your equal mentally and socially, not above nor below you; and that the man is capable of earning enough money, to keep a wife in as good togs as she has been accustomed to while living with her parents. Do not get your sights too high. I would hate to see you *fall*. Do not place too much stress upon the honeymoon; *all moons change*. Try to learn in advance the disposition of your proposed mate. Be polite; be a gentleman; be a lady; be considerate; attend do your own business; give the wife her way in the house; allow the husband to transact all outside business; if he is not competent to transact the business, *do not marry him*.

I see divorce in a different light from most people. Do not marry for money. If you happen to get money in the deal, do not abuse it; do not kill the goose that laid the golden egg. The one who has the money at the time of marriage has a right to control it afterwards. If you have married for money, and cannot get along with your partner, and you sue for divorce and alimony, do not get me on the jury, for I have formed an opinion. If you have made an honest

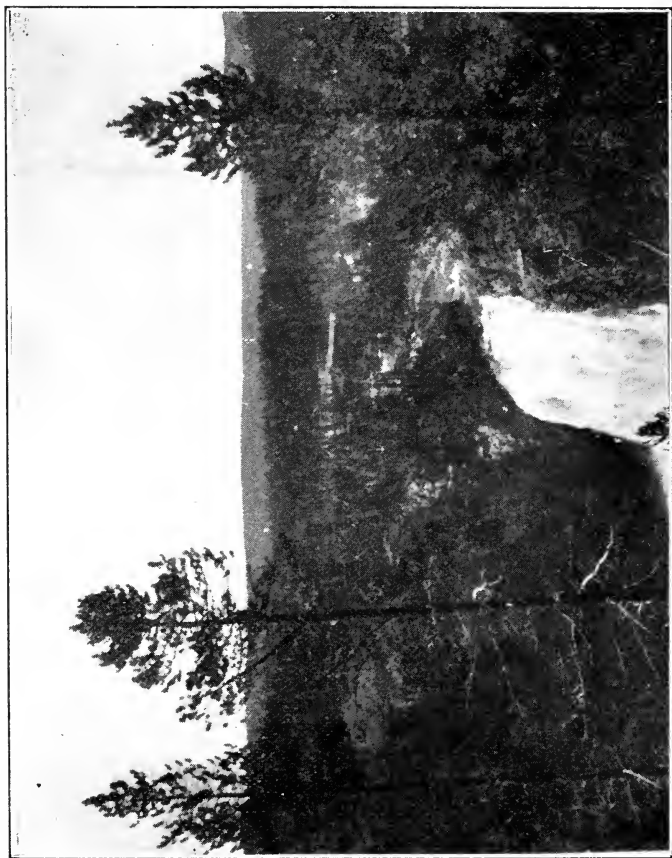
marriage, and after a good and sufficient trial you find you cannot get along with your partner, offer to make an agreement, that neither of you shall remarry for a period of *five years* after the divorce, each one putting up a bond, to live up to this agreement, before the divorce proceedings are entered into. Now if both will stand hitched, it is pretty good evidence that there is no wire-pulling, or prospecting for the future. *Now I will help you get a divorce; you are entitled to it.*

But before you take the final step remember that you made one bad guess before; you may do the same thing over. You never know a man or woman until after you are married. Most people are like oysters, they will not bear close inspection.





Pagoda, Forest Park, St. Louis



Among the Pines

## CHAPTER IV

### SOCIAL PARASITES

If it were possible for inanimate objects to be the ancestors of human beings, we would surely ascribe Blasted Ambitions as the sire, and Discontent as the dam of the American Tramp. Here is a human being that should be pitied more than blamed. He should be assisted by state and municipal authorities. He should be given work, with a fair remuneration, and taught the dignity of labor. *Now do not smile*, I well know that this is a difficult task; but by systematic training, a man can be educated to appreciate the good and grand in any position, or walk of life. If all states would take a concerted action to provide work; and have competent men in charge to see that each man under his care was treated respectfully, yet forced to work under a penalty, it would be the greatest help that could possibly be given these misguided, and dissatisfied individuals.

Charity, as applied today, is the most abused virtue known to the human race. Charity, when improperly bestowed, becomes

a curse, and does an injury, greater than the misery or degradation it sought to relieve. Charity is the father of leeches, and the godfather of impostors; this is so in many walks of life. There are thousands of people and societies today that are public charges, sucking the red blood of honest toil of the duped but well-meaning American citizens. Thousands of people are denying themselves and their families the comforts of life, in order that they may donate to some charitable institution, while the officers of that institution are living in luxury; and actually smiling at your ignorance. And after you have given your support for a period of time, they become indignant if you refuse to continue supporting them. I heard of a beggar who called on a certain business man every month for his toll. He called one month and the gentleman was absent. The next month when he called and received his pay he said to the merchant:

“If you have occasion to be out of town again the first of the month, you will please make arrangements with your clerk to pay me my fifty cents.”

A gentleman in a certain town was looking for a washwoman. He went into an out-of-the-way street where a lot of colored people lived. He found several of the women sitting on the doorsteps talking. He approached

them and asked if they did not want some work.

“What kind of work you got?”

“We want a washwoman to do our family washing.”

“Oh, we colored ladies don’t want such work as that.”

“Have you employment at the present time?”

“No; we isn’t lookin’ fo’ work!”

“What do you do for a living?”

“Say, mister, yo’-all ain’t lived in this town long, is you? We have Associated Charities here.”

You may think you are doing a good deed when you present a tramp with a hand-out, but it is only a premium you are giving him as a reward for his laziness. By all means do something for him if possible, but teach him that there is no excellence without labor; teach him that work is the parent of enjoyment; teach him that work is honorable and positively essential for his well-being, for contentment of mind, and healthful state of the body; teach him with dignity and firmness that he must not be a parasite. A tramp, as a rule, is nobody’s fool; he has learned the knack of separating the tender-hearted housewife from her cold meat and stale bread, and sometimes he gets a piece of pie. For this he says he is willing to cut some wood; but the

tramp and the axe have had a family difficulty and the tramp is now on his dignity and will not deign to recognize his former associate, unless by chance he meets his old partner in the alley or backyard when no one is looking; then possibly they will go arm in arm down the back street to the pawnshop.

But while professional tramps are very energetic in their calling, they have never secured a monopoly on the business. There is another class that should take out incorporation papers as the boss grafters. As for capital, they have an abundance—a billion dollars of nerve, a half-million of cheek, and two hundred and fifty thousand of impudence, all paid-up capital. This is what might be called a private snap, as all the stockholders hold a lifetime membership. There are no assessments in any form, though there are a great many monthly dues; but these dues are all liquidated by giving fair promises. When the promise is made, they agree to pay you in Uncle Sam's money; but when the fixed date of payment rolls round, they give you a *nerve check* on their bank. Now you need not be in a hurry about depositing this check for fear of the party overdrawing his account; the more he draws on it the bigger it gets. And their paper should be good, as everybody has it. They have given their checks to the grocer, coal-man, landlord, and drygoods man.

They are so liberal they shove them onto everybody. But still they have a lot left, and they are willing to exchange them for any commodity that you may happen to have; they will buy anything that is loose at one end. As for date of payment, that does not interest them. They are very resourceful since they have so many kinds of money: first, there are plain promises; second, nerve; third, cheek; fourth, gall; fifth, impudence; and sixth, indifference. Now, they will give you these checks on the installment plan, or all at once if you prefer. Then they are very liberal in paying interest on their indebtedness; they do not object to your compounding the interest, if you will take your pay in "white lies."

This last mentioned herd of parasites are more numerous than tramps, and wear far better clothes. Yes, you can often find them in *select society*. The only difference between this class and the tramp is; the former have learned all the tricks of the trade and work their game scientifically; in fact, they have reduced it to a science. If they used half as much tact in *paying their debts* as they do to *avoid payment*, they could own a farm and have it stocked with four-year-old steers.

## CHAPTER V

### GRIT

It is the desire of the writer to benefit mankind in general, and the rising generation in particular. If we can be the means of pointing the way, or giving encouragement to the disheartened or baffled young man or woman, we feel that we have done more for humanity than in willing to them a legacy of the perishable goods of man. We claim that will, self-reliance and determination, are the best heritages that can be bestowed on the rising generation. To substantiate this assertion, I want to relate a TRUE STORY, *the correctness of which I can vouch for, being personally acquainted with the hero and heroine.*

The hero, Bob Moore, was of Scotch-Irish descent. His forefathers settled in North Carolina away back in the 16th century. In these early pioneer days, they learned the principles of self-reliance and determination was their *only stock in trade*. Bob had heard his father speak of the trials of these old ancestors more than once; the idea of relying upon ones self was instilled into him from early childhood. His father was an old Southern



planter, owning a good plantation and a number of slaves. The family was not what would be called aristocratic by any means, but were good livers and well respected. But the little "unpleasantness" between the North and South in the sixties, left the Moore family in straitened circumstances. Their slaves were freed, stock destroyed and fences burned by the two contending armies; and to add to this, Bob's father had sold the plantation during the war and accepted in payment the Confederate money, which, as you know, was not worth five cents a thousand after the surrender at Appomatox. The only thing left was four strapping boys with good health and a father with experience to direct their efforts; they did not have this father long, he passed away a few years after the close of the war.

At the age of sixteen, Bob found himself and his aged mother the sole occupants of the house and farm, which had been paid for since the war, the other brothers having married and left home. Bob had been teased by his older brothers—accused of being lazy, and called a "sissy boy." But now his "coat came off"—he was in the fields at sunrise and stayed until dark. In a few years he had accumulated several hundred dollars and had made a reputation in his neighborhood for honesty and frugality.

About this time Bob met a rosy-cheeked

lassie with a buoyant step and a sparkling eye. She, also, was an orphan. Her earthly wealth consisted of good parentage, fine health, determination and ability as a first-class housekeeper—principles good enough to found a nation upon. Well, Susie and Bob decided to get married. If they had known the breakers ahead they might have hesitated, though I doubt it, as they were both made of the kind of material that laughs at difficulties, and delights in work. The ceremony was simple; no flowers or silver. Yes, there was a wedding trip, but it was a trip to duty and the battle of life.

They had decided to build their own boat and set it afloat—paddling their own canoe, so to speak. So they cut the cable that bound them to their native home and state. They drifted westward with the tide, and anchored in one of the large cities in the Mississippi Valley. There were no friends to welcome them, but instead the cold realities of city life. They brought no furniture and their household effects were packed in their trunks, their only wealth being a few hundred dollars in cash that had been laid up for a rainy day, *which was now at hand.*

Bob decided to go into a certain commission business and in order for him to have capital to operate with it was thought best to buy no furniture for the time being. He

rented a place of business, and after consultation they decided that one room could be utilized for a bedroom. In the meantime they had gotten acquainted with a woman by the name of "Teresa"—(I do not know that I ever heard her last name)—who offered to rent them a bedstead, dresser and a few chairs for \$1.50 per month. This looked good so Bob closed the deal. As there was no place to do light housekeeping in their apartments, they made arrangements to take their meals at a small French restaurant nearby.

Now, the business that Bob branched out in happened to be in the same line and in competition with the business of a former employer in the East. This business was of national scope, and Bob expected to get customers from every state in the union. A good deal of advertising was required, and as soon as his first circulars were sent out, some of them evidently fell into the hands of his old employer. *At once schemes were concocted to run him out of business.* Men were employed in different parts of the United States to harass him. These parties wrote letters and asked impertinent questions as to his standing and the amount of business he was doing, etc. Bob, being in a strange land, and having no backing but his energy, could not give satisfactory answers. This was used as a club against him, and the blows fell thick

and fast, *administered by a skillful hand*. At the end of three months, Bob could see that he was losing ground. While he was getting in a little money, his expenses were like an eating cancer, penetrating to the vital organs day by day. The expense of advertising, stamps, house rent and board were a continual drain on his treasury, like worm holes in a molasses barrel. Then, the bombardment from his old employer's fort had penetrated his gallant little ship, and he could feel it sinking beneath his feet, without a life-boat on board. But still he would not ask for quarter, nor would he solicit the aid of former friends. He remembered the words of Commodore Perry: "Do not give up the ship."

Bob held a consultation with Susie, and found that she was willing to stand at Thermopylae, or to act the part of Mollie Pitcher—(to bring the powder and balls) while Bob handled the guns. But here was the great trouble, ammunition was running low, and enemies seemed to come from all directions. By and by Bob was unable to meet his board bill, and his rent was overdue, also "Teresa" demanded the rent on the furniture. The money was not to be had, so Bob and Susie gave up the bedstead and followed in the steps of their Briton forefathers by sleeping on the floor. Susie spread out some clean papers, then the comforts, and on these was laid the bed linen.

In a few days Bob succeeded in getting enough money together to buy at auction, a bedstead for eighty-five cents, and a couple of chairs. This relieved the sleeping situation, but did not stop the board bill from piling up. Something must be done at once. They bought a very small cook-stove and for a dining table they used a drygoods box. They economized in everything, even to postage stamps—there was never one used to write to either Bob's or Susie's people, TO ASK FOR HELP. But they did use postage stamps, or at least Bob did, for another purpose.

One evening Susie said: "Bob, we are entirely out of coal oil for the lamp; could you go to the store and get some?"

Now Bob had not revealed to her all the financial straits he was in. He picked up the empty can and started for the store, well knowing that he had not a cent in his pocket. He had never asked the groceryman for credit, and did not suppose that he could get it. Bob finally managed to ask for the kerosene, and while the can was being filled, his head was working. When the can was set down before him he proceeded to look for his money, without of course finding any; but he did run across some postage stamps and with the best grace possible under the circumstances offered the stamps in payment for the oil. They were accepted, and Bob

went back home, *trying to whistle* on the way. But the sun did not shine for a good many months for Bob and Susie. It seemed that all the world was arrayed against them. Did they grumble? No! But they took the shield of caution in one hand and the sword of defiance in the other and went forth to battle day after day.

At last Bob succeeded in getting hold of an article that he could handle to his satisfaction and make some money. From that time on things brightened up and such trials and difficulties as they had after that were as straws. They now had on the full armor and always *kept a reserve of ammunition*. Their bank account grew. Bob was promoted from time to time. Success now seemed to pour as heavily as adversity had a few years past.

Do you ask why this was so? It was because they had added experience to their determination and self-reliance. Here are three prerequisites that will *absorb troubles and crumble opposition*. These are the characters that seize the banner of prosperity and march in the ranks of Progress. The ranks of this regiment are not all filled. Volunteers are wanted! But none but royal sons and daughters need apply. This is a bodyguard to protect the homes of the American people and to surround them with comforts that are the just reward of old age.

## CHAPTER VI

### PROGRESS

Man by nature is a sociable animal, by instinct a trader, and by practice a "buttin-sky"—*unless restrained by the dignity of his position*. In pre-historic days man was kept corralled in certain bounds by custom, laws and conditions. Every tribe lived within themselves, and, while to some extent nomadic, were confined to certain bounds by lack of transportation. This small circumference made him clannish and reduced his power for progress and enlightenment. In those days there were no literary achievements nor commercial prestige. The only thing that afforded them progress was conquest by arms. When one tribe subdued another, there was an exchange of ideas and swapping of customs. This, in course of time, shed light on the understanding and man began to think! As time progressed, the arts and sciences found a footing, but oftentimes these were crushed by superstition; but the everlasting pounding at the door of man's intellect had its effect. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the door was sprung ajar, though still chained to its facing and propped with an iron bar. It was not until the nineteenth century that the hinges were oiled and made to swing both ways, so as to let out prejudice and super-

stition and to let in knowledge and progress. Since then Enlightenment has grown herself wings, and Commerce is pulled by the Iron Horse. The interchange of ideas has acted as a magic wand to civilize the world!

If a master brain today conceives an idea, in twenty-four hours it is wafted to the most remote islands of the globe, and is caught up, analyzed and harnessed to the plow of Industry. Clannishness is evaporating like the fog on the bay and the glorious light of Knowledge is peeping through the clouds and proclaiming the dawn of day. What has brought about this revolution? The interchange of ideas, and loosening of the shackles on the mind of man! Take away from us our telegraph, telephone, newspapers, public schools, railways, steamship lines, and the thousands of other improvements of the day. How long would we maintain our equilibrium and prestige? We would topple over like an egg set up on its end.

The invasion of nations and the force of arms are no longer needed to open the ports to the commerce of the world. The most backward and non-progressive nations of the globe are today welcoming the ships that fly the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes. *Friendship, Commerce, Enlightenment and Liberty* make a team that haul the bandwagon of Progress with more majesty and splendor

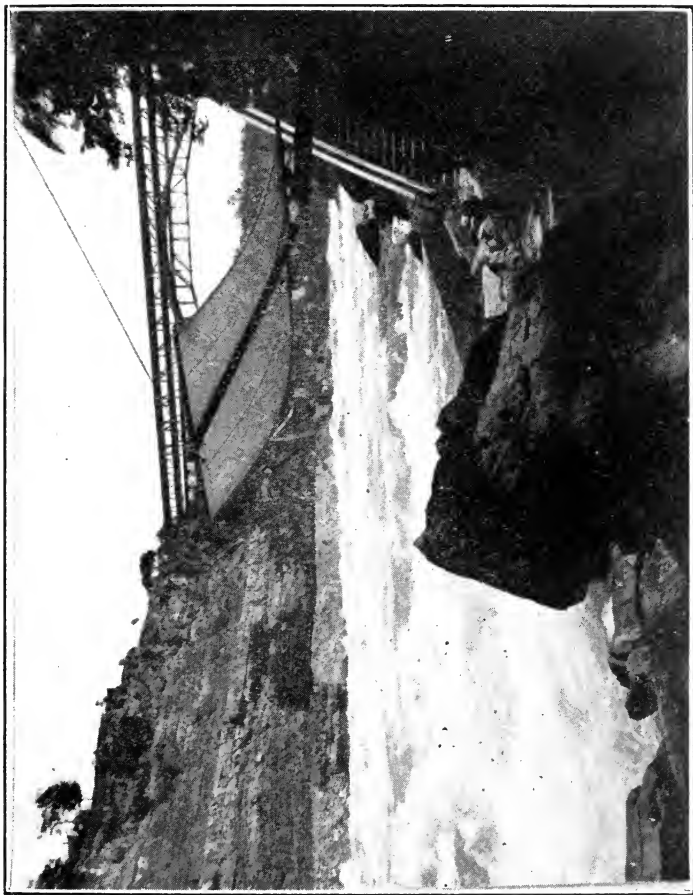


than was ever displayed by a procession of royal chariots in the amphitheatre at Rome. These four Royal steeds belong to no specific nation; neither are they guided by the hand of tyranny nor oppression, but are controlled by the magic word of enlightenment. Do you ask when the wheels of this Chariot of Progress will refuse to respond to the power of Commerce? *Not so long as the interest of man is at stake and Justice sits on the throne of Reason.* Progress in the nineteenth, twentieth and succeeding centuries is and will unfold as a beautiful rosebud, exposed to the light of Knowledge, and warmed by the rays of international friendship. Prejudice, Jealousy and Ignorance are not harbored in the heart of an enlightened man, neither can they find a resting place in the family of nations. All civilized powers are learning that great nations cannot be built on the ruins of others. The prestige welded by the union of nations will accomplish more than one vast empire divided against itself. Progress is not a will-o-the-wisp; but a fixed star of enlightenment that illuminates the path of practical men. The man or nation that refuses to be guided by this star is lost beyond redemption. As it takes a man a lifetime to build a character, so it has taken all Humanity thousands of years to erect this Statue of Progress to the Goddess of Liberty!

## CHAPTER VII

### NIAGARA AND THE EAST

While the eastern part of the United States is not so rich in scenery as the west, there are a few spots that are exceptionally beautiful, and one in particular is grand. On the Niagara river which is only twenty-six miles long and connecting Lake Erie with Lake Ontario, is the wonderful Niagara Falls, the most *powerful cataract on the face of the globe*. There has been so much written and said about this grand sight that I feel unable to do the subject justice; and will only attempt to give you some idea as to the magnitude of the falls. As for describing the beauty, or portraying the effect produced upon the beholder, I do not think there is an artist that can paint the former, or a Patrick Henry that could describe the latter. No one will ever form an adequate idea as to the emotions that will thrill him on beholding this sight, until he walks upon the brink and is transfixed and stands like a statue, and gazes with wonder and admiration upon the greatest *exponent of power on the face of the globe*. If you have a faculty to appreciate—the wonderful, the grand—the awe-inspiring,—the majestic,—the



The Rapids, Niagara River



American Falls, Niagara

powerful, here is a feast. If you can only appreciate the beautiful and the poetic, you had better wander into the mountains and see a Minnehaha or go to a hothouse and see a bed of roses trimmed with tulips. There is music on the banks of the Niagara, but not the kind that is written in a book or painted on flowers; it is the *music of thunder* and the war of the *artillery of power* that speaks of defiance to man and all nature. If a man thinks for a moment that he is wise and powerful, let him figure on the possibility of damming the torrent of the Niagara, here is a power that will sweep away the conception of an idea; here is a power that will not listen to the ingenuity or dictates of man. A small fraction of this torrent has been harnessed by man and is turning the turbines to electrify commerce. Stop and consider what could be accomplished if it was possible to utilize all of this force; it would generate enough electricity to *light the world*. There is water enough going over these falls to supply every city in America for domestic purposes. There is a breast of water passing over the American falls one thousand feet wide, and on the Canadian side there is one, two thousand feet wide. When this strikes the rocks one hundred and seventy feet below, it is dashed into spray, sending up a mist that at times seems like a heavy fog. While the Victoria Falls on

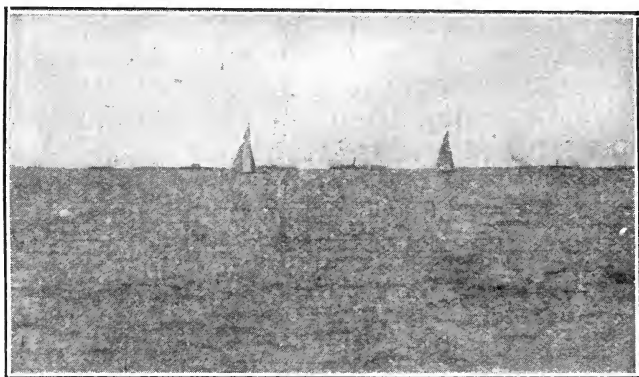
the Zambesi river in South America are much higher than the Niagara; there is not near the volume of water, though the mist arising from the compact, ascends much higher, often rising eight hundred feet and falling back in the form of rain. But when you have seen the Niagara you have seen the giant of them all. The falls of Yellowstone are considered more beautiful and picturesque, falling from a much higher precipice. But it has not the volume that carries with it, splendor and overpowering awe.

No less grand are the rapids below and above the falls. Here is another power as incalculable as time itself. We call this gravity. What is gravity? What are the fundamental principles that constitute gravity? All you can say is, "it is gravity!" It is the same force that controls the universe, that keeps each star and planet in its orbit, all revolving in a circle, whose degrees are marked by a hand of eternity. Thousands of people who visit the falls never see the grand whirlpool rapids. The whirling of the pool is caused by the water dashing into a great basin, then making an abrupt turn to the right. The terrific current striking the water in this basin keeps it turning like a squirrel turns the cylinder in his cage. This whirlpool is the stomach of the Niagara river; the victims that are swallowed, may be ground to atoms,

or with a great heave may be vomited into Lake Ontario. If the sound of Niagara's voice is too harsh for your ears, and your soul longs for rest, take a boat ride among the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. Here is beauty personified, reigning in harmony amid her attributes, beautiful islands, cheerful homes, hedged in by bowers that are trimmed by a skilful hand. Coves and nooks, cupids' rendezvous walks designed by a fairy's hand: if this could only feed the hungry it would attract a motley band! These nooks are the smiles in life to cheer us on our way. What a dreary desert it would be without these oases, and a fountain where flows the nectar of life! Our daily troubles and cares weigh us down; we need rest, recreation and play; we need the Venice, the gondola with its music, and a Cleopatra at our side.

But we cannot play all the time, so let us take in the great Metropolis of the Western Hemisphere, that is often called Gotham. To a man unfamiliar with the business world, here is a revelation. The hub of commerce, what does it mean?—developing of ideas,—swapping of goods,—exchanging of confidence, for commercial necessities. If it were possible to see all the wares that are bought and sold in New York City in one day, piled up in one great heap, what would we have? a junk shop? a Noah's ark? No! But enough lux-

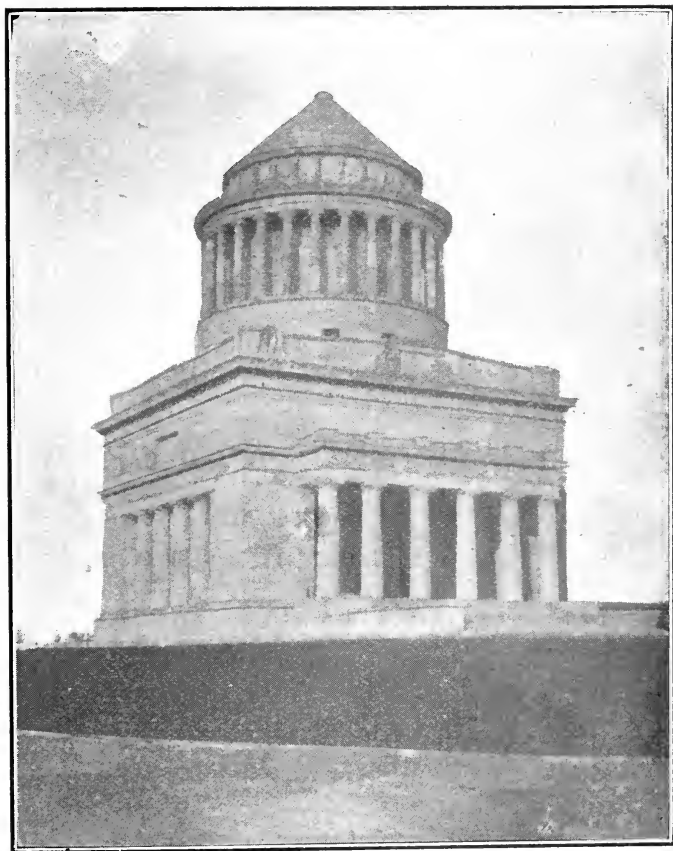
uries to satisfy the most rapacious monarch on the globe, for the rest of his days, enough provisions and clothing to supply Hannibal's Army for ten years, enough wagons, buggies, machinery and autos to build a monument higher than Liberty's tower. Never let me hear you say that you are living in a poor



Race Between the Shamrock and Columbia

down-trodden and neglected country! New York is not only great in a commercial way, but in many others. Here is the money center of America; here are representatives of nearly every important interest of the world; here are located some of the grandest institutions of the country; from here, in a thousand channels, vibrates the news of the globe; from here thousands of ships sail to





Grant's Tomb, New York



Cleopatra's Needle, Central Park, N. Y.

every country beneath the sun; and from here the electric wave of prosperity is sent vibrating over three thousand miles of the most prosperous country that is known to civilized man. Never expose your ignorance by saying that America is not progressive and that her institutions are not the best on the face of the globe! New York has many places of interest for the tourist and pleasure seeker. Go to the battery and visit the aquarium; go to the piers and see the ships come in laden with their burden of commerce and humanity; go to the museums and art galleries and see the work of the masters; go to the theaters and see a real theatrical star; yes, and go to the Zoo and see your "brother!" When you are weary of walking and looking in the city, come and go with me to Coney Island. I have money that has never been spent. I will take you through the maze, and onto the roller coaster, the ocean waves; I will put you on the skates, yes, take you through the Isle of Childhood and bring you out a younger man. I have never forgotten how to play.

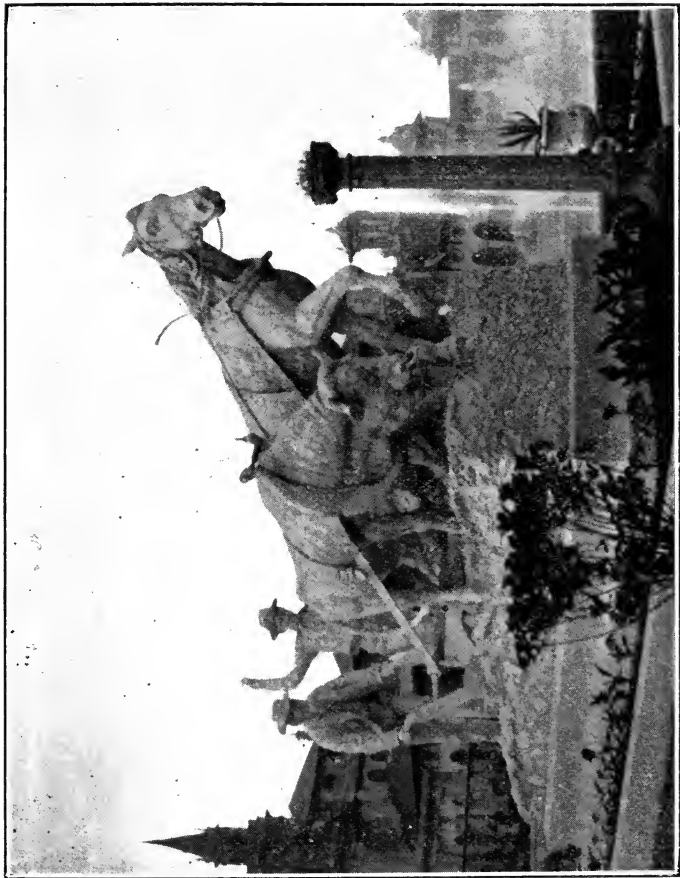
I would like to have every true American visit the old historic town of Philadelphia. This town rocked the cradle of freedom, when independence was a helpless babe. Here the Minute man had his rifle in one hand and patriotism in the other; here the old liberty bell first tolled the tidings of freedom

to an oppressed world. While the tones of this old bell were heard only in Philadelphia, its vibration was felt from the equator to the poles, and still the end not yet! I would have you walk into Carpenter Hall, view the walls that once echoed to the voice of Patrick Henry; lay your hand upon the chairs, where the fathers of our country sat and unravelled the web of oppression, and wove the cap of liberty! Now take a walk of a couple of blocks to Independence Hall, and cast your eyes on the original portraits of the men who dared stand for the right. If we could but realize what fortitude, what deep-rooted love of liberty these men must have had: think of these fifty-six men, representing a weak and scattered band of revolutionists with Tories in their midst what courage they must have had to affix their names to a document that meant treason to the mother country! When they wrote their names they knew it meant liberty or death. "He is at this time transporting armies of foreign mercenaries to complete the work of death, desolation and tyranny."—Were they daunted; were their nerves racked with fear? For your answer look upon the signature of John Hancock and read determination in every line. You might as well try to stop the rush of the rapids of Niagara, as to try to stop such men in the performance of their duty. They were no

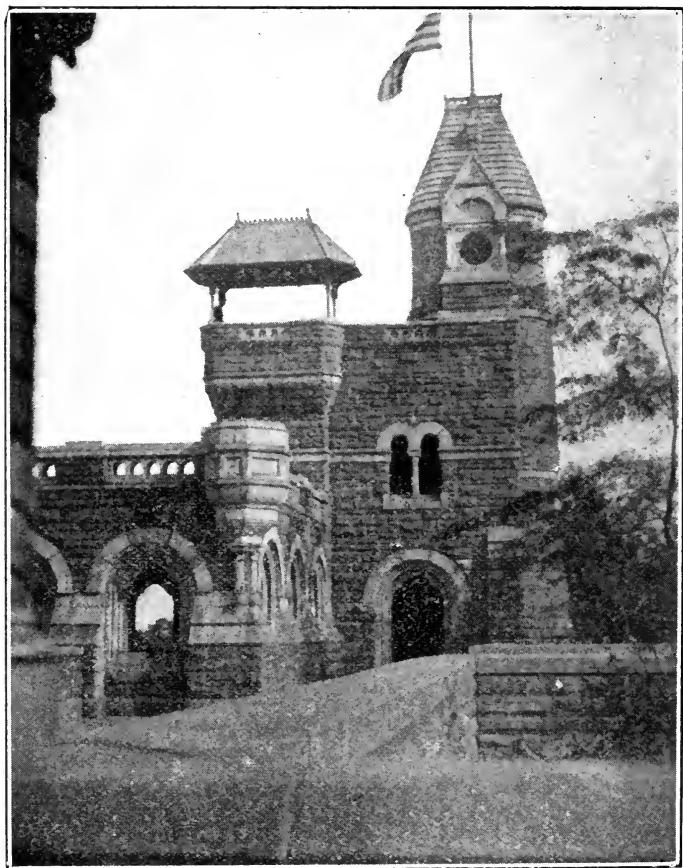
mercenary grafters, seeking for the spoils of office; there was no room in their hearts for selfishness; they were overflowing with the spirit of freedom, which penetrated the air and was breathed by every loyal son of America. The institutions they established, and the buildings they congregated in should be revered by every man that calls America his home. Long stand Carpenter and Liberty Halls! their walls speak to us of trials and triumphs; they stand as a sacred monument to a progressive and civilized world.

There is a village of 300,000 on the banks of the Potomac that I want to call your attention to. It can boast of no great commercial conquest, neither are its private vaults groaning with an over load of bonds and securities; though there is one vault in this city that would satisfy the greed of a Vandal; this vault is called in the English language the United States Treasury. If you had the revenue received here in one day, you could go on a fishing trip and stay all summer; and if you can make arrangements with Uncle Sam to lease the machinery (and privileges) for making those nice crisp twenty-dollar bills, I would like to have the job of counting them, just to see how they feel. Uncle Sam is a good old sport, he will give you one of these bright new bills for your old torn and ragged one, then he takes that old ragged one and

grinds it up into pulp to make miniature Washington monuments. I have one of these toys that cost me twenty-five cents and it has a tag on the bottom that says, "estimated amount of bills in this monument \$5,000." This is the cheapest money I ever bought; no man need complain of hard times when he can get that much money for twenty-five cents. If you are mechanically inclined and have *six months* time that you can spare, I would like to take you through the Patent office. I will show you inventions from cambric needles to traction engines; here are thousands of ideas consummated into complete working models, patented by the greatest geniuses the world has ever known. I will also show you the clumsy and awkward model gotten up by the novice. Here you can see thousands of impractical ideas that are absolutely worthless, though the author of them often thinks they should revolutionize the world. Every line and branch of business is here represented, but it is like a street car, it is never full; there is not another patent office on the globe that has issued one-half the patents that ours has. The Yankee is the most original thinker and the most resourceful of any nationality in the world; his mind is ever at work, and it usually brings forth fruit in abundance. There has been more progress made in the last seventy-five years than was



Statuary, Buffalo Exposition



Waterworks Gateway, New York



made in three thousand years before. There is not a line of business but has gone forward by leaps and bounds. If it were possible for one of our forefathers of two hundred years ago to wake up, he would be willing to take oath that he never lived in this country. You cannot compare the last seventy-five or one hundred years with any other period in the world's history; it stands alone and aloof, like a monument erected to progress. Possibly there has been no more accomplished in literature than in a corresponding period of the fifteenth of sixteenth century, but as for arts and science, it not only equals but outstrips the progress of *all time past*. In social advantages and enlightenment of the masses, it has taken strides that has surprised even the advocates of reform. We will not go into details, as this book is not a history. What we wish to do is to impress upon your mind that you live in the best period of time, that the world has ever known; that progress is sweeping over the land like a tidal wave where opportunity hangs before you as the fruit upon the heavy laden tree. I want to congratulate you that you live in a country that gave birth to freedom and equal rights; at the same time let me implore you, do not abuse your freedom by imposing on the liberty of others; *unbridled liberty is a twin brother of anarchy, outraged freedom becomes slavery*;

happy the people who know enough to live within their sphere.

If you want to know something of the power of Uncle Sam visit the War and Navy departments. Here you can learn something of the strength of our war footing, though in this department, they are not handing out information in big chunks, but if you are good at reading between the lines, you can get enough to satisfy you that we are not an infant in swaddling clothes and that we are keeping in touch with the vital issues of the day. If the anchor of a war vessel is dropped five thousand miles away we hear the sound. The maps of the world are as familiar to the men in charge, as the streets of your town are to you, and as for existing conditions in foreign countries, we are better informed than you are about neighbor's quarrels. Our doctors here keep a finger on the pulse of the world at all times, and from time to time hold a consultation and diagnose the case; but the medicine that is used is of a mild form and a surgeon is summoned as a last resort. But when he does come there is something doing; the amputation is usually performed without chloroform and the patient put under guard at the detention ward.

Now if you imagine that Uncle Sam is not a farmer just go down to the agricultural department and ask the men in charge if

“Spuds” are the same as potatoes; ask him what kind of a cow will give the best milk; ask him “any old” question; he is a walking encyclopedia, and he likes to please his children by giving them flowerseeds, and telling them how to raise *black pigs without the squeal*.

It was at one time considered that anybody could farm, whether he had any gray matter or not, but this has all been changed. The farmer today makes a study of his business the same as the chemist or the doctor. System and economy should enter into farming just the same as into the manufacture of goods. Diversity of crops is the keynote of the farmer.

The government is doing a wonderful work in the experimental farms; learning what is adapted to certain climates and localities, and soils. This experimental work has put thousands of dollars into the farmers' pockets. The American farmer is the most prosperous of all tillers of the soil on the earth. Do you appreciate it?

To a student of natural history, there is nothing more interesting than a stroll through the Smithsonian Institute. Here are thousands of rare curiosities from every clime, comprising the products of air, land and sea; here you can study the life of pre-historic monsters, that thousands of years ago had

dominion over this, and other parts of the world; here is the reproduction of the mighty mastodon representing a family of quadrupeds that at one time held sway over the Western Hemisphere. Possibly he was exterminated by the cliff dwellers, mound builders or Aztecs. At any rate, he has not lived for many years, though parts of his skeleton are often found in the West at the present day. It was my good fortune to see one of the thigh bones of this monster, in Oklahoma five years ago, and it was in a perfect state of preservation. See this monster of the deep, Octopus by name, is it fish, crab or serpent? Nothing like it is in existence at the present day.

Why are these animals and monsters a thing of the past? It is *only the footprints of time*. the passing of all things! See this meteor, that was flung from another world, whirled through space! Is not this wonderful? Does this suggest anything to you? Does it not seem that the laws of gravity in all planets are not the same? Here are queer sights and monstrosities on every hand and if you ever visit the City of Washington do not fail to spend a half day in this building.

But there is another building more extensive. The National Museum, the most exclusive exhibit of its kind in the United States. Here you can see every bird and animal, every fish and insect as natural as if alive. The

taxidermists' art is here displayed to perfection. Take any family of birds, and you can see side by side from two to a dozen different varieties and all of the same species; and they are usually mounted to show their native characteristics. It is not hard to imagine that you are in the forests amid their native haunts. Here you can see the actual costumes of our forefathers, their implements of war and domestic machinery. Here you are forced to draw a contrast between the ages that have gone before and the present; you wonder how they lived; you cannot understand how they got along without the modern machinery. A close observer can acquire more knowledge in this building in one day's time than he could learn from books in a year. When you look around you are astounded, bewildered with the mass of the collection. You should not attempt to investigate all this wonderful collection in one day. No mind can retain so vast a sea of detail.

Within a stone's throw of this building is the Medical Museum. This is very exhaustive on the human body. Here you can see in wax the progress of disease as it eats into the vital organ; here you can see the deformities of man, and his abnormal conditions. Yes, here are sights that you will never want to see but once, though very instructive. I have never missed an opportunity that pre-

sented itself to delve into natural history. I have gone at different times to museums and to world's fairs with friends, and I am invariably the last one to leave the buildings. It has a fascination that is overpowering. Here are the products of nature clothed by the arts of man; here is no fiction or deception; here is the deepest study known to man. Why these different species and conditions? What object in a divine power to produce all this vast array of animal life? What is accomplished by their existence? What end do they attain to? These and many other suggestions rush to my mind and clamor for answer.

Near the Medical Museum is the Fish Commission. Here the speckled beauties are turning up their silvery sides and sporting day and night. A hundred varieties of all the edible and game fish. You cannot spend a more pleasant hour anywhere in the city. It is positively refreshing to see these finny beauties at play. The fish, an emblem of happiness, free from care—every day is Sunday. Here is a lesson to be learned from one of the simplest of creation. What is existence that we should worry over it so? What does man accomplish in life that he should sacrifice health, pleasure and honor, for the sake of appearances and position in society?

The Washington Monument should be a *monument* to every man, woman and child,

who claims the protection of the stars and stripes. This is not only a monument to the first president of the United States; but it is a monument to education, a monument to enlightenment, a monument to equality, a monument to peace, a monument to civilization and a monument to freedom. Who can look upon it without reverence! Who can ascend to its pinnacle and cast the eye over the historic Potomac and the land of the free where men of fortitude, suffered and died for the principles of honor that your posterity might reap the benefits of enlightenment, progress and prosperity? This monument is five hundred and fifty feet high and every foot, every inch of it represents a compilation of valorous deeds and heroism that shine as bright as Venus. Here is something to be proud of; if you feel no sensation on beholding this monument erected to the father of our country, you are not capable of thinking; you have never attained the dignity of a man; you are not an American citizen and should not claim protection under the flag, and the principles that made us free.

The Library of Congress deserves to be classed among the finest buildings of the old world. Here is something to interest the architect, the artist and the critic. The floors are composed of mosaic work in many artistic designs and is a gem of beauty. All the walls

are frescoed in mosaic work, wrought into designs of exquisite beauty. There are a great many alcoves, and each is adorned with the statue of some renowned poet, author or painter; and from the ceilings are hung exquisite cut glass chandeliers that reflect the light in myriads of shades and gives the whole aspect a cast of fairy land. There are hundreds of bookcases of the latest revolving designs and containing the works of the most renowned authors; men who by the pen have swayed the world, exterminated barbarism and dethroned kings, established equity and civilization among man.

These are men who will live in the hearts of the people, when kings, warriors and divines have faded in the memory of an enlightened race!

There are more things of interest in Washington *according to its size* than any other city on the globe. Here are interests that appeal to the patriotism and arouse the best that is in a man. The pride of being a member of the greatest nation on the face of the earth is enough to bring the blood to the cheek and sparkle to the eye, make the heart beat with joy, and the brain pulsate with ambition. Ascend the steps of the Capitol and stand on the spot where men who have been honored by the people to fill the highest office in the land, have taken the oath of office to carry out the princi-



ples as advocated by the founders of our government. This oath has never been betrayed. What does it mean? That these men so elected have a common interest with the rest of mankind; that they are faithful and patriotic and that the power of *impeachment is reposed in the people*. When you walk into the halls of congress and stand under the roof that sheltered an Adams, Jefferson, Lincoln and McKinley, you feel your pride grow within you, you feel the choking of patriotism in your throat and the tear of sympathy in your eye.

Stand here in the Senate in the quiet of the twilight and listen. Can you not hear the voice of Calhoun or Webster, pleading with the power of a Cicero, for the equal rights of man? pleading for union, harmony and strength? But I am not one to say that the days of the Websters, Calhouns, and Lincolns are past. To bring out what is in the man, you must have the opportunities and the emergencies to demand it. We have men today in the House and Senate, men that are just as honorable, just as patriotic and just as able to sway the multitude to fight for principles and produce results, as any that have gone before. Where there is a Thermopylae there is a Leonidas; where there is an ocean there is a Columbus; where there is need for valor, there is a hero!

We will never have a death of ambition and patriotism. *Liberty breeds aspirations, self reliance and a love for one's country.* This love is the fundamental principle of our government; on this is built our hopes and aspirations. Men who are forced to uphold a monarchy have not the enthusiasm, have not the ambition to strive for the goal, like men who are contending for their individual rights and for the protection of a government which they have helped to establish. LIBERTY IS BORN OF INDEPENDENCE; AND INDEPENDENCE HAS FOR ITS SIRE AND DAME, PRIDE AND PROGRESS, TWO PRINCIPLES THAT KNOW NO LORD AND MASTER, SAVE REASON AND JUSTICE!

## CHAPTER VIII

### ABUSED CONDITIONS

Every man, woman and child should be glad, exceedingly glad, that they live on American soil, under the Stars and Stripes. People who are always kicking, complaining on everybody but themselves, abusing the country, the public institutions, general conditions and the government should go to other countries for a while, live under their rules and regulations and endure their hardships. Let them live there in ignorance, surrounded by clannishness, no luxuries and but few of the comforts of life, then let them come back to America. I will wager a new hat that they shed tears of joy when they first see the Stars and Stripes floating in the free air of his native land.

There are a great many men who cannot stand prosperity. As soon as they get a taste of liberty and the good things of life they are like the lion who smells blood, they go crazy. The greatest trouble-makers we have are men who come from a foreign shore and were raised in ignorance and squalor. By stinting himself and family for five years he manages to land at Ellis Island. He is piloted up town and introduced to some politician who gives him

the password and assists him to take out his first naturalization papers. As soon as he gets his face washed and clean clothes on he wants to be the head of some secret order. He either gets into politics; or tries to run the industrial machinery of the country and to dictate to the men who have millions invested as to how they shall run their business; or worse still, he gets it into his head that as long as this is a free country he might as well help himself to his neighbor's goods.

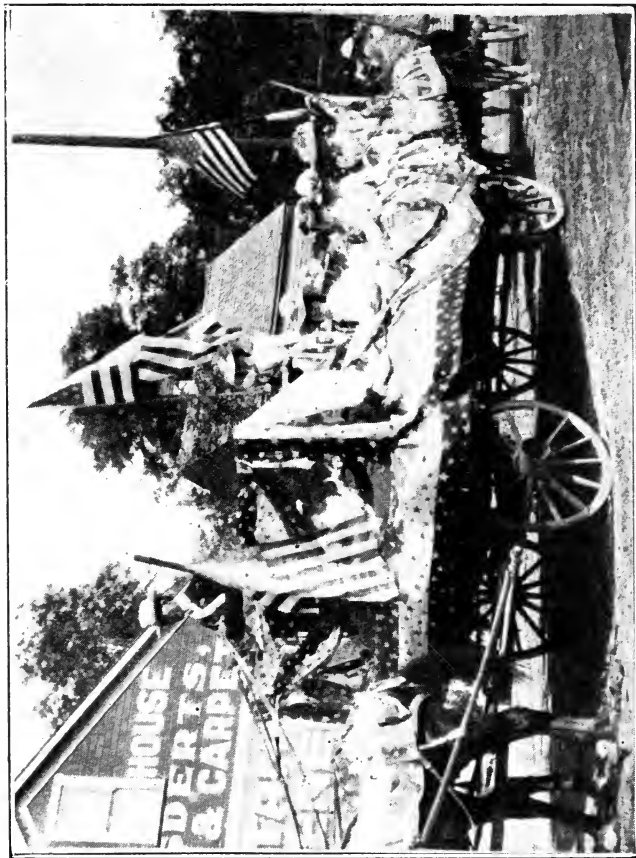
The man who has been industrious and frugal and has accumulated a little, has a comfortable home and lives like a man, his property is to be taxed so heavily that it will be confiscated in five years. This money, so collected, is to be used to buy up the public utilities by the Government; and to employ his friend, the politician, as manager.

Liberty is a bad thing, if taken in too large doses. Instead of acting on the *brain and heart*; it acts on the *nerve and gall*. There are some things which we, as Americans, the bone and sinew of the country, have a right to kick on. One of these is the manner in which some politicians try to run the country. They lie and scheme to get the offices. After they have gotten them, they pilfer the treasury and use their time to promote their own ends.

The only remedy I see is for the voters to make it a rule to vote for *no* man who is habit-



Pie Crust in the West



Straw Day, Walla Walla, Wash.

ually before the people. Especially if you see him associated with the opposite party. They are log-rollers.

The Democrats and Republicans are like the two lawyers. Each had a rich client. They passed notes back and forth about postponement of suit, change of venue, etc. One day this note was sent, "These are two fat geese; you pick one, and I'll pick the other."

Speaking about law-suits and courts. This is one thing that the people are getting "touchy" on. It is getting so bad that the most simple case cannot be tried in a week. There are technicalities from start to finish. If it is a case of any consequence, especially a murder case, it will hang on for years, the criminal in jail living off the country. Both he and the lawyer should be in the penitentiary, paying the penalty for disobeying the laws of the country.

This is what has brought about the agitation for the recall of judges. There should be a recall of lawyers as well. If any attorney resorts to every trick of the profession to shield and clear the criminal he is as guilty as the culprit and should be ostracized by society.

I want to register one more kick for the long suffering, and much duped public. The complaint I refer to is paying a man to boost his own game. Paying a man to run for

office. Paying a man to think for you. Paying a man to impose his ideas on you and advocate his own cause. Paying a man for information and then not getting it! Paying a man to impose on your good judgement. Paying a man to bore you. Paying a man to distort the truth. Do you know that this is being done in a great many communities? There is a great number of the newspapers in the United States that are controlled by politicians. These papers will resort to any scheme, stoop to any means to forward the interest of the politician or his party. Who pays for it? The public, by subscribing for and reading a sheet that they ought to know is a vile prevarication. A public medium that poses as a newspaper and is supposed to give the news, yet resorts to many nefarious schemes to cover up and suppress the news. Yet you, a man of intelligence, allow yourself to be duped into patronizing and maintaining such an imposition. You should have a guardian appointed for you. You are more to blame than the impostor. Wake up, be a man! Whether you are Republican, Democrat, Socialist or anything else, for the sake of your own dignity and the good of the country, I implore you, do not subscribe for or read a paper which advocates a thing just so that certain proposition, man, or party may win. I beg of you do not be particeps criminis

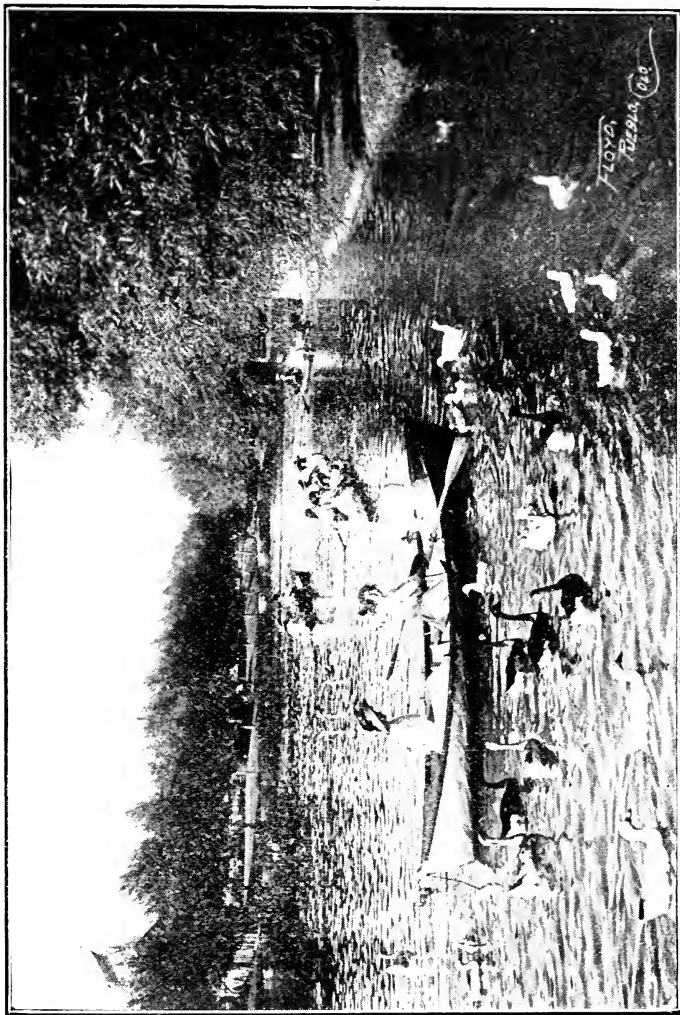


with them. In this enlightened day, with our bustle of commerce, with our telephone, telegraph, and wave system, at the command of the journalist, there is no excuse for him to feed us on stale jokes out of an almanac. Neither do we care for the old biscuit of prejudice, nor to drink of his cup of grief that he has filled from the bottle of sarcasm that is beginning to sour.

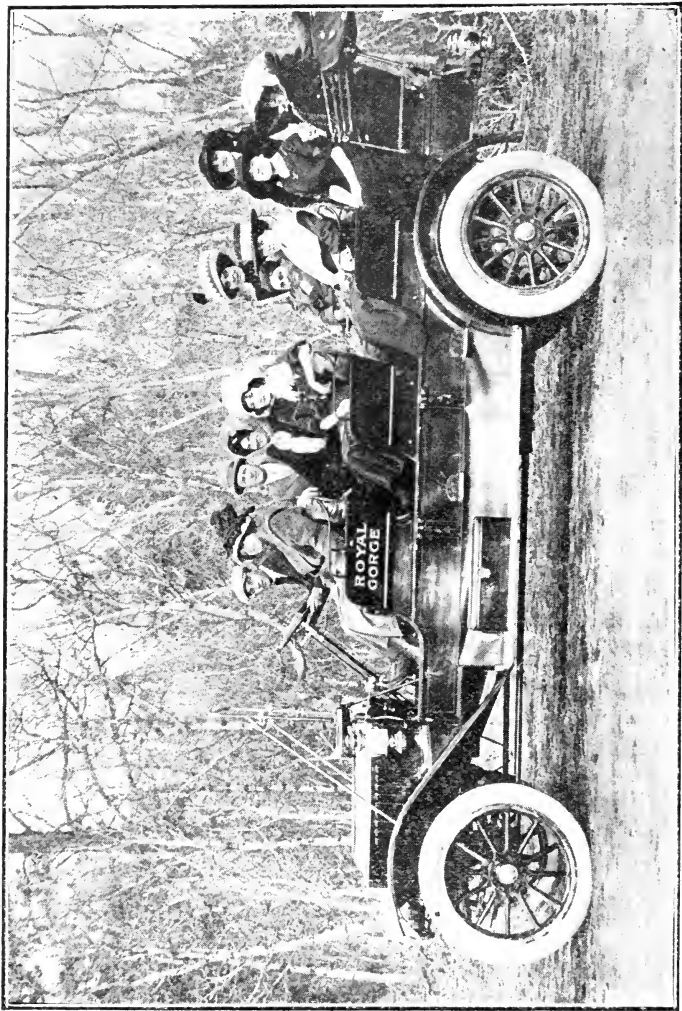
## CHAPTER IX

### THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A MAN AND A GENTLEMAN

In comparison, the difference between a man and a gentleman is the difference between an optimist and a pessimist. The optimist gets the doughnut and the pessimist gets the hole. Man is the male of the human family. He is no curiosity; he will never be placed in a museum as a relic. He has been in evidence on every continent and isle for thousands of years but has never accomplished much. He counts one in filling space, two in the eyes of his wife, and three in his own estimation; and when it comes to deciding questions he is the judge and all the jury. He measures everything and everybody by his own standard. This standard is a jointed rule; he can bend it or double it at will; it always works correctly in measuring his hobbies. What are his hobbies? Anything that he can't understand or do; anything his fellow man accomplishes that is beyond his reach. Why does he not accomplish more? Because he is near-sighted; he does not see things until he bumps into them, and often he gets the worst of the collision. Who is to



Goose Ranch, Pueblo



Outing, Colorado Springs to Royal Gorge

blame for it? Nobody in particular. I suggest that he consult an oculist and have his glasses changed.

The gentleman is a different specimen. Bred by observation and experience, not controlled by impulse or imagination; one who weighs conditions in the balance of reason; who judges the future by the past; is open to argument, evidence and conditions; one who is willing to concede a point if it is proven; who will admit that the other fellow has rights and will respect them. This is the kind of a man who succeeds, be he millionaire or laborer. The world respects such a man and the doors of progress are thrown open to him. *His path is made easy and is often strewn with roses.* Furthermore, he is usually following in the path of least resistance.

Then catch the tide and let it carry you on the waves of progress to prosperity.

What this first mentioned specimen of humanity called a man really needs is to analyze himself, to apply the acid test, to learn what degree of magnetism he possesses; and to ascertain if the component parts that go to make up his decisions, actions and words, are in proper proportion, and weighed in a scale of justice. When he has diagnosed the case thoroughly and administered an antidote to purge himself of conceit and selfishness, he can then offer his influence and advice for

sale to the highest bidder, and throw in his carcass for soap-grease.

There are a lot of people called "human" that need renovating; they need to be impregnated with lye (not lie) and subjected to a temperature of 300 degrees, turned over and punched vigorously. But be careful and keep the pot covered, for the sake of sanitary conditions! We would not have to resort to such means as this, if these people would only let the breeze of progress strike them and would open the windows of their souls; so the sunlight of consistency could shine in and reflect on their seared prejudice the good deeds of others. But instead they have barricaded their doors against enlightenment, with the iron bar of tradition and have even closed the hatchways of conviction, so proofs and arguments cannot shed a mellow light on the sombre scene. And even the keyhole in the door of enlightenment has been stuffed with the rags of prejudice. Now in their dungeon they grope about—"having eyes, they see not"—and the sounds of the chariot of progress does not reach them. Enclosed in a dungeon of conceit and wrapped in a cloak of ignorance, surrounded by demons of envy, ever administering potions that clog the brain and petrifies the muscles, an object of pity! Will he never wake and throw off the shackles that bind him to this corpse of

ignorance, will he ever open the door of his dungeon and let in the blessed light of thought and conviction, will he learn to weigh conditions and men according to their value, will he learn to appreciate the good wherever found, will he learn to judge men and measures by the fruit they bear, will he learn to apply the acid test to himself and all humanity, will he learn to harmonize his actions with his words, will he be in harmony with his surroundings, will he be considered *safe* and *sound* by his fellow men—and when? Not until he lets the light of the twentieth century shine upon his reason and electrify his energy with hope and ambition. Now let him lop off his hobbies and pull out prejudice by the roots, throw down the burden of custom and buckle on the roller skates of prosperity! Now will he be a winner? Ten to one on him.



Capitol Building, Cheyenne, Wyo.



## CHAPTER X

### CAN YOU BETTER YOUR CONDITION?

It is said that every particle of matter on the face of the globe is in motion at all times. While this proposition might be a little hard to prove, we do know that man is ever progressing or retrograding. He cannot stand still. He is forced forward by circumstances and impulses, or he is pulled backward by unavoidable conditions, or his own slothfulness. This is the principle that has given us our progress and ability, our misery and poverty.

I once heard a question put to a rich man. The question was this, "Why do you still work? Why do you exert yourself as you did twenty years ago? You now have all the worldly goods you will ever need, why do you not take your ease?" His answer was: "Your statement and your questions sound plausible. I have tried to check myself. I have determined more than once to lead a quiet life, but I cannot do it. I am restless when the hour arrives for all business men to go down town to look after their affairs; I cannot stay behind. There is a force that seems to drive me against my will. Not only

am I impelled by this invisible force, but I actually take delight in transacting business. For me to stop now would be for me to be miserable. And another thing urges me on; I have an ambition to accomplish, and a reputation to sustain. I have always been progressive and made money. If I stop now, I would go back, and I cannot stand the thought of being pointed out as a " 'has been.' "

This lays the proposition before you as it really exists. An ambitious man must ever be on the move, and if he moves, it should be forward.

Taking this as a nucleus, we assert that there is no such thing as a man being in a position where he cannot progress. If he has ambition, he is ever forging to the front. With man's power of thought and concentration, conditions must give way. He can hew a path through a jungle of obstacles; he can remove mountains of difficulties; he can ford rivers of trouble, and scale the ladder to fame. Never allow yourself to think that there is nothing better in store for you. I have seen people bowed down by troubles, broken in health, and the hand of poverty resting heavily upon them; but they had ambition, will-power—they came out from under the load. Is your case as bad as theirs? Why can you not better your condition? There are only

two things that can ever keep you down—lack of *energy and want of thought*. Man fails because he fails to try. Don't tell me that your circumstances, your family ties, or the hand of Fate is holding you down. I do not believe it! The grandest characters, the brightest stars that the world has ever known, all came through greater troubles than you ever knew. Why do I say so? Because they could not have attained their eminence, they could not have shone so brightly without having come through fire, the fire of trials and difficulties, which burned up the refuse and left nothing but the diamond!

I take the position that no man reaches the zenith of his power or position so long as he retains his physical strength or mental ability.

To succeed you must make caution, perseverance and hope, your companions; be alive to opportunities, be open to conviction. There is no smooth and well-defined road to success; it is often through the woods, or over ways as rocky as the road to Dublin. Neither is it always strewn with garlands of roses. You cannot succeed if you travel 60 miles an hour. Rome was not built in a day. There is a combination lock on success. Labor, thought and concentration will unlock it. Learn your combination before trying the bolt. After the door is unlocked, it is so heavy a child or a weakling cannot open it.

Achievements are the result of capacity. Never attempt a thing until you have analyzed its component parts; and do not attempt it then unless you have the time and inclination to throw your whole soul into it. To attempt a thing in a half-hearted, luke-warm way is to fail. There may be times when you will have to rely on your courage only, but, if you are made of the right kind of stuff, it will not fail you. Many a grand principle has often hung by the thread of determination; but that thread in some men is stronger than a ship's cable. We all may have temporary failures, but they should only strengthen us for the real battle; and victory is, or should be, measured by the obstacles we have overcome. The obstacle in your way may be a millstone or a pebble, a river, or a rivulet.

Life is made up of infinitesimal details. It is these small things that make or break a man; they try his patience; they test his ability; they teach him to do the right thing at the right time; they teach him system and perseverance. I would not have you expect too much at one leap. You can strain yourself at the first effort, and weaken your ability to perform. The field of operation is vast, there is virtually no end to opportunities. Do not try to grasp too many at once. One thing at a time is sufficient for any man.

In your efforts to better your condition, do

not take advantage of your fellowman. Prepare yourself for higher positions, and any emergency. Water will seek its level, so will man find his sphere of action. The man who occupies the position above you at the present time will either be moved still higher up or be removed to other fields. Be prepared to take his place and do better service, if possible, than he ever did.

You will find days that are cloudy and the winds of adversity will blow; but the darkest cloud has a silver lining, and the wind purifies the atmosphere.

No man is too young or too old to start on the journey of a successful career. You have to play the game of life, why not play to win? Secure for yourself not only wealth, but honor and prestige. It has been suggested that a man be chloroformed and laid on the shelf when he reaches the age of sixty. The man who made the assertion should be entitled to another guess. Let us see. How old was Frederick the Great when he was in his prime? About 70. At what age was the Duke of Wellington a man among men? At 83. The Duke Marlborough was a power at 70; Francis Bacon a literary giant at 60; Count von Moltke on his 90th birthday received congratulations from all the civilized nations, acknowledging him as a world-power. Victor Hugo was a shining light at 80; Bis-

marck, the man of blood and iron, had the energy and will of a giant till the last. Victoria was a queen and ruler at 82; Samuel Morse died at 81, honored as one of the greatest men of his day; Peter Cooper was a financial wonder at 85; Daniel Webster was a monument of power when he was called to the other shore at 70. Does not this prove that the majority of our greatest men were at the height of their power and influence at a ripe old age? When is a man best prepared to do great things? When he has accumulated experience, knowledge and power! There is indisputable evidence available to prove beyond question, that there is no time, from the cradle to the grave, when it is not possible to progress. We do not infer that this progress can be made in leaps and bounds. No great principles have been verified, no great reforms have been wrought, in a day. The tiller of the soil must prepare his ground with care, and cultivate his crops diligently in order to reap a bounteous harvest. Your ability is the soil; your perseverance, the cultivation; and your reward, the harvest.

In the path of the life of all young people there is a parting of the ways—one road leads to achievements, and the other to sloth and degradation. The one to the right means work; yes, more than eight hours a day! If

you turn to the left you will find truant friends ever ready to play.

I am persuaded that every American has a desire to conquer, and ambition to gratify. What that desire or ambition amounts to in you, is to be proven by your actions. You possess the latent power and the ability to accomplish, but you must kindle the fire of zeal. Which is better, to allow your mind to canker and rust or to keep it polished with the friction of opposition, and the sand of time? The mind is like a mountain stream, ever rushing onward. You cannot stop the flood, but you can divert it. You can build mammoth reservoirs and store this flood, conserving it to irrigate the fertile soil and bring forth abundant harvest. The thoughts of great men have ever been stored in warehouses of experience, to be drawn upon in case of dearth.

There is one grand, good principle in America; *you need neither birth nor riches to assist you in mounting the granite steps that lead to the Capitol. You have the material and the tools to build a man to fit the big chair in the Whitehouse.* Don't deceive yourself into believing that the people will ever reduce the size of the chair! Men have occupied this throne of American honor who were college professors, mule-drivers, and rail-splitters. Why not you? Is there a record in the annals

of history where a coward, where a "doubting Thomas," ever wrote his name high upon the scroll of fame? No! He is afraid to climb the ladder. Opportunities of the 20th Century hang like luscious fruit before the eye, ready to be gathered and preserved for future use. It is said that "Opportunity knocks at every man's door," but if she should happen to overlook you, what are you going to do about it? By all means, call on her and form her acquaintance. *File an application for the best job she has.* She is employing workmen every day, and she much prefers skilled mechanics.

Resolutions and good intentions amount to nothing; only actions count. Our future depends upon what we do today. Men and women who have made their mark are people of action. They think, they act NOW. Thought, action and nerve have pulverized millstones; timidity and procrastination never crushed a pebble. Moses could not have led the Israelites out of Egypt, Titus could not have captured Jerusalem, Columbus could not have discovered America, had they not been men of stamina, determination and everlasting persistence. Self-confidence demonstrates itself in work and invites inspection. You are not ashamed of the goods, and the invoice will show that all the caskets are full and that your store-house is kept in order. Modesty



and Boldness are of the same parent stock; one is daring and open; the other, an excess of pride covered by a veil. The world may admire a humble man, but you cannot drive the wedge of success with timidity. The man who is aggressive is a leader and a victor. People are not looking for your worth, with a lantern. You have to advertise yourself. You must show confidence and back it by your assertiveness, but use some discretion on this last point. Do not hide your light under a bushel; do not stay at home and expect the people to come after you with a carriage to convey you to the banquet that is spread to Progress; and where bouquets are handed to the most deserving. Self-confidence is worth more to you than riches. If you lose the latter, it is hard to regain. You may also have the starch of self-confidence taken out of you, but it is like "Old Faithful" (geyser)—it cannot be held down, it will play again. You must have confidence in your ability before you can hope to impress it upon others. Look to your own resources, *draw your supply of oil from your own well and furnish the wind to drive the pump.* Cut yourself loose from the support of others; stand like the sturdy oak that has its roots imbedded among the rocks. A man is never so weak as when he has lost confidence in himself. Let your actions be the hinges of success or failure, your

decision the lock and your will-power the key. This flood-gate should be hung on reversible hinges, to let out failures and to let in successes. The *shadow* of a *difficulty* is *larger than the object*. "He who has lost confidence can lose nothing more." The man who relies on others for advice will always play second fiddle. He is a cipher and does not deserve help, would not know how to use it to advantage if he had it. Do not depend on your *Daddy*. Develop your latent talents. You will not know what is in your storehouse if you never take an inventory. Do not cling to others for support, like the ivy to the oak. It is not the man who is left a heritage that makes his mark. It is not the hothouse plant, but the plant that is exposed to the blast and the chill of the mountainside, that can stand the tempest.

## CHAPTER XI

### WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH AMERICA?

A consultation of a financial board of doctors should be called to diagnose the case. There is no doubt but that the patient has relapsed and should be given a purgative at once, to be followed up with an antidote to counteract the overdose of prosperity. High living and opulence has poisoned the blood; she must be dieted, and a tonic should be prescribed to build up the whole system. It is not lack of medicine that has caused the derangement, but rather too much medicine. We have had a board of doctors *practising* on her—that's what is the matter. They have *practised* too much, and the professional bills that have been presented are astounding. We do not claim that these were "quack" doctors. No; they were post graduates of the best schools in the country. They kept the patient feeling well by administering stimulants and by "jollyng" her continually. At the same time they had a great many leeches at her breast sucking her life-blood. "Oh!" You say, "The dirty rascals!" Yes, that is right.

And who were this board of physicians? Well there were quite a number of them. They came from all parts of the country. There was a Wool and Hide doctor from the

West, and on the same train and in the same coach there came an Ore doctor, a Lumber doctor, a Sugar and Beet doctor, and a Cattle doctor. And did you notice that when the conductor came through for fares these doctors all looked dignified and handed him a piece of paper out of their morrocco card cases on which were the words, 'Annual Pass'. The conductor smiled and looked wise.

When this select band got to Washington they were greeted by the leaders of both the House and Senate with hearty hand-shakes and significant smiles—but no brass band. That would have given the snap away. The next thing in order was to summon all the braves to a secret pow-wow. Invitations were sent to all the Eastern doctors: Dr. Dry-goods, Dr. Shoes, Dr. Hats, Dr. Steel, Dr. Oil, Dr. Wall Street, Dr. Special Interests, Dr. Labor, Dr. Rail Roads, ad infinitum. Then a love feast and "counting of noses." They swore to love and protect each other and especially to SCRATCH EACH OTHER'S BACKS. The organization being completed, descent was made on Congress, like vultures on a carcass, and when they got through—well, there wasn't much left for the pigs.

We hear the cry: We must have protection; we must have the money derived from tariff to run the government. Now go off and sit

down on a log and think this over. You may have my seat; I am just through diagnosing the case.

Do you know that at least 50 per cent of our tariff schedules are so high that the foreign manufacturer cannot pay this tariff; consequently he does not attempt to ship to our shores, and therefore no duty is collected? This does not swell our treasury, does it? Dr. Manufacturer says he must be protected against foreign cheap labor. He works this scheme like the merchant in Frisco worked the freight deal. A lady priced some handkerchiefs. They were 25 cents each. The lady said: "Why, I can get this grade and pattern in St. Louis for 10 cents each." "Yes," answered the merchant, "but our freight rates are so much higher." Why should ninety millions of people pay out \$2.00 for a \$1.50 article? You are doing it. Why do we make laws to protect ten per cent of the people to the detriment of the other ninety per cent? They say, "Look at us, the richest and greatest nation on earth." "Correct, Johnny, but before you go to the head of the class let me ask you a question or two. Who has all this money? The manufacturer and the protected interests?" "Yes." "Whom did they get it from, the common people?" "Yes." "Have the common people received any benefits?" "No, nobody but the labor

unions—a very small amount has filtered through onto them.” The unions have been used as scape-goats for the manufacturer. Where the union man received \$1.00 increase in wages, he has paid out \$1.50 additional on account of the high cost of living, caused by the combinations of the different interests. If you will show me where we, the common herd, have been benefited, I will show you that two and two makes one.

I think it would be a good idea to stop and look back, and see how far we have come! This is a hilly road we are traveling and before we strike the next grade, it might be well to examine the brakes.

Another great fault is restlessness. A great number of our people are not satisfied with any condition, although they may be surrounded by every comfort and luxury, have pleasant homes, congenial friends, health and a good job. They are not content. They want to change from place to place. They will sacrifice their jobs, sell their goods at a great loss, pull up and go to some new country. There they have to buy new furniture and fittings, making a complete loss of from \$300 to \$1,000. And now they are in a new country among strangers and without employment. Not only that, the chances are the country is no better than that from which they came.

Here is a good place to tell you the con-

clusions arrived at by your humble servant after traveling for thirty-six years.

The United States is by far the best country of the face of the globe. We stand like the Rock of Gibraltar, firm and impregnable. But as regards the best part of the United States, that depends wholly on what vocation, occupation or profession you wish to follow. I will outline a few and tell you where I think is the best place as a whole. If you are a stock and bond dealer, go to New York or Chicago. In these two cities the bonds and stocks of all important corporations in the country are listed for sale. Here you can feel the pulse of the financial world day or night, but you will need some experience, money and nerve. A man or woman who has had no experience in dealing in these securities should be very cautious. You must have a knowledge of the value of different securities. If not, you should trust your buying and selling to some one in whom you have confidence. That man should not only be honest but should be posted as to the conditions. He should know the amount of the indebtedness, the date of issue, and the maturity of stocks or bonds; the amount of interest payable, the amount of the assets of the corporation and the amount of business they are doing, and should see that the bonds and stocks are payable before the expiration of

their charters. If you are a merchant and have a fairly good trade, stay where you are. Unless you have lost your trade through bad management or your town is down and out, you are taking big chances in pulling out for a new country, (I mean a country new to you). There is no new country, properly speaking, for your business, go where you please; and competition is keen the world over. You will also find that the merchants extend credit all over the country. But if you want to take your chances, go to the Central West, to the Northwest, or West. Do not go South or East. If you are in search of land that will always last, you can find it in the Mississippi Valley. It is high in price and will not increase in value very much, but it will not depreciate. If you want speculative land that is likely to make you a fortune, go to the South, though the land is not so rich as in the Mississippi and Missouri Valley. If you want land that will actually get richer every year, go to the West, but be very sure you invest where the water rights are good. Colorado, Idaho and Montana have fine lands, ranging from \$60 to \$100 per acre. Day laborers and mechanics of all kinds find better wages in the Rocky Mountain districts. It is better here than in the East or the far West.

Now to sum the whole thing up, the country as a whole is very similar. As for big snaps



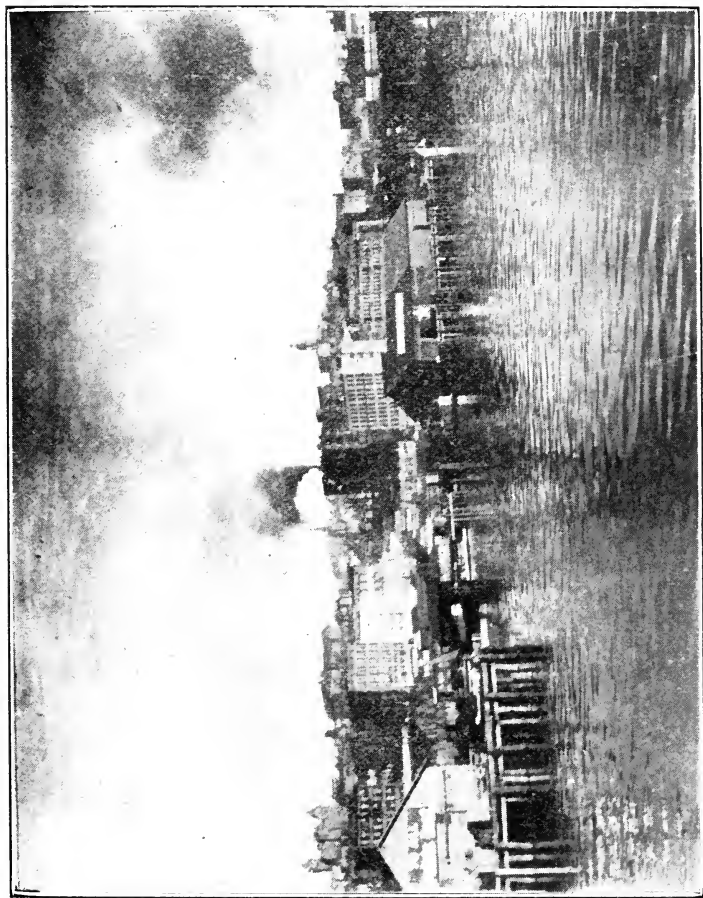
and pickups, they are not to be found. You will have to hustle wherever you go, and in going into a new country you should take at least \$300 to \$500 with you. You will be among strangers and you may not find a job at once. Poverty is no disgrace but it is very inconvenient, especially in a strange land. If you have bad health where you are, go to another climate. But don't do like the wild goose, migrate twice a year. I know of people that keep the railroad hot between Colorado and California, but their pocketbooks usually look as if they been run over by a street roller. With some people the El Dorado is always ahead. They remind one of the gypsy that was always on the move, and who, when asked his idea of the country, always condemned the one he happened to be in at the time.

Our subject is, What is the Matter with America? We mean by this, what is the matter with the people of America? A great many of them fail to think. I would like to see organized in every state, in every county, in every town and village and every precinct, a Cash Club. This would save you more trouble and make you more money than anything you could possibly do. It would be better for you and better for the merchants. Both the cash and the credit customer are today paying too much for their goods. It is

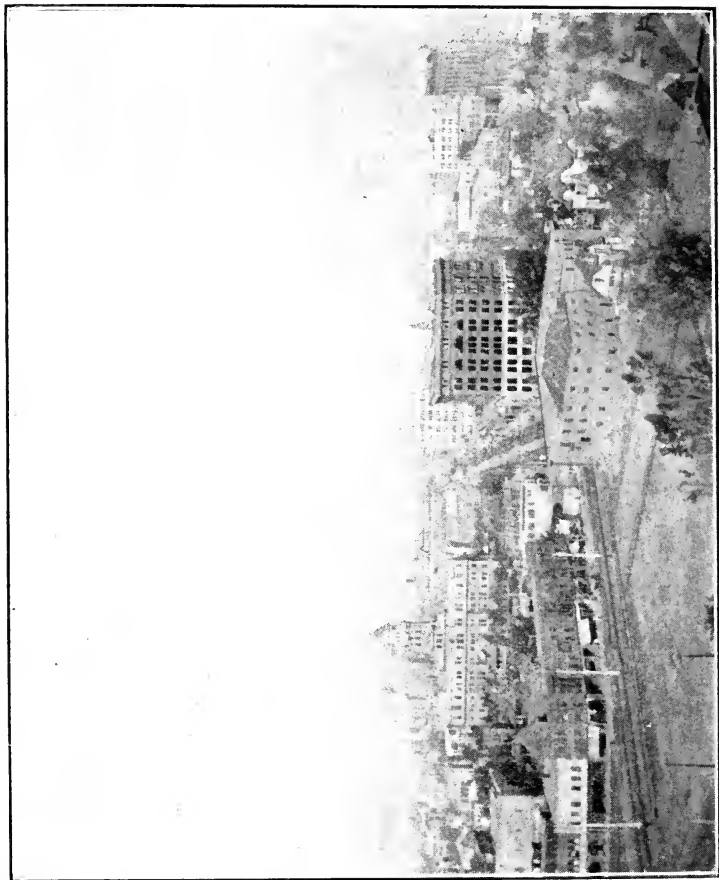
a self-evident fact that the merchant cannot sell as cheap on credit as he *could* for cash—not as he *does* sell for cash. Every merchant who sells a dollar's worth on time, has to sell at a higher price than the merchant who sells exclusively for cash. If a merchant sells goods to the amount of \$1,000, to a dozen people on time, he is going to lose some of that amount. Who has to make that good? You, the *cash* and the *credit customers* of that merchant. It costs the merchant money to buy credit account systems, to buy duplicate slips, and it takes *him, and his clerks half of their time to charge goods and take care of the accounts*. Every merchant loses goods by failure to charge, and makes enemies by allowing errors to creep into his accounts. Any honest merchant will admit that it takes about one-half of his profits to cover losses of every nature in his credit business. Now, if he is a business man he will add enough over and above a legitimate profit to cover this loss. Both the cash customer and the good credit customer have to stand this percentage. It is very evident that you could buy your goods from 10% to 25% cheaper if everybody paid cash. What would this amount to in a year to a family of six people? What would it amount to in your community or in your town? What would it amount to in the United States? Millions of dollars every

year. Is it worth investigating? Is it worth your time, and your neighbor's time to form clubs and bind yourselves to buy only for cash; and from the merchant who sells only for cash. We hear the objection raised that everybody cannot buy for cash. There are very few exceptions and the exceptions apply for a short period only. There is not one case out of a hundred but what the family could economize for sixty days, and by that time would have sufficient money to pay cash during the ensuing month. But if the family have no monthly income, as, for instance, a farmer who now runs his account for, say, six months; he can give a mortgage on his team or his growing crops. This money will not cost him more than 7 or 8%, and with the cash so secured, he can save on an average 15% in living expenses. Is it economy? In addition to this, the man who borrows \$100 at the bank to run him for the season will make that \$100 do him for the season, while if he is extended credit, he will invariably spend one-half more. This is what keeps his nose to the grindstone. Look around you. Think. Investigate. You will find that the man who is complaining of hard times, is not the cash man. It is the man who says, "Charge it." Take it upon yourself to call on your neighbors and agitate this matter. Form a club, taking in half or all of the neighborhood,

bind yourself to pay cash for everything, then go to one of your best merchants and tell him your scheme. Show him your names and the amount of cash you have pledged. See him figure! He will surprise you. This will put money into the merchant's hands, so that he can buy for cash and get the trade discounts. This principle will stop buyers from sending their money out of the country to the mail order houses. Why can the mail order houses sell cheaper than your country merchant? Because you send them the cash and they in turn buy for cash. This principle put in force will enable your merchant to carry a better assortment of goods and also make it possible for him to give more attention to waiting on customers. If he is now employing three clerks he can dispense with one of them. It will keep the money in circulation in your town and county, instead of it lying in the banks. Better for you, better for the merchant, better for the banker. Try it and be convinced. *It will cut down the high cost of living more than all the theories that can be concocted.* Legislators can pass laws, but laws cannot give you prosperity. Laws are enacted as a safeguard and for the protection of man's inherent rights. They are essential and indispensable, but cannot rectify a great many existing evils. This must be done as a body.



City of Seattle



City of Denver

Another fault of the American people is that of living beyond their means. They are too high-strung. They have been accustomed to plenty of money for thirty-five years; and they are now making the mistake of thinking that it will always come easy. Our development work is not as great as it was in former years. Capital is not loosening up and the demand for a great many kinds of goods is very limited. Commerce is congested, warehouses filled. There is not as much work in the country as there was formerly. Business is temporarily stagnated; it is not demoralized; but people are overstocked with goods; and the future not being very bright, they are conservative in laying in further supplies. There is nothing that resembles a panic, nor will there be one. The weather will clear and we will have a good voyage if every man does his duty. Making a living is no child's play; it requires thought and action; it requires that every man live within his means, and eat fruit under his own fig tree. Pay no attention to agitators. They are working to feather their own nests. They tell you that they love you. They do love for you to pull their chestnuts out of the fire. Learn to think for yourself. Learn to read men's thoughts. If you cannot think for yourself, employ a guardian to think for you. It is cheaper and you will get the tip straight.

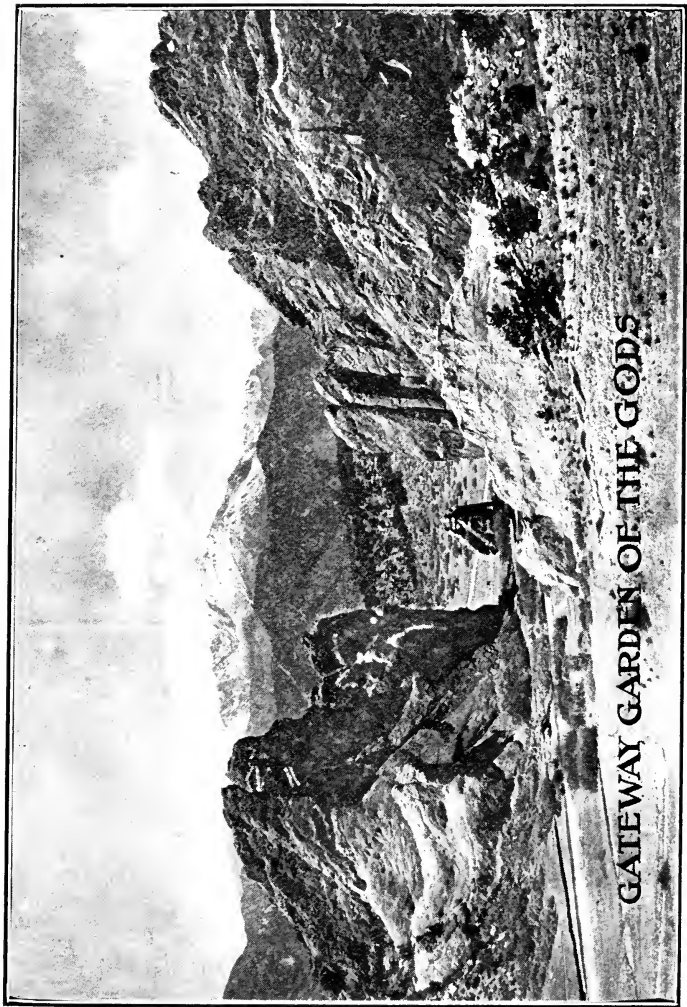
## CHAPTER XII

### GARDEN OF THE GODS

The action of volcanoes. The heaving up of the bowels of the earth, together with the action of the wind and rain; these measured by the sands of time for thousands of years, have wrought with a skilled hand some wonderful formations in the Rocky Mountains. One of those Art Galleries is the world-famed "Garden of the Gods," nestled in the foothills, watched over by the towering spire of Pike's Peak, washed by the crystal waters of melting snow, fanned by the purest mountain breezes, and bathed in the glorious light of a Colorado sun, lies in mute appeal this wonderful formation.

The site of this Garden was once the center of some great upheaval; an earthquake or volcano. This powerful commotion upturned the ancient rocks, set them on their edge in fantastic shapes, and filled around them with sand and debris. The action of the water and wind, and the finger of time has worked and worn away the sand and loose stone, till now these grotesque forms stand out to view as sentinels of time. A great many of these





**GATEWAY GARDEN OF THE GODS**

Gateway to Garden of the Gods



Alligator Rock, Garden of the Gods

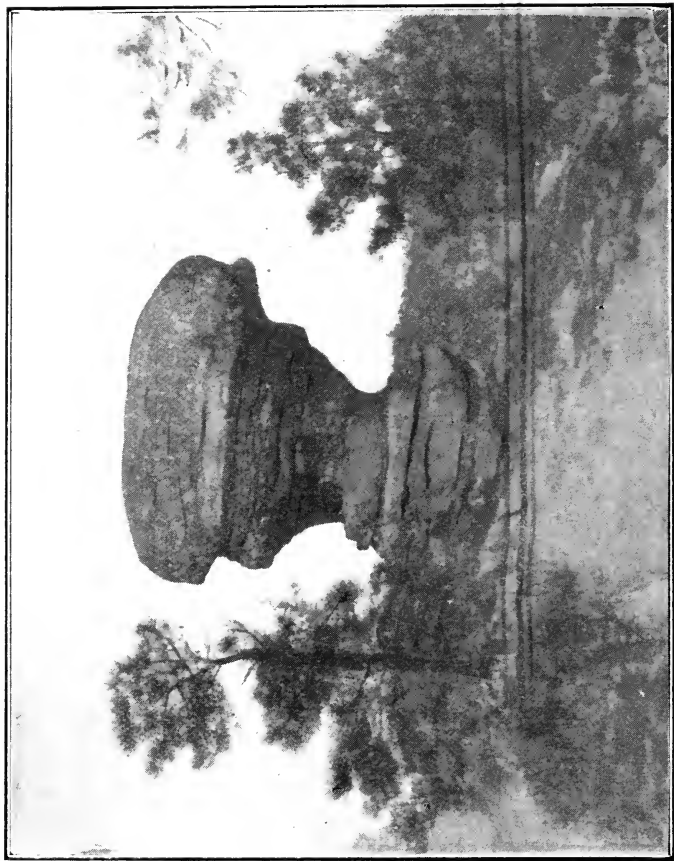
forms resemble people and animals. The seal and bear, the kissing camel, are all true to life. Old Mother Grundy is a reproduction of some of the old women we can call to mind. This old rock actually looks human and intelligent. The Cathedral Spires is the admiration of all tourists. Who can look upon the two companion rocks, side by side, without exclaiming, "Siamese Twins!" neither do you have to draw on your imagination to see the lion, pictured on the rock at the gateway. I dare say that some of the so-called painters of the country might get some pointers from this rock. Then the Balance Rock has posed for more cameras than any other view in America. This rock weighs hundreds of tons and stands on a small pedal about the size of your two hands. To a casual observer it would seem that the least wind would topple it over. The toad-stool formation, in Mushroom Park, is a wonderful sight. There are a great number and variety of them, and no two alike. The action of the elements has worn away the soft stone and sand; and left the harder strata standing as a mushroom or a toadstool, with only a small pedestal to support it. To a student of nature these sights are very interesting, and one can spend a week admiring the freaks of nature in this one spot. But I cannot do justice to myself, nor the reader, without

speaking of other attractions in this same vicinity, that should be seen by every American. Did you know, my friend, that the Rocky Mountains are richer in scenery than the Alps and Himalyas combined? Then "why not see America first;" if you decide that you want to see the grandest and most awe-inspiring scenery in the world, make a trip to the Pike's Peak region; visit "William's Canon, Cave of the Winds, The Scenic Incline, the High Drive, Crystal Park, Seven Falls, Cheyenne Canon, Cliff Dwellers," and if you have good lungs and strong limbs, start early and walk to the top of Pike's Peak, 15,000 feet above sea level. Though if you are not accustomed to walking, or have that "tired feeling" you had better take the Cog-road. This starts from the town of Manitou and goes to the summit, where you can see how the world is built; look down on Colorado Springs and the plains as far as the eye can see; now look southeast, and view the city of Pueblo, 45 miles away; telegraph your friends that you are on the top round of the ladder of your ambition; breathe the air, and feel the inspiration of the free!

The man or woman who does not enjoy this grand climate, and get inspiration from their surroundings, belongs to the Rip-Van-Winkle family, and are past redemption. I am glad to state that there are few such people, and



Cathedral Spires, Garden of the Gods



Toadstool, Garden of the Gods, Colorado

they are to be pitied more than blamed. They are lacking in the appreciation of the beautiful; and as for sentiment, they have none. Friends, you have no assurance of living in another world, where railroad fares are two cents a mile (moral: Grasp present opportunities). I have traveled over every section in United States, Canada, Alaska, and part of Mexico; investigating conditions and climates. And this locality especially appealed to me as being healthful, beautiful and progressive. What more can you expect from life? One of the greatest medicines known to man is water. Every race of people on the globe recognize this fact. The Red man in the primeval days, drank from the fountain of health at the foot of Pike's Peak, and called the water "Manitou." The gas in the soda spring, he designated as the breath of the "Great Spirit." breathing life into humanity. When the white man appeared upon the scene, the glad tidings was sent to all civilized people. "Come and help yourself." Millions have accepted the invitation, drunk of the water and exclaimed, "Eureka!"

## CHAPTER XIII

### FLOODS OF THE MISSISSIPPI

To anyone that has never lived on the banks of the father of waters, it seems impossible that so much water could accumulate in one body, and keep coming for days and nights until it seems there is no end to it. When this enormous body of water begins to reach the top of the levee, which is usually higher than the housetops; you begin to wonder if it is safe to go to sleep anymore. Then when the levee breaks some where above you and the water rushes through the crevices and spreads in all directions for miles around, the cattle, hogs and horses gather on the high spots to get out of the water, you begin to think what a fool you are for living in such a country. But as the nights and days wear on, the situation gets worse, you finally have to cut a hole in the top of the roof and get your belongings and family up where the scenery is good. By this time, usually, some "good Samaritan" comes along with a boat and helps you off your perch about the time the old house takes a notion to go visiting.

The most disastrous flood that has ever



occurred in the Mississippi Valley, started in the upper Ohio river in the latter part of March, 1913. On the afternoon of March 24th a dam broke on the Miami river a tributary of the Ohio, letting an immense volume of water descend on the city of Dayton, and in thirty minutes time nearly the whole city was flooded. This terrible rush was, however, only the forerunner of the mighty flood that was coming; there had been terrible rains all over the country; the water seemed to come from every source and direction; the river in a short time spread from a few hundred feet, to a width of four miles, and rushed with a seething torrent that nothing could withstand, sweeping everything in its path; houses with their occupants were lifted from their foundations and dashed against trees and bridges, crumbling like egg shells; the shrieks and cries for help in most cases were of no avail; the heavy hand of the greatest power of nature was laid upon humanity, showing favors nor mercy to no man; but with an onward rush seemed to glory in its strength, gaining power at every impulse. When it at last reached the Ohio, it, joined by other streams as powerful, added to the already swollen waters. It ascended the government gauges in leaps and bounds, sending a thrill of terror through the inhabitants of the valley, now warning the

town and country of the lower Mississippi, that the terror was coming with all its might. By the third day of April, the flood had reached Cairo and registered the highest gauge ever recorded by the weather bureau; now breaking dikes and sweeping both sides of the country, leaving misery, consternation and death in its path.

## CHAPTER XIV

### ODD CUSTOMS

What seems perfectly natural in one section of the country often seems very odd in another. In Walla Walla, Wash., the town and county have what is known as "Straw Day." This is a day of festivity. Everybody dresses up and comes to town on a load of wheat-straw, young people, old people, and the dogs. They fill up on red lemonade, have parades, and a general good time. In the afternoon these loads of straw are hauled into the suburbs of the city, and into the country and deposited in the roads. This is done in order to keep down the dust. The soil is very light and rich and the dust becomes so deep in the roads that it is very disagreeable unless the straw is spread.

Salmon fishing on the Frazer and Columbia rivers is very interesting (and sounds like a fish tale). Fish by the millions go up the streams in the spring to spawn. They often go to the head-waters of these mountain streams, where they will be safe from the depredations of larger fish. When the run starts in the spring it is usually very sudden. To-day you may see no fish, and tomorrow the

river may be alive with them. They literally choke the stream some years. There is a vast difference in the run, and they are getting scarcer each year. There are two varieties: The hunch-back, and the sock-eye. The latter is considerably the finer grade of fish. Its meat is of a reddish yellow. During the fishing season you can see hundreds of boats at one sight. All seem to be the same size, and rigged the same. These boats are under strict governmental regulation. There is an officer in the fishing field, to see that the law is carried out to the letter. There are very large packing houses all along the shore of the two rivers, where the fish are packed in cans, as you buy them from your grocer.

Halibut fishing is also very interesting. The halibut is a deep-water fish and is caught in the Pacific near Seattle, Wash., and north-west of Vancouver, British Columbia. There is a ship which is known as the "New Englander," that leaves Vancouver every Sunday night for a voyage up the coast returning Saturday night loaded with halibut. That is what I said, loaded. On Saturday night and Sunday these are dressed and packed in ice and made ready to feed the hungry Yankee of Boston.

Hop raising is the principal industry along the valleys of the coast in Washington and Oregon. It is an interesting sight and very

different from other kinds of horticulture. The first time I saw a hop-field "I was up in the *air* (I was on the Cascade mountains). I did not know what I had found. It looked something like a vineyard, but more like an old house that was being wrecked. I was like the Irishman when he saw his first railway train. "Be Gorry," says Pat, "and I tho't 'twas a stame-boat runnin' for water." Well, I thought that I had seen the biggest pile of *kindling* that I had ever struck. There is an enormous amount of frame-work for the hops to run on. When looking down on this tangle of sticks and supports, it looks like a mammoth spider web spread over the entire field. Hop-raising at one time was very profitable until the brewers of America got wise, and learned to make beer so that it would taste all right, and make the *drunk come* without the hop-man's assistance. There are still some hops used, but the leavening qualities are now assisted by foreign means. Never mind what it is, that's not your business, *anything* makes hash.

### OILING ROADS

To a man in the rural districts of the North or South, it would seem very strange to see a huge tank being hauled along the road with a sprinkler attached, spewing and spurting oil on the ground. He would think that you

were very extravagant to be throwing away such good molasses, for the oil resembles New Orleans "Black-strap." This oil makes a fine road for light vehicles or auto driving, though it is hard to pull over with a heavy load as the wheels sink into the dirt and oil. This, of course, means a small hill in front of the wheels all the time, which has to be overcome. This system is now used extensively in Southern California, and in some towns in Colorado. The oil used is of a very cheap grade, costing only a few cents a barrel. This coating will last about a year, then you have to waste some more oil, like the man did the water out of a sprinkling cart in the city. A country-man came to town. He had never seen a street-sprinkler. He was sympathetic and accommodating. When he saw the water flying in all directions, he ran up by the side of the cart and cried, "Say, Mister, you are losing all your water."

### STACKING HAY IN COLORADO

This process of stacking hay is a novelty to a great many people, and as we are trying to instruct all people, we will tell you something of the process of stacking alfalfa. First the farmer uses an ordinary mower, then the sulky rake to put the hay into windrows. Here it is allowed to cure about 24 hours, then comes what is known to dealers as the "Bull-

rake." This is mounted on three, and sometimes, four wheels. It has very long wooden teeth projecting out in front. These teeth catch under the hay in the windrow and push it along until there is an enormous pile, that looks like a fourth of a wagon load on the teeth. The driver then raises the teeth, and the hay is carried along on these teeth just above the ground to the stack. Here it is deposited on the teeth of the stacker. Now one horse with a windlass sweep stacker carries this load on top of the stack. This is a very fast way to handle hay. Two men and a boy can put up twenty tons a day by this process.

### CUTTING AND THRASHING WHEAT IN THE WEST

There is a combination harvester and separator now built that requires the strength of about 24 horses to pull. This wonderful machine cuts, thrashes and sacks the wheat. The sacks are dropped off on the ground, as fast as filled. This machine is practical only in a dry climate, and when there is no danger of severe winds, as the grain must stand in the field until thoroughly ripe before starting the harvester. There are very few of these machines in use, not being considered practical.

The state laws are now very rigid in the West about compelling the dipping of sheep

and cattle, before they can be shipped from one state to another, unless they are going direct to the slaughter pens. The dipping is enforced to prevent contamination and it has proven to be very beneficial to the stock so dipped, relieving the sheep from scab, and the cattle from ticks. The concoction used for the dip varies a great deal, but it is usually a composition of coal-tar and sulphur. The coal-tar being used for cattle and hogs and the sulphur for sheep.

#### DIPPING CATTLE AND SHEEP

The operation of dipping consists first in building a deep cement vat which is filled two-thirds full of water, and the medicine then thoroughly mixed. The stock are now driven through a very narrow lane, only one at a time can get through and this one cannot turn back. He is forced to jump into the vat and is submerged. In the case of cattle and hogs the sport is royal. They sometimes seriously object to this mode of procedure. The method resorted to by hogs to keep out of the vat is often very amusing. When it comes to dehorning cattle the excitement reaches fever heat. You must have a very strong chute to hold them. If not they are the officers of the day. Some of the most amusing things I have ever seen happened around a branding and dehorning chute.



You may imagine that a bony old range cow has no activity or life, but when you confine her in a branding chute and begin to practice your art of surgery on her anatomy, she takes on new life. She will let you know that she was born "in the land of the free and the home of the brave." A few years ago I had occasion to dehorn some meek-looking range cows. Our chute was not of the best; after securing one of the most humble looking of the breed, a big Kentuckian who had been accustomed to handling the domestic bossies of his home state, volunteered to hold her head, by putting his fingers in her nose. Everything being in readiness we proceeded to disarm her of her weapons. One jerk of her head and our "Kentucky" friend—Oh! Where was he? Ask of the winds and fragments that strewed the plains. When he got up we offered him a compass, so that he could get his bearings. We tried to argue with him that he had stumbled over a stone, or that he had been drinking some of Robinson County's best, but it was no use. We asked him to get a new hold—he declined. He said he would wait until his hair got as long as Samson's before he undertook the job again. On one occasion we were much in need of milk and as the prairie was dotted with young calves and their mothers, we saw no reason why we should be thirsty. Though I sug-

gested to my Kentucky friend the advisability of consulting Webster's dictionary "before attempting to milk one of these 'OUTLAWS,'" he only asked for a rope and a good man to assist him. He selected an old cow that had been known as "Grannie" for several years. She was driven into the chute, an inch and a half rope was thrown around her neck, as she was a muley (had no horns) our friend felt brave and confident. When she was let out of the chute, Grannie made for the "Kanetuck," head down and bawling. Did he run? Well, rather. He ran against time. "The Empire State Express" was not in it with him. You could play marbles on his coat-tail. Well, we finally got Grannie snubbed up to the feeding-rack, and called for volunteers to milk her. Every man had *important business elsewhere*. At last a son of "Erin" was persuaded that there was no danger in a captive. A tin bucket was secured, the "Brave" adjusted his hip pants and took up his "Gee-string," pulled off his "sombbrero" and said, "Saw, Grannie." I do not know how it occurred but I think that it was all because Grannie did not understand English. When we untangled him from the tin and the barbed-wire fence we had to call a tailor to repair the pants, and apply the camphor bottle to revive his drooping spirits.

A short time after this we had a public sale

of range cows. The cattle were being sold in bunches—25 to 50 in a lot. A couple of Russians approached me and asked if I would not put up two certain cows and sell them separately as they would like to bid on them. I told them in English as best I could that the cows had never been taught the *beauties* of civilization. They said, "We tie him and feed him slop." I informed them that this variety of cow preferred cactus and mountain scenery. It was no use, they would have a cow for a pet. The auctioneer at last cried out, "Old Speck sold to the Russian with the big blouse." I offered to drive Old Speck and her sister on horse-back to the Russian's camp. "No," they said, "We tame him now." We knew there was something coming. We could smell it in the air. We drove Old Speck into the branding chute. Here a rope was put around her neck and the Russian's wagon driven near by. The other end of the rope was tied to the wagon. "When you are ready, Gridley, you may fire." When the bars were pulled Old Speck came out like she was shot from a gun. The boss Russians hollowed to "take up the slack." The men on the rope endeavored to "heave to," and it looked for a second as if we would have a tug-of-war, but when Speck got to the end of the rope the piling up of the Chariots in the Ben-Hur Chariot race looked mild. Cow,

wagon and Russians all in a pile. I don't remember anyone having to tell the Russian to get up and run. They scattered like a bomb had been dropped in their midst. We tried to encourage them and tell them the worst was over, but we could see from their expressions that they would rather face a regiment of Japs, than to engage further in a cow taming business. They were like the boy that caught the wild cat—they wanted some-one to help turn her loose.

## CHAPTER XV

### HABITS OF INDIANS, JAPS AND CHINAMEN

The habits and customs of the North American Indian have been so badly misrepresented in yellow-backed novels that I am afraid to tell you the truth for fear you will not believe me. I want to settle it once for all, that the Indian is no "bad-man," and he is no hero. He is living a very quiet life on the different reservations of the United States and in nearly all cases his affairs are in the hands of the U. S. Government. The Government has charge of his lands and the handling of his finances. The Indian as a rule is no business man and in nearly all cases he is a ward of the Government, though the Creeks, Choctaws, Cherokees and a few others have adopted the customs of the Americans and are raising cattle and tilling the soil. Though these few tribes are becoming prosperous and are money-makers, the large portion of them are very indolent and careless. They seem to have no thought of the morrow. They perform very little work, especially the men. A few years ago I had occasion to be in what is now Oklahoma. I was passing a fine grove near Gray-Horse where the Indians were preparing to

have a festival of some kind. They wanted temporary arbors and tents erected, but instead of doing it themselves they had white men employed to erect the arbors, while the bucks laid around in the shade and allowed millions of flies to crawl over them. This you will understand to mean that they are very filthy in their habits, never taking a bath, unless it is in the summer time when they can fall in the creek. They are always bountifully supplied with dogs, but their dogs are about as poor as a rooster "fattened on an Aultman-Taylor straw-stack." It usually takes two of them to make a shadow but when it comes to barking they are first cousins to the coyote, and he can keep it up all night. All Indians and Eskimos evidently spring from the same family, but it was many thousands of years ago. There is a remarkable similarity between all Indians. Although they can not often understand each other's language, it does not take an expert to detect that they all have the same grunt. The Government has been very liberal in its efforts to educate the Indian, and quite a good many are apt at learning, but it is very difficult to impress upon him the necessity of an education, therefore, a very few make any use of their education after it is acquired.

I heard a story that represents the Indian's idea of style. The Government at a certain

time paid considerable to a tribe. When they got their money one chief bought himself a carriage, and another chief, seeing him riding down the street, got jealous. He went and hired a HEARSE and getting inside had the curtains removed and rode down the street like a lord.

All tribes of Indians have become reconciled to the conquest of the white man, and are glad to have him as their guardian. I do not suppose that there will ever be another uprising of the "braves," for they have learned the power of the pale face, and look upon him as their friend, or at least as their superior.

### JAPANESE

Here is a very thrifty little fellow. He is industrious and economical and will make a good citizen in many ways. With training he will make a good mechanic. He is quick to catch on to a proposition and is dependable as a laborer. Nearly all the Western railroads have adopted Jap labor as section men and repair men. They do not seem to have any labor unions, which is advantageous to the railroads. They are fine gardeners and usually locate near a city or mining camp where they can dispose of their vegetables. As servants they are ideal, being clean and neat and very attentive to guests. When they are able to speak our language fluently, they can com-

mand good positions. In the realm of labor they are law-abiding, and I have never heard of any disturbances created by them. There have been wrangles in the West over the admission of the Japs to our shores. This was caused by jealousy, and I hope may be overcome when his character is better known.

### CHINAMEN

Next in order is the Chinaman. There are thousands of them on the Pacific Coast and scattered throughout the continent.

While there are some marks of resemblance between the Chinaman and the Jap, there is a vast amount of difference between their power of adaptability. The Chinaman is in a rut which it will take a thousand years to get him out of. He has fixed ideas and customs, which his great-grandfather had, and he seems to be satisfied with them. He is like an old dog, you cannot teach him new tricks. He seems to have no desire for progress—is content to live the simple life and eat his rice with chopsticks. He is naturally shrewd. If he would accept training he would become a power in the world. I predict that some day the Empire of China will become one of the most powerful nations of the world. Their most progressive men are working up now, and they will leaven the whole of the nation. At present the humble laundry man is content with his job.



The Chinaman is also very honest at least he will not steal. It may be fear that prevents him from laying hands on his neighbor's goods. I never heard of a Chinaman being arrested for theft. I have never seen one who was lame, blind or with one leg or arm. I have heard that there is a society that puts all such cripples out of the way. I witnessed a peculiar thing in New Westminster, B. C., a few years ago. A Chinaman had fallen beneath the wheels of a street-car and was badly injured. Myself and others pulled him out. It was within a few feet of a Chinese laundry, and in the Chinese quarter of the city. As it was very hot we started to take the wounded man into the Chinese laundry, but found that they had locked the door in our faces. Several Chinamen passed, but none of them could be induced to touch the injured man.

If the Chinaman would wash his body more and his clothes less he would be more presentable. If you should stroll down through Chinatown in any city you would exclaim, "Oh! the great unwashed." Such people are no credit to this country and there should be found some means of ridding our shores of them. It is an injustice for people to be imposed upon by such humanity.

## THE MEXICAN

Through Southern California and Southwestern Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona there are quite a number of Mexicans. They are usually a tall, slender people of a Spanish-brown color. They partake of the Spanish and the Indian.

They are domineering in politics, showing no sympathy for their opponent. They are divided into three classes: the political, or office seeker, the soldier, and the peon. The last named, being in the majority, is supposed to keep up the other two classes, and they see to it that he comes through with the goods. The labor of the peon is very unreliable. He does only what he is compelled to do. He tries to put off everything until tomorrow, and he usually succeeds in doing so.

Industries are progressing slowly. There has been so much revolution in that country that capital is slow about taking hold of a Mexican venture. The foreigner is liable to be pounced upon at any time and stripped of his goods, or asked to pay a fine, by some petty official. Who takes chances on being called down.

## CHAPTER XVI

### HOW TO MAKE THE AMERICAN DOLLAR

I consider this the hardest subject that a human being ever wrote on. That is if he is fair to all conditions and localities, and at the same time treats the subject honestly.

I wish to say in the beginning that it is hard to take a small amount of money and invest it so that it will bring back large returns. The causes are numerous. First, the proportionate cost of running a small business, is greater than it is in a large business. Second, you cannot have a variety of goods to suit the general trade. Third, you cannot buy in sufficiently large quantities to get close prices, and economize on freight rates. Fourth you must be able to have goods at the proper time; anticipate the markets, and store your "buy" for future use. Here are four principles that cannot be studied too closely. Combinations of capital have a decided advantage over small establishments.

We hear a great deal of talk about the large department stores monopolizing the business. There is no argument about the fact that they have the advantage in a great many respects; but I believe that these advantages can be

overcome in a very great measure by proper buying and reasonable profits. Also by doing business on a cash basis. *Credit* is doing more to *bankrupt* the *merchant* than anything else in America. At the same time it works a great hardship on the public. The merchant has to ask long prices for his goods to the cash customer, as well as to the one who buys on credit, in order to break even. This is not right. Every one who pays cash has a right to buy his goods cheaper, than the man who buys on credit and should demand the same.

The man with a small amount of money has the same handicap when it comes to buying land. He cannot buy a tract of land, subdivide it, and sell it to the general public on time at a long price. He cannot buy 5000 head of cattle and turn them on the range. He must buy a few and fence his own land to graze them on. He cannot buy a controlling interest in a bank or mine. He cannot be a director of a large corporation—his holdings are too small. He cannot keep in touch with the business or the prospects. *Stocks and bonds that are hawked over the country, usually require a good deal of investigation.* They are oftentimes good, but it requires an expert to pass on them.

By summing up the above you will see that I would recommend your investing your

money where you would have something to say about its management; not because you are a better financier than the manager of the corporation, you are not as good, but you will be *better satisfied* and it will be a *lesson for you*.

As for the place for investment, a new country is far preferable, as there are always better chances for values to increase. The West, Northwest and South are the best places for investment. Try to find a business which is likely to be permanent. If it is a manufacturing plant, see that the goods which are manufactured are staple. Try to be connected with the plant if possible. Beware of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" propositions. I will give you my consent to speculate *after you have acquired enough so you can afford to lose and not cripple you*.

The American dollar can be made to double itself in many ways and undoubtedly the quickest way is by speculation if you understand the game. This requires a schooling, the same as learning the black-smith's or carpenter's trade.

I want to impress upon your mind the necessity of **STARTING A BANK ACCOUNT EARLY IN LIFE**. This is the wisest thing that you can do. Thousands of old people are today regretting that they did not start a bank account when they were earning money in their younger days. When they lose their

friends and their children have left them, they are often destitute or are compelled to make their homes with acquaintances—perhaps with those who do not want them, or in a house of charity. This is a pitiable condition and *you can avoid it by starting now*. Look around you, and see if you cannot find a proposition where you can invest two or three hundred dollars, and next year add something to it. When you get a sufficient amount, buy a home and stop paying rent. One thing—do not forget to work every day. By so doing you will be a better citizen, and enjoy life to its full extent. Be frugal and economical, and yet live like a man. It is not the high cost of living that hurts, it is the **COST OF HIGH LIVING**. That is what keeps the nose to the grindstone and gives the collector a job. *Later it increases the circle at the poorfarm*. Why people spend every cent that they make, and take chances on the future, is beyond my comprehension. They seem to be discreet in most things—they will argue with you by the hour on sociological questions, and tell you how the government ought to be run. Their philosophy reminds me of the rancher and the hired man. The hired man got very familiar with the rancher and told him how the cattle ought to be handled, and how to take care of the hay. After he had finished, the rancher asked him if that was the way he run his

ranch? "No," he said, "I have no ranch!" The man who is long on advice, is usually short on finances. These people should take a lesson from the parrot. The parrot was a great talker, and some of his language would not look well in print. One day he got to amusing himself with the bull-pup. He called the pup all kinds of names and abused him for being a dog. The pup's patience was exhausted and they proceeded to have a scrap. After it was over the parrot was on the perch trying to remember how it all happened. He was heard to say in a condemning tone, "I talk too d—n much."

The American dollar can be made to double itself in many ways at home. You can make the dollar double its purchasing power, by being discreet in buying groceries, dry-goods and clothing, from the right people at the right time, and by cutting out the unnecessary expense. I know of a girl who spent \$25.00 for a string of beads, and she works for sixty cents a day. I had a boy working for me, he earned ninety cents a day and spent seventy cents for his lunch. A young man spent \$45.00 for a suit of clothes. He earns \$60.00 a month. A man and wife rented a seven-room house on a fashionable street, and only had furniture for three rooms. A family has an auto, they mortgaged the ranch to pay for it. There are people straining themselves to

go into society, that do not have a decent bed to sleep on.

What does all this mean? Either *they* are badly misled, or I am a fool! With a great many people "age brings experience" and a set of wisdom-teeth that can be left in a cup of water over night.



Aquarium, Hellena, Montana—said to be the largest in America



CHAPTER XVII  
THE GRAND CANON

All aboard for the Grand Canon of the Colorado and the Far West! There are two lines that you can take for the Grand Canon. One is the Santa Fe and the other is—to walk; but as I have corns I suggest that we take the Santa Fe and stop off at the New Mexico

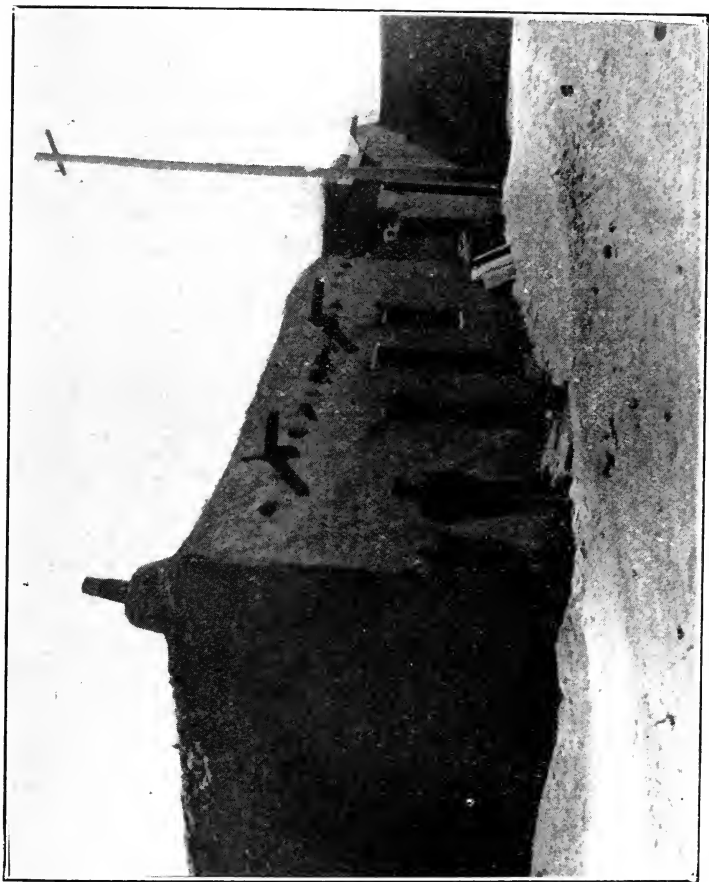


Tug o' War

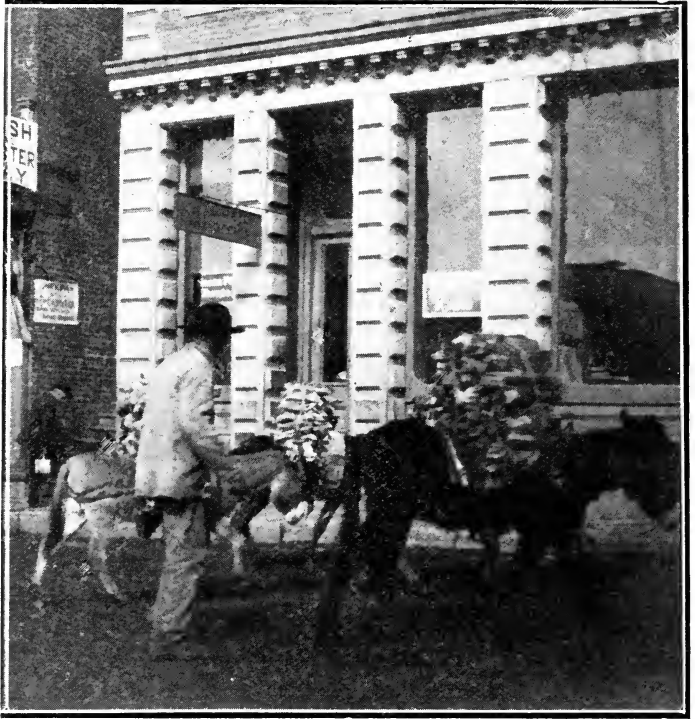
Capital, and take in the sights. Also, to view what is said to be the oldest house in America—but hold on! I have one farther down the line to show you. Well, anyway this house in Santa Fe was there before I was.

I want to call your attention to the Mexican motor-truck for hauling wood. But my observation is, that if all the people in the state kept as warm as the man who engineers this outfit they would need no fire. One of these animals (the burro) has been known to travel *five* miles a day where the persuasion was sufficient. If you are interested in mathematics I would like to figure a little problem with you: If it takes one of these animals an hour and a half, to go a mile and a half, how long will it take him to go to town? Another: If the Mexican who furnishes this wood sells it for \$6.00 a cord and hauls one twentieth of a cord each load how long will it take him to make a living? Anyway, he has the contract, and I am not out of a job.

Let's take a walk in the suburbs of the city and get out among the people who came here with Cortez and helped Kit Carson to blaze the trail. Ah! here we have the friend of the poor man—the goat. If there is any animal on earth that should wear a gold medal as an emblem of privation, suffering and sacrifice, it is *the goat*. He can eat tin-cans, waste-paper and look pleasant. Get water once a



Oldest House in New Mexico



Mexican Motor Truck

week, have a barbed-wire fence for a shelter and still the patient goat is on the job. It furnishes the wool to make the family clothes, feeds the little papoose with milk, gives up his hide to make the shoes of America, and when the last roll is called, donates his flesh to tide over the high cost of living and put the butcher out of business. Three cheers for the goat!

Well, people who stay in one place too long are apt to lose their welcome, so let us be going. We now pass through a country which is wooded for the greater part. Here the great herds of goats, sheep and cattle are found. We wake up in the morning and looking out of berth thirteen—what greets our eyes? Cactus, soap-weed and sage brush. Well, the darkest clouds have a silver lining. If you have never seen the Desert of America you can not appreciate your modern home with all of its conveniences. If you are restless, dissatisfied and think yourself cramped too much; that competition is too keen; and that you are tired of society, suppose you trade positions with the sheep-herder of the desert for one month. View the world from this end; live the simple life; do not quarrel with your neighbors; sleep under the canopy of the stars, and breathe the atmosphere that is not saturated with coal-dust. But before you make a permanent deal with the herder, investigate the conditions a bit. You

will find it harder to get information from this individual than from a Pinkerton detective. When you approach him and ask for information in the English language the answer will almost invariably be, "No sabe," unless he happens to be out of tobacco or matches he is non-communicative; but if he wants a cigarette he can talk good English. After you have lived with him for six months he may condescend to talk to you in English, but he has been badly spoiled. I am sorry to say that the merchants and public men of this district have condescended to use what is supposed to be the Latin tongue. In truth it is a mongrel, being a mixture of Spanish and Indian. It is more a series of grunts than a language. I do not wonder at this when I consider the nomadic lives these people live. Take for instance our friend, the Mexican shepherd. He lives on the wilds of the desert, solitary and alone; yes, absolutely alone save for his band of sheep and his dog. He does not see a human being once in a month unless his boss, who lives in Albuquerque, happens to bring him flour, beans, and sometimes meat for dessert. This is a job that I want you to take for a month if you are dissatisfied with your present surroundings. Let us analyze it and see if it suits you. A hermit without a cave, eats bread of his own cooking and often without salt or soda. Coffee without sugar

or cream. Frijoles (pronounced fre-holeys) or beans, boiled in alkali water and fried salt pork on Sundays for dessert. Sleeps on a blanket spread on the sand between cactus bushes. While asleep he is guarded by rattlesnakes, centipeds and tarantulas. Sometimes the coyote, to break the monotony, springs in among his flock at 2 A. M. He rises from his rest at day-break and makes black coffee, and biscuits that he could knock a cow down with. Such a repast can only be digested by men with iron stomachs. The ostrich, I fear, would draw the line on such cuisine. Now, the herder proceeds to harness himself for the day. He packs his own and the dog's lunch, *secures his canvas bag and fills it with water* and straps it on his back, stuffs a last years almanac or a month old newspaper in his pocket to read and is off with the herd. Things go along pretty well until noon. Then he has to get a search-warrant to find enough dead-sticks of cactus to make a fire, for he must have his black coffee. He then spreads his sumptuous lunch, not on a table or even on the grass, for that is too scarce, but on the burning sand. He has no need of a French waiter to stand at his back to serve the courses. Dinner over and the table cleared (that is he stuffs the tin can in his pocket) he is off again.

All is well until about three o'clock when the

lambs begin to give out and several to lag behind. Now the real trouble comes. There is no other way out of it, he must take these lambs under his arms and "lug" them the balance of the evening into camp.

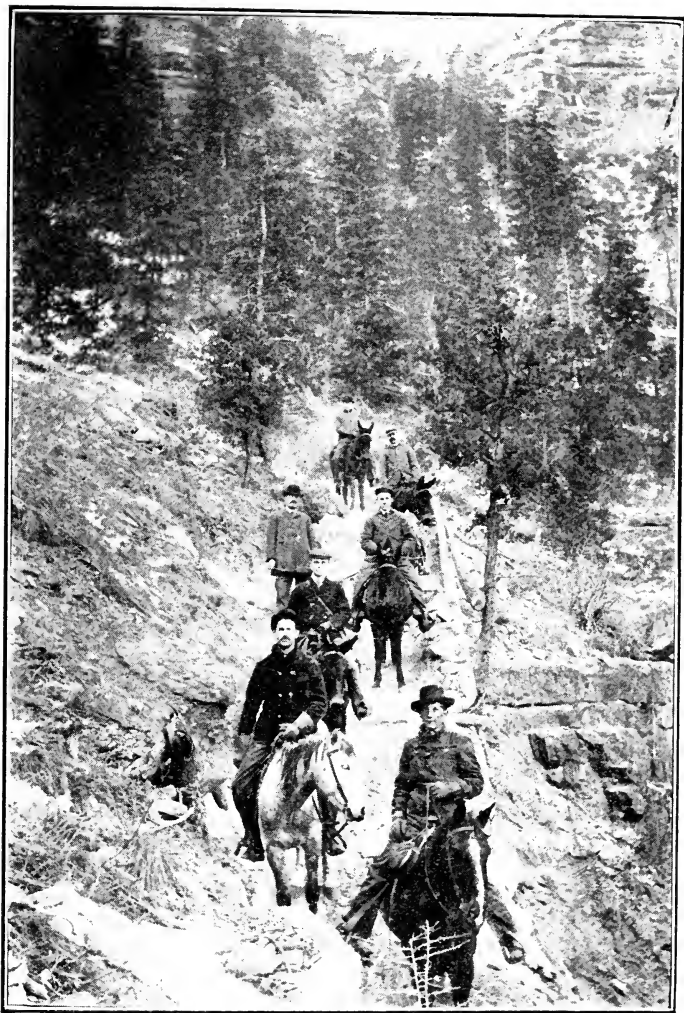
Now his house-hold duties develop again. He would not mind getting the meal if he only had the wood to cook with. If he goes down the draw a half mile he may find some or he may not. But there is always one thing he will find: that is, he will find that "*tired feeling*" and wonder what he is living for.

This little stunt of his is performed for the sum of \$30 per month. Now, speak up if you want to trade jobs. I can work the Mexican so that you won't have to give any bonus.

### THE CANON

If a linguist should attempt to describe the Grand Canon of the Colorado, he would bankrupt the English language and overdraw his account with Webster's Dictionary, and still not describe the wonderful, awe-inspiring chasm that bears the name of the Grand, and which is in every way appropriate. There are a great many Canons which have the word "Grand" prefixed to their name, but the man who named them had surely never seen the Grand Canon of the Colorado, or possibly he wanted to steal some thunder.





Descent into the Grand Canyon, Ariz.

Of all the awe-inspiring sights that ever met the eye, this caps the climax. The Yellowstone is possibly more beautiful, the Matter-horn more majestic, but they have not that breath-taking and bewildering magnitude that meets the eye on beholding the Grand Canon of the Colorado.

On first casting your eye on this devastation you feel like exclaiming, O, Murderous hand of time, where is thy weapon, or was it self-destruction—nature smothered in her own life-blood? The life-blood of the Colorado gushing ever from the wound, proclaims the fate of mother earth, inflicted by the hand of Destiny.

It would be a pleasure if I could draw a comparison to illustrate the size and magnitude of this great incision in the breast of mother-earth. If the Panama and Suez canals were both placed side by side in the depths of this canon they would be lost. If all the cities of America were piled into it there would be an abundance of space left. If you want to lose yourself in bewilderment, walk up to the edge and take in the vast panorama. As far as the eye can reach, terrace above terrace, columns and palisades, battlements and citadels! You can imagine that you are looking on the temples of Jupiter, painted by fairies, decorated by mythical artists and peopled by legions of a foreign clime!

The formation is composed of lime-stone, sand-stone and granite. As each of these stratas has been cut through, it has exposed the coloring to view, giving in the different hues maroon, brown, blue, purple and orange. The reflection and blending of these colors is most wonderful, giving every shade of the rain-bow.

The dimensions of this wonderful gorge are about 100 miles long, ten miles across, and more than a mile in depth. What is this after all but the banks of a river? What caused it? Water and time. Now draw on your imagination and think of the immensity of time that has passed. Calculate if you can the time that is required for water to cut away one inch of a granite boulder. After you have figured this out calculate if you can the hundreds of thousands of years which have elapsed to have wrought this carnage. You cannot reckon the time. It is beyond our comprehension. All that we can say is, "Wonderful, wonderful!" You can spend days strolling about its precipitous banks, gazing at a wonderful vista at every turn you make.

To the student of nature here is a feast; yes, a banquet spread for the gods. Most people can drink to the full on the canon's brink. But if you have not enough of the

elixir of life, journey into its depths—here you can drink to intoxication.

I made the trip on horseback in February, 1908. We left the Bright Angel hotel about 8 A. M., wound our way down among the cliffs and over precipices. One mis-step of your animal would pulverize you against the boulders below. But when one is seeking a prize, they are willing to gamble with fate. Anxiety urged us on and we smiled in the face of danger, anticipating a reward at the end. It was in store for us.

When we reached the bottom and stood beside the rushing tide of the Colorado; listened to the echoes of the foaming waters dashed to spray against the granite cliffs; looked with wonder on the solid perpendicular walls that rose higher than Eiffel's Tower; stood beside mammoth boulders that had been dislodged and brought to their temporary resting place by the ever rushing torrent, we stood and considered how small and insignificant were the forces of man compared with the forces of nature.

It took us four hours to ascend the giant cliffs and we rested with a sigh of relief, once more above the towering precipices which are suggestive of awe and danger.

There has been only two or three parties which have had the temerity to explore the canon thoroughly. Maj. J. W. Powell in

1869 undertook the task, with four boats and nine men. For ninety-eight days from the 24th day of May to the 30th of August he and his party fought the currents, rapids and whirlpools of this mighty stream. They were dashed against solid walls, swept with terrific speed in rapids and sucked into whirlpools. The trip was so arduous that four of his men deserted, three of them afterward being killed on the plains by Indians.

It is exceedingly interesting to reflect on the ravages of time, the commotions and battles waged here by water and stone. By everlasting pounding the softer element has won. Here is an example of concentration and energy, continual pounding for millions of years has cut a trench 6,000 feet deep. And still you hear the battering ram charging against the fortress, sweeping away opposition like a phantom; the sound of the cannon of rushing waters reaches from crag to crag bidding defiance to all nature!

## CHAPTER XVIII

### PIPE DREAMS

There is a considerable difference between air castles and pipe dreams. Air castles are things we propose to do; pipe dreams are things we imagine we do. I suppose you have heard of the man who told a lie so often that he got so after awhile he believed it himself. Old people are addicted to this mode of telling stories. I guess *I* will be a past master in a few years *myself*. I know of a remarkable instance in Colorado Springs. A street car conductor was strolling up Cascade Ave., he met up with a man from the East, became engaged in conversation, soon grew familiar and confidential; presently the conductor began telling of his ups and downs in life, and he wound up by pointing out a large, fine, stone house worth about seventy-five thousand dollars and said to his companion: "There is a house I was about to close a deal for a few *nights* ago, but it all vanished by the time you could snap your finger." "Oh! is that so, what happened?" "Well, I will confess," said the conductor, "THE ALARM WENT OFF." We often meet men who have some great fantastic idea that is bound to revolutionize the world. Patentees are often found in this list. They get up some insignificant idea and have it patented, then they are

excited beyond control, they think the world is at their feet and that they will be millionaires in a short time. Then there are the political cranks, they are still worse; they get some *revelation* as they think, that is a *saviour* of the business and social world, and if you cannot see their way, you are a demagogue and a hireling of the trusts; in their estimation you are a robber and an enemy to society; their schemes have never been tried, but of course it will work, it is so simple, and usually it is as simple as the man who got it up. If you could buy this man for what he is worth, and sell him for what he thinks he is worth, you could make a fortune. Then again you find the optimistic man who is going to get rich all at once, he is about to turn a deal that will make him a fortune, but when he fails, it is always the other fellow's fault. But never mind that same man will have up another scheme before the moon changes, and the last one will be better than the first. I would not mind soaring in the aerial regions like this man if it were not for taking chances on coming down on his parachute when his balloon explodes. The trouble with this man is, he is like the party who has been painting the town red, he sees double. He is A 1 in multiplication and has graduated in addition, but strange to say he never saw the *subtraction* table.

## CHAPTER XIX

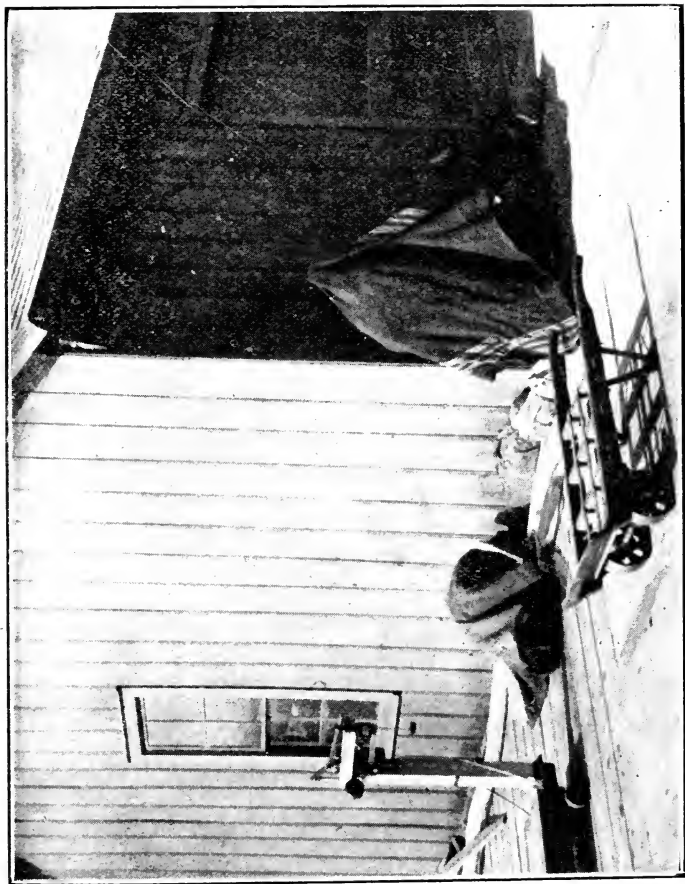
### HOW TO SMILE IN ADVERSITY

Man was born to conquer. If you will but stop to consider, it is self-evident that man can rise above all obstacles. Man has so many resources, that it is impossible to cut him off from his supply, or recuperation.

Adversity only strengthens us for greater effort. Mortifying failure may crown a few of our undertakings; but *one* sparrow does not make a summer. It is not manly to give way to despondency. No trouble, be it ever so great, can continue long. If you allow this feeling to take hold of you, and to weigh you down, it will eventually bring you to despair. Some people are more prone to depression than others. The great trouble with these people is, they nurse the disease. They *think* despondingly; they brood over their troubles and magnify their difficulties. They look at the dark side of everything, and always imagine the worst is going to happen.

Deep rooted despondency will rob you of reason, as well as of health. The worst thing that can befall you is to allow yourself to brood over your misfortunes. Stop. Remember that other people have been over





Mexican Girls Cheating the Kodak



Western Farming

the same ground before, and doubtless had more difficulties to overcome than you have. They conquered all opposition—why cannot you? The *greatest heroes* the world ever produced have invariably been those who encountered the *greatest difficulties*; in fact, *overcoming difficulties is what made them heroes*. Heroes do not have their fame thrust upon them. They meet the rocks as Hannibal did. When you overcome one difficulty, it arms you and gives you courage to battle with another.

The great trouble with most people in adversity is, they brood over the past too much. Let me impress upon your mind that you cannot remedy the past; it is unalterably fixed; you cannot change it. The only thing you can deal with is the present and the future. Then shape your actions to control the present and influence the future; and never let the thought enter your mind that there is no hope for the future. Where there is life there is hope. No calamity, or adversity, is so bad that it could not be worse. You cannot be placed in a position that is hopeless. Even the prisoner in the dungeon of Chillon had hope, and that hope was realized. Pining over difficulties saps your strength, unnerves you, and accomplishes nothing. About face! You can never whip an enemy by retreating. Stand firm, show your colors, do not give up

the citadel of reason. Mind will rule over matter. All human events can be shaped by reason. The mighty stream of adversity can be turned; trials and disappointments can be converted into fortresses. Then fight behind the battlements erected by sympathy and experience. Look your enemy squarely in the eye, and defy him to do his worst. You conquer by the power of right; you turn tears into smiles, oppression into conquest, sorrow into laughter. He, who can smile in adversity controls himself and subdues his enemies.

## CHAPTER XX

### SOD SHANTY

Did you ever stop to consider what a glorious thing it is that all people are not created alike. If we all had the same ideas, the same disposition, the same tastes, the same likes and dislikes, we would be in a worse mix-up than was ever experienced at the Tower of Babel. Think what a predicament you would be in if we should all want the same horse or the same auto, the same house and the same wife. I beg to be excused!

We often hear remarks like the following:

“I don’t know why they ever did such a thing.”

“I don’t understand what he was thinking about.”

“I wouldn’t do it if I were in your place.”

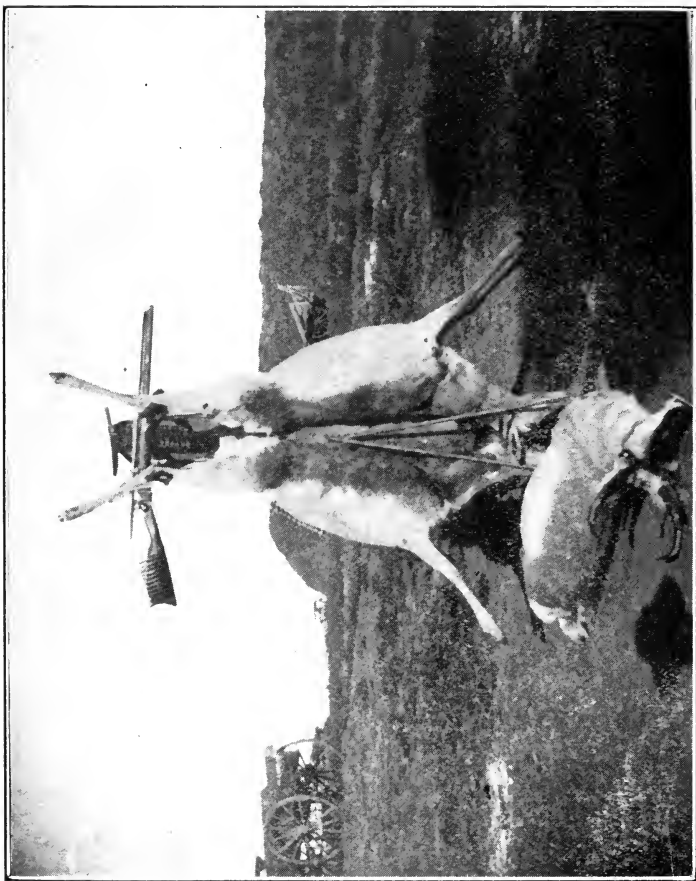
We think it strange because other people do not see things as we do. We call them cranks and they call us fools and the honors are even. We are both right from our individual standpoints, but always remember that the other fellow has as good a right to his views as you have. You wear green glasses and he wears blue; consequently, objects do not look the same.

But there would be some good features and a great deal of satisfaction if this idea of seeing things alike, should prevail. You and the meter man would both read the same figures; 2000 pounds of coal would be a ton; when the doctor made a mistake and killed you he would at least pay for the burial; 16 ounces would be a pound and 36 inches a yard; the public officials would handle our cash like it was their own; the penitentiaries would have doors with *locks* on them—at present it is no more trouble to *get out than to get in*.

Speaking of justice, that reminds me—What is justice? As commonly applied, it is *self-interest taking advantage of circumstances*. If your judgment is imposed upon, and circumstances taken advantage of, you are beat out of, say, a thousand dollars in the deal. You then go to the guilty party for amends. He will at once proceed to prove to you that he is the most honest and conscientious man in the country.

My observation is, the best time to rectify a mistake is *before it is made*.

People often deceive themselves about their honesty. Some imagine they are honest because they pay their debts. This is a very poor criterion. You have to pay your debts so as to keep your credit good; in other words, you are not a "dead beat." A man who will



Fruit of the Plains

not lie, use deception or impose upon you through influence, is honest. Here is a good opening for a correspondence school if you can get the people to practice what you teach.

My ideas of justice do not always coincide with other people's. I want to put down a sidewalk; the city engineer says it must be 6 feet wide and on a certain grade. I want to burn trash in my backyard; the policeman says no. I have a lot I want to build a house on to cost \$2,000; the building inspector says I will have to borrow \$1,000 more and put up a \$3,000 house. There is a dog that kills my chickens and I would like to shoot him but I dare not. I am a carpenter and I want to paint my house; the painters' union says no. It is getting too warm for me! I am going to a cooler climate.

After thinking the matter over, I have decided not to criticise the man who married a red-headed woman, keeps a yellow dog and lives in the sod shanty on the prairie. He is 21 years old and has the right to vote the Democratic ticket. But one thing is sure, I am not going to try to beat him out of his job. He has too much liberty, which is just about as bad as not enough. He has the liberty of driving 17 miles for a load of cottonwood and he has the privilege of sending his children seven miles to school. He has more of the free air of America than he needs—the



wind by actual count blows 11 months and 22 days in the year. When he goes to bed at night he is soothed to sleep by free music, furnished by the coyote band. His corn was a little yellow, and his oats were not the best; the skunks caught his chickens and the coyotes had eaten his lambs, but still he had a look of cheerfulness and defiance.

I asked him if he had always lived on the ranch.

"Oh, no. I had a home in town. I moved out here last year."

"Did you sell your home in town?"

"No; I just left it to be divided between the tax collector and the plumber! My only consolation is that it will not pay both of them."

"So you like the ranch, then?"

"Yes. I am far enough away so my neighbors do not know everything about my business; it is too far out for the collector to call very often; I do not have to read the stale news faked up by some reporter in the daily papers. I, however, take the weekly paper. But I notice here of late that all the telegraphic news and principal events happen the day the paper goes to press. I think this is a mistake of the *office boy*. Another advantage out here is, that, if any of the children get sick, instead of 'phoning for the doctor, I go and read last year's almanac all about the wonderful cures wrought by some medicine.

This does no one any harm, since I cannot get to the drugstore to buy the dope. The next morning the sun is shining, the birds are singing, the children are well and I have my \$2.50 in my pocket.

"I had a telephone line out here until about a month ago, but the news got so badly tangled up on the barb wire fences, and the prairie wind, that it sounded like cats fighting; and you could put no more confidence in it than in neighborhood gossip, so I took the darn thing down. I have no telegraph or telephone now. All I can do is to tell my woman, and her "wave system" is not understood by our neighbors. Safe? I guess I am!"

I took a liking to this old fellow and decided to stop with him a while, drink some real buttermilk (not the kind the milkman sells) and eat yellow-legged chickens. I also found out something about turkeys. It costs \$4 to raise a turkey that you can sell for \$2.50, unless the grasshopper crop is long and your neighbor has a wheat-field near by. And as to ducks! I experimented on one a little and found that by feeding him every twenty minutes, and giving him water every hour, he could eat his weight in corn in two days without the need of any dyspepsia tablets.

I got on good terms with the lady of the house. She showed me how she made butter

to sell. I found out that it was not always carelessness that caused the farmers' wives to leave so much water in the butter, nor was it accident that gave it such a salty taste. She finally got so confidential that she told me water and salt were cheaper than butter fat! I did not know at first whether this was correct or not, but I went off behind the house and figured it out. She is right.

The billy goat and the farmer both wear chin whiskers, but I do not consider this any sign of relationship. The only similar characteristics I could discover was that they both inclined to butt in. I was consulting the market report in the Farmers' Rural Visitor, when he asked me which brought the highest price, *a city dude, or a Rocky Mountain canary.*

Well, we patched up our difficulty and I promised to assist him to build an addition to his sod shanty. Lumber was a little scarce, but we got hold of an old drygoods box and made a door. A few fence posts made excellent jambs. For walls we took a plow and turned over the sod about three inches thick, then with a spade cut it into bricks about 14 inches long. These we piled one upon the other, leaving a hole 14x18 for a real glass window. It was easy to build but when it was completed it looked like the house that Jack built, and we had to keep the

cows away from it until the grass dried up and blew away. We were both green at this kind of house building, and we decided to leave off the plastering, especially as we had nothing but adobe to plaster with, and we forgot to wire it for electricity. The floor was the best thing about it. This was made of pure, unadulterated dirt, and instead of using a planer to level down the bumps we used a hoe.

A few days after this we were asked to a house-raising by a neighbor 15 miles to the south. No; this was not his nearest neighbor. He had one only twelve miles to the east from whom he borrowed coffee.

Well, we got up the next morning before the coyotes went to bed. We roused old Billy and Maud from their dreams, threw the harness on, and were on our way before daylight.

When we arrived at the neighbor's home, all the mechanics were there ready to sling mud. They sized me up as a tenderfoot and put up a job on me. They said the easiest work was carrying the hod and as I was not accustomed to hard work I had better take it. I bit. I swallowed the bait, hook and all. The first attempt was a flat failure. I filled the hod with the "doby" and started to the house, but I had the hod wrong end to, and the thin mud slid out of the open end, over my shirt and into my trousers. The whole crowd then

laughed boisterously at my predicament. This goes to show how little respect some people have for their fellow-men. It took me quite a while to see where the fun came in. I was like the Englishman who listened to one of Mark Twain's capital stories. When Mark was through with his yarn everybody laughed and applauded except the Englishman, who looked at the story-teller in amazement. Ten days afterwards they met again. The Englishman came up smiling.

"Mr. Clemens," he said, "have this cigar. I just thought how ridiculously funny that story was that you told *ten days ago!*"

Well, the work progressed fine. We made the adobe into bricks and laid them in the sun to dry. This brick is about five inches broad and ten inches long when dry, and is good and hard. The walls are made of these bricks and plastered inside and out. Big beams run through the house at the eaves and the roof is covered with slabs. On top of these slabs dirt is shoveled to a depth of about eight inches. When it is finished, you have a house that is warm in winter and cool in summer, a regular adobe palace, the kind you find in New Mexico and Arizona.

We stayed all night with the neighbor and early next morning saddled up the best steeds on the ranch for a coyote chase. With 20 greyhounds at our heels, we had not gone far

when they jumped a coyote out of a dry creek bed. Now for the sport! At the risk of your life, but no time to think of that, you dig your spurs into your horse—exercise your lungs—and are off in pursuit. A man who can't halloo has no business going on a coyote hunt. I yelled so hard I scared myself.

I was riding a little gray horse that could jump gullies, ravines and small creeks, faster than you could count them. It was said by the cowboys that this horse could turn on a spot the size of a saddle blanket. We went pell mell for three miles, then our friend, the coyote, got in an old creek bed and the dogs lost him for a time. At last he was chased out by two grayhound pups about nine months old. Well of all the barking and yelping I ever heard, these pups did it when they saw the prey.

Now for the home stretch, level ground and a fair field, Sue in the lead and Buck a good second, with only a nose over old Ben. When the quarter is reached all three dogs are abreast, coyote 20 feet in the lead—dogs no time to bark—men no time to holler. All you could do was to put spurs to steed and lean forward. Ah! There! Buck grabs a ham. Now for a short and decisive fight. The dogs at both ends string him like a tug-o-war. A few yelps and he is gone to the happy hunting-ground.



Navajo Squaw and Papoose

## CHAPTER XXI

### COW PUNCHING OR CATTLE RAISING

I promised to give you a sketch of the cattle business, and the cow boy. Well the Devil is not as black as he is painted in some of our ten cent novels. The writers would have you believe that the cow boys did nothing but ride bucking horses and kill Indians. This you will find is a mistake, if you ever undertake to follow one of these knights of the saddle. The cow boy is a hard worker and undergoes many hardships. He braves all sorts of weather, rides through rain and snow, over hills and rocks all day and comes back to the ranch house at dark to find the corral broken, saddle horses gone, and the steers mixed with the yearlings; has to cook his own supper and lie down to sleep on a bed that has not been made for a week; gets up in the morning and performs the duties of cook and chamber maid without soap, dish-rag or broom; yet with all this he is good natured and free of care. The cow boy of the west no longer carries his six shooter, he is sometimes a little noisy when he gets into town and is "tanked up," but that is because he has



been tied down to his task of rounding up "dogies," and isolated from society. A cow boy or man is an unknown quantity, you can see him in his village, or on the range in his "*chapps*" and spurs; and you could not tell whether he is working for sixty dollars a month, or whether he owns the one thousand steers he is rounding up. And if you see him in the city, it will not take you long to find out that he is free hearted and has *some* dignity. You will find him registered at the best hotel, and in every respect he has the bearing of a gentleman. In fact, he can afford to be, for the last five years the profits in cattle-raising have been great. A good four year old steer is worth as much as a horse. The only thing that worries the cowman is range and water, the range is being badly cut up with the settler, the hoe is more to be feared than the six-shooter. The cattleman now has to fence his pasture to keep his stock off the farmer, whereas, formerly, they ran at large, with a brand on them as big as a saddle blanket. There is another thing about the cattle business, the long horned steer is rapidly passing and the roan and buckskin is a thing of the past. The steer that is put on the market now is nearly twice as heavy as his former brother was, and he has discarded his mottled face for a white one, and

has almost entirely lost his "snort" and fighting propensities.

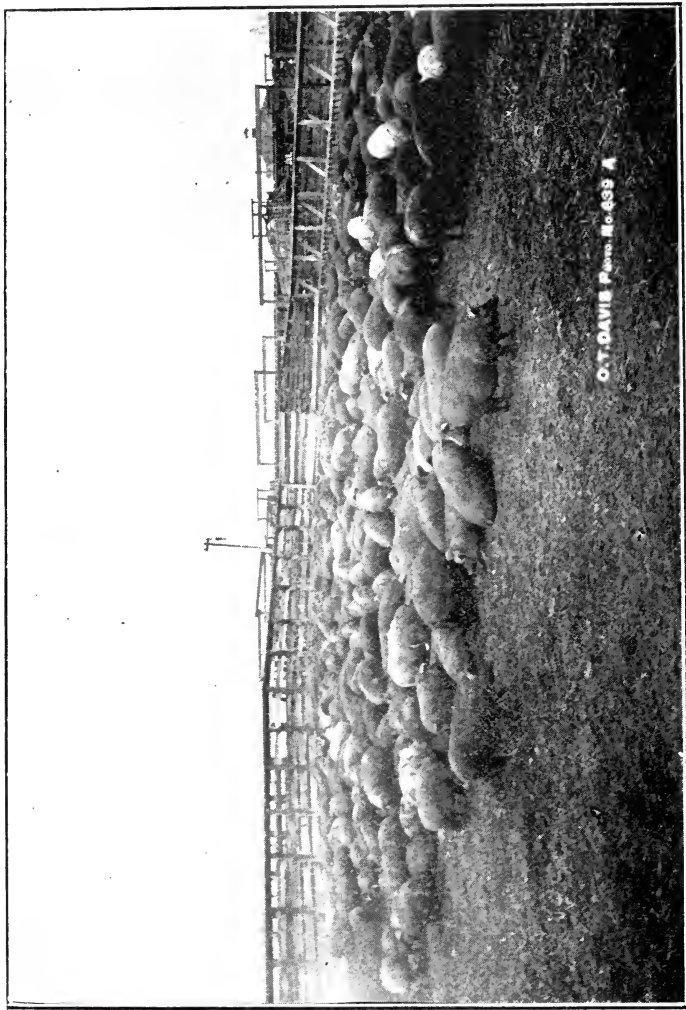
The average American takes great pride in his dignity and the social position he occupies. This is true as far as humanity is concerned. But before he swells up too much let him examine the progress made by the Western steer; here is a gentleman without royal blood as prestige which has with one grand leap landed in the most select circles—a full fledged autocrat disdaining to associate with the common herd of mankind. If you have any business to transact with him, you will have to make an appointment to meet him at the festal board of the rich.

## CHAPTER XXII

### THE EGYPT OF AMERICA

I do not want to excite the susceptible mind and make you restless and dissatisfied with your surroundings. Contentment is one of the greatest of blessings. On the other hand it can be carried to excess. A happy, contented, careless people, are always indolent—never accomplish much, never seem to have any ambition, so there is a happy medium between restless people, and contented people. There is a growing, aggressive, restless spirit taking hold of the American people; and is working wonders, as well as havoc. If you are well located and contented, I do not wish to disturb you, but if you are ambitious, if you have a thirst for new things and an unbounded desire to see and know, then I will try to show you conditions and opportunities as I see them, and you can investigate for yourself. It would be no use for me to try to decide for you, for no two people can see alike. If they did, business would soon be congested, all would want the same house and lot; or the same horse, and the boys would want the same girl.

I will tell you what my likes and dislikes



O. T. DAVIS Photo. No. 639 A

Mortgage Lifter, Mississippi Valley

are, and my reasons for my decisions. I will start with the south, inasmuch as I was reared there. Most people are partial to the state of their nativity. I attribute this to their patriotism and their youthful recollections. Everybody has a good time while young, and the smallest incident makes a lasting impression upon him. We remember our childhood friends, and the little events that were new and novel to us when young and full of hope and vigor; everything looks good, sounds good, feels good and tastes good. All the five senses grow dull as we grow old; consequently we do not enjoy life in later years, as we did in childhood. Therefore, the reason we feel kindly toward the land of our birth is because we spent the happiest hours of life there. Not because that particular country is better than others; but our judgment is warped, and it takes careful analysis to judge as to the merits and demerits of a certain country as compared to our birth-place. I think I have partially outgrown this sentiment. While the south has its advantages, it has its disadvantages. Nature has done a great deal for the south, and where nature has done so much man has not exerted himself. Vegetation grows in abundance, the winters are mild, and rainfall is sufficient. On the other hand the natives of that section as a rule are careless, and not so energetic as

their northern brothers. This has been brought about by two conditions. Slavery before the war, and the humidity of the climate. The south is destined to make grand strides in the near future—timber is plentiful, water power is available in most parts of the country, there are a great variety of products that can be raised, and land is cheap; the cheapest in the United States; and do you know that land is getting to be an object. Free homesteads are almost a thing of the past. The land that you can get now as a homestead is usually far away from market and often broken, they are not such homesteads as our forefathers got in Illinois, Indiana and Tennessee.

If you are looking for an investment that will unquestionably prove good, it can be found in Arkansas and Florida, in these as well as other southern states land can be bought for from twenty to seventy-five dollars per acre, according to locality, quality of soil and as to whether it is raw or cultivated.

Truck farming and the orchard are the stronghold of the south. Small fruits do exceedingly well in Tennessee and Arkansas. Vegetables and citrus fruits grow to perfection in Florida. This is the home of the grape fruit. There are hundreds of acres of it planted here, and it yields good returns, much better than oranges or lemons, the fruit

is growing in popularity and is destined to replace other fruits of its kind on many tables. It, like oranges, is a slow growth. A farmer undertaking to raise this fruit should have a few hundred dollars to tide him over, until his orchard gets to bearing. Transportation to market is good, inasmuch as they have water in competition to railroads. Of course it is hot in summer, especially if you get inland, but on the coast you nearly always have a breeze and the health of the country is far better than it formerly was, as lakes and lagoons are being drained more each year.

There is one thing about the southern people that is very noticeable, they are very hospitable and courteous, make good neighbors and are nearly always trustworthy. They are fast dropping the southern brogue or accent, and are getting more energy as the country is being impregnated with people from all over the United States. If you like balmy sunshine and gentle breezes, the south is the ideal place, it is also comparatively new as compared to the eastern states. There are a great many chances for investment, some of them good, especially in real estate. The country is not adapted to extensive farming and cattle raising. But will prove to be a pleasant haven of rest for the old people and persons affected with nervous troubles. It is

a great relief for people in the large cities in the north, to visit this country in the winter, it seems like going into a new world of peace and quietude.

As to the price paid for labor, it is cheaper in the south than any where else in the United States or Canada. The cause of this is, there is a great deal of unskilled labor among the colored race, that is cheap both in *quality* and *price*. This labor comes in competition with all white labor. Living is cheap here also, compared with the rest of the country. Almost all cereals and fruits are raised at your door—and vegetables! well everybody has them. Manufactured articles are as high here as any place, and in the small towns it is often hard to get the higher grades of goods as they are not carried in stock. The greatest obstacle to prosperity in the south is the credit system. It is carried to excess, and to the detriment of both buyer and seller. The south might be likened to a sleeping giant who is dreaming of wealth, happiness and pleasure, and whose ears are being tickled by the breeze of ambition, he is liable to awake in his strength at any time, and stride forth to conquest and power.

The first extensive traveling I ever did was in the east. When I first saw Boston I thought it was the greatest town on earth. I am sorry, but I have surely changed my mind.



While the people in the east are quick, alert, shrewd traders and well posted, they remind me of a band of sheep that are being watched by the herder; they are within certain bounds, this herder is the manufacturer; he watches his herd and takes care of them but he *shears them pretty often*. He tries to make them believe that his interest is their interest, and he generally succeeds, the people do not seem to have the liberty, freedom, and independence that they do in other parts of America. Another thing about the east, their corn crib is in Nebraska, their pig pen in Kansas, and their beef in Colorado. I like the landscapes, the hills and the verdure of the east, but their climate is too changeable, winters too severe. I like the hustle and bustle of the east, but I do not like their conservative way of doing business. Their education and refinement is admirable, and with proper mixing with broad-gaged ideas and principles of the west, they should develop into the best specimens of American Citizenship. We people in the west would like to exchange a little of our hospitality and nerve, for the sagacity and concentration of the east. Several thousand eastern people every year are coming west to absorb our sunshine and scenery, they are welcome, we have it in abundance and it costs us nothing. We are like the whirling Dervish—what we receive free, we dispense free.

As for health in the east, it is fairly good except pneumonia and lung trouble. Their water is good. If you have money to invest it should be safe in certain sections of the east, but it will bring you no handsome returns, because property values are at the top notch now. There is no virgin territory to be developed. Every line of manufacturing seems to be full, the ladder of business is crowded on top as well as at the bottom. Opportunities do not hang on limbs like pears. Salaries have been watered, as well as stocks. Westward the power of Empire takes its way. The big cities of the East will for years to come hold the balance of trade, on account of their shipping facilities, but the manufactory is destined to work westward and southward. The center of population is now moving west very fast, when they get one sniff of the fresh air they never turn back. Well, we need their money, their system, and their frugality. In exchange, we will give them liberty, equality and opportunity.

To a man who has never traveled from Buffalo to Bismarck, from New Orleans to Duluth, knows nothing of the United States. This section is truly an Empire within itself. She could build a Chinese wall enclosing her possessions and live within herself, like a prince in a castle, have every necessity and every luxury. She could build corn cribs to

the moon, fence in states for her cattle pastures and floor counties for her pig-sties. Her railroads would encircle the globe twice, her lakes could float all the ships in the world and not be crowded; she could raise a standing army greater than Cæsar ever attempted.

The old Mississippi is surely the Nile of America. Its valley pulsating with humanity, the most enlightened on the face of the globe. If you want to be a "hog and hominy" man this is the section to locate in. Lands are high, but productive; property will not depreciate in value for a thousand years; there are two things you must look out for: One is elbow room; it will not be many years until people will crowd each other too much in this locality. The second is: While real estate will not depreciate any it will not increase in value as fast as it will in the west, and in the south, from the fact that it is at the present time higher than in the west and south. The inhabitants of the north central states are hardy, industrious people; and as a rule are thrifty. In Minnesota and the Dakotas there are a great many natives of Sweden, they are a good class of citizens, they have become Americanized and patriotic. They will fight for the American flag as quick as a Yankee, they have dropped nearly all of the old country customs; have fine horses and good vehicles, are frugal and money-making. As I

remarked, land as a rule is high priced, but this does not imply that all of it is. You can find land in some localities for twenty dollars an acre, up to two hundred dollars. I guess land in the great Mississippi valley will average about one hundred dollars an acre. There is very little government land left in that section. North and South Dakota have the greatest acreage of wild land. The water is fairly good, very little alkali or gip to be found in all this vast section. Another peculiar thing is, nearly all domestic water is wells and cisterns, not many running streams. In some localities the surface water is gradually drying up; in most states. A notable example is that of Devil's Lake, North Dakota, the water has receded for a mile in some places, the rainfall has continued about the same, through this belt for the last thirty years; crops are nearly always bountiful. This section can truly be called the Egypt of America.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### IS HONESTY THE BEST POLICY

No, honesty is not the *best* policy—honesty is the *only* policy. To accomplish and enjoy is the aim in life. You cannot enjoy unless your actions and purposes are honorable. It is for your own advancement and standing. To be honest is the height of self-respect. Honesty gives you position and prestige. With position and prestige you can accomplish wonders. Without honesty you can take petty advantages and secure your aims and desires for a time, but it will reflect on you and do you ten dollars worth of damage where it did you five dollars worth of good.

You may find it hard to be honorable in all your dealings. First look over the pending deal, into the future. You can use the present parties' influence to turn a better deal later on. This is what is called business policy and is what gives our business men standing, and the nation credit.

I have little faith in the man who is honest for fear the devil will get him; he is liable to take chances on the devil being asleep, then

you'll get a skinning that you won't forget in a hurry.

Dishonesty is like insanity, you cannot leave the decision to the party perpetrating the act. The man who is insane claims to be the smartest man in the county, and, oftentimes he is very cunning in some things. So the most dishonest man in your neighborhood defends his acts, and often makes a good argument in his own behalf. You frequently see people take stands that to you are perfectly ridiculous. They contend that they are right, and we are compelled to admit that they appear to be honest in their arguments and convictions. Now who shall be judge of the situation, yourself or they? Two men have a lawsuit. Why? Because each thinks he is right; but when the court hands down the decision we find they are both wrong. What, then, is equity? It is the decision as rendered by law or the general public and not by individuals. An interested individual is not in a position to judge, as to the acts or intentions of his opponent. If people would only consider that it is possible for them to make a mistake as readily as their opponents, then we would have less bickerings.

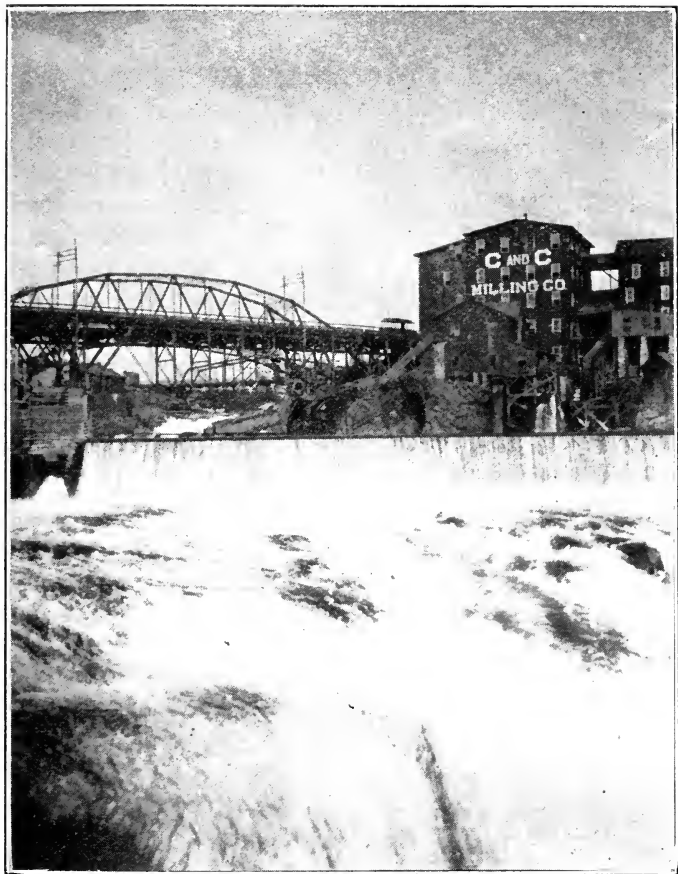
The only way you can judge people, or yourself, is by established customs or laws. Here is where people make the fatal mistake. In judging their own actions they are gov-

erned by opportunities and inclinations; they are controlled by the animal within them, and not by equity, as established by law or precedence. This dishonest principle in children is called (by their mothers) selfishness; but when the child gets to be a man and steals a horse, he is called a thief. When a child tells an untruth it is called a "story." When he does the same thing thirty years later, he is a liar. When a child deceives you, the parents say it is "cute." When he is grown to manhood and forges a check—what is it then? When a servant girl takes a stickpin or ring from her employer it is theft. When the lady of the house goes down to one of the big stores and shoves a silk waist into her shoplifting bag, it is kleptomania. Now where are you going to draw the line? *There is no distinction*; it is all the same principle, from the cradle to the grave, in the hovel, or in the palace; it is nothing less than thievery and deception born in the man—in your child—and can only be eradicated by education and proper training. Teach the child to think and show him the consequences of misdeeds. It does no good to tell your boy not to do a thing because it is wrong. What does he care whether it is right or wrong; these words have no *meaning to him*. Teach him by *object lessons* to respect the rights of other people. Take him to the jail and show him

the criminals, and explain to him the cause of their troubles. You may not think that *your boy* needs such forcible examples, but remember you are the parent, and cannot see the extent of his faults.

Men who are always taking advantage of circumstances to deceive and rob their fellow-men, do so because they think they can "get away with the goods," and when they succeed a time or two, they grow more daring, and take greater chances. If they would stop to think that others just as smart as they are, have tried the same games and been caught, they possibly would not be so reckless. The rat may steal the bait once, and he may not even succeed the first time, but there is one thing *dead sure*, if he keeps it up the trap will win. You may deceive the man you are dealing with once, but not the second time. You have to advertise for a new "sucker," and that is expensive. If the thieves in our jails had worked for \$1.00 a day while in prison, they could have bought more goods than they have ever stolen. A man holding a public trust may deceive the people once or twice, but he will not get the chance again. A merchant may sell a pair of trousers by deception, but he will not be able to sell the coat and vest to match. The monkey stole the bull-pup's dinner once—only once!



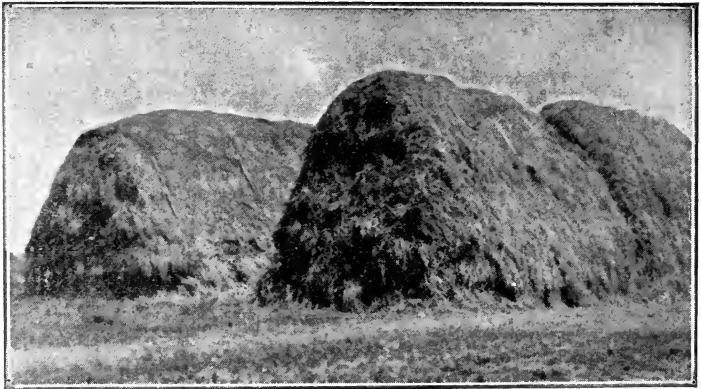


Falls of the Spokane

## CHAPTER XXIV

### THE FAR WEST

Did you ever stop to think of the vast difference in the size of eastern and western states? Some day when you are looking at a map it will be very interesting to do some figuring, see how many eastern states you can put inside of Montana, Wyoming or Colo-



A Western Savings Bank

rado. A traveler going to Frisco from Boston has just started west when he gets to Chicago. This trip would be very monotonous if it was not for the change in scenery, corn-cribs in Nebraska, five hundred feet long; the thou-

sands of sheep in Wyoming; the vast herds of cattle in Nevada; the blooming fruit trees in Colorado, constantly keeps the tourist pulling the shade back to drink in the sights. It is money well spent to take a trip to the Far West. It is a great education, better than a post graduate course, will make you broader minded, enthusiastic and patriotic.

To a traveler who has made a business of investigating conditions, the west appeals very strongly. The resources are so vast in every branch of industry, and to see the vigor with which the people take hold of these industries and enterprises, if you have a meritorious proposition, it is no trouble to get money to carry it to completion. There is a broad gauge principle of doing business in the west, you ask why this is so; simple enough, the people who had the nerve to brave the hardships and privations of the west fifty years ago, were people who had unlimited courage; were broad minded and optimistic. These people while rough in their manners were the bone and sinew of the American people. The fearful, the timid, and the tenderfoot stayed back at home. The offspring of these first pioneers are the men and women of the present population. If we have a house to sell, a ranch to sell, a train of cattle to sell, we approach a prospective buyer say, "Hello Bill, I want to sell you my cattle,"

Bill will not say, "Well I guess I am not in the market." No, you will hear him say, "What do you want for them, spit it out." He does not have to take it under advisement and ask all of his kinfolks if he should buy them. I have known deals where strangers have met and within one hour have traded or sold real estate amounting to \$100,000. Nearly everybody has confidence in his own judgment and is willing to take chances on an investment on short notice. There is an ease and freedom in the west that is found nowhere else; people are more sociable, there are not so many dividing lines and hair splitting technicalities as in the older parts of the United States. People have respect for overalls in this section of the country because the man inside of them may be worth half a million.

Now as for investments in the west, it is surely the country of possibilities. The land is almost invariably rich; and the products have a ready sale in our cities. At the present time there is not enough raised to supply home consumption. The land will improve in fertility from year to year as the soil is fed by loam and volcanic ash every time irrigation water is run over it, no fertilizer ever needed. The country is being opened up very fast, new irrigating schemes are constantly being completed, reclaiming thousands of acres of land.

While we are speaking of irrigated lands, I want to caution you about buying lands under a ditch, until you have investigated thoroughly, as to the water rights of the ditch owners. I do not want to infer that all canal companies need watching, but some of them do. There are cases where the canal or Water Co., sell too much water, more than they can deliver. There are canal companies who have to depend wholly upon flood water to fill their reservoirs, this is not a safe proposition, inasmuch as some years there may be a scarcity of snow in the mountains, and the older ditch companies in time of scarcity of water are entitled to the water first, this leaves the new or last ditch company short. There are several government irrigation systems now in operation that are very good for the homesteader, he can homestead the land subject to irrigation and then buy his water from the Government, and get a long time on the deferred payments of his water right.

Dry ranching offers a grand opportunity to the man who has a few hundred dollars in cash to invest in cattle or sheep. The farmer can plant fifty to one hundred acres in milo maze, sugar cane, kaffir corn or Spanish peanuts; these crops are easily raised and make ample feed for his cattle or sheep in winter, in the summer his stock have free range, and it is astonishing how they grow into money.

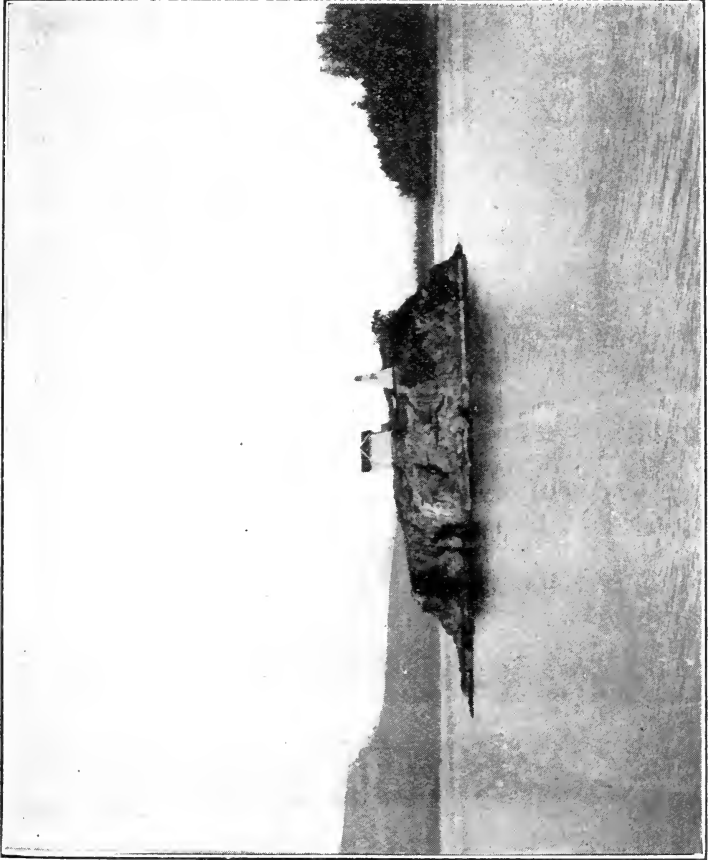
As for health. Well a doctor has to be a politician or a grafter to live, and sometimes he is an expert at all. There is an old maxim: "That health is better than wealth," but it is nice and not very inconvenient to have both. If this climate and water does not bring you health, you had better go to the glue factory and get a bid on yourself. I know a man who came to this city twenty-seven years ago; at that time he only weighed *eight pounds*, now he weighs *one hundred eighty-five*. A man told me he would not mind living in the west if we were more civilized, and did not have such a hard time to make a living. On the point of civilization, I told him he was mistaken, that the college boys wore long hair and played football just the same as in the east, and that we gave the women a chance to vote before he did; if this is not progress, please let us know, we are always open for an argument, and as for making a living, that is no trouble when you know the pass-word; every man should have learned this in the school of experience. A man is like a piece of steel, the more you hammer him the tougher he gets.

My advice is, that when your children marry send them far enough away so they cannot hear a pig squeal at your house. Teach every young man to stand alone. He has got to stand before he can walk; give him encouragement, but do not supply him with a

go-cart. Too much assistance is worse than none. This brings to mind the story of "how to make a pup." A boy and his father were training a pup how to be vicious, the boy was holding the pup and the old man was teasing him. At last the pup got loose and grabbed the old man and was chewing on him in great shape, the old man halloed for the boy to take him off. "Oh! Pop, do not be in a hurry, it is tough on you, but it is the making of the pup." We welcome all progressive people to the land of sunshine and wild-roses, but we do not want the kind that has a swell head and a limber pocket-book; he had better exchange his head for a back-bone, and persuade his old man to swap pocket books. We notice that some of the fathers in the east are getting wise. I heard of a case lately that fit the subject and the occasion. A father had a very trifling son, he gave him twenty dollars and told him to go as far west as it would take him. He came to Chicago, and wrote the Governor that he was out of money. His father sent him twenty more and told him to go on west; he came to Denver and wrote back for more money. The old man sent him twenty dollars more and told him to go on west; he came to "Frisco" and wrote for more money, saying that he was deadbroke and afoot. The old man did not send him any more, but told him to go on west. There

has been big changes in the west in the last twenty years. The miner has learned the value of money, the western steer has lost his horns, the cow-boy has swapped his six shooter for a diamond stick pin, the ox-team has been sold to the packers, to be converted into country sausage and the proceeds have been invested in an auto, the buffalo has gone where all good Indians go, and haystacks grow in his stead. The gentleman with the black mask, who formerly held up banks and stage coaches, has either bit the dust, or made arrangements with the warden of the pen to boss the rock pile, and the yellow-back blood and thunder novel, can no longer use the west as a moving picture show.





Lighthouse, Northwest Coast

## CHAPTER XXV

### HOW TO JUDGE A MAN

In this chapter I wish to strike from the shoulder. To be able to read human nature, is one of the greatest assets you can possibly possess. It will make you money, enable you to be more agreeable and to accomplish your purpose with ease and to be able to know at a glance where your man stands. What people say, does not *always* indicate their meaning. Actions speak louder than words. There is not one man in a hundred who can hide his thoughts, or intentions, as to what his purpose is, or the decision he is about to make. Our aim is an open book to a man who can read human nature. While there is no infallible rule by which to weigh your man or woman, there are rules that are *almost* as sure as two and two making four; the human eye is a window to the soul, and speaks as plainly as a college professor. A man or woman with a quick movement of the eye is quick and impulsive and are liable to change their mind; if you want to do business with them do it while they are interested in your proposition, if they have time to reflect, they are liable to take another notion.

Do not trust a person who cannot look you squarely in the eye. He is treacherous and deceptive and will lie to you, his word of honor amounts to nothing.

The man with a cold gray eye is all right when you get his confidence. He is careful and suspicious. You cannot impose on him, he is matter of fact, and when he tells you anything it is usually the truth, but he may not tell you the whole truth. You may have to read between the lines. He is usually shrewd and reserved, does not talk much, but is watching every move you make. So be on your guard, do not try to deceive him, you are likely to fail. He is practical and makes a good partner in business, but he will expect you to be on the job and do your part. He makes no bustle in life, and does not try to show off to attract attention.

A woman that has this kind of an eye is inclined to be reserved, and sometimes a little dull in conversation, but will not talk about her neighbors. Black eyes are quick to penetrate, and to think. Women of this type are usually fluent conversationalists and attractive, are good dressers, but are pretty high strung. She is willing to do her house work, but needs no boss.

Men with dark, or black eyes, are deep thinkers, and schemers, quick to detect the trend of events, and make good financiers.

As a rule cannot work for wages, want to be free and independent. You had better keep a weather eye open when you are dealing with him, he is liable to show you more than is in the proposition. He is enthusiastic himself, and is apt to get you excited, cause you to invest too deep. This man makes a good salesman, and is a success among the ladies. I would not care to trust him at the head of a department with many people under him, he is apt to intimidate his subordinates. He should be in business of his own.

The person who has a great deal of white in the eye, is usually easy to get along with. They are not meddlesome, will do their duty and stay within their bounds, are not very fluent talkers, nor deep thinkers.

The large full eye, one that seems to bulge out, is very fluent if educated, is usually well posted and is a good companion; though they are sometimes more theoretical than practical. They make good college professors and lecturers. If you are posted on your points of argument you can influence them by hard facts; but not by arguments, because they see the point you are attempting to make and have a line of defense framed to counteract your proposition before you can make your point.

The pale blue eye is usually of a bad disposition, domineering and selfish, and I would

not care to trust it too far. I would not enter into a co-partnership with it. This is not saying that they are all so inclined. I am speaking of the generality of men, there are exceptions to all rules.

As to the outward actions: Do not trust a man who, when he passes you keeps throwing his head around to look at you. It is all right for him to take one look, but if he takes more than one, I will want to watch him a little. *Do not trust a man who looks at you under his eyebrows* with his head tucked down, he is treacherous. *Do not trust a man or woman who tries to flatter you and agree to all you say, they are hypocrites and vipers.* Do not trust a man who is quick to make promises before he thoroughly investigates your position, he either is not sincere, or is not capable of judging. A man that is too willing to give advice usually has nothing to give. Do not trust a man or woman who have a lot of secrets to tell you, and who talk about their neighbor or their competitor. The man or woman who tells suggestive stories about their competitors or neighbors need to be watched, they are trying to get into your confidence, and to make you believe they are a model. They are a model of *mischief* and *deceit*. If I want advice on any point, I will go to a man who is not prone to talking his business, or about his competitor. Above all beware of a man who

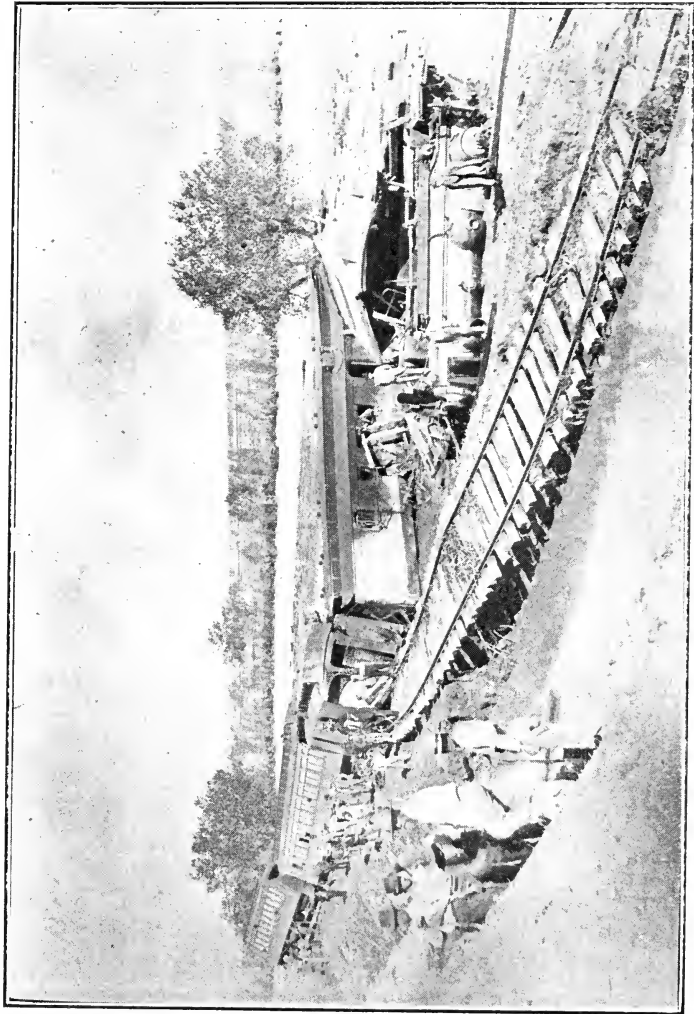
boasts of his honesty, he will not rob your hen house, but he will deceive you and has no conscience if he gets the advantage of you.

The hypocrite above all men is the most despicable, he is worse than the coyote; he tries to get your confidence and then betrays you. All honest men honor a fighter. Candor and honor are the two most adored virtues of the human race. A man or woman without honor, have never attained to any degree of standing in a neighborhood. They can deceive for a while but it will come out. A dime's worth of sapolio will go a long way toward removing dirt, grease and stains; but a thousand dollars worth of sulphuric acid will not remove the *spots from a hypocrite and liar*; the more you rub the worse they shine. I have more respect for a gambler than a hypocrite. The gambler makes no pretensions to be honest, he merely dares you to play his game. The hypocrite is like the spider after the fly; he invites you into his parlor, but the combination lock fastens with a snap as soon as you cross the threshold. Try to learn him; his manners are usually suave and polite, he is a gentleman in appearance, a thief in disguise; though you seldom see him in the pen, he generally keeps within the bounds of the law, though he is often on the brink. He surely gets no comfort out of life, but it is not be-

cause his conscience hurts him; it is because he is afraid of being cornered.

If you are introducing *yourself* to a man, or being formally introduced by a friend, now on offering to greet him by shaking hands, he puts out his hand about six inches from his body, and lets it hang in the air like a frost-bitten sunflower; and when you take hold of this paw of knavery it feels like a candidate's "busted" aspirations; I would advise you to cut the acquaintance of this gentleman as soon as possible. You cannot rely on him; his word is as unreliable as his hand. He is suspicious of everybody, *therefore needs watching himself*. The man who grips your hand hard, and holds on while he talks, is not harmful. He is only trying to advertise himself. He is an egotist, and wants to convert you to his cause.

The firm, quick, decisive grasp, has character, honor and fellowship. Such wish you success and will not throw chunks in your path.



Wreck on Santa Fe, Arkansas Valley



## CHAPTER XXVI

### MEXICO

Mexico is a country that I can say nothing good about, therefore, I guess I will say very little; but if you are ever at El Paso, Texas; or Douglas, Arizona, walk over and see how you feel. Juarez, (pronounced War-ez) just across the Rio Grande river from El Paso, is a town of about 5,000 inhabitants. This town is kept up by curious Yankees, who go over there seeking amusement, and they generally find it. The wily Mexican is looking out for the American eagles. He likes our money better than his own, inasmuch as it will buy twice as many tamales and frijoles for his little papoose. The town of Juarez has the last bull fight of the season, every week, for two months in the spring. The bulls will always fight as long as there are Americans to patronize the game. Some of the shrewd boys from the north side of the river, have learned to beat the game. The Mexican who occupies the exalted position of relieving you of your coin at the box office when the biggest fights of the season are held is a good judge of color, (as well as whiskey). He sizes up each applicant who seems anxious to part with his

"Simoleons." If your skin is fair, and you look prosperous, he takes a dollar of your "tainted" money; but if you are dark in color and wear a "Sombrero" he taxes you only fifty cents. Now if this fifty cents will be worth anything to you, just hand a Mexican fifty cents and he will buy your seat for you. When you get through admiring the butchery, you can take this fifty cents and go into the Cock pit just across the alley; and see the game cocks cut each others heads off with their gaffs. If you are not satisfied, you can go up town on the principal streets and find any kind of a gambling game known to civilized or uncivilized man; and when you go in to one of these places, you will not find the chairs empty. Look around and see if any of your neighbors from home are here. It is astonishing how many privileges people will take when they are far enough away from home so they are safe from criticism. I have seen dozens of Americans in these dives with their wives; and they were not *spectators either*. They learn how to play "Keno" *awfully* easy, and they want to try their luck; but in trying luck, they usually win at least once; then it is all off with the big "Swede." *They know they can beat the game, and here goes to prove it.* The balance of the afternoon is utilized in the attempt to beat the Mexican at his own game;

but at night when they return to the Sheldon, in El Paso, they have lost their rabbit foot.

I will not attempt to describe the bull fight in detail, it is too barbarous for civilized people to read. The Amphitheater, at Rome, never witnessed greater cruelties than are practiced in a Spanish bull ring. In Juarez there is a perfect circle covering about an acre, with a large circle in the center. There is a high board fence between the arena and the spectators. Into this ring the bull is driven to face his tormentors; but as he is driven in, an unseen hand, from above forces two gaffs into his shoulders, so that every time he steps they irritate him. Now (Toreadors and Picadors) men on foot and horse-back, begin the attack to enrage him, always taking precautions to keep out of his way. Then the horse that is to be killed is brought into the ring, blindfolded. The man on the horse taunts the bull and allows him to kill the horse. After the bull is thoroughly exhausted, the chief butcher (Matador), amid cheers from the crowd; goes into the ring with a red scarf and a straight sword. Watching his opportunity he thrusts the sword through the top of the neck, down between the shoulders and endeavors to hit the heart, though frequently he is not successful. There are usually three or four bulls killed in an afternoon. It is an excitement that seems to attract most Ameri-

cans once; but as a rule they do not go back the second time; as there is no genuine sport in the affair.

Mexico from its earliest history has been scourged with revolution, commencing with the independence in 1802, there has hardly been a time when there was not a civil war in progress, or one brewing. The political leaders keep the people stirred up, and this is not hard to do, when you consider that there are some seven hundred different tribes of Indians and other people to be reckoned with. There are about one hundred different languages. Here you see is plenty of breeding ground for discontent and strife. Each faction clamoring for superiority, each jealous of the other, and all after the scalp of the party which is in power.

It is a conglomeration of Spanish chivalry and Indian barbarism; social conditions are very bad. There are three principal classes. The politician, the aristocrat, and the peon. The lines that are drawn are very distinct. This, of course, generates hatred. This added to the warlike and restless spirit, keeps the pot boiling. Mexico is an exceptionally rich country, especially the southern and eastern portions; though the modes of cultivating the land is crude. Concessions to foreign syndicates have been made from time to time, to get foreign capital interested, and introduce mod-

ern ideas; but this has only generated strife, and the colonists that have gone in there have suffered; oftentimes being pillaged and driven out, or asked to put up indemnities by some local ruler or officer. The principal products of the south portion are small fruits and grapes. The silk industry has made considerable progress. Indigo, rubber and coffee are extensively cultivated.

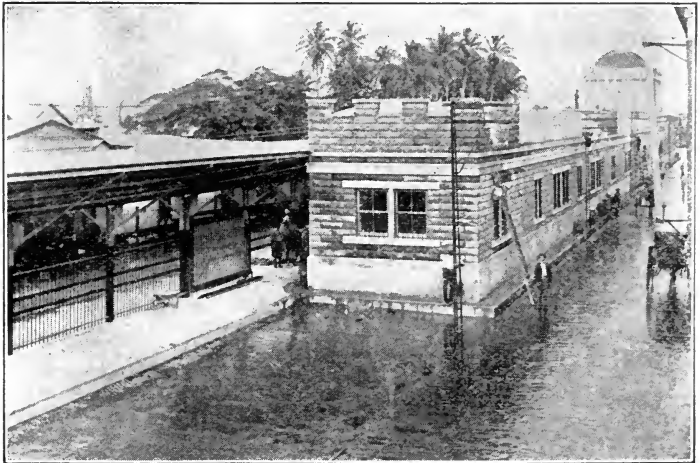
From the eastern coast the country rises in successive steps to the Sierra Madre Mountains. The northern part of the republic is occupied almost exclusively by cattle and sheep ranges.

The climate is fine through the central and northern portions. The Mexican is a born gambler, but he always wants a *sure* thing. A great many live by their wits, *i. e.* duping the lower class. They are barbarous in war, and restless in time of peace. I would not advise you to take them too seriously. He *may* do what he promises, but more frequently he will not. If you want him to do a thing, and he says "Manana" you had better go do it yourself. "Manana", means tomorrow, but with him tomorrow never comes.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### PANAMA CANAL, RAILROADS, ETC.

Do you know who we are? If not get acquainted. We are the greatest nation on the face of the globe! Do we ever start anything we cannot finish. Never! Why is this so? Because we are endowed with resources, ingenuity, experience, and money. Do you know that the Panama Canal is the biggest



New Panama Railroad Station, Colon, 1909.

undertaking the world has ever known. We will finish it two years ahead of time, after other powers have failed. We paid the French government \$40,000,000 for their rights and material. Afterwards we had to pay for the Canal Zone, and a few other extras which made the grand total, \$55,000,000. We paid this out of our pocket change; went to work and cleaned up the zone, reduced the death rate more than 80 per cent. When we got going, we moved 1,000,000 cubic yards of dirt per month. We have paid over \$9,000,000 for preliminary material. We own sixty-one steam shovels and sixteen hundred cars. We have bought more than 1,000,000 pounds of dynamite. This ought to be enough to loosen up a miser's pocket book. At any rate, it will loosen up the commerce of the world, and start it in a stream, floating between North and South America.

Did you know that we have the largest rock quarry in the world (Alaska). Yes, and she has coal fields that surpass the peat beds of Ireland. She has timber enough to fence off every state in the union, and she has an acreage that looks good on paper. She is more than twice as large as the lone star State, having 590,884 square miles. Did you know that our other territorial possessions exclusive of Alaska, amount to 125,511 square miles, and that we have 236,378 miles of railroad?

This is nearly one-half the railroad mileage of the entire world.' Did you know that we have 276,583 miles of telegraph lines; twenty-seven first class battle ships; also nine in the older class, but good enough to do good barking at a fortification, and that we have fifteen first class cruisers that can scrap like a bob cat. Did you know that we only had 100,000 enlisted men in the army? Did you know that we need no more; an army is the most expensive luxury a nation ever possessed. They are nice to amuse us on the fourth of July, and on Decoration day. The stripes on their trousers and the buttons of their vests, look good to the girls, but the girls, old man, cannot see the point when it comes to pay the bills. Our Generals all claim we need a larger army. Why do they advocate this? Well, a General is like a walking delegate; trouble is what gives him employment. When we increase the army, each officer moves up a notch. Officers are human the same as the rest of us. Let's analyze this proposition. Why do we need an army of 500,000? We have no job for them. It would be expensive to keep the seat of their pants in order. We have no powerful nation adjacent to us that might become a foe and invade our land over night. No border lines that troops could be marched across, and throw up a fortification before we could appear upon the scene. We have a



navy that could hold in check any foreign foe, until we could sound the bugle from the Potomac to the Sacramento, from Galveston to Duluth. Do you know that bugle would be *heard and answered by 15,000,000 able bodied men*. Is this an army? *The army of Xerxes was an infant in swaddling clothes!* The army of *Napoleon* would not make us a *body-guard!* And as for transportation, the thousands of railroads, operating over 236,378 miles of track ought to deliver men, arms and ammunition enough in 48 hours to make a Caesar catch his breath. This talk of us being surprised, sounds like the babble of a baby. With six or seven submarine cables, and the wireless telegraph; these will tell more stories than a woman's club.

This is an age of progress, an age in which the arts and sciences have electrified commerce. If the Emperor of Japan gives an order we hear it the day before it happens. Yes, we have in constant use the three fastest means of transmitting news. i. e. "Telephone," "Telegraph" and "Tell a Woman," The construction of the sentence, however, varies a little each time it is told in the last mentioned method. Did you ever try to conceive of the wealth of the U. S. in order to compare it to something else, so you could grasp the situation? I doubt if there is a man in America that can draw an accurate conclusion of the

value of this stupendous pile. You cannot make a comparison unless you have something of like value. If I should undertake to compare the wealth of our country, I think I would succeed about as well as the Chinaman did when he undertook to describe the size of an elephant. He said he was a "great big-way-out." But at any rate if I had all the wealth of the United States I would not have to worry about having that last year's suit of clothes cleaned. Let us be serious for a moment. Were you ever in a foreign land, 10,000 miles from home. When you were asked your nationality did you falter or stammer as you pronounced the word, America? Were you ever accused of being a fossil, a degenerate, a snob, or a pauper? No! the only thing the foreigner ever accuses you of is being a dollar chaser. The only reason he does this is because he has been bitten by the green eyed monster, jealousy. I, like Adam's calf, wandered away from home once myself, and by chance fell among an enthusiastic crowd, of good natured American Admirers. I was called upon to respond to a toast, offered to America. I do not know whether I did the subject justice or not; but I do know that I never felt so much like flying in my life as I did when I finished; amid a dozen American flags, waving in the hands of people who had once been our enemies. I hope I will never

meet a man who was born and raised in this country, whose heart does not palpitate and whose brain does not throb when he hears the word "America." A man who does not honor his mother and his country is a reprobate, a viper and a traitor. Our laws and institutions are far from perfect. These conditions were brought about by a few misguided and selfish politicians, who are ever catering to selfishness, greed and ignorance. But the great masses of the people in our land are not to be classed with a few cheap politicians, and ringsters. The Patriots, the "Minute Men," the bone and sinew of America, stand for *Honor, Principle, Justice and Equality*. Are you a member of this brotherhood?

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### ANIMALS OF THE WEST

If the Eastern part of the continent of America and the Western part had been two separate continents, there could have been no greater difference between Geological formations, plant and animal life. There are to be found a great many animals in the West that are not found at all in the East, and vice versa. In the Rocky Mountain districts we have no red fox, ground-hogs, coon or opossum, mink, hoot-owls, martins, or quail, nor Southern mocking-birds. We do have a mocking-bird, whose wings are black and white, barred, and which sings almost as sweetly as the Southern bird. He comes to see us about the 15th of May and stays until about the first of October. We have a quail that we call the California quail. He is more graceful than the Bob-white and larger. He has a beautiful top-knot or tassel on top of his head, and is much darker in color. They go in coveys and have the same characteristics as the Bob-white. Then we have the raven, chaparral, mag-pies, and camp-robber. The raven is very black—blacker than the ace of spades, and looks very much like the crow, though not so big nor so noisy. The chaparral

is a gray bird and possesses the traits and actions of the jay-bird. I think he is a first cousin of the jay, and by the way, we have no jay in this district. The Magpie is in a class by himself. He is about twice the size of the jay, and his body is almost black with some white on his neck and wings. He is very easily taught to speak, and can make the parrot take a back seat in the use of English. His morals are not quite so bad, or at any rate he does not use cuss words so fluently. The Camp-robber infests the foot-hills, and as his name implies, he hangs about camps and steals the good-things. I think that his stealing propensities must be hereditary as all the race seem to be addicted to the pilfering habit. If he should be arrested for his stealing I think that he would make the same plea that a society woman does when caught shop-lifting, that he was a kleptomaniac.

In the animal line the West has more than three times as much as the East. Most of the Western animals are larger, and a great many are dangerous foes of the huntsman. I will attempt to enumerate some of them and take them up in detail. First there is the bear, cougar, mountain-lion, bob-cat, badger, beaver, elk, moose, caribou, deer, mountain-sheep, coyote, jack-rabbit, horned-toad, tarantula and centipede. Besides these there are others too numerous to mention.

The bear family in the West probably can be divided into three classes, the Black, the Silver-tip and the Cinnamon. The black and the silver-tip are most commonly met with. They inhabit all the Rocky Mountain district. Though they are very common, you might travel for a month in the mountains and not see one except in certain localities. They are plentiful in the Jackson Hole country in Wyoming, in the Yellowstone, and in British Columbia. The bear is a great feeder and is not very particular about what he eats. He will feed on roots and herbs, if forced to but he prefers the carcass of a horse or cow. They will never attack the grown animals, but will sometimes destroy calves and colts. He is also fond of American cooking and is not particular whether he eats meat or pie first. There is one thing sure, if there is any honey around he will take it without being asked. The bear is not a dangerous animal, unless you get him cornered or wound him. Then look out, for he can lick the whole Mexican army. I would advise you not to get familiar with the cubs when the mother is around. An uncle of mine once tried to kidnap a small cub he found in the woods. He picked it up and started for home. Of course the cub started to cry and the faster he went the harder the cub cried. Finally my uncle's brain got to working. He

decided that if the old bear came up with him his anatomy would not look good when she got through with him. He dropped the cub, hurried home and told his father and older brothers. They armed themselves and went to the spot where the boy had dropped the cub, but the mother had been there and carried her baby away. The boy is not through patting himself yet.

The cougar is to be found in Oregon, Washington and British Columbia. He resembles the female lion a great deal but is not as large, though I have seen one specimen that the taxidermist had mounted that was said to measure nine feet from tip to tip. They are very vicious when hungry or wounded. They have some of the characteristics of the panther inasmuch as they trail their prey, until a suitable moment of attack. Now, young man, if you think of hunting cougar, before you decide on the trip you had better read the following story. An old hunter and his nephew started on a bear hunt. The snow was about six inches deep. They had walked for a couple of miles when they found fresh bear tracks. It was plain to be seen that there were two grown animals and they had walked as the Dutchman would say, "Side by each." The old hunter after a while began to talk, and to caution the young man as to how to act in case they came upon the bear suddenly.

They followed the tracks for some distance. The young man was not talking much. Finally the tracks separated. The old hunter said to his nephew, "Now, Joe, you take that trail and I will take this one, and we will both get a bear." The young man said nothing but followed his trail for a hundred yards and then he called out to his companion, "Say, Uncle, I have lost no bear."

The mountain-lion is not as bad as his name implies. A couple of good dogs can handle him nicely. He will not attempt to fight only as a last resort. They are cunning in their habits and usually do their prowling at night. They seem to be especially fond of colt flesh. The ranchers often complain of their depredations, perpetrated on young colts and calves. They nearly always spring onto the backs of the animals and sink their teeth into the flesh and tear the ligaments with their claws. Unless an animal is pretty strong and fleet of foot the lion is mighty apt to get his prey. The lion is light brown in color, has a full, round head and a body about the size of a full grown bulldog.

Next we will give you a sketch of the bob-cat. The reason we call him bob, is because his tail is very short, being only about 10 inches long; but I want to tell you that the tail does no fighting. To be impartial to the cat family, the bob-cat, for his size, is in a class



by himself. He understands the art of fighting early in life and is a Jack Johnson when it comes to boxing. He is of a yellowish brown color, his eyes are large, and not many things escape his notice. To use a familiar expression he is "Johnny-on-the-spot." But before we exhaust our fight talk let me call your attention to the badger. Here is an animal that is a pioneer in the West and is no tenderfoot; he is wholly unknown in the East. I will describe him. He is nearly the color of the opossum, being possibly a little darker. He is about the size of a spaniel dog, has small ears and a fine set of teeth. I have never heard of a dentist having a job on his mouth. He usually lives in old drift piles or in the ground. He does not have to rely on some other animal to dig his hole for him, and if you attempt to dig him out, you will have to work pretty lively or he will dig faster than you do, and give you the high-ball. They will usually run from you but there are cases where they stand pat. I had a misunderstanding with one in Western Texas when I was a young man. I happened to be on his right-of-way and he would not arbitrate the trouble, but proceeded to run his bluff by turning his head the wrong way, and charging double quick on the surprised enemy. Well, I thought it time to unlimber my artillery; so I proceeded to open up skirmish with my six-shooter using

the fence as breast-works. About the second shot I turned his left wing, and he retreated in order without being pursued by me, to his barracks in the drift-wood. I did not attack his stronghold, as I did not consider my forces sufficient to storm the castle, especially as I had lost my best freind, *General Nerve*.

The beaver is almost a thing of the past in the West, he has been hunted more thoroughly for his silken hide, and with more success, than the honest man, by Diogenes. If the beaver ever consults me as to his future destiny, I shall advise him to change coats with the hedge-hog. In the animal realm as well as in the human, it is a bad policy to carry your wealth exposed to view. The beaver is never seen except in the vicinity of water. He takes his bath oftener than the average American tramp. This is not the only good quality of the beaver. He is a mechanic. He can cut down a tree with his teeth and the stump will look about as well as the work done by a saw and hatchet carpenter. I do not know that the beaver carries a Mason's Union card, but when it comes to daubing he is pretty handy. He should have been a mill-wright. A few years ago I saw a dam they had built by a mill-site, but I doubt if they can build a mill by a—*good* deal.

Let us now turn our attention to animals who eat grass and are fleet of foot. There is

the deer that is known in nearly every section of America. They are larger in the West than in the East. The cause of this is higher altitude and the nutritious grass. The grass in the West produces larger animals in every class than are grown in the South or East. Let us diverge here a little to prove this assertion. You can take two calves or colts of equal age and vigor at the age of three months, and place one of them in Southern Texas and take the other to Colorado or Montana. Put each on the range and at the age of four years, the one that is reared in the North will be from two to four hundred pounds heavier than the other. In addition to this he will be rounded out and have a better coat. The deer is rather plentiful in the mountains of Colorado, Wyoming and Montana. The open season is only ten days in October, but this is long enough for a great many of the beauties to fall by the work of the deadly Winchester. We regret also to note that the huntsman often pays the penalty of the sport. If I should be called upon to select an animal to represent independence and liberty, I would surely select the mountain sheep. His home is among the crags of the Rocky Mountains. He inhabits the highest peaks, up where the air is pure and the scenery fine. If he were a painter he would surely catch the inspiration. He drinks from the fountain-head of the

purest streams on the globe. He takes his meals off the finest and whitest linen that was ever spread for a festal board—(the snow). He is too much of an aristocrat to mingle with the common herd and selects his abode high among the castles erected by the hand of volcanoes thousands of years ago. Here he is safe from his sworn foe, the mountain-lion and the jaguar. And if they should approach his snowy couch he needs no burglar alarm to awaken him. The State of Colorado has passed laws to protect this emblem of the free, from the *murderous assaults of civilized man*. For the information of those not acquainted with Western animals I will describe the mountain sheep as being about six inches taller than the domestic sheep, and somewhat the color of a deer, though more of a brown. His limbs are light and wiry. His general make up is very much more like a deer than the sheep. His horns resemble the sheep's considerably, being large and curly.

The coyote is an outcast among animals. He occupies the same place in the animal world that the vagabond-criminal does in the social world of humanity. I do not have to draw on my imagination very much to hear every animal in the West say, "Oh, you fraud and disgrace to the animal kingdom." The farmers and ranchers of the West put it even

stronger. All nature seems to have contempt for either man or beast who is a sneak, a pilferer and will not assert himself, unless backed by his entire gang. Such is the nature of the coyote. He seems to be a cross between a dog and a bunch of noise. I may be a little hard on the coyote but he was hard on me once. About thirty years ago I was in Jones County, Texas. I had lost some horses, and was out trying to find them. I got badly lost, and after traveling until about 10 P. M. I gave up all hope of finding them, or being able to locate a ranch house. I had been riding all day, had eaten no lunch and saw no prospects for supper; so I decided in justice to myself and horse, to strike camp. I removed my saddle and blanket; and tied my horse to a small tree, made up a fire, and laid down to sleep. But no, the ever prowling coyote was on his job. They came in pairs and by dozens. They surrounded me, they snarled, barked and howled and fought one another all that night, sometimes coming close enough to the fire that I could see their demon eyes gleaming in the darkness. They made such a rough-house that my horse could not stand it. He broke loose and left me to face the howling mob alone. When daylight at last came, I found myself 15 miles from human habitation and a saddle and blanket to pack on my back. Since that night I have had no particular love

for a coyote. He is a cheat, a coward, an outcast.

While I am sore on a coyote I admire a jack-rabbit. He is a gentleman, and a good judge of the speed of a gray-hound, and an all round sport when it comes to high-jumping and a foot-race. A man that cannot enjoy a jack-rabbit hunt is mentally unbalanced and is not fit to go in the best society. Our friend Jack is taller than a cat and sometimes as much as eighteen inches long. He will weigh from eight to ten pounds. His habits are something like those of the hare of the Southern States, though he runs altogether different. When he first gets up he is likely to carry his body at something of an angle from you. He does this so that he can keep an eye on you. He goes in bounds and jumps, (irregular running). By this method of running he figures that you cannot get a bead on him; and he is generally right. A tenderfoot going for his first jack-rabbit hunt should take a pocket full of shells, but need not take an extra man along to carry the game. The real sport is to get three or four grayhounds after the light-footed gentleman. Then there will be something doing. He will go at forty miles an hour for a few hundred yards and then if the dogs press him too tight he will stop suddenly and let them run over him. Then quick as a flash he is gone in

another direction. A well trained hound sometimes takes him unawares. As the Jack squats to dodge, the hound drops his nose under him and knocks the jack in the air, and before the jack reaches the ground again the hound has him in his mouth. Talk about sport—you never had any!

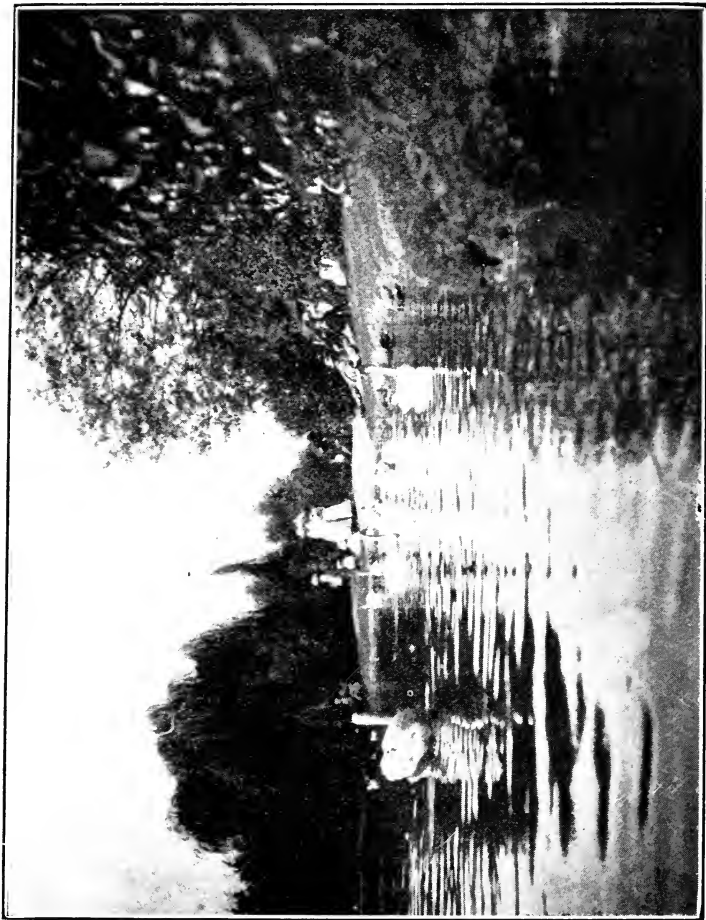
The horned-toad is another of my pets. If the society women knew how cute and clean the horned-toad is they would sell their nasty, woolly dogs; and invest the proceeds in horned-toads. This little animal seems a biped. (I hardly know where to class him). He seems to be a cross between a lizard and a toad. He has the head of a toad but crawls on four legs and has a tail. Down the whole length of his vertebrae he has short horns varying in length from one-quarter to one-sixteenth of an inch. He is easily tamed and is not meddlesome; and when it comes to fasting he can put Dr. Tanner and all the lesser lights out of business. I caught one once and put him in my buggy. He would ride beside me for hours and enjoy the scenery. Of all the companions I ever had he was the most temperate. He would seldom eat anything and was a total abstainer when it came to drinking.

Now I will introduce you to a few varieties of insects. Possibly you have heard of the tarantula. This is a large spider and is very poisonous. Some wonderful stories are told

of him in the South-west. Some of the natives will tell you that he can jump farther than a jack-rabbit, in order to fasten his deadly fangs into your flesh. Others will tell you that the flesh will mortify and drop out in a few hours. With every dose of this information you should take a large pinch of salt. There is no question but that he is poisonous; but even the devil is not as black as he is painted.

Before I close I want to tell you something about the centipede. This is a worm, from three to five inches long and about as large as your little finger. It is of a darkish brown color on its back and light yellow on its belly. It is often called the "thousand-leg," on account of its great number of legs. At any rate it ought to be able to navigate without much trouble, even if it should happen to have corns on a few dozen of its feet. This worm is quite poisonous. It is said that each of its feet are provided with a poisonous claw. These claws are supposed to prick the flesh as they crawl over the body. They are nearly always found in old timber-piles, straw-piles and damp places. We often get them in bunches of bananas that are shipped to the United States. I have never heard of anyone being dangerously hurt by this insect. I think that he is a bluff; displaying his thousand weapons as a bad man does his gun.





Park Scene, Seattle, Wash.

## CHAPTER XXIX

### THE DRUMMER'S WIFE

Charley Boyd was as fine a specimen of manhood as you would meet in a year. Age about 26, five feet and ten inches in height, a rather dark complexion and weighing somewhere around 180. He had a dignified air, and a keen black eye; and was quick and impulsive in action. He seemed to be a favorite with everybody, though very few people knew his last name. He went by the name of Charles Toby. Why this was so, I never knew. He got so accustomed to the name, that he would sometimes register at the hotels under it, for a joke.

Charley was employed by a wholesale grocery firm to travel out of Portland. He had now been on the road some five years; and was known by every hack-driver and newsboy on his route; and they would call, "Hello, Toby!" as far as they could see him. Charley's family lived in the state of Washington in a small town about eighty miles from Portland; and he visited them as often as it was possible for him to do; but there were weeks when he could not, and often when it was impossible to get home, he would write his wife to meet him with the baby at a certain town, on a

certain day. This appointment his wife always tried to keep, as they were much devoted to each other. His wife, after a while, learned the days on which he would be at certain towns, and she would write him there, and he never failed to answer her letters. He was heard to say that he corresponded with the best woman in the state and often met her by appointment. This could have meant that Charley had "a girl on the string," but it did not; it was his way of speaking of the dark-haired little housekeeper, who cared for his darling baby boy, which occupied his thoughts more than any other human being. So much did he desire to be at home, that he had often determined to quit the road and settle in his home town, in some small business. But it seemed that he could never come to the point of giving up his job, as it was bringing in the necessities of life for his little family.

The last week in August, 1910, found Charley on his long route; and it would be impossible to get home this week. But a queer anxiety and dread seemed to come over his darling wife, Grace; it seemed that she had never wanted to see his manly form so badly in all her life. At last she decided that she would meet him at the town of X——. She had heard Charley refer to the hotel he usually stopped at in that town; although she had never before been there herself. Leaving the

baby with a friend, which was a thing she had never done before; she took the train that would put her in X——about 4 P. M. When she arrived in the town she went straight to the hotel to see if Charley was registered there, but on looking over the register found that he was not. She then asked to see the hotel mail, thinking possibly his house had written to him there. In this, too, she was disappointed, but her feminine quickness of sight had caught the familiar name of "Mr. Toby" on an envelope, and it was in a woman's handwriting, and carried a suggestion of dainty refinement.

Do you ask what she did? You should know that! Yes, she took the letter and put it in her pocket-book, registered under a fictitious name and asked for a room.

It seemed that the elevator would never get to the third floor; and that the porter was an age in unlocking the door. At last she was alone, and wild thoughts flew through her brain like flashes of lightning. Must she tear the envelope open and read the message, then address another envelope to Mr. Toby in a disguised hand? No, that would never do, the letter had a cancelled stamp on it, and was postmarked "Aug. 25th," these she could not replace, nor would she be able to put it through the postoffice in time for delivery that day. She would contrive to break the seal.



and say nothing to Charles about it? By so doing, she can protect him for the time being against the wiles of the adventuress. But would she not cross his path again? A woman who has her eyes on a man for three years, would not be so easily discouraged.

Grace finally decided that as she was on the ground, she would protect her own interests, and to try the fidelity of her husband she would not interfere, but would watch proceedings. She replaced the letter in the envelope and sealed it, then called the bellboy, gave him the letter, and told him to put it back in the hotel mail, as she had taken it by mistake.

It was not a minute too soon. As she listened to the boy's steps descending the stairs, she stepped to the window and looked out. The hotel bus had just backed up to the curb and was unloading its passengers. The second man to alight was Charles. He was jollying the porters, and saying hello to everybody. Looking down from the window, half concealed by the lace curtain, Grace thought she had never seen Charles look so manly; but in a moment he passed from sight into the hotel. Now, in her imagination, she could see him grasp the letter and tear it open, but what is that expression that comes over his face? She cannot discern it.

Charles registered, looked over the mail hurriedly, and sat down. He seemed to be

ill at ease, nervous, consulted his watch two or three times. At last, jumping up, he took his small sample case and went out through the side door. He was gone until 6:20 o'clock, when he came in and washed in the public lavatory, instead of going to his room, which was very unusual for him to do. He said nothing to anyone, but went in to dinner. Coming out later on, he looked at his watch twice in succession; it was 7:05 P. M. He bought a couple of cigars, and strolled leisurely out through the side door, headed for the park.

Grace figured all the afternoon as to how she should proceed. It was not hard for her to decide that she would be on hand at the big oak tree at the appointed time; but how should she act! Could she control herself? Yes; she would be as calm as a sphinx! She thought how lucky it was that she had worn a dress Charley had never seen, and a veil, too, something she had not worn for years. As the hours wore on, she became more restless. She would have given her life almost, to have seen her husband's face. She felt that if she could get one glance at him, she could detect his motives, and judge whether or not he would keep the appointment.

As soon as it began to get dusk, Grace stole down the backstairs, and out through the garden walk. When she arrived at the park she had no difficulty in locating the big oak; and

within thirty feet of the tree, she found a settee nestling among the lilacs. She had been there but a few minutes when she saw a man coming down the walk toward her, and as he approached, she easily recognized the walk of Charles. She yearned to speak, to warn him of his danger, to remind him of his duty; but no, this would not do, she must play the game. Charles walked within fifteen feet of her, with only a glance in her direction. But Grace felt that she could not look at him, so turned her head and Charles walked on. He proceeded down the main walk until he arrived at the big oak tree. Here the paths forked. He took the righthand one, and was gone out of sight for some two minutes, then returned over the same path in the direction of the tree, but just before reaching it his attention was attracted by the appearance of a fine, high-powered automobile, running rather fast, and which stopped suddenly near the gate at the end of the walk leading to the tree. The wheels had scarcely stopped turning, when a woman dressed in black, and wearing a heavy veil, stepped from the running-board and the car moved off at a good pace. She stopped for a second and looked around, as though not knowing in which direction to proceed, or as if looking for someone.

By this time, Charles had reached the big oak, and turned down the walk toward the



woman in black. She immediately came forward to meet him, swinging her parasol. Just as they were about to meet, Charles stopped and seemed to be feeling in his pockets for something. She also came to a stop.

"Good evening, Mr. Toby," she said, with a significant laugh.

"Good evening," answered Charley, at the same time succeeding in locating a match, for which he had been searching through his pockets. He scratched the match and proceeded to light his cigar. In the meantime the woman was talking rather excitedly. When Charles struck the match she made an effort to cover her face, but not until Charley had caught her eye. As the light fell on his face she stepped back with an exclamation:

"Why, this is not Mr. Toby!"

"Yes; that is what I am generally called," said Charles.

"Did you get a note from a lady this afternoon?"

"No, madam."

"Then how came you here?"

"Taking a walk."

Just at this instant another gentleman arrived; and seeing that Charles had his cigar going asked for a light; but instead Charley gave him a match. All the while the stranger kept his eye on the woman; and as he struck the match she gave a sign of recognition, at the same

time remarking that the two men looked considerably alike. The affable stranger remarked, that the resemblance was in some part undoubtedly due to the starlight, at the same time handing Charles his card. Now as this was an evening for striking matches, Charles struck one to examine the card. It read, "J. C. Toby." He passed it to the woman, and as he felt that he might be an intruder he strolled slowly away, and out of sight, while the real Mr. Toby and the woman departed in the opposite direction.

Grace had watched the whole proceeding, *as only a woman can watch*, but the gathering darkness of the evening had prevented her from telling one man from the other. But insane jealousy told her the man with the woman was her husband. She peered into the darkness, clinging desperately to the rustic seat with both hands. She found herself springing to her feet and raising the seat as though she would use it for a weapon to crush the usurper of her home and happiness. Her breath came in gasps, the cold sweat stood upon her forehead; she trembled, not with fear, but an overwhelming rage and anxiety. Should she follow them? No; she would rely on the fidelity of her husband! He had never proved untrue in the past; and she believed in him now, even with appearances against him. Just then she could see the pair turn into a

sheltered cove some three hundred feet away and take a seat on a bench. They had not sat there more than fifteen minutes when a large man, carrying a heavy cane in his hand, entered the scene down a blind pathway. He was walking slowly and seemed to be peering into every nook and corner on both sides of the path. At last he reached the cross-walks and turned in the direction of the man and woman.

The newcomer's strange behavior attracted Grace's attention and she at once grew suspicious of his motives. Who could he be, she wondered. Possibly the father of the woman in black, or, it might be, a lover. Crazed with jealousy and seeking vengeance, she did not have to wait long to learn his mission. In a moment he had spied the couple, half-hidden in the bower. He stopped and listened intently. He seemed to crouch like a lion before its spring. Grace's heart stopped beating. What was about to happen! Charley trapped with another man's wife or mistress!

At last the man spoke. His tone was one of anger, sarcasm and defiance all in one. Instantly the woman in black sprang to her feet and faced about, arms in the air and outstretched toward the approaching man, pleading dumbly for mercy. He repelled her savagely.

"Sit down—you!" he roared, with a threat-

ening gesture. He seemed struggling to control his feelings, his voice was not loud but intense. The woman dropped on her knees at his feet, begging and pleading for her life and her companion's life. She endeavored to shield herself by saying that her escort was an old schoolmate she had not seen for years.

"Ah, is that so? Then you have been separated for a long time!"

The man pulled from his pocket an automatic revolver of latest pattern. "I will give you both a chance to live together in another world," he announced.

The woman's companion up to this point had said nothing. He seemed paralyzed, dumfounded, petrified in his seat. When he was able to talk he tried to explain. But his antagonist would listen to nothing. He vowed vengeance—immediate vengeance—on the woman and her paramour, who had wrecked his life. The woman, now grown hysterical, flung herself into her companion's arms and cried to him to intercede for her.

"Save me! save me!" she begged. Then, as if the idea had just occurred to her—"Offer him money to spare our lives; he will do anything for money! Offer him five thousand dollars! I know him; you can buy him, but you cannot scare him. Act! Act quick, for your life! Nothing can pacify him but money!"

This last appeal came distinctly to Grace's ears. Like a tigress from her lair, she sprang forward to save the honor of her family, and to intercede for the life of her husband, who now appeared to her as a martyr to a woman's guile. As she bounded forward, Charles, as she believed it to be, began to talk and beg for leniency. Grace stopped suddenly within ten feet of where the man and woman stood. That was not Charley's voice she heard! She was beside herself. She said nothing, but looked on in wonder.

The aggressor, not daunted in the least, seemed to assume a more defiant air than ever, and said in a sneering voice:

"Vengeance is sweet!"

Just then another figure appeared, a stalwart, manly form. With firm tread he entered from the underbrush twenty feet away. As he approached he said:

"What are you trying to pull off here?"

The big man with the stick and gun, now in a towering rage, raised the hand holding the gun and shouted:

"I propose to protect the honor of my family and the dignity of a gentleman!"

As the man's hand came to a level, Charles struck his wrist with a small cane he carried, then grabbing the gun with his left hand he wrenched it out of the man's grasp. As he did so, he remarked:

"You are a bit too nervous, my boy; you might let that go off accidentally, you know."

The big man now turned on Charley.

"Sir; why do you protect a villian like this, who has destroyed my home and honor, by robbing me of my wife?"

Charley laid his hand on the man's shoulder and spoke:

"Your wife is easily stolen," he said. "Your honor needs mending and your proper home is in the Pen. You may now take a walk to the police station." Turning to Mr. J. C. Toby, he continued:

"If you have any money to donate you can use it to prosecute a pair of blackmailers."

"I will do it, Mr. Boyd! I have the letter in my pocket written by this sorceress."

At this juncture Grace stepped up and pulling aside her veil said:

"Charley, you're a brick! There isn't another man like you west of the Rockies!"

## CHAPTER XXX

### INFLUENCE

Humanity! Humanity! How unfathomable! A freak of nature! Of the billions of people who have lived on the earth no two alike, each having certain characteristics different from all the rest; and to think that most of these peculiarities are inherent; came with us into the world, are a part of our being, therefore are uncontrollable to a great extent. There are certain characteristics in lower animal life that are common to its kind. Instinct is controlled by certain fixed principles. When you understand how to control or influence the instinct in *one* lion, you have the subject mastered. You know what will control all other lions. This is not so with man. When you have learned the disposition of one man, you are far from knowing the disposition of other men. If you want to get the good will of a cat, rub it on the back. (Be sure and rub the way the fur lies.) Do not pull his whiskers or twist his tail: In five minutes time you have made a friend of the cat, and it will follow you anywhere you wish. Pat Rover on the head and give him a piece of meat and he will be your

faithful dog. Give the pigeon grain, and he will always come home to roost; but in dealing with your mule, you must employ different tactics. You must let him know that you are boss, although you only weigh 150 lbs., you must let him know that you can lick a mule that weighs 1,000 lbs. Stand on your dignity, do not get familiar with him, never offer to shake hands with his rear extremity. He does not require much petting or attention. I had one that you could not curry with a comb and brush. The only thing I ever used on him was, the sharp prongs of a pitchfork.

The humane society may understand about dogs, cats and horses, but they have gotten hold of the wrong treatise on muleology. It is not such a difficult matter for a man to tame a lion. He has only instinct to combat. Now he can take the advantage of instinct, by outwitting it by reason; but you enter a different field entirely when you attempt to influence or control man. Here you come into contact with millions of traits of character and disposition; while in the lower animals there is only one trait for each family. In addition to these varied traits and dispositions in man, you have to encounter and deal with his reason, which is equal to yours, and is ever ready to assert its independence. Here is a test between two Damascus blades. Now the victory, lies trembling in the balance, waiting to be claimed by the most valiant warrior.



The game of life is not so much with events, as it is with man. Your influence and standing with man is worth more to you than a house and lot on Broadway.

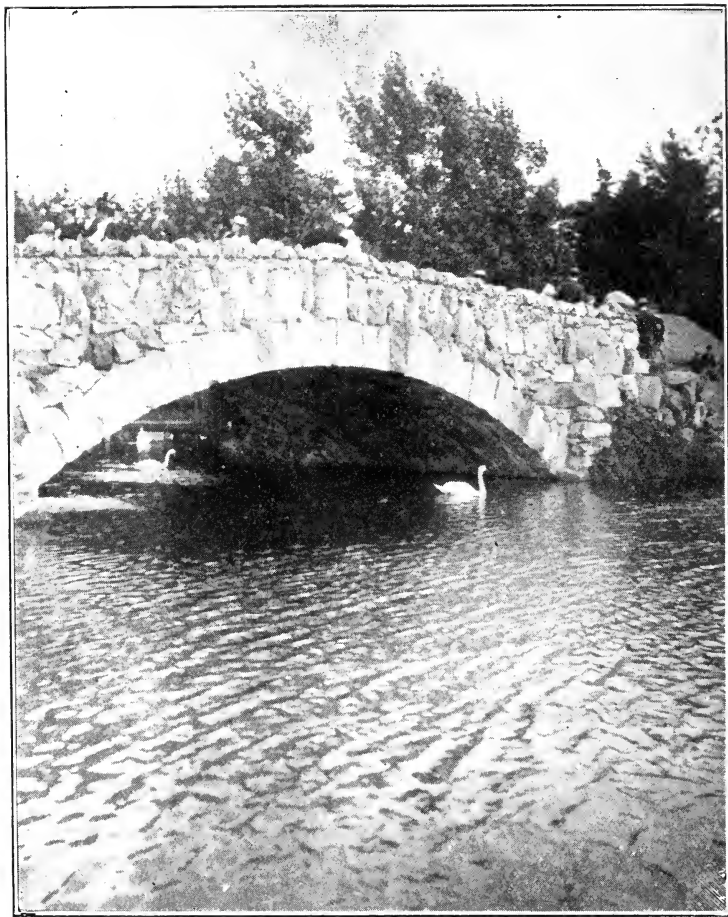
Influence and prestige will put you in a position to rule the world. Without influence, you are nothing more than a grain of sand on the sea shore, lost in the multitude. Having no individuality means relegated to oblivious filling space, and killing time; *an ideal job for an imbecile*. To be something in the world, to represent a principle, to be honored and loved by our fellow man, is the desire of all rational, law abiding people. To attain this influence, requires patient study and tact. If you had only one man to deal with, or one class of men, then it would not be so hard; but when you have to come in contact with hundreds and thousands of men, to get the good-will and esteem of all, or even a majority, requires some thought and policy on your part. When you have pleased one man that is no reason you have pleased his brother. When you understand one woman, that is no reason that you understand her mother! When you can control one man, it is no criterion that you can control a regiment. Some people you can drive with a bull-whip, others you can lead with a string, while some will not stand hitched with a log chain. The only way to work this fellow is, to give him plenty of rope and let him tangle himself.

Feed him on the hole in the doughnut for a while, and he will follow you like Mary's Little Lamb. Other people are like the cat, you can control them by petting them; others like the dog, you can manage by bragging on them, and making much of them. Some like the mule, you must let them know you are boss. Others like the lion, while they have great strength, they are keeping quiet, but they have an eye on you. You can control these also by making a friend of them, and treating them with respect, but do not impose upon their dignity, or reflect upon their strength. These kind of people are strong friends, or powerful foes. They may not live in mansions but they have an inner court that is their castle, and you must respect it, if you would control their influence and respect, do not attempt to flatter them. They deal in the more substantial things of life.

Courtesy, respect and good judgment, on your part, will win the battle if anything will. If the friendship of a shallow egotist is worth anything to you, it is easy to obtain. All you have to do is to brag on him and agree with his ideas, and he will think you are the nicest fellow in the land. The friendship of the common classes of man can be gained by congeniality, and by showing them that you appreciate their society. People do not like to have their social standing, or honor re-

flected on. More enemies can be made in an hour by haughty carriage and reflection, than friends can be made in a year by kindness. There are two classes of people you do not want the friendship of, one is a liar, the other is a hypocrite. They will both betray you, one leaving you to ridicule, the other poisoning your influence for good. Here are two classes of people you should make a study of; they are the coyotes of society, a demon in disguise, the offscouring of the earth, the scab of humanity. If I knew a more degrading name to call them, I would surely apply it. They deserve the contempt of all respectable people.

Do not imagine for a moment that you can buy friendship that will ever earn a dividend. Friendship that is for sale is inflated with gas, but has no ballast to hold it steady. To be able to influence the world and draw them to you, you must be a magnet, you must keep your batteries charged with a solution of kindness, good-will, cheerfulness and candor; now pack your batteries in a box of firmness; then attach the electric wire of progress to the magneto of consistency, all to be run by the dynamo of energy, and fed by the fuel of equity. This machinery with very little attention should run in foul as well as fair weather, and at all times produce a spark to electrify your circle, and attract the admiration of your fellow-men.



Park Scene, Victoria, B. C.

## CHAPTER XXXI

### SELF RELIANCE

Man's success or failure depends upon his will-power and self-reliance. You cannot show me in the annals of history, a single case, where man has ever achieved the object of his ambition, and made a record that is worth referring to, who was not a man of self-reliance, and had implicit faith in himself as a "doer." If you have this confidence in your ability to accomplish, you are not afraid to take hold. When you lay your plans you feel assured that you will succeed. Why will you succeed? Because your implicit confidence gives you ability and prestige. The self-confident man has a defiant air, a bearing that sweeps away opposition.

Self-confidence is not egotism in any form. The egotist is going to do something *tomorrow*, or as soon as he completes his plans; the self-confident man is doing his work *today*. If not actually engaged in performance of the task, he is laying his plans, finding out what effect certain causes will produce. Your cause must be as clearly defined, and as powerful as the effect. Well matured plans are half the battle.

Man has the power within himself to control his thoughts as he controls his actions. Before you can be a master of circumstances you must master yourself. Learn to direct your thoughts to a specific end. Having the ability to control your thoughts and actions, all you lack to make a success is self-confidence. Learn that, and you have the power within you to accomplish, and to perfect, deeds that at first seem impossible.

Confidence is the forerunner of success; it paves the way, and carries the torches, that light our feet on the road to accomplishment. The man who paints the church spire must have confidence in himself before he starts. The man who assumes control of a manufacturing plant, must have faith in his ability or he will never succeed. You must believe in yourself before others will believe in you.

The man who has not fully made up his mind to carry a proposition through to the end had better not attempt it at all. If he does, it will not measure up to his expectations. All great deeds have their inception first in the mind and the self-will to accomplish, the cause for producing the effect is within you and not without. What you accomplish is yours, when it is conceived in the mind. The act of accomplishment is only the carrying out of preconceived decisions. What you accomplish is only the physical demonstration

of the conception, and development of the deed, wrought in the mind.

Faith in one's self is the portal to accomplishments. Faith is an intuitive prompting to duty. Self-reliant faith knows no opposition. A man who is not self-reliant is to be pitied. You meet men everywhere who are afraid of their judgment on the most trivial things. They ask advice of every one they meet, getting a different answer from each. Then they are afraid to take the advice of any individual for fear of his judgment. Such people are like a ship without a rudder, subject to every wind that blows. I know a man who bought an automobile. After getting it home he lost his nerve, and was afraid to trust himself to run it, but was not afraid for his wife to sit behind the wheel. I knew a family of boys who allowed their sister to transact the business of the farm.

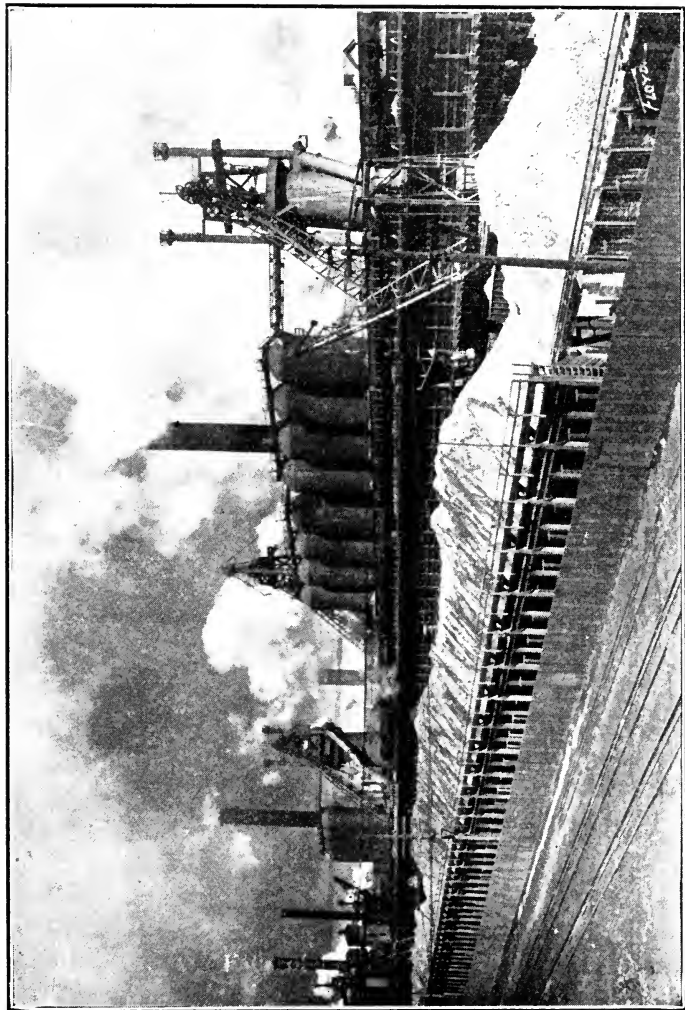
We know not our powers until we try them. It is your imperative duty to think more of yourself; you can never succeed until you have faith in yourself, and back up your faith by your exertions. If you have not been as successful as you would wish, place the blame where it belongs; on your lack of confidence and nerve to execute your plans. Never think that you are incapacitated to do a certain work. Preparation and determination is more than half the accomplishment. You have a

part in life to play, take your position and play the game to win. A self-confident man can be picked out in a crowd at a glance; the people give way for him to pass. You have heard remarks like this: "Everything he touches turns to gold." That is so, but why is it so? Because he had aspirations, he also had the determination and the confidence in himself, to put them into execution.

Water never rises higher than its fountain-head; man never accomplishes more than he undertakes. Hannibal would never have crossed the Alps had he not conceived the idea and put it into execution. The Panama canal is a grand success after repeated failures. All persons who have invented and perfected great designs that have astonished the world have been men who had great faith in themselves. The most of our inventions have had to fight their way to the front, after having been put on the market; the promoters spending thousands of dollars to educate the people to the advantages of the device. This took infinite faith and much money. The man who *does* things must have confidence in himself and throw his whole soul into the work. When you put your hand to the plow, do not turn back.

Intensity and determination create enthusiasm; enthusiasm begets success. We often see boys accomplishing more physical





Steel Works, Pueblo, Colo.

labor than men. It is their confidence that wins the battle. Self-confidence has won more battles than strength ever did. Set about a thing with such determination and defiance that by your confidence you disarm opposition. The man with self-reliance carries the sword in one hand, victory in the other. When you have succeeded in a few difficult trials, your courage is multiplied, your victory is assured. Get the thought out of your mind that you are a pygmy and a back number.

It is well enough to listen to advice, if it is not prompted by self-interest. You might do as the man did who wished to build a house. His neighbors naturally wanted to furnish advice as to where to locate it. After all of them had made their suggestions he frankly told them that he would put it where he pleased.

Self-confidence, backed by good judgment, is a mine of wealth that will develop untold riches, and give its possessor standing and prestige second to none.

## CHAPTER XXXII

### CITY VS. COUNTRY

The city man is an artist when it comes to figuring. He can use up one lead pencil and half a quire of foolscap paper each week, estimating the great profits he could make if he only had a ranch. He could keep one hundred hens, each hen laying an egg per day, 3,000 eggs a month at three cents each, or thirty-six cents a dozen—nobody would kick on that price—\$90.00 a month. He could have five acres in apple trees, each of which would surely bear five boxes of apples, and he is certain he can get \$1.00 a box wholesale, because he remembers very distinctly that he paid \$2.10 for those Jonathans last winter. Now, to be sure, he will only figure 150 trees to the acre. This would net him \$750 an acre, or \$3,750 for the five acres. And the labor for picking those apples would amount to scarcely nothing at all. He could haul them to town himself and not work very hard either. Then he could plant five acres in sugar beets, and at a conservative estimate, raise 18 tons to the acre. He knows this to be correct, because he saw the statement in a prospectus sent out by a land company. The

sugar factories pay \$5.00 a ton for these beets. He knows that to be so, for a man told him that was what he got. Well, these five acres in sugar beets will bring him \$450; and he is sure the sugar beet business would suit him, for he has four boys that are the right age to do the thinning and hoeing. Then he will plant five acres in Irish potatoes (spuds) and these will yield 450 bushels to the acre. This fact he learned from a folder sent out by a real estate firm, and they would not dare print a statement that was not correct. On the five acres planted to potatoes he gets 2,250 bushels, which are worth \$1.00 a bushel or a total of \$2,250. That is not so bad!

Now he has only five acres in apples, five in sugar beets, and five in potatoes—why that is only fifteen acres all told, he and the boys could cultivate that *easy*, and not work over four hours a day. The eggs, apples, sugar beets and potatoes will bring in \$7,530 a year. That beats \$60 a month, and going to work every morning at 8 A. M. Then besides that, he could have strawberries right off the vine, and pure milk and butter from a real Jersey cow; and if the weather is bad or he happens to feel tough, he don't have to go to work at all; and no fear of losing his job either. Then there is another thing not figured in—the calf that Bossy would raise.

This could be sold for, oh, I don't know just how much. From the price we pay for steak at the butcher-shop, the calf at a year old should bring \$45.

Again, on a farm there is another thing that cuts a big figure in a man's living expenses. Clothing amounts to practically nothing on the farm; a pair of overalls and one suspender every six months is all he needs.

You need not talk to him about farmers not making money. It grows on them like moss on a tree. When he gets on that farm he will not be thrown out of work every time the walking delegate wants to boost his salary; and he certainly is getting awful tired of having the boss tell him what to do. He don't see any reason why he cannot be boss himself for a spell. He knows of a 25-acre farm that he can buy for \$75 an acre, and pay for it from the first year's crop; besides having plenty left over to run the family till next season. He knows his calculations are correct because he has gone over them a half dozen times and compared the figures with the prices that eggs, apples and potatoes sell for in town. He is going to give up his job right away, and strike for the country, where the air is pure, the wild rose blooms and the singing birds will cheer him on his way.

The farmer has inoculated *himself* with the bacteria just the same, and his fever is 105.

Unless a doctor is called pretty soon he will be out of his head. He wants better schools for his children—he has four girls and three boys. He knows the girls would make good school teachers and stenographers and each could earn at least \$80 per month. Two of the boys could get positions as bank clerks, and the third would make a good politician—he alone should then be able to keep up the whole family. If he is any good at grafting he could give all the rest of the family jobs under himself. The farmer himself feels pretty sure he could hold down the job as mayor of the town, which does not require much gray matter.

Now, the four girls will earn \$320 a month, while he himself and the three boys could earn at least \$100 each, making a grand total of \$720 a month, or \$8,640 a year. No pesky calf to feed, no cow to milk in the rain, no hogs to swill—what do you think of that, Susie, my girl?

“That’s right, Dad, and we could buy an auto and have a good time. I and the other girls would help to pay for it out of our salaries. It is awful hard on us girls to have to stay out here and never see anything.”

Now here is a good chance for an oculist to get in his work, and fit each family with glasses that have the right focus, and that gives to each man’s job a rose color. It may

be possible that he will have to call in a physician to diagnose the case and give some powders to reduce the fever. I hate to see a man take a header, unless he knows how deep the water is. I saw that farm myself that the city man was thinking of buying. *It may be that I was there at the wrong time of the year,* but I got the tip pretty straight from the farmer's wife, that it was moulting season with the chickens, and so she hadn't got an egg in three months. She had paid \$9.00 for feed in that time, and her husband complained that the chickens had destroyed a half acre of wheat by tearing down the shocks. The old man told me on the quiet that a late frost had killed the apple crop in the bloom. He showed me where he had planted some sugar beets in the spring, but the ground baked so hard and the seeds were so poor; he didn't get a good stand. He had plowed them twice, and hoed once, but last week he had decided to turn the pigs in and let them eat what there was of the crop. He said he thought *he would have enough potatoes to do him, if he could keep his neighbor's hogs out of the patch.*

After thinking over the proposition, I have come to the conclusion that the city man was color-blind. He thought he saw roses on this ranch. The nearest thing to roses that I saw, was a bunch of *cactus*.

The country man asked me if I had ever lived in town. I answered that I had.

"How do you like it?"

I told him that I did not care to talk about my neighbors, and, in fact, that I did not have many, that I only knew three men in our block, and was not at all familiar with them.

He told me he expected to move to town next week, and I asked him to call and see me when he got settled. As I was leaving he asked me if I did not want some eggs. He said the merchant in his village wouldn't pay more than 10c. a dozen for them, which amount he expected you to take out in trade.

Well, my farmer friend did move to town, with all of his brood except the pigs, as he had learned that the city ordinances would not allow a *four-legged hog in town*. I saw my friend after he had been in town four months. He said the girls had learned shorthand and could perform fairly well on that little piano-like instrument that sat on the desk, but only one of them had succeeded in getting a job—at \$5.00 a week. He said the boys had answered several advertisements for help wanted. Day before yesterday when Joe went to answer an ad. there were forty-one applicants in line, twenty-seven before him and thirteen behind. He figured that at that rate you would have to answer forty-one advertisements before you got a job. The boys



are still at it. I asked the old man what about his job as mayor. He replied that he had been approached on the subject by some of the people in his ward, but he could not understand why they had to have so much money for cigars. He had found out that if he got the help of these men he would have to give *them* the jobs instead of providing places for his *own* family. He said that he had been as saving as possible with the city water, but it had cost him \$6 for what he had drunk so far. Now he is wondering which is the cheapest, water or bottled goods. He said he could read the hands on a clock all right, but that the gas and electric light meters kept him guessing. He never could tell whether they were going or coming. He had bought a second-hand auto and taken the girls out once for a ride; he had run over a dog which cost him \$10, and was pulled in for not having a license on his car. He had had a tire blow-out and the carburetor wouldn't work. His landlord had told him that if he would have the car fixed up, he, the landlord, would take it for a month's rent. He said he went down town last week to buy a box of apples and the groceryman showed him several kinds. Among the lot was one that had his own name on it. He had packed it last fall and sold it to the wholesale man for 60c.; but the retail dealer wanted \$1.50 for it now. I think the

country man is about in the notion to swap his prospects for a jack-rabbit, and then kill the rabbit.

The man that establishes a trading bureau will make more money than a matrimonial agency. Everybody wants to swap, trade or move. The man in Kansas wants to go to Colorado; the man in Colorado is going to Canada; the man in Canada is going to Alaska. The blacksmith wants to be a carpenter; the carpenter is determined to be a painter; the painter covets the plumber's graft; the laborer wants the foreman's job; and the foreman is thinking of *turning out the boss*. Before trying on the boss' hat, he has never reconsidered that it may be two or three sizes too large for him. If the people ever get settled and learn what they want to do, then get their shoulder to the wheel, there will be something moving.



Rocky Mountain Telephone

## CHAPTER XXXIII

### WHAT MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND

Our world, figuratively speaking, is the sphere we do or can operate in: therefore, what we accomplish and the prestige we exert, constitutes our ability to control that sphere for good or evil. In order to accomplish permanent results you must at all times have the confidence of the people, and it is impossible to retain this confidence without conscientious effort on your part. Do not imagine for a moment that you can deceive the people and retain this confidence; you may delude them for a period of time, it has been done and can be done again; but it is only a matter of time when straws show which way the wind blows. You cannot hide your actions, you cannot conceal your motives. The serpent in the Garden of Eden while he did man an injustice, never accomplished anything for himself. Cain claimed that he was not the keeper of his brother, but the hand of all other men was raised against him. Judas Iscariot's treachery was detected, and he paid the penalty. Deceit is as great a vice as treachery. A hypocrite seeks to get into your good graces and then betrays your confidence.

*Thieving in its worst form.* I had rather encounter a pickpocket than a hypocrite, they both steal from you; but the hypocrite is a liar as well as a thief. There are men who join themselves to honorable bodies in order to get the confidence of the public, that they may dupe and rob them. This man may flourish for a while but he will be found out. The trouble with the hypocrite is, he often deceives himself, he imagines that he is hiding his motives, when he is not. There is only one road to success, prestige and influence. You must be honorable, energetic, decisive. You cannot be carried on a wave of sentiment, it is too fickle, you cannot be swayed by the influence of designing men, they are working to their end; your interest is not their interest.

Political aspirations have always been great factors in elevating men to positions of power; or to set them in the gutter to be spit on by the populace, as a just reward of their neglect, or a betrayal of the trust reposed in them. A man can have no higher aspirations than a desire to serve his country in an honorable way; but ambition often selects *avarice as a running mate*; greed has blasted more bright prospects for men of ambition than all other causes combined. If you are patriotic and have the true interest of your country at heart, your zeal will bring its reward. No

grafter, no schemer, ever stood high in the estimation of his countrymen. Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Calhoun, and Lincoln could never have occupied their positions had they not been men of integrity and honor. The modern platform of most political men has more trap doors than can be found on the stage of a sleight-of-hand performer. Then, it seems that he has two kinds of promises; like lies, white and black. The promises to ward healers, to be kept; those to the people, to be broken. These tactics may win once or twice, but there is a bridge ahead, and your watchman, though faithful, is color blind; he turns the wrong signal, all is lost.

Choose what occupation you may, if you expect to succeed you must have stamina; you will find that your future depends more upon your dealing with men, than with events. The people whom you come in contact with are not slow to recognize merit. They are like the green fellow from Arkansas. When his judgment was reflected upon he told the critic, "I am not so green as I look." In your dealings with your fellow man do not promise too much; do more than you promise instead of less; this is a better advertisement than printer's ink. Be very careful not to promise the impossible or the unlikely. Do not get it into your head that the world

owes you a living, it does not; you must earn it, by hard knocks; every man's road has stones in it; and at times it leads through the woods; then you will come to the parting of the ways, and no sign-board to direct your steps. Now you have to use your judgment, get your bearing, look for the smoke of the city in the distance, or the light of the watch tower. You must learn to rely on your own judgment and when you take a stand do not let adverse winds disturb you. Do not imagine that because you are working in the interest of justice, that you will not have opposition. Jealousy has and ever will play the part of a black-mailer, your actions will be suspected, your words misconstrued, and even your thoughts will be anticipated and distorted; you will be held up to ridicule, and your motives questioned by people who are seeking their own advancement. Your only hope is self-control and firmness.

Whatever business you attempt, throw your whole soul into it, be determined, and enthusiastic, and you will create a magnetism that will draw men and opportunities to you. Have a principle and a system of action, be prompt in your promises, never let a party wait on you after the appointed hour, and be candid in your statements. Conceal nothing that in justice should be known. There never was in the history of the world a time when

strong men were as much needed as today. The field for opportunities and advancement is vast, our thousands of new inventions and industries have opened up avenues of business that was not thought of twenty years ago. The world wants you, and is calling you today to take your position and assert yourself. Are you ready for the battle? Will you be a private, a captain or a general? And will you stand the fire? We, *the world*, today are selecting a body guard. We want minute men; we want men we can trust to guard the interests of America; to protect our institutions, our treasury vaults, our liberty and our honor. Would it be an honor to wear a badge of fidelity and good service, if this badge was presented by the enlightened and the liberty loving people of the United States? This emblem of honor has been designed in the hopes of your people and will be moulded from the life-blood of their affection, and gilded with their sincerity. **Accomplish your work, and your name shall be engraved on this badge under the statue of liberty.** Did you ever stop to think what percent of men are failures? We do not refer to financial failures, but to a nonentity, to fill space only, is the worst form of a failure. What a mortifying feeling it must be for an old man to look back over his life and see what a blank he has been; he now can see too clearly where he



could have improved his opportunities. There is only one time for a boy or girl to make a decision as to the future, that is today. Life is either sorrow and defeat, or joy and victory.

A captain of a ship who would leave port without equipping himself with supplies, would be at the mercy of the elements and have a mutiny on board his vessel. You, like the captain, are to make a journey of far more importance, the journey of life is *everything* to you; before you set *sail* see that you have *sails*, a good rudder, ballasts, be sure you have a log to take your soundings, oil for your lamps, and a compass. Of the latter, you must have one that will not be attracted by foreign elements—yes, and a thermometer and barometer too, that you may be warned of approaching storms. Now the next most important thing is, your companions (your crew). See to it that your crew are sailors, and under your command. You say I am an inexperienced sailor, how can I run the *gauntlet*, how can I avoid the rocks? There is no *gauntlet* on the open sea! Rocks, sand-bars, and shoals, all have danger signals, do not go near. Captains lose their vessels by taking chances, “go slow” until you learn to handle your ship in the calm waters of the bay. Now when you take on your cargo of will, determination and honor, *be sure* you get a chart, showing the shoals and the treach-

erous rocks. Now you are ready, pull for the open sea where the wind is fair, and you own the right of way; use your rudder, (tact) let out, or take in sail; carry your signal lights on the port side, and do not be ashamed, or afraid to fly your colors, use your log, take your soundings, watch your barometer, and sail by your compass. Rains may fall and your ship be tempest-tost, but you must stand on the bridge and weather the gale. You may be blown out of your course, but you will not lose your bearings; trials and difficulties you will have, but you will land on the Isle of Success.

If your inclination leads you to the commercial or manufacturing world here you will find the field vast, but close competition in all lines. The commercial business will try a man's stamina and honor more than any other line. Here his time and money are both at stake, and temptations are great, and often times profits are small, thereby giving a plausible excuse for taking advantage of customers, or doing his opponent an injustice; but just so sure as you misrepresent your goods and deceive your customers, just so sure you lose your trade. The merchant who backs his goods with plain words, using no braggadocio or sarcasm about his opponent, is the man that wins. The most successful men of today will not allow their clerks to

misrepresent goods, and are conservative in their advertising, when their ad appears in the paper it means something.

The professions will try your nerve and patience. For the first few years you must convince the people that you are competent and worthy, you cannot assume too much, otherwise they will distrust you. Console yourself by reflecting that all men at some stage of their life have passed through the same ordeal. It is very rare that a young man in any line, makes a grand success on first starting out. Meet failures with a brave spirit, each act of your life now is forming your future destiny. A soldier must be disciplined and trained before he is fit to go on dress-parade. Nothing can hold you down if you are thoroughly determined to win. The treasures of life are locked in a vault for safe keeping, for the most worthy; but you have the key to give you admission. A great deed is always accomplished by a great purpose,—there is plenty of work to do in this world,—use decision, and undertake what will yield profit and prestige. We sometimes complain of the shortness of life; but it is long enough to make a reputation or lose one. You are a sculptor, with a chisel of time, carving your own destiny; it is all piece work, the harder you work the quicker you attain the desired end. *Finish your job today, tomorrow you*

*should have another.* Listen to no discouragements, surrender to no opponent. Do not imagine that you, in order to succeed, must have extraordinary talent or social standing. The brightest stars in the business world are often men who had to work day and night to keep up with their classes. It is more often tact and application that give you ability, prestige and position. Be resourceful; if you get turned down come back with your colors flying; if you have convictions, sincerity and determination, you cannot be kept down, your very actions will carry conviction. Resolutions without actions is like a well without water. Ambition and self-reliance have made more good men than genius and prestige ever did.

The game of life is not won by some brilliant thought or action; but by continual perseverance. A valiant warrior carries on his face a look of defiance which wins the battle before the sword is drawn. The world applauds a hero, but detests a fault finder and a coward; sympathy finds no resting place in the business world. If you have troubles, bury them, and invite no friends to the funeral. It is a poor advertisement to offer your kicks and complaints at auction; they will not bring ten cents on the dollar.

You cannot buy prestige or position, neither can you inherit it in America, it must be

earned. Ambition and energy with some talent, make the difference in men. Without these you can never attain renown, you must win by your own power, or fall by your own neglect. Trials and difficulties strengthen you for future action. A stalk of corn raised in the shade produces no fruit. There is no such thing as luck, it is pluck, or as we say in the West, "sand." Map out for yourself a plan of action and follow it to the end, never losing sight of the goal; build yourself a platform of sound boards and nail them down, do not use the kind that are often used by politicians. I have often seen these made like an extension table so they could take out or put in a board at pleasure.

You have a little world of your own; you are the king of that world; and all kings must have thrones and palaces. Build your throne of works and deeds well done, upholster it with contentment and gild it with honor. Now build your temple, not a shod shanty on a sand pile and among the cactus, but a temple that is fit for a ruler; build it on the rocks of honesty, so the tempests of adversity cannot undermine it; build it of tried principles as hard as granite, cement the floor with wisdom, fresco the walls with constancy, hang pictures drawn by hope; and your furniture, not heirlooms of your fathers, but turned out from your own factory; now build a citadel to

crown this edifice. You need no port-holes, you need no cannon, but vases filled with flowers to deck the parapet. When you have finished this palace, you will be safe from the darts of criticism, while your enemies will not carry torchlights in your procession, they cannot scale your walls. You may never have the triumph of a Scipio, nor wield the sceptre of a Cæsar; you may not have the inspiration of a Byron, or the knowledge of a Webster, but you will exert an influence that will vibrate from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

## CHAPTER XXXIV

### LABOR TROUBLES

The labor question today is agitating the civilized world, more than all other questions combined. The enlightenment of man, and the taste of liberty, has brought about labor troubles. There was a time in man's history when there was no such disturbance; but as working men became more enlightened they became more ambitious, and as the principle of equality and free government was taught, they assumed more independence, asserted their rights and demanded a greater proportion of the wealth as produced by capital and labor. It was very obvious that labor single handed, could not cope with capital, inasmuch as there was a great supply of labor and a scarcity of work; so labor unions were formed making a compact between themselves to demand certain wages, and fixed hours. There is no disputing the right of labor to do this. It is not only right, but it is imperative, and must be recognized. The laborer is an American citizen, just the same as the capitalist and the manufacturer. Now the individual operator has the advantage of the individual laborer, where there is no union or combination

on either side, but on the other hand the combination of laborers have the advantage of the operator; therefore, oftentimes, injustice is done by each party. And as each is looking to better his condition and oftentimes without regard for equity; it is self-evident that these two contending factions cannot agree as to the basis of agreement. Each contends that he is right, and each takes a stand that is oftentimes radical, and vastly different means are used to carry their points. The operator often refuses point blank to pay a living wage and refuses to treat with his men, claiming that he is the boss! On the other hand, the union demands certain concessions, and an exorbitant wage, also demands working conditions that are equivalent to bankrupting; or taking the business out of the hands of the man who is furnishing the money and ability to run it. If either faction succeeds in winning, they are oppressive to the other; and in either case it is a direct imposition on the general public. It is time that the people were waking up to the fact that the public interest is to be more considered than individual advantages. Is it not time to settle it once and for all? This question is working a great injustice to mankind in general. A strike affects every man, woman and child in America, and as a rule the strike accomplishes little for either the laborer, or the employer. We have tried for



a great many years to adjust the differences between labor and capital, by conferences. Has it been a success? No. Will it ever be a success? No. Each one stands for what he considers is right, and the longer they argue the further they get apart. Can these two contending parties, each select one, and let these two so selected, choose a third party, and these three adjust the difficulty? No, not to the satisfaction of either party, so contending. Both capital and labor will contend that the decision was a put-up job; and will not long be satisfied with conditions. What, then, is the remedy? There is only one remedy—the National Government must act as mediator; not only as arbitrator, but the government intervention must be final, without ANY APPEAL. Not only this, but the laws that are enacted to govern strikes must carry a penalty for the violation of such arbitration. The manufacturers want to know how to compel the labor unions to carry out their part of this agreement, as dictated by the National arbitration board. Simply by not recognizing, or treating with any labor unions that are not incorporated under the laws of the states in which they exist; and at the time of their incorporation, to file with Secretary of State, a sufficient bond to be forfeited in case of refusal to live up to the dictated compact as prescribed by the Na-

tional Commission. A bond of equal amount must also be exacted from all companies and individuals employing union labor. I am persuaded that very few labor leaders, or employers of labor, will appreciate these conditions, as each one is sparring for the advantage. But I am not talking to the labor leader or the employer; I am interested in the welfare of the generality of mankind. The great masses of the people should be considered. A strike of any magnitude demoralizes business, raises the price of living, clogs commerce and causes millions of dollars to be lost in wages—more than it is possible to recover in increased wages (if such are secured) in one year. Besides this, have you heard of a strike in twenty-five years, where there were not a number of innocent people who lost their lives? Now let us look at this subject from a financial, and a humanitarian standpoint. Is it not time to take drastic measures? Yes, but you say Congress must act and who can force them to do their duty? You can. You are the Congress yourselves. Take this matter up with your Representatives and Senators. Agitate it. Talk about it. Demand it! You will get it if you really want it. We often find people who claim they are working for a certain measure, but if you watch them closely you will see they are working to keep from doing it; they are like

the tramp looking for work, who was asked what kind of work he wanted. He replied that he preferred a job of *working somebody*. He was more honest than some of our leaders and public men. Capital and labor are both essential, one as much as the other. One cannot exist without the other; therefore, instead of being rivals, and often enemies, they should work in harmony. I do not mean by this that they should form a co-partnership and have the plant in common and share the profits equally. I am not much of an advocate of co-partnership. It will end in disaster oftener than any other combination. The small share holder is never satisfied with his pro rata and is jealous of the man who has the larger amount of shares. There is almost sure to be wrangling when it comes to selecting officers, and in dealing with things in general. There must be a general in all affairs of life, and this general must be held responsible by the majority of the board of directors, or by the majority of the stock represented. Now people are so constituted that the smaller stock holder, the more ignorant the man, the more suspicious he is. Not only that, but there would be a great temptation on the part of the large stock holders to freeze out the small man; this has been done thousands of times. History re-

peats itself. "Be wise and stay within your own sphere."

There must be some solution of this question. It affects public interest to such an extent that it demoralizes business, and clogs the wheels of commerce; it throws out of employment thousands of workmen every year. These workmen drift from place to place leaving their families. And oftentimes a home that is paid for is sacrificed and every cent that has been accumulated for years is squandered. All because the man was called out on a strike, and oftentimes without his sanction. The coal man, groceryman, shoe and dry goods man, the landlord—everybody suffers and nobody is benefited. And, on the other hand, the factory or plant is shut down, machinery rusts, orders are not filled, clerks are discharged, capital is idle, a town and community virtually bankrupt; all because each side was too exacting. The high cost of living has a great deal to do with causing strikes. Poor pay and bad working conditions are the greatest factors while the agitation of *leaders is a good second*. The leader, like a road commissioner just before election, has to make a showing to make you think he is earning his money and working for *your benefit*. The dispute between capital and labor is a point in equity, just the same as any case that is tried by our courts every day

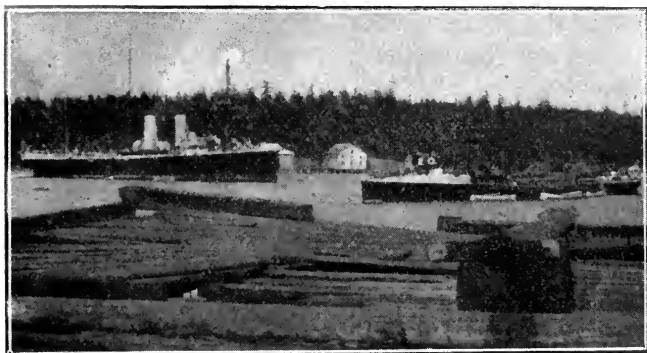
in the year. A misunderstanding between labor and capital should never go to a strike. Nothing is accomplished by strikes. There is not a case on record where there was a bad strike and conditions generally demoralized, where property was damaged and burned, and men were killed, that ever accomplished anything for either side. The striker *especially* gets the worst of the deal. Why a lot of men will do something to damage the cause for which they are laboring, is beyond my comprehension. American people can be persuaded, but not driven. The old tactics of starving or bombarding a castle into submission, is poor policy; while you are starving your opponent, you are getting to look like an inmate of a charitable institution yourself. And while you are bombarding him he is making your castle look like a cyclone had struck it. The only way to settle your difficulties is to get an outside party to do the fixing; one who never fails, *Uncle Sam*.

## CHAPTER XXXV

### ALASKA AND THE NORTHWEST

Among all the pleasant memories that I have of the past, one seems to haunt me; it flashes upon me when all alone, bringing back scenes and incidents that were very unusual. In 1900 I was in Vancouver, British Columbia, and got a letter from my firm requesting me to go to Alaska. This was Saturday afternoon. I took an inventory of my household goods, and worldly belongings which consisted of thirteen collars, twenty-three handkerchiefs, seven shirts, eleven pair of socks and a safety razor. I then turned my attention to my anatomy—respiration below the normal—fever one hundred—nerve an unknown quantity—headache two days old—temper boiling—finances on the verge of nervous prostration. I went out and got a prescription filled. I do not remember how much now, but I think it was a *quart*. Everything being ready we set sail on the briny deep Sunday afternoon. Everything went fine till about twelve p. m. when I was awakened in my berth by my next door neighbor making a noise like he was calling hogs. As I had always enjoyed seeing pigs eat, I got up to

investigate. When I opened my stateroom door, I found I had made a mistake. My friend, instead of calling hogs was, leaning over the railing and feeding the fish. I proceeded to get familiar with him and attempted to lead him into conversation; but he gave me that vacant stare. Then I tried to console him and tell him he would get well; he an-



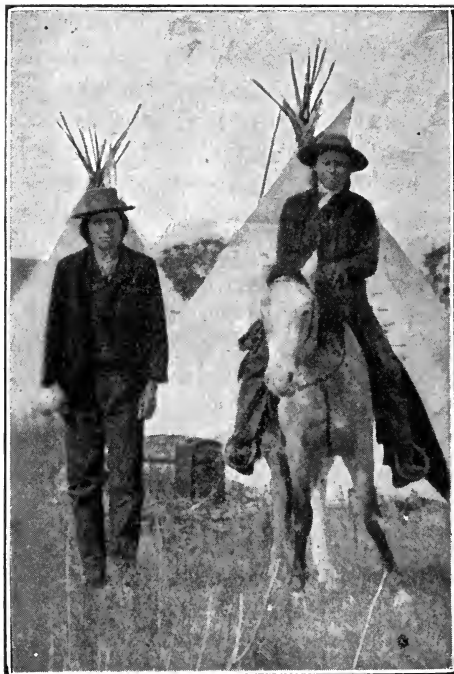
Harbor Esquimault, B. C., Canada

swered me by saying, "That is just what I am afraid of." Well every dog has his day, unless he is on board a ship, and then it is likely to come at night. The same day out we had a little excitement, which brought the *coal heavers from the hole, and the sailors on deck*. It was not a storm of the elements, but the commotion was a hog. We had on board some home-loving swine, that we were

taking to Alaska to serve as a relish in a Chinese restaurant. One of the old granny hogs broke out of her crate and decided to take a bath in the briny deep; and, without waiting for towel or soap, she took a header. I do not know how deep she went, but she was wet when she came up and fighting mad. She espied an island about a mile away, and headed for it without a compass. She did not stop to figure whether she would meet any of her congenial swine friends there or not, but she was like Columbus, she would have the right of discovery and *she could colonize it at her leisure*. But the captain and the crew broke into her arrangements; the captain called for Heenan and his brother, a boat was dropped into the surf, a signal was given for the race. Old grannie had the advantage of the start, by five hundred feet, at the quarter part she was still in the lead, but odds were offered on the boys; at the half, she was overtaken. Now, strategy of man was pitted against the instinct of the hog. They undertook to take grannie in on the larboard side. These sailors learned more about leverage and gravity in this conflict with grannie than they ever knew before. They found that two men and a hog on one side of a boat would tip it at an angle of about eighty degrees. This caused them to *load water faster than it did hog*; shifting one man in the stern,

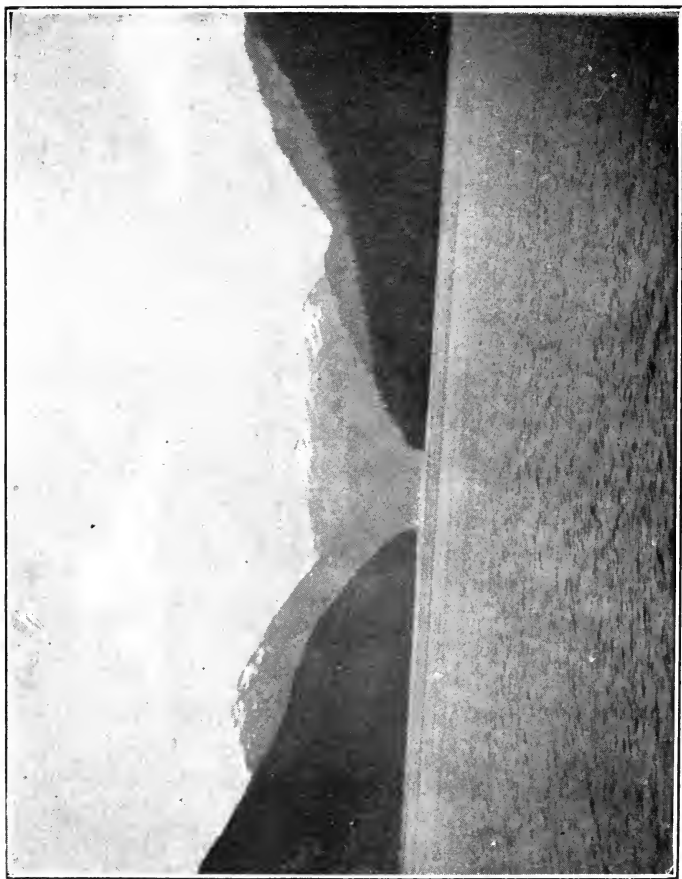


the other in the bow, steady now. One man tries to raise grannie by main strength, but as she comes above water she proves to possess more avoirdupois than the sailor—she wins, he takes a bath. Third inning, big sailor at bat, little sailor short stop—hog on first—two balls—one strike. One of the passengers suggested getting some corn and tote her in. Fourth inning, one man on each side of the bow; big sailor grabs grannie by the top sail, little sailor by the rudder, one, two, three, landed, but not home. It was a question of who would run the boat, the hog or the men. They called for reinforcements to disarm her, or to man the boat, preferably the former. After a series of skillful engineering feats grannie was hoisted on board and put in chains. From now on we had to rely on scenery for amusement, and it was the best—mountains on every hand rising out of the sea, covered with spruce and pine, and the deep bluish green of the water making a perfect image of the reflection. We glided along day and night in a hundred fathoms of water, between these mountains, rarely ever seeing the open ocean; and it was well enough that we did not see it, as our little ship could *buck like a broncho*. One morning I was at the breakfast table just as we were entering Dickson's inlet when a wave struck us and sent me sliding back over the floor. I



Sioux Braves

did not know but what it was a trick of the steward to save the fine beefsteak. We stopped at Juno, where I saw the novelty of a street being paved with boards. The streets were covered from side to side with planks like a bridge; this was done to prevent the wagons and teams from sinking into the mud, for it



Alaskan Coast

rained here every day—it did not mist, and it seldom ever missed.

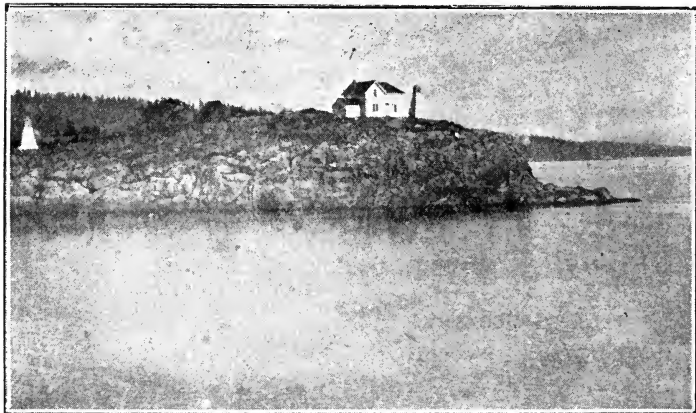
Douglas Island is only a short distance from Juno. Here one of the largest stamp mills in the world is in operation, pounding the ore as fine as meal. On nearing the wharf at Skaguay, the first sight that caught my eye was a mammoth watch chain, composed of solid nuggets of gold; this was worn by a man on the dock, as carelessly as a boy would wear an Ingersoll watch. This is the town where the famous pack trains loaded their wares and received as toll, a dollar a pound for transporting the goods over the White Pass; but now the iron horse goes over instead. Here, too, the Chinaman practised his culinary art of serving ham and eggs on a board table covered with oil-cloth; and received for his pains a tip of two dollars and fifty cents; as for a bed, a pair of blankets and your shoes for a pillow cost only two dollars. By proper persuasion this Chinaman would wash your shirt for 50c.

Our next stop was Sitka. Here you find the Totem poles in perfection. They are often painted, but always gruesome looking. The characters carved upon them represent human beings and animals: each character represents a heathen god, but in reality, looks more like characters of Dante's Inferno. They usually stand about twenty to sixty feet high.

Alaska would not be complete without glaciers. One of the finest is Mewer Glacier, near Sitka. It is hard to conceive what a glacier looks like from description. Imagine millions of tons of ice and snow, that are compressed and wedged together by slipping off the mountain sides and coming in avalanches, one upon the other, piling up hundreds of feet deep. The pressure and the weight keeps moving this down, and the lower end is being melted all the time, often causing perpendicular ice cliffs, that are very beautiful. We came back on a steamer known as the City of Seattle. She was a nice little craft, but she must have been shy on ballast, for the waves played with her like a cat tossing a ball. You did not have to walk the deck to give you exercise; you got plenty trying to hold yourself in bed. The captain of this boat surely made plenty of money; he never had to feed anybody. On one occasion he approached one of his patients who was pumping out his system over the stern of the boat. The captain essayed to console him by saying: "My friend your stomach is weak." "Ain't I throwing it as far as any of them?" was the reply. It was a question which was the more interesting, the scenery or the passengers. Well, we lived to tell the tale and needed no doctor for a year after, so we will praise the good ship that carried us over in

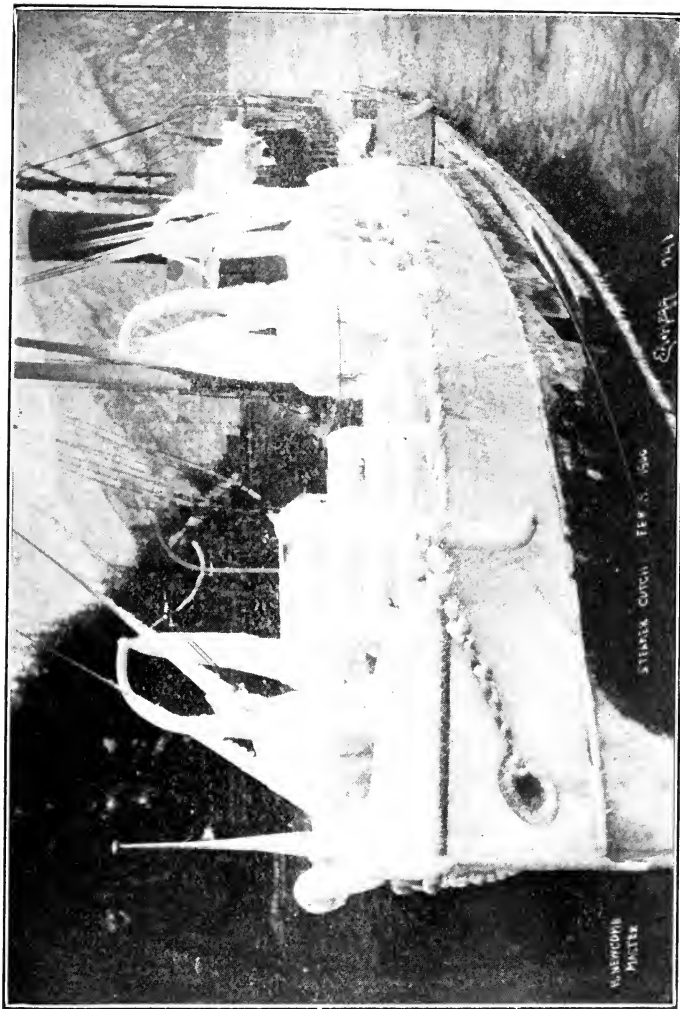
safety. I must be a hoo-doo for every time I get on a ship, she tries to float on her side or waltz on her bow.

I left Astoria, Oregon, one morning on a small boat to go over the Columbia bar and around by Cape Disappointment, to Ilwaco, Wash. After we got over there the wind began to howl from the west and roll up white caps over the bar. I would have given



“Beauty Spot,” Northwest Coast

thirteen cents to have been back in Astoria. A prospective passenger asked the captain if he thought the return trip would be rough; he answered, “I hope so.” He got his wish and then some. If I had a piece of paper, and anything to have willed I surely would have



Steamer Returned from Alaskan Winter Trip

gotten busy. Sometimes the bow was up and sometimes the stern. When the stern would come out of the water the wheel would fight the air like a Dutch windmill fighting demons in the moonlight. The man who made this boat understood his job, he made it to float on its side as well as on its bottom. That was one time we felt like we would rather walk than to ride, but the purser had our tickets and the pilot would not stop. Do not ask me if we got over, I am here to tell you about it. If you think this over-drawn, the boat is in commission and they are still selling tickets at a reduced rate—you can make arrangements for the wind to blow.



## CHAPTER XXXVI

### HOW TO THINK

Of all the accomplishments that man is capable of attaining, the power of thinking is the most valuable.

When we refer to the power of thinking, we mean to include the ability as given us by nature, and the science of concentration. We take the position that systematic thinking can be attained by close application. If we have a well-balanced mind given us by nature it is possible to build around this, to adopt a system of thinking; that will so train our thoughts and memory that we can concentrate our mind on any given subject; take a subject up in detail and analyze it, just as a chemist would analyze a particle of matter given him.

But to attain this end you must have a system. You must start at the root, work up through the trunk and into the branches, just as the sap permeates the tree. You must be willing to apply yourself, you must have your body in prime condition. Even a pig cannot fatten when his liver and stomach are out of order.

We often see weak children that are very

intelligent, but unless their physical bodies are built up they will be flashy—their efficiency will only apply to certain studies, and you will find that in course of time, they will break down in body, or brain.

Therefore, see to it that the body is healthy and the mind kept clean. It is impossible to contradict nature, and succeed. Please write this last clause with indelible ink on your memory. A strong body as a foundation is more essential than an active mind. The mind can be trained easier than the body can be built. If you happen to have both then you have a happy combination and with proper application you should make a ten-strike.

My suggestion is, acquire a good high school education. A collegiate course, though good; is not essential. Secure a membership card to a good library and use your card. Read good, logical books. You can never read all the books in America, so pick the best. Novels and fiction in general are no good. They are amusing and interesting, but an absolute waste of time. Why read another man's imaginations and stories? If you want practice, write some yourself.

Do not borrow; do not ape. When you are reading a treatise, you are absorbing knowledge and experience, as observed and proven by the writer. Now make a habit of thinking

as you read. Reason the wherefore of the proposition under consideration. Do not read blindly, being led altogether by the writer. He has a reason for putting his subject in this form. Is his reason practical; does he make his points clear; is his logic backed by facts as substantiated by other writers, by history, or by cause and effect? If so, his argument is good. Learn to sift every man's arguments. We all have *lumps in our sand, and often our lime is air-slacked.*

Use your *thinker*. The trouble with a great many people is, they wait for, and expect others to do their thinking. If you let the other man do the thinking, he warps and influences your judgment. The mind, like the muscles, must have exercise in order to develop and to have tension and endurance.

The old-fashioned debating societies were one of the best institutions we ever had. They taught the young man the habit of research and preparation for defence. He must study both issues in order to be prepared to assault or defend. It also taught him the art of delivery and expression.

When a statement or an assertion is made to you, learn to analyze it, fathom the cause. This will help you to discern the effect. Weigh the arguments that are offered for and against. Try to select companions who have some experience and are well *read*. Learn

to direct your conversation to some end. We often meet people who have one train of thought only; that soon develops into a hobby, and from that to a bore. Try to keep out of this rut. People with hobbies have some good ideas, but they are, as a rule, extremists, and are ever ready to impose their ideas on you.

A good plan for young persons is to make a rule of always having some leading thought to occupy their minds. When you have threshed out this subject, start another investigation. If you will make a practice of this for twelve months, you will note a marked change in your ability to think, and to arrive at conclusions that are logical.

It is said that knowledge is power. It is, under certain conditions only. Knowledge without execution is like water in a reservoir without an outlet. Water is only a power when it is moving, and its weight is applied to the wheel. Knowledge is an accumulation of facts; ability is the application of these facts. The mind when fed by knowledge is a mighty dynamo, throwing off the sparks of thought, charging itself and electrifying the world. A man may be a philosopher and yet be a failure for want of execution. *The scepter has always ruled.* Power of execution is what gave us our Alexanders, Cæsars, Napoleons and Grants. Power of execution

will set a man on the throne, who never had a drop of royal blood in his veins. There are thousands of men today at the heads of large establishments, who will not risk themselves to direct the affairs of their own business. They hire genius to direct their campaigns, and make a success by so doing.

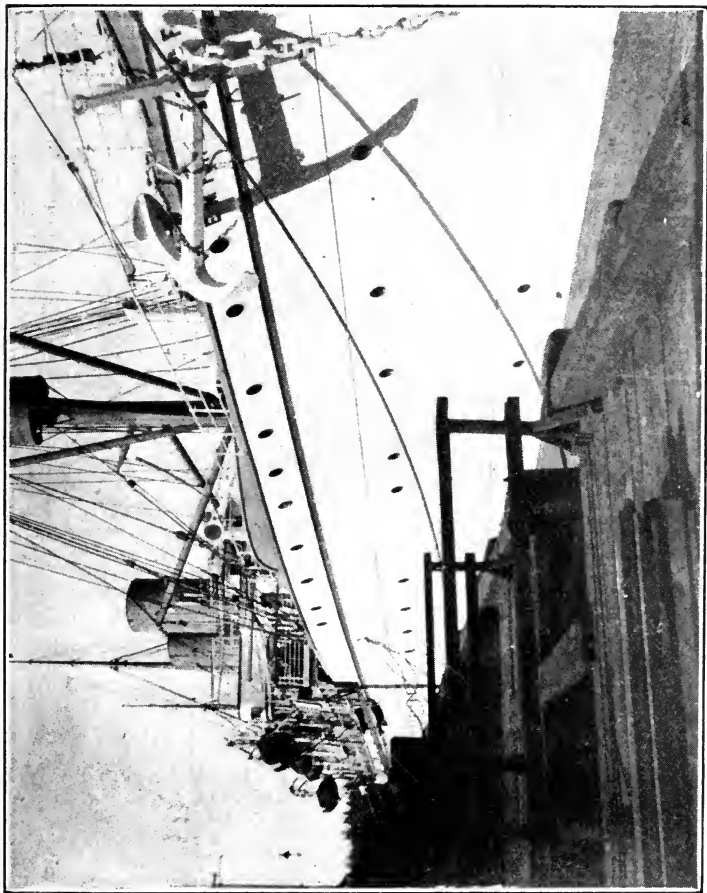
Wealth or prestige cannot bestow this gift of execution. There is only one tutor, that is exercise of the faculty of thinking at the proper time. The mind is ever active; you cannot help thinking. Your only exertion is to turn your thoughts in the right channels. They will fill your reservoir of knowledge. Then open the flood-gates and turn your powers loose on the *spindles of execution*.

Every man or woman should form the habit of reading good books. They will enlarge your sphere of thought and show the practical side of life.

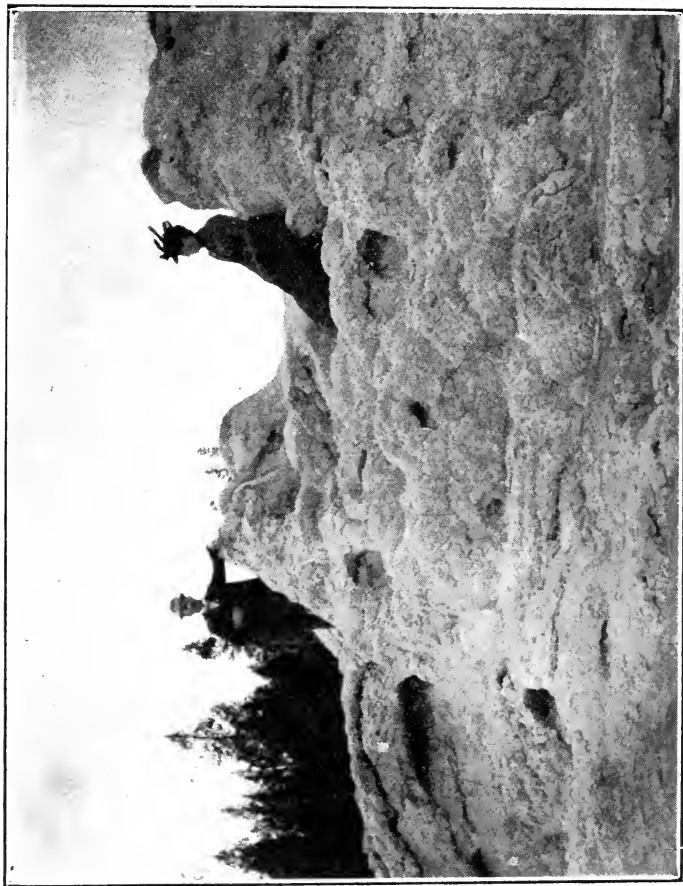
As soon as you begin to acquire knowledge, it will give you a desire and a capacity for more. The brain, like the body, must have exercise to give it power. Everyone should learn the knack of thinking early in life. By thinking we can annihilate space; all the energies of nature are at our command. Matter is subject to thought. Mental power takes the place of force. When mental power has scored a conquest, she has not crippled her adversary, but she has strengthened herself.

Mental power is acquired by constant exertion. In order to have capacity and to think properly you must train all the faculties. The man who continually uses one faculty becomes unbalanced and warped in his judgment.

Cause and effect govern the universe. If you want to arrive at a conclusion, analyze the subject. There is a solution to almost all questions. If you are called upon to decide on a certain point, inquire into the fundamental principles of the proposition; then watch the progress and see what effect is produced from certain causes. Propositions are carried to conclusion, and results accomplished by certain fundamental principles. Men have causes for offering certain propositions. Ascertain what those causes are. It is also good policy to judge the future by the past, if there is a criterion on record. Straws show which way the wind blows. Learn to read between the lines. Here you will often find the signal code, or the key that unlocks the inner vault.



“Empress of Japan” at Anchor, Vancouver



Pulpit Geyser, Yellowstone Park



## CHAPTER XXXVII

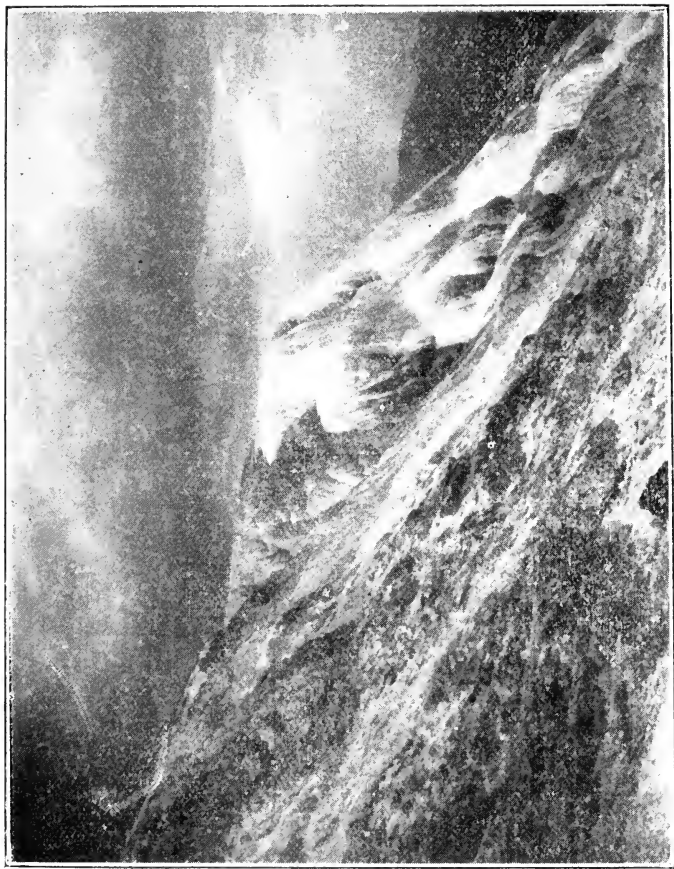
### YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

I have often wondered how many kinds of mud the human race was made of. We know the Chinaman is made of yellow mud, and the African of black mud, but to decide on the kind that was used to make the man who is content to stay within a circle of twenty miles of where he was born, stay in his shell, to see nothing, to learn nothing. Then again there is the man who does see, but does not appreciate or understand the grand and beautiful. I formed the acquaintance of a man while on my way to visit the Grand Canon of Colorado. My fellow traveler was also bound for the Canon. We arrived at the Bright Angel Hotel about 5 P. M. He registered at the desk and left his grip. We walked to the brink of the wonderful chasm. He looked at it like he was looking into a sink hole ten by ten feet—no traces of pleasure, excitement or awe; he walked down a few hundred feet and took another dazed look, then headed for the hotel and asked what time the next train left. When told it would go in thirty minutes, he checked his baggage and hit the road. In our party that made the trip through Yellowstone

Park, was a man that should have saved his money to buy tickets to the ball games. He had a kodak and he was playing with that most of the time. It seemed that all he was after was a few pictures that he might be able to show to his friends, to prove that he had been a visitor to nature's wonder. I cannot understand how a man like that gets enough pleasure out of life to justify him for his effort. I suppose all five of his senses are in working order but his perception is badly in need of repair.

I was a passenger on the last coach that left Cinnabar, in the fall of 1900, for a trip through the Yellowstone Park and I thought I was lucky to get a seat. I was booked with our friend Wyley, who has a line of tents to house his guests in, and I wish to compliment him on the manner in which he takes care of his people. We had good service and accommodating guides.

Yellowstone National Park is located in the extreme north-west corner of Wyoming, being bounded south and east by the surrounding portions of the state, and on the north by Montana, and west by Idaho. The park is almost square, being about sixty miles one way, and seventy the other. It is also surrounded on all sides by forest reserves belonging to the respective states. This makes a vast country for the game to range in; and



Mammoth Hot Springs, Yellowstone Park

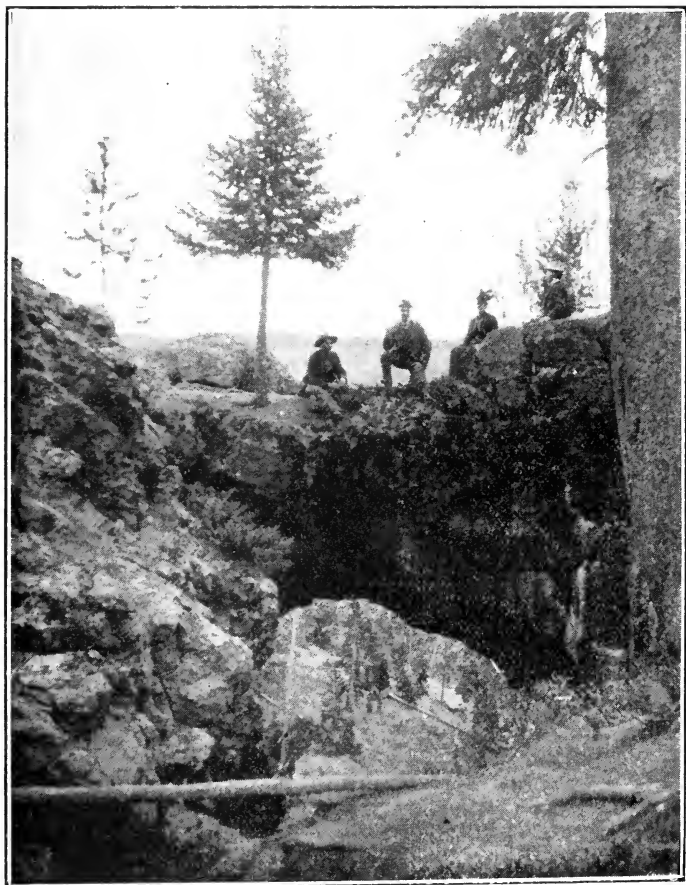
they surely take advantage of the protection.

It is claimed that animals cannot reason; if it is not reason, it is akin to it. I saw more game in and around the Park than I ever saw in all the Rocky Mountains. There are deer, bear and elk in abundance. I followed a deer in the woods near the Yellowstone Falls for a quarter of a mile to get to photograph him, but he finally out-walked me. In this same vicinity, near a hotel, where the refuse was dumped from the kitchen, I saw thirteen bears at one sight. They came there every evening about six o'clock to get their dinner. They must have had watches or clocks of their own, for they did not wait for the hotel bell to ring; they were surely beauties, nearly all silver tips, and of good size—too big for me to play with. They watched us pretty closely while they ate their meals and once in a while one would get suspicious and walk off, but he would come back in a few minutes; he could not stand to see the other boys getting all the hash. They did not use very good manners at the festal-board, as they snarled and growled at each other a good deal. It reminded me of the scenes at some of our American breakfast tables. There was one poor fellow in the lot that I was sorry for. I would like to have been a good Samaritan, but my nerve failed me. His lordship had by some means gotten a tin can mashed on his

right fore foot; he must have been supping out of a can and some other bear stepped on the can and pressed it into the flesh; at any rate I was told that it had been on there for several weeks. This trouble all came about by his being a right-handed bear; if it had been mashed on his left hand he could have pulled it off with his right hand. There was a family of bears near the Yellowstone Lake that gave the Wyley company outfit considerable trouble, and some fun; the family consisted of old Betsey and her two boys. While the boys were under her control they behaved fairly well, but had no respect for their neighbors, and old Betsey like all other mothers, could not see the faults of her own children. The Wyley people had tents for their kitchens as well as for their sleeping apartments; now old Betsy's boys thought it great fun to creep under the tents of the kitchen, like an American boy goes under the tent at a circus. One night about eight o'clock, Joe, the youngest one (the youngest is always the worst of the lot, that is what my brothers used to say) stole under the tent and proceeded to help himself to a pot of pork and beans; he did not look for a spoon, but in his haste rammed his hand to the bottom of the kettle. The beans were pretty hot at the bottom and Joe howled with pain. This attracted the *white folks* and they rushed into

the kitchen and captured the free lunch fund; he hallooed for his mamma, and Betsy was not slow in responding, but before she could arrive with reinforcements, the victors had their captive in jail, under a box. This so smothered his voice that Betsy could not say for sure that it was her boy that was in the toils of the law. So, after making some big bluffs and parading around the tent with her artillery cocked and pinned, she at last decided not to storm the fortress. Joe was kept for a week or two, then released under parole pending good behaviour.

Well I have slipped a cog, I started out to tell you about the Yellowstone National Park, *the wonder of the world*. While there are geysers in other parts of the world, notably Iceland and New Zealand, there is nothing that approaches the magnitude of the Yellowstone. After leaving the railroad station, we have an uneventful drive for eight miles, then we reach the Mammoth Hot Springs; here each visitor must register, giving his name and address; here also are the soldier's barracks. You may ask what are soldiers needed here for? *To watch you and the other wild animals*, to see that civilized man does not intrude on his weaker brothers, or interfere with the formation as drafted by nature's architect. You do not know what a vandal you are until you are tempted. If the public was turned



Natural Bridge, Yellowstone Park

loose on the formation of silica at the Mammoth Hot Springs, they would carry it away in one season. The formation is so extremely delicate and beautiful, that you can hardly keep your hands off. The Springs are on a side hill, and the silica contained in the water has built up mammoth terraces and parapets. Nature has been perpetually engaged here day and night for thousands of years building this monument of alabaster, veiling it with the tulle of mystery and dedicating it to the God of Beauty. Nature often combines the different forces into one harmonious union, perfection and beauty. We see in the formation of the crystal terrace, the hand of the architect, the builder, and the giver of life, all in one. The warm water rising from the boiling spring laden with sulphur and other minerals, spreads itself over the surface and forms a rim of silica around the edge, thereby making a small pool. In this pool the water cools, then oozing over the rim at all places it is spread like a veil over all the terrace; here it becomes hard, building up the terrace very much the same as icicles are formed under a leaky trough, or from a dripping cliff in cold weather. The pedestals so formed are always clear and transparent as long as the water flows over them; but if from any cause the water is turned into a different course, then the silica turns dark leaving a dull gray





"Old Faithful," Yellowstone Park



Falls of the Yellowstone

appearance. Side by side you find pillars of crystal brightness and others of ashy gray, resembling life and death. In the live portion of the terrace you can detect the colors of purple, orange and brown and on top of the pool there stalactite sickles form in spears across the water as ice forms across a brook on a cold day. Near the spring is an old dead geyser known as Liberty Cap, with a cone about ten feet high. Through the center of this cone there is a hole running down into the earth beyond the conception of man, through which the seething waters were forced from the bowels of the earth. After leaving the Mammoth Hot Springs, the first place of interest is the gateway, where it seems that nature was about to forever close this scene of wonders from the vulgar eye. At one time this was a narrow and dangerous passage, but now the government has a fine drive there. The Obsidian Cliffs is a very peculiar freak of nature; here is a solid cliff of glass, that is often called the Armory. It is related that in early days the Indians considered this as a neutral spot and that no tribe, or individual were to be molested, as long as they were there for the purpose of securing glass to be used as ammunition in killing game. But as soon as he had secured his ammunition and was on his way home, or in pursuit of game, he was likely to be attacked and robbed

of his spoils. This cliff formerly extended to the edge of a small lake, but the undaunted white man built fires to heat the glass, then threw water on it to melt it down, like Hannibal did the Alps, but there is a mountain of it left yet. The Black Growler is not very interesting, only inasmuch as he reminds you of some terrible monster choking to suffocation. This is a big cavern in the earth, belching forth steam and muttering grief or vengeance. The reason it is called Black Growler is because the sulphuric fumes have blackened the rocks above, and he, like a sore-headed bear, is ever grumbling. Norris basin is of vastly more interest. Here you feel as though you were treading on treacherous or forbidden ground. Your first impulse is "what is it?" Where is the fire? Like firemen when summoned to a burning building; on arriving there are no flames in sight but smoke and steam are gushing from every crevice and window in the house. They stoop to peer, they run from place to place, to locate the origin of the smoke and steam: so you, when you first walk upon the scene and behold the sulphuric hissing steam arising from the windows of the earth, wonder where the fire is. Located on every side there are boiling pools, bubbling with gases, sulphuric fumes fill the air, and saturate the earth at every step. The ground gives way and you feel

as if you were about to break through the thin crust that is covering a seething, boiling caldron. I ventured out on this quivering mass, some five hundred feet. At last I came to a spot where the earth gave way as if you were walking on a sponge. My guide called out: "Say, old man, it is sixty miles to the hospital, and the horses are tired." I was wanting some one to call me back anyway. There have been cases where people have slipped, or broken into the edge of the pools and got badly burned. Proceeding on up the valley you reach the Upper Geyser basin. Here you find the real stage of action; here the knightly powers of water and fire are ever at war. Water ever endeavoring to drown—fire ever trying to consume. When we appeared upon the scene everything seemed quiet and serene, and I must confess I was a bit disappointed, as I had expected to hear a great commotion. We were standing close to the Riverside Geyser talking when all at once with a mammoth hiccough she spurted forth a mighty stream of water. Jumping back, we stood in amazement and wonder as the mighty monster belched forth its subterranean stream. The Riverside was not through until another burst forth; now the noise of the mighty torrents of both streams filled our ears. The roaring, gushing, hissing volume of water caused us to stand transfixed;

not a muscle moved; we looked, wondered, admired. When they were through playing we looked at each other in astonishment. At last one man spoke and said: "Is not that wonderful?" But wonderful, grand, majestic, does not express it. Incomprehensible would be a better word, for who can fathom, who can give a correct or scientific explanation; we may give a plausible one, but it cannot be proven. The supposition is that there is an immense caldron deep in the bowels of the earth. This is capable of holding an immense quantity of water. Now this caldron, or kettle is gradually being filled by springs or seepage from the earth. This water keeps filling this caldron and the orifice above it. All the while the water in the lower part of the kettle is being made hotter and hotter by adjacent fires; now the weight of the cold water above, holds the hot water down and confines the steam until it becomes so hot that like a safety valve on a steam engine it blows off. Now whether this theory is correct or not, is a question, but be the cause whatever it may, the effect is inspiring. There is a great difference in the length of time that different geysers play, varying from five minutes to half an hour; there is also quite a difference in the construction above ground. Some have cones and some have none. I think a proper explanation of this is that the

older geysers are the ones that have the cones, inasmuch as the formation of the silica constitutes the cone, and this formation is very slow, taking thousands of years to build it up. There are about thirty active geysers in the upper basin. Some, like men, are more prominent than others. The Fan, Riverside, Giant, Giantess, Pulpit, Lion, Lioness, Castle, and Old Faithful are the ones that attract the most attention. There seems to be no regularity in the playing of any of them except "Old Faithful"—she is prompt to the minute; being seventy minutes between eruptions. And it is estimated that at each eruption she throws out 1,500,000 gallons or 33,225,000 a day, enough water to supply a city of 350,000 inhabitants. This body of water ascends to a height of 150 feet in a perpendicular column. Old Faithful was the first geyser named, and the one that attracts the most attention at the present time. The tube through which the water is forced is two feet and six inches in diameter. There are other geysers, however, much more powerful. It was my good fortune to see the Giant play while in the park. This was the crowning spectacle of all. Imagine a shaft of water four feet in diameter forced vertically into the air, to a height of two hundred feet; think what an enormous force there must be to propel this volume! Imagine if you can, the

extreme heat that is brought to bear on this subterranean cavern. Sublime phenomenon! incalculable forces! a combination of grandeur and power, a force that the powers of man can never resist.

There are a great many other wonders besides geysers in this district. There are the numerous pools which while not as majestic as the geysers, are far more beautiful. If the Emerald pool could be photographed in its natural colors, you could sell the subject for a thousand dollars. Does it seem natural that a pool of water could have red, orange, violet and green, all perfectly blended together? You can find the colors very pronounced, and the shades perfect. The colors are produced by the mineral deposits held in solution by the water. This solution adheres to all objects in the pool, making rocks and sticks appear as clusters of diamonds or flowers, and the peculiar feature of it all is, that though these pools are within a few yards of each other, no two are alike. Sunset Lake is somewhat larger, but just as beautiful. When the light falls just right, you can see circles and rings more perfect than can be drawn by an expert draughtsman. In all of these pools bubbles of air, or heat, are continually rising, which form on top of the water, and the coloring in these bubbles is just as perfect as the water's tint. The Devil's paint pot deserves special



mention. Here is one of the most peculiar sights I ever saw. It consists of a perfectly round basin, about eight feet across, with the rim of the basin extending up about three feet high. Inside of this bowl is a reddish mud that is continually boiling. This mud is about as thick as brick mortar. The heat rising through this grimy substance causes bubbles to form and burst, like soap bubbles, or perhaps resembling more a kettle of boiling soap. A great many of the objects have been happily named by wits that have visited the park at different times; and if the Devil owns all the furniture that bears his label he is pretty well fixed for keeping house. I will give you the names of a few of the articles that he is supposed to own. There is the Devil's thumb, Devil's fryingpan, Devil's ear, Devil's elbow, Devil's basin, Devil's eyeglasses, Devil's kitchen, Devil's vault, Devil's inkpot, Devil's punchbowl, Devil's laundry, Devil's paint pot, Devil's spittoon, Devil's tea kettle, Devil's mush bowl. Now whether his Satanic Majesty owns all these articles or not, they very much resemble those just named.

I cannot refrain from speaking of the lake, or pool of water known as Excelsior Geyser. Though this now looks like a pool or lake, at one time it was the most powerful geyser in the world, and it may play again some day.

If it does I would be willing to travel five hundred miles to see it. Its last eruption was in 1888. At that time it ascended in one vast body *fifty feet wide and two hundred fifty feet high*. At this outburst it increased the flow of the Feribols river over one hundred per cent. What is more wonderful, what is more powerful, what is more beautiful than this majestic spectacle! Man has band concerts, dramas and tragedies performed on stages. Minature type! Here is a setting, here a cast that is staged upon mother earth, and the actors, generated by her own impulse, play to an audience of man and beast by day, and to the planets and stars by night. There is a peak in this park that is called Electric Peak. It is claimed by people who have been in the vicinity during a storm, that the lightning plays some queer pranks around its dome. This phenomenon is attributed to the fact that the mountain is so impregnated with mineral, that it attracts the electric current, causing it to play hide and seek. There is also a mountain near the geysers that is ever sending forth steam from a score of cracks and crevices, giving indications of slumbering fires that may break out in the form of geysers or volcanoes.

Yellowstone park is about eight thousand feet above sea level. On account of early winter in this high altitude, the tourist season

closes about the 10th of September. From then till the next spring the wild beasts take possession of their own. There are supposed to be 2,500 elk and 200 buffalo and deer too numerous to count; bruin too, comes in to swell the number. The beasts seem to have learned that this is their home, and that they are secure from attack of man, the laws being very rigid concerning the preservation of game. It seems a rather peculiar coincidence that this fiery furnace and the petrified forest should be in the same vicinity; what produces one, surely *does not* produce the other. This petrified forest extends over a considerable territory, though the trees are sparsely located. The trees that are left standing are great shafts of rock, a fitting monument of the wars between the elements. For us to conceive the immensity of time that has elapsed since this warfare commenced, we have but to excavate the earth in this petrified forest, and find eleven distinct layers of these fallen monarchs, that have grown at different periods, and have each been embalmed with the elements that are essential to its everlasting preservation. There are strata of lava, that separate each period of growth and decay. Think what enormous periods, yes ages, must have elapsed between each layer of the fallen tombstones, that were in turn dedicated to the father of time. Some

specimens of petrification in the West are perfect, the bark, the rings on the trees, and the wormholes as perfect as the day they were made. I have a specimen in my possession where the tree was beginning to decay, before it was subjected to the elements that preserved its identity. Speaking of petrified forests, reminds me of two travelers that met and were comparing notes. One was a braggadocio and sometimes drew on his imagination. He told an unreasonable story. The other one, to outdo him says, "Well, I was in Yellowstone Park a few years ago and visited the petrified forests, I saw trees that had been petrified,—bark, limbs and buds were all perfect; and on one of these limbs I saw a petrified bird singing a petrified song." The conversation was interrupted by the former gentleman taking a walk.

In grand and inspiring scenery there is much diversity of taste. Some admire the beautiful, while others admire the rough and rugged. While I appreciate the beautiful and the poetic it does not move me like the powerful and the grand. Water has always had a great fascination for me. I love to see the majestic ocean and to ride upon its powerful swell. I delight to see the great column of water ascend from a geyser, and to contemplate the massive power behind the spectacle; I admire the dashing cataract; I delight in

seeing a mighty stream rushing onward full of life and energy. As the hissing of the flames of burning Rome was music to Nero's ears, so the mighty roar of the cataract is delightful to mine. You can imagine my enthusiasm and great pleasure when I walked upon the precipice overhanging the falls of the Yellowstone, and gazed into the depth of the Canon where the mighty torrent was dashed to spray. The river rushing onward like a mighty avalanche compressed into a space seventy feet wide, jumps sheer of the cliff, throws itself against the rocks, and with a deafening roar, bids defiance to all forces of the mundane sphere. While water is susceptible of division into the most minute particles, yet when those particles are combined it has the greatest force known to man. Nothing can withstand the continued pounding of water. Granite rocks are ground to powder, and even mountains can be washed down with hydraulic pressure. The solid wall over which the Yellowstone now pours its mighty volume, will some day be torn out and pulverized. The Yellowstone is the highest falls in America of any magnitude, being 1250 feet. If this massive power could be harnessed, it would manufacture all the electricity needed from Boston to San Francisco, if applied on a turbine wheel, would grind all the wheat of the Mississippi Valley or would run the spindles

and weave the clothes of the nation. But The Falls is not all that is grand and inspiring. The Canon equally divides the honors. After making two trips to the brink of The Falls and drinking of the cup of grandeur, I was not satisfied. The next morning a party was formed for a "hike," We took our lunch and ferried the river above the falls and walked down some two miles to where there was a series of ladders and knotted ropes to allow us to descend over the cliffs to the water's edge. Here we listened to the roar of the artillery of nature, and watched the advancing and retreating Warriors of Aqua—no, not retreating, but rushing from one conquest to another. After resting ourselves and taking some fine snapshots of the cataract, we proceeded to climb Jacob's Ladder back to the point of descent; here we needed some reinforcement for the muscles, so we sat down among the pines and enjoyed our noon repast. Accompanied by the ever-festive camp-robber and he surely deserves the name, he is a bird-of-tramp, or a tramp-bird, as he will hang around and beg you all the time you are eating for your bread, cake and pie. He will not only beg you to divide with him, but he will rob you while you are gone into the canon, if you do not take the precaution to put a weight on your tin bucket. He is about the size of the jay and the color of a dove, but our old

guide said he came nearer being "the devil," than a harbinger of peace. We proceeded down the bank for some three miles further, at intervals approaching the brink and gazing into its depths. At last reaching Artists' Point, we seated ourselves to take in the vast panorama and to study it in detail. The longer you look, the more beautiful it seems. The volcanic rock through which the river has cut its channel, is exquisitely beautiful. But added to this is the sulphur deposits on its face that have been rising and settling here for generations. This deposit gives it a fairy aspect as well as reflecting the delicate and in some places the gorgeous colors. People often in describing colors say that it has all the shades of the rainbow; this definition will not apply to the coloring of the Yellowstone Canon. The words of Talmage better describe the tints: "Hung up, and let down, and spread abroad, are all the colors of the land, sea and sky." With the falls three miles away for a background what a picture! It is said that this very rock that serves me for a seat, at one time was the resting place of a famous artist, who came here to paint the canon. He sat down and began to take in the view while his attendant was getting ready paint, brushes, easel, etc. Having everything in readiness, he waited for his master to begin. At last the artist arose and walked away.

Upon inquiring why he did not proceed, the artist replied. "If I should paint this according to nature the world would not receive it; *there is no similarity in any other part of the world, it seems a contradiction of nature.*" There is a projection on the opposite side of the river that extends over the chasm that is called Inspiration Point. The party who named this spot must have felt the spell; walking out of the wood and underbrush that grow to the edge of the precipice, the curtain is at once drawn aside, showing grandeur, beauty and sublimity. The cliffs on every side seem as perfect, as if carved by a chisel in a master sculptor's hands—spires and minarets, all painted by a skilled and artistic designer.

The Yellowstone lake is a magnificent body of water, 7,900 feet above the level of the ocean. For boating or fishing it is unsurpassed; the trout seem to be waiting for the season to open and to form the acquaintance of the tourist. The only disadvantage I saw was there was not enough exertion, nor expectation to make one eager. This you know is the principal excitement with most fishermen, as they usually fish all day and get one bite; *but here in the Yellowstone lake the trout is a sport, as he will meet you half way.* I will not tell you how many are caught, and how fast they bite, you might think I was a fisher-



man. I do not care to share their *reputation* or *their profits*. But there is a nice little steamboat on the lake that will skim over the water like a bird, and you can enjoy a ride that will bring roses to your cheeks and an appetite for dinner. But do not bank on the fisherman too much to supply the table with the rainbow variety—sometimes they fail. Like the man who told his wife to sharpen the knives, so she might help him dress the deer on his return from the hunt; he returned all right, but the knives are sharp yet. It is said there is no excellence without labor, and this adage applies to the Yellowstone National Park. It is hidden away in the fastness of the Rocky Mountains, and it requires effort and some experience to bask in the sunshine and inhale the pure mountain air of this region; but I have never yet found a person who had made the trip, that ever regretted the time or expense. There is no other spot on the globe where so many wonders and beauties are clustered so close together, and the scene is so varied from the beautiful crystal formation at Mammoth Hot Springs, to the seething, smoking and treacherous honeycomb strata of Norris' basin. The wonderful, the incomprehensible geysers; these surrounded by the emerald pools growing mineral flowers within their bosom. From there to the Continental Divide, where with one sweep

of the eye you can take in the Teton Mountains eighty miles to the southwest—the lake with its placid beauty,—the wild animals in their native homes;—the evergreen forest in contrast with their petrified brothers, who have stood for centuries and will stand for centuries more. Then to crown it all, is The Falls and The Canon which speak louder than words of beauty, grandeur and majesty.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII

### A GOOD TIME

Deity never created man to be a burden to himself, and an eyesore to society. Nineteenths of our troubles are imaginary, and can be blotted from our book of remembrance. Children have their troubles just the same as grown people, but the child's troubles are like soap-bubbles, they never last over night. The little girl breaks her dolly; she cries as though her heart would break. The boy loses his ball or breaks his toy; it is just as hard for him to bear this as it is for you to suffer a financial loss.

I remember when I was a boy and was "breaking" a couple of young steers to work to my "truck wagon." It was a wagon that I had taken great pains to make; it was so perfect in construction that all the boys in the neighborhood looked upon it with a longing eye and had offered me all sorts of trades to induce me to part with it. I always shook my head and said, "Nope." I could have more fun with this outfit then, than I could now with a \$5,000 auto.

Well one day I was out in the woods and just loaded up with some kindling when a boy

came running toward my team with a kite he was trying to fly. My steers broke into a run. I tried to head them off. It was no use. They bumped against trees, over rocks and into fences. When they were finally stopped the yoke was broken, one of the calves crippled; and my wagon a perfect wreck. If I should lose a house and lot today, it would not hurt me half so much. I thought I was ruined for life. I spent the afternoon bemoaning my fate. But the next morning by daylight I was on the job, determined to repair the wreck, which I had packed from the woods on my back. I held a consultation with myself as to whether I should start at the differential, or at the radiator end. I finally decided that the steering gear being out of order was the cause of all the collisions of the previous day. The steering gear was not automatic, and so would not turn the corners as fast as "Buck" and "Brandy," but would turn turtle instead. I went to work and in three days had everything in running order, except the spark-plug and carburetor; I thought Buck and Brandy had enough spark in them to run, and I knew they were *good mixers*, as I had tried them.

The next day I was whistling and the birds sang as sweetly as ever.

Just so are the troubles all through life; there is always a way out. You must be

stronger than the opposition. You have the latent power within you to be *King of your Realm*. The man or woman who is continually complaining; admits that he or she is weak and not able to cope with the petty affairs of life. This weakness can be overcome by determination and the cultivation of hope. There are thousands of people that invariably look for the dark side of everything. You may submit any kind of a proposition to them and before you get through they have an objection formed and their suspicion is aroused. They are afraid of everybody and everything; they suspect your motives, and will do or insinuate something to block progress; they are natural-born cranks and kickers and so penurious that they cannot be honest. If such people could only see themselves in the same light that others see them, they certainly would change their tactics. Then there are others who are always complaining that the world does not treat them right, that they have hard luck—which they *usually are entitled to*, as they drive business away, and disgust all with whom they come in contact. There are others still who are everlastingly complaining of their aches and pains. Will these people ever learn that rehearsing a thing in the mind, and keeping it continually before themselves, does more to impair the organs than anything else they could possibly do? It

has been demonstrated to the satisfaction of scientists, that by constantly affirming to a well man that he looks bad, that he has fever, that he has indications of a certain disease, the ailment will actually develop, through the influence of the mind over the body. If this picture before the mind will produce disease; a lovable, healthful, joyous picture will produce health. Despondency paves the way for the doctor. *Grumbling and complaining have been the stepping stones to divorce courts more than once.* The people who are light-hearted and jolly, make friends and hold them. People who look for the good in all things and are willing to give credit where credit is due, who are willing to concede that the other fellow can be right part of the time—they are the people who are magnetic and attract the admiration of the world, at the same time laughing off troubles, and repelling disease. Who ever heard of a big fat man having the “blues,” or refusing to laugh when there was a good joke told? If you find yourself growing melancholy, get out and take exercise or join a jolly crowd and go to the theatre, or to the “movies.” One of the best tonics one can take is to get out and romp with the children. If you have none of your own, borrow some. Go for a walk; if your case is bad, go to the country. Get away from decent people, where you cannot bother them with your com-

plaints; and when you come back from your trip, do not look for the old ball you formerly wound your grief on. If any of your chums have the same disease as yourself, do not go near them. I know of a sanatorium that has strict rules not allowing patients to talk about their ailments to each other.

At a certain hospital there was a bench near the fountain, which was called the "mourners' bench." Here the chronic complainers came daily to swap their tales of woe. The Superintendent, to stop this, had painted on the seat, "Order your coffins early to avoid the rush."

Learn a lesson from the child. Learn to get over your troubles by not thinking of them. There is something new before the child's mind all the time; and as soon as the mind grasps another subject the trouble has vanished. You have the power to change your mind from the worry and if you do not, you should suffer; it is a just debt you owe and you must pay it.

Fear has a great deal to do with peoples' happiness. You have met persons who were afraid of everything. They were afraid it was going to storm, afraid they had caught cold, afraid their eyes were failing them, afraid the children would be sick or run over in the street; everytime they hear a noise at night they think it is burglars; they keep themselves

worked up and nervous all the time. If you care anything for life, stop this at once. Worry will bring old age, gray hairs and the grave quicker than anything you can do.

Read good books, those that teach a principle preferred. Broaden your sphere of thought, build air castles, work with your hands and brain, have some object in view, remember that you were created to some great end, have the nerve to take your position in the front rank, think something, act something, wake up and let the world know that you can command respect. Take the first train to Progress and be on hand when the melon of prosperity is cut.



CHAPTER XXXIX  
COLORADO



Stalactites, Cave of the Winds  
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Every country has its beauty-spots that show up as beautifully as the glow on a maiden's cheek just when she is blooming into womanhood. It has been my pleasure to linger in a few of these places and absorb some of their salient features.

The Rocky Mountains have always been my favorite haunt. I can see more majesty, feel more inspiration and inhale more life-giving energy amid the crags of the Rockies than I can perched on the towering Washington Monument. I love freedom; I love to stand on the peaks and breathe the pure, health-giving air, to feel the

energy of youth coursing through my veins;  
and to bathe in the sunshine peculiar to this  
region.

I love the water, pure, clear and cold  
Strained through gravel, mixed with gold,  
I love the mines, they produce the stuff  
That give us wealth quite enough.

I love old Pike, emblem of the free;  
He wears the white cap of liberty.  
I love the pines and eternal rocks,  
They speak of majesty that never mocks.

I love our prairies, broad and grand;  
They produce the best people in the land.  
I love our reservoirs—irrigation is grand;  
It raises the "spuds" for mortal man.

I love our deer, mountain sheep and antelope;  
Peers the equal of Rocky Ford cantaloupe.  
I love the sugar-beet, tops and all;  
It sweetens our coffee and stops the cow's bawl.

I love our alfalfa, bees and honey;  
One is sweet, the other means money;  
I love our cabbages—aren't they grand?  
Nothing like them in all the land.

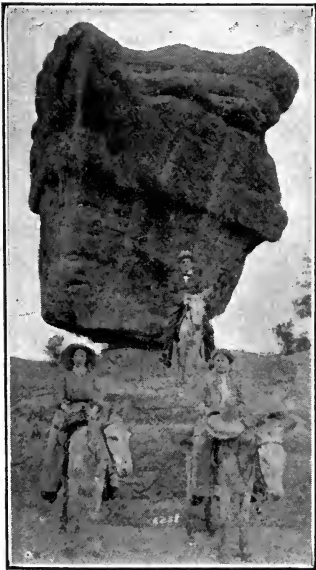
I love our beefsteaks, and that isn't strange;  
This critter was killed right off the range;  
I love our roads, good and hard,  
Firm as a city boulevard.

I love our climate, winter and summer;  
It's good enough for any old lunger!

I love our people, keen as a razor-blade,  
Most of them, are strictly self-made.

I love our city, the view is fine,  
It is called the City of Sunshine;  
I love my home as I do my life;  
Nobody to boss but the dear old wife.

I love my state, I love its name;  
It's the best from California to Maine;  
View it from every angle you can,  
Colorado was made for a White Man.



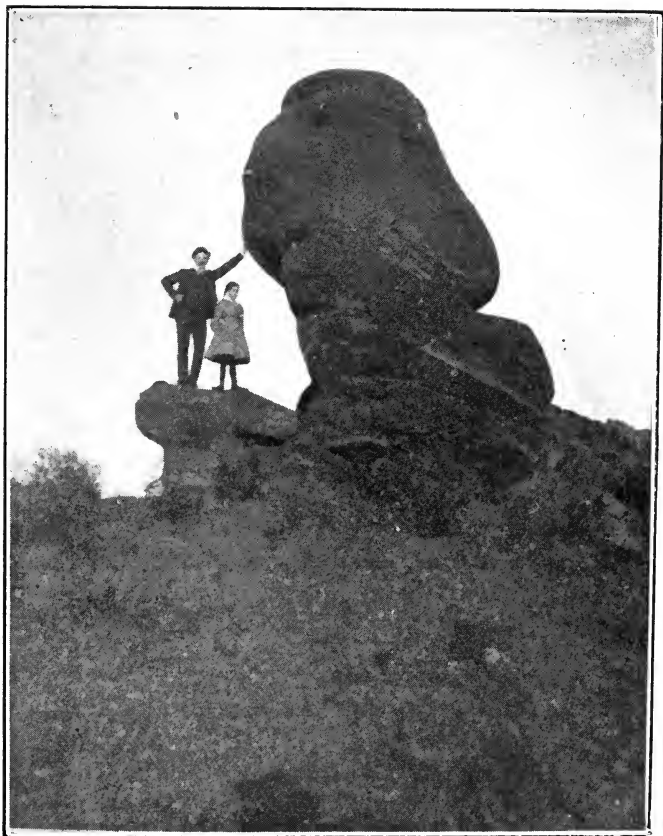
Balanced Rock, Garden of the Gods, Colorado Springs, Colo.

If you want to feel the blood course through your veins as it did when you were a boy, hike to the hills with your drinking-cup. Take no water with you; you will find that gushing pure and cold from Nature's fountains. People who have never climbed mountains know nothing of the exquisite joy one feels as they mount from crag to crag. You feel as if you had

satisfied that one longing ambition of man—to conquer. When you have arrived at the top of the peak you feel you have reached the goal. You cry “Bravo!” Now, with the satisfaction of accomplishment you sit down and rest, and survey the prize as far as the eye can see. Exhilaration, inspiration, do not express your emotion. Me live in another country?—Not yet.

A few years ago I had occasion to stop over night in Canon City, with my family. The next morning we went out for a little walk, but before we returned to the hotel it proved to be a pretty good one. We had covered a distance of 14 miles.

We started up the Grand Canon, and like the boy chasing the butterfly, we were led on and on, from flower to flower, from pinnacle to dome, dome to cliffs 3,000 feet high, thence to the rushing torrent of the Arkansas, driving its battering-ram against the granite walls; and ever at work on its task of making a roadway through the boulders. Next our attention was attracted to the Hanging Bridge. Here the forces of Nature are contending with the Gould System, as to which shall have the right of way. But the difficulty has been arbitrated by the railroad being suspended in the air. This canon is some 20 miles in length; and every foot is crowded with interest. Then there is the Sky Line Drive near the



Potato Rock, Garden of the Gods

same town; which is considered by many to be one of the most picturesque drives on the continent. Nature once upon a time got romantic, and threw up an immense ridge of solid rock several miles long; leaving a valley on one side and a canon on the other. The rocks are set on edge and tower a hundred feet above the surrounding country, the walls being almost perpendicular. On one end of this ridge there is an auto road that winds to the top. But before starting, see that your brakes are all right, and your steering gear in "apple-pie order." We are going to put you on this cliff that is about 10 feet wide, with a rocky parapet on each side. Now steady! Speed limit *60 miles an hour*; driver strictly prohibited from using bottled goods or stomach bitters! When you get half way up, stop. Look to the right; there is the road you just passed over in the canon. On the left, at a stone's throw, is the verdant valley. What are those trees? Apples, apricots, plums, cherries, pears and peaches—yes, and strawberries between the rows. I wonder if that old farmer has a *grown daughter*? Say, Bill, you are 21 years old tomorrow; let's stop and see if we can get some cider!

Ouray can boast of the most weird canon in the country. It has the appropriate name of Box Canon, and it surely is boxed in. When you are nearing it you hear a roaring

sound as of distant thunder. As you draw nearer this increases in magnitude; until you walk upon the precipice that leads to a suspended bridge. Here all of a sudden the sound breaks upon you in a deafening roar and you look to see if the bridge is falling. When you have caught your breath and started again you tread on the bridge as softly as a cat when watching its prey. The thunder of the water falling among the hidden crags now threatens to damage your eardrums. You look above you, and around you and see no water. Is it a myth or are demons fighting with Fate? You look around. Solid walls on every side, that you can easily reach with your walking cane, extending far below and hundreds of feet above. Hemmed in, trapped! What an admirable place for a dungeon, all we lack is an iron door. On closer examination, we find the head waters of the Uncompaghre river have cut their way among the crevices of the rocks and pouring with fiendish glee among the boulders at the bottom of the pit, out of the sight of man; but in the hearing of the God of Nature.

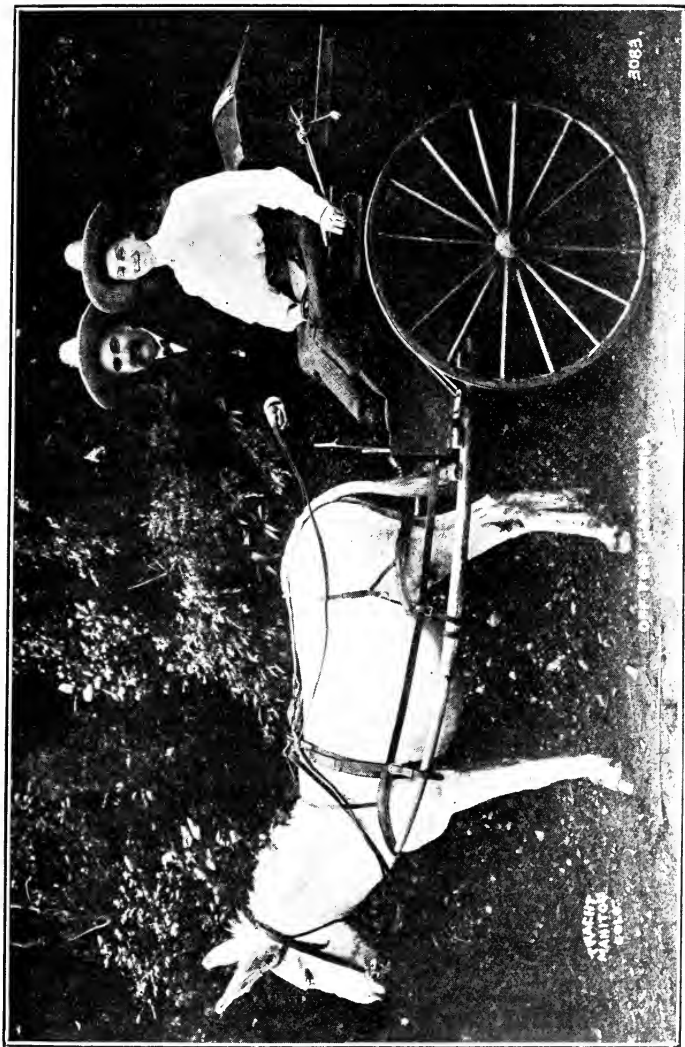
This town of Ouray is unique in a way. It is built in a recess of the mountains in the shape of a dipper. The whole town is not larger than a potato patch in Ireland; but that is not the fault of the people who live here. Their backdoors swing against the granite

walls, and if they made the town larger, they would have to move the mountains back.

About 50 miles east of this place, near the town of Montrose, is the famous Gunnison Tunnel. Here the government has bored through the mountain and intersected the Gunnison river, diverting it from its course, poured it upon the mesas in another valley; and made them to blossom as the rose. Knights of the hoe! (honest farmers), here is your chance. If I were not so tired I would tackle it myself. What will the ground produce? Ask rather, what it will *not* produce. Go down to Montrose or Delta, back up your wheelbarrow to the curb, and tell the merchant *to roll you out a peach*—but I will not say anything more about this section of the country until I have had a talk with the real estate man and see if he will divide commissions with me

Now we take the Denver & Rio Grande through the Black Canon of the Gunnison. Scenery? Well, rather! But the railroad does not give me any free passes, so I do not feel disposed to advertise their snap. But, say, Cleopatra's Needle, and those blue pools of water filled with speckled and rainbow trout sure do look awful nice. I wish I could tell you about them and do the subject justice, but I never went to college. If an Izaak Walton could catch *one fish in a thousand* in this river, he would never have to lie about





Beats Walking

fishing any more. A *reformed* fisherman once told me about catching a twelve-pound trout with a minnow hook and a line made of bast-  
ing thread. I have thought about this story several times. I do not believe he lied about the size of the fish, but he surely was mistaken about the *hook and line*. The reason I doubted his judgment was possibly, because I remembered the story of the real estate dealer in Arkansas who was showing a prospective buyer a piece of land in the swamps, where it had overflowed badly in the spring, and of course left the mark of the water on the tree-trunks. He was showing our friend over the land, in October. The agent was expatiating about the good qualities of the land. At last the customer, pointing to a tree-trunk, inquired what made the mark about six feet from the ground. "Oh, that's where the wild hogs have rubbed against it", was the answer. The agent kept on talking, but noticed that his customer did not seem to take the same interest in the land thereafter. When they got back to town the agent said:

"Well, how about it? Can I sell you some of that land?"

"No, but I would like to have some of the *hogs that rubbed against those trees*."

Well, we will stop for lunch at Leadville, the highest incorporated city in America, over 10,000 feet—but isn't the air nice and fresh? Well, why shouldn't it be, it is filtered

through snow *nine months in the year*. But for all that, the people in this town do not eat snowballs. They shovel gold dust like you would dirt in your backyard, and you know that kind of dirt is always marketable. No advertising necessary; no bargain days; no 69c sales.

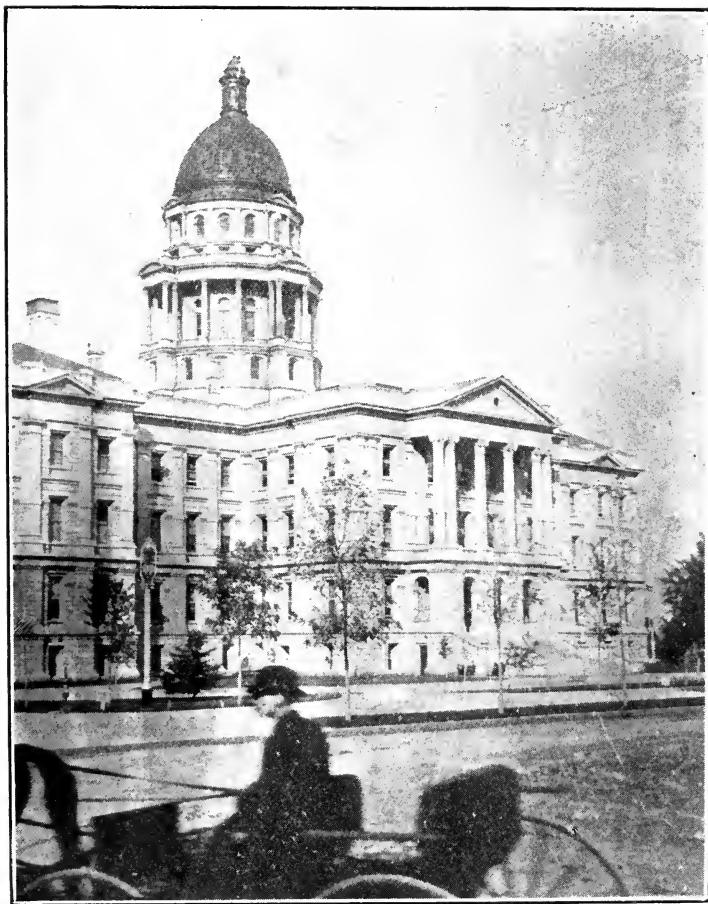
Well, I promised you a ride on the "rubber neck" car to Cripple Creek. All aboard.

This takes us out by the smelters near Colorado Springs, where the gold is extracted from the ore by heat. But I guess you are not interested in the process of manufacture; all you want is to get hold of the eagle. Well when you do, *don't choke him till he squalls!*

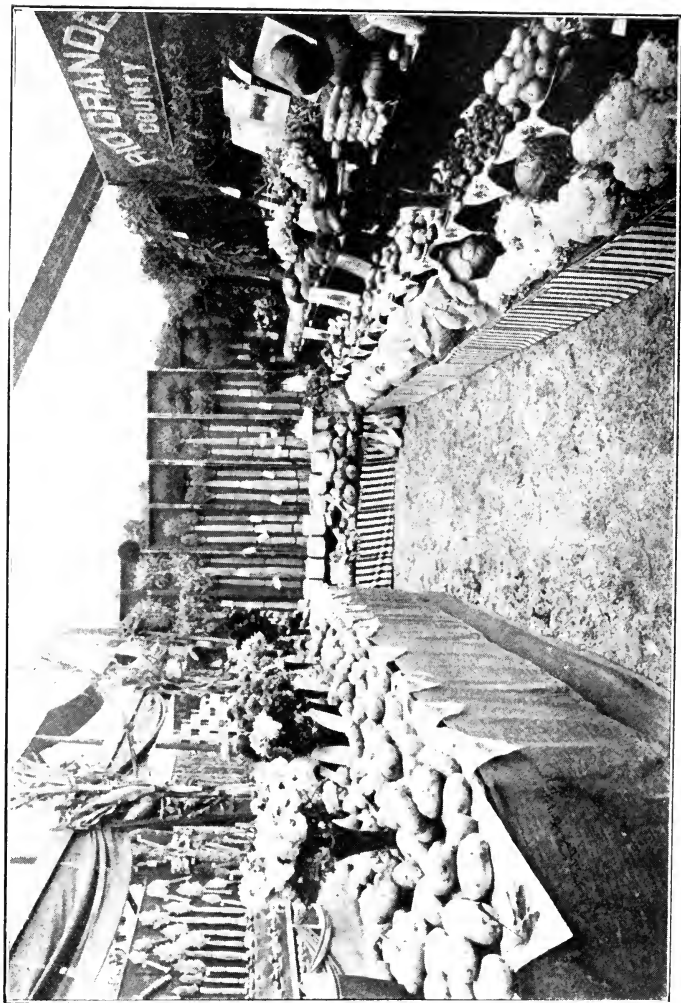
I think there is room for all on the observation car. Put on your overcoat and come out. This road is not as straight as some, as you will notice. It doubles back on its track like a scared jack-rabbit dodging a dog. Look down below you 50 feet there is where we came from. Now look 60 feet upward; that is where we are going, and still further above that is a third track perched on the precipices. We will soon be to the place where the conductor gives the engineer a match. This road-bed looks like it was melted and poured on the mountain side, or possibly it is following the path made by a streak of zig-zag lightning. It is quite different from the roads of olden days, when they all led to Rome. This is the "Short Line" between two cities

of wealth! Here lays one at our feet, the "City of Sunshine." Look where I point on Cascade and Wood avenues, do you see the residences? Croesus, Apollo, Mars and Jupiter, all the big bugs, live there. "Oh, is that the arena where all the people are assembled?" No, that is North Park; the people are attending a band concert. Now look to the east about 20 miles distant on the plains, do you see that long dark object moving slowly to the southward? "Yes; what is it?" A herd of cattle going to that lake for water. "About how much are each of those cattle worth?" I do not know what a *whole cow is worth!* but I went down town yesterday and *contracted* for a steak to be delivered to-morrow; and I have got to sell some of you fellows a dozen books so that I can pay for it.

Well, here we are. Now gaze down on the greatest gold camp in the world—production from the ten principal mines, \$1,162,234 for the month of March, 1913. I will let you look a while, but you must not touch it. You know you have always heard that rich people were rascals; and I do not want you to be contaminated. Do you see that safety deposit bank down there? "No; I see nothing but the sign, 'Portland Mine.'" Well, that's it. The vaults are all under ground. There has never been a safe-blower that could break in her walls or work the combination. Sometimes a porter gets away with a little bunch,



Capitol Building, Denver, Colorado



A Western Pantry

but they pay no attention to that, they just call it "high-grading." See those flat cars on the sidetrack, all loaded with ore. "Is that ore?" "Well, what is in that stuff anyway?" Well, there is a substance that at one time they made into candle-sticks and ornaments for kings' thrones, but now it is turned over to the trusts. They set aside a small part of it to endow colleges, build libraries and send missionaries abroad. What becomes of the rest? Oh, that is used for "safe and sane legislation" and to educate the people to appreciate the high cost of living.

Just as the train pulled out of Cripple Creek one of the party came up and said:

"Old man, I'll give you \$1,000 for your sarcasm."

"Sold," says I.

But on investigation I found he wanted to pay on the installment plan then water the stock, and give me half of the new issue for the purchase price.

Now I want to take all my audience to the Arkansas Valley, 50 miles east of Pueblo, in an auto. I want to show you the farming district of our state. We will stop here on this section line, where the north and south road crosses the cottonwood road. Look back and to the right; looks pretty good, eh? Sugar-beets—hundreds of piles;—to the right in front, cantaloupes—a hundred acres—yes, and

ripe, too. Joe, get out and load up the auto. To the left in front,—cattle and hogs in green alfalfa up to their knees; and on the left behind we can count how many haystacks? Well I think there are 40 on that quarter section, with about 20 tons to the stack. Well, drive down another mile and let's see about that poor farmer!

Say, those steers do look nice. Fed on beet-tops, beet-pulp and alfalfa. And on this side—did you ever see so many bee-hives? He sure has got a lot. Do you know that we have enough honey in this state to sweeten the disposition of all the old maids in Christendom and enough cantaloupes to supply Chicago and New York,—enough alfalfa raised in one year to feed Barnum & Bailey's circus for 50 years—enough fruit to make every man in America a pie,—enough sugar from sugar beets to sweeten the coffee of America, the tea of England and the rice of China,—enough cattle to bankrupt the people if cut into steaks and sold at present prices,—enough iron rails to lay a track from coast to coast,—enough gold to give every man on the continent a watch chain,—enough "spuds" to feed the German army, cabbage big enough to make two messes for the elephant Jumbo,—mineral water enough at Manitou to give every man on the globe a drink, and a climate good enough for the inhabitants of the moon!



## CHAPTER XL

### CLIFF DWELLERS AND MOUND BUILDERS

It is a very interesting study to investigate what effect the altitude and currents of air have on rainfall. There is a combination of circumstances which produces rainfall, depending upon the humidity as subjected to the different changes.

As a rule, in low altitudes where the surface of the ground is broken by low wooded hills, the rainfall is great. The currents of air seem to meet on these hills, causing a change of temperature, usually from warm to cold. This causes the moisture to become condensed and fall in the shape of rain.

In the Eastern part of the United States along the Atlantic, the rainfall is above the normal for the western hemisphere. This belt extends along the St. Lawrence river through Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, and over into Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario, thence down the Great Lakes westward to Duluth.

The Red River of the North and the Mississippi valley have a normal supply of rainfall, but when you leave these streams and proceed westward you notice a marked difference in

the precipitation. There is a wide belt of country extending from Saskatchewan into Montana, N. Dakota, S. Dakota, Western Nebraska, Western Kansas, Eastern Colorado, New Mexico, Western Texas and into Mexico; that is known as arid district. There is sufficient moisture in this semi-arid region to produce a very nutritious grass called, "Buffalo grass," or "mesquite." The two are very much alike. In this district are raised the Kaffir corn, maize, sugar cane, and Spanish peanuts, all of which do well and make a fine, nutritious forage crop for cattle and sheep. The ranchers through this section are prosperous and healthy. The snow fall in the northern part of this district is usually heavy during the winter. This snow melting saturates the ground with moisture which is sufficient to start the grass in the spring. This added to the spring rains matures the grass which dries up about the 15th of August. This grass unlike other vegetation is more nutritious if it has died a natural death, than it is if cut and cured the same as other hay.

Proceeding west we encounter more moisture as we reach the mountains. The rains seem to follow the mountain ranges. There are portions of the Rocky Mountains where there is a great deal of rain-fall. I have seen rain fall every day for two weeks during the summer

When you reach the Pacific slope you strike it dry again. Here we have a belt similiar to the one east of the mountains, though more broken and wooded. This belt extends far into California and Oregon. California can be called a semi-arid district as there is very little rain-fall in the southern portion of the State. When you get to Watsonville and Boulder Creek region you get all the rain that you are looking for. Here the frogs and ducks carry umbrellas. It is not as wet even here as in Oregon. In that country the horses are afraid of a man without a rain-coat on, and the moss on the north side of houses is sometimes an inch long.

I have traveled in Western Alberta and Washington where the moss on the ground in the woods was four inches deep. On old decayed logs the moss was so deep that young trees had taken root and grown there.

Fogs are very prevalent along these coasts though more so in some sections than in others. These fogs usually appear either in the morning or at night, making things very disagreeable and chilly, especially if accompanied by winds. I have seen this fog so thick in Frisco, Galveston and St. John, N. B., that you would wish for a corn-knife to cut your way through. Still if you are a resident of one of these towns and are asked if the fogs are bad you will say, "No, not as bad as it is in some other places."

In contrast to this fog I want to call your attention to a sign hanging in a hotel in Yuma, Arizona, which reads like this, "You don't pay board unless the sun shines." They are perfectly safe in putting up such a sign. The sunshine gets as monotonous in Yuma as the fog does in St. John. The man that named Arizona did not have to lie awake nights studying what to call the country. It gets so dry down there that the birds pick holes in the cactus to get water to drink. If a jack-rabbit should start across that country he would have to take a jug of water along with him. Still, there is a small amount of vegetation to be seen on the ground and as strange as it may seem, man has always inhabited this region. Thousands of years before white men ever saw this country there were cities built here by the aborigines. Part of the castle of Casa Grand still stands and is supposed to be the oldest house in America. This was photographed by the Author after the government had taken steps to preserve it from the storms. There are also ruins of an old Aztec city within a few miles of this. It is evident that the people had their houses covered with adobe burned in the sun. After white men have played the vandal for sixty years there are still tons of this old tiling left on the ground and the painting on some of it is very good.

Why these people should have preferred to live in this climate where water is so scarce is hard to say. At the time they lived here there were millions of acres of fine land with water and wood in abundance and where game was plentiful. The only reason that I can assign is that they must have been a weak tribe and not able to stand against their more powerful enemies in war; and therefore sought this country as a haven of refuge, just as the Cliff Dwellers did in Colorado and New Mexico.

While I am on the subject of Cliff Dwellers I will tell you something of them. I cannot write a history of them. No one will ever be able to do that as very little is known of them. They must have lived a great many years ago from relics which have been found indicate that they were a prehistoric race. The skeletons found in their caves do not look in any way like those of the North American Indian of the present day. The skull is very small, not larger than a man's two fists, or a child's head a month old. The skull is very flat on the back. No other race of people have a head similiar. If you should ever come to Colorado Springs you should visit the rebuilt Cliff Dwellers' home near Manitou. It is exceedingly interesting.

But to get back to my story. The houses were built on perpendicular cliffs, or nearly so,

and about one story high with a few exceptions. I remember seeing one, which was two stories high. More often they found caverns in the cliffs which had been made by the action of wind and water on the rock. In these caves the Cliff Dwellers found a haven of refuge. How they got into them is a mystery. There is only one way that could be suggested; which is, that they had a ladder which could be attached to the crags above or the trees, so that it could be taken down in case of attack by an enemy. This is a cheap way of building a fort, although a little inconvenient to the occupant. There have been a great many specimens collected from these caverns, mostly pottery and implements of war. However, I can assure you that there has been no thirteen inch cannon taken out of these subterranean forts. Indian corn has been found in these caves which seemed to be perfectly sound; but which would not germinate when planted.

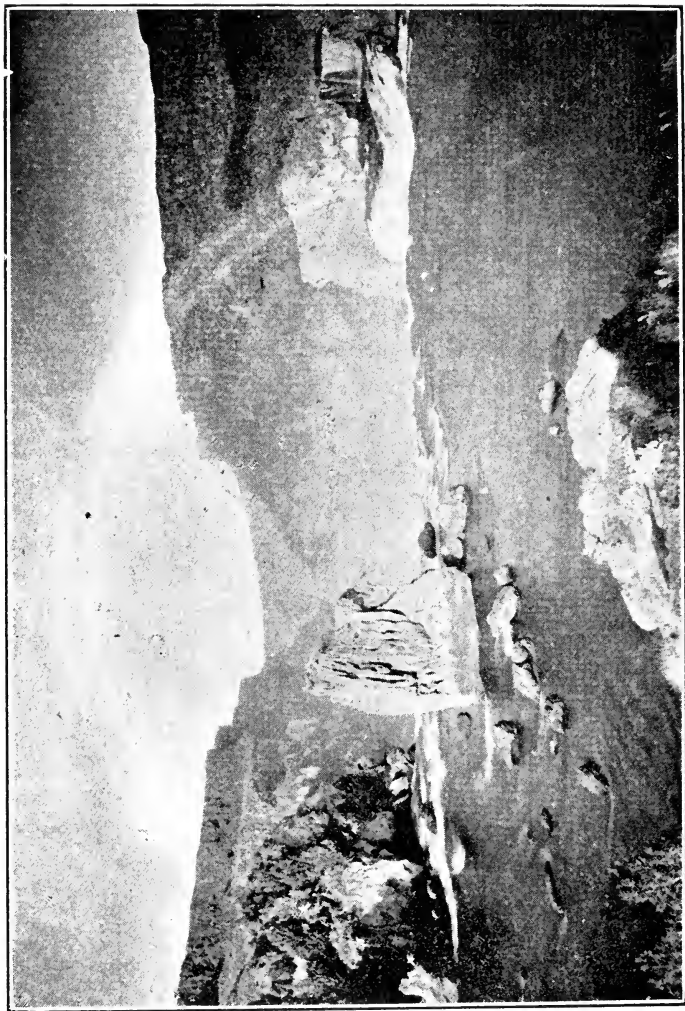
Next in interest to the Cliff Dweller comes the Mound Builder. Some people claim that they lived in the same age, and that the two races were enemies. This, however, is speculative.

The mounds were built on the ground and were about 35 feet across and round in shape. They were generally built with two walls, one inside the other. The doors in the walls were not opposite one another. The enemy would

have to go over one wall, and partly under the other, at an offset of about six feet. This you will see made a great fortification and one which would be pretty hard to storm.

They must have cultivated the ground as signs of aqueducts have been found plastered with something which resembles modern cement, though it must have been much better. The oldest Indians claim no knowledge of this race; or of anything handed down from generation to generation that would give any clue.

We can only say that they have passed away, like millions that have gone before, leaving no marks on the sands of time, leaving no history written by an indelible pen, leaving no heritage to the arts and sciences, leaving no monuments erected to deeds and valor done. But has passed from memory, passed from the thoughts of man, passed from cares and trials; he fought the battle the same as you and I but lost!



Shoshone Falls, Idaho



## CHAPTER XLI

### WHAT BROKE THE CAMEL'S BACK

Under this heading I would like to discuss a good many things, but will content myself with treating on a few social evils.

Chief among the unbearable burdens is the abuse of power and failure to carry out the pledges of office. The trouble with most political parties is that they make promises that are impracticable and cannot be carried out in detail. These promises are made to ride into office on. As soon as this end is gained, *the steed is unhitched and turned loose on the commons*. The people recognize it as being the one that was to carry their burdens. They halter him and he is advertised as a stray. Upon examination he is found to have all the brands of the different parties on him. He is adjudged an "outlaw" and exposed to public derision.

Discontent and restlessness spring from three sources—special privileges, abuse of power and the desire for office. Charges are made, falsehood is prevalent, and pandemonium reigns supreme.

One of the greatest faults of politics today is the effort on the part of the politicians to

create more offices; so as to have salaried jobs for all the ward healers. The second great crime is the *jobs worked by the generals of each party between themselves*, to divide the available offices among the ringsters of each party, keeping the principals of all parties, in office continually. These offices are considered hereditary by the leaders. They always manage to feed at the public treasury. These officeholders appeal to the prejudice of the masses to have certain laws enacted, or to establish certain institutions, supposedly for the benefit of state or city. These institutions have to be supported out of the public treasury. The people are taxed to maintain the so-called beneficiaries by the levying of bonds; and the entailment of burden, after burden, upon the unborn generations. These abuses have been carried on in almost every state in the union. These abuses can be counteracted; the law and the power lie within ourselves. If we submit the abuses, we should pay the penalty.

The remedy. When a measure is introduced, look to the best interests of the country, try to forget selfish benefits that might accrue to you or your party; be an American.

Vote for the men who have the interests of the country at heart. Do not support a man solely because he is a Democrat, a Re-

publican or a Socialist; support him because he is a true American. Let the office seek the man. I do not believe in voting for men who are nominated by cliques and ringsters.

Do you know that the camel's back is broken very often in domestic life by straws? But many straws make a burden. People as a rule do not intentionally vex their families; it is usually thoughtless acts or words that irritate. Children are not expected to have the thoughtfulness of grown people, and for this reason they are allowed a great deal of latitude. In this respect, we often allow children to *exceed the bounds of decency*. We see children that have no respect whatever for their parents. They can hardly answer the parent without a *stir* or an *insinuation*. They take no heed whatever when advice is offered, but meet the parent with reproaches. Another straw to the burden borne by the parents, is the supplying of clothing of the finest quality for the child while attending school; also their friends must be entertained, the child must have money for societies and associations, and as for jewelry, they must be decked out in this of course. If the child is asked to do a *few chores, then he is always busy with lessons*. The mother and father are made to slave for the child, and in return are often treated with *contempt, and shunned in company*. If the child has occasion to

refer to the father, it is as the "old man" or the "governor;" if the mother is referred to, it is as the "old woman." I suppose the reformers would call this *higher civilization*. I say, mothers, fathers, you are raising children that will disgrace your name. They may be found later behind prison walls and in houses of shame. Have a care!

A pound of prevention is worth a ton of cure.

Then there are the little differences between husband and wife. One or the other is inclined to be "touchy" and take exception to almost everything; or possibly there is a little jealousy. Probably the complaining one does not know, or realize, that he, or she, is too exacting. At last it becomes a bore to the other, then disgusting and finally breeds contempt. This brings on the divorce court in double quick time. Sometimes the woman is too extravagant in dress and entertaining. This has driven thousands to *bankruptcy and to forgery*. Then again, the man is *too sporty*. He plays cards and attends the clubs too much, and maybe imbibes pretty freely the juice of the grape. Or perhaps both of them are too high-toned for their means. Two-thirds of the city people today are living from hand to mouth. They rent fine houses, keep servants, load down the table with luxuries as well as the necessities of life, keep an auto-

mobile, and entertain on a large scale. Then they complain of the high cost of living. It is not the high cost of living so much as the cost of *high living*. The husband is working for a salary or is in business, but every dollar is spent as fast as they can get their hands on it. What is ahead of this kind of people? Easy enough to tell. When the man's earning capacity is exhausted they will run their credit as deep as possible, then sponge on their friends as long as the latter will stand for it; then the poor-house, degradation, social outcasts; no home, no friends—the last straw!

### FADS AND FANCIES

The American people are progressive and I honor them for it, but there is a vast difference between progress and fads; progress is the act of performing; fads, the act of imitating. The people are paying out more money every year in order to ape some one else than they are spending for the necessaries of life.

Ladies and gentlemen of America, let me tell you that *you are the best people on earth*, if you will but rely on yourselves. You can lead the world; you have the originality; you have the talent; why not launch out and be somebody? *Do not ape. Individuality gives you prestige.*

Why this state of affairs? If a banker gets an automobile the merchant must follow the mechanic and the clerk in hot pursuit. They will mortgage their homes to keep up with the procession. There are thousands of people today straining themselves to keep up with the best society and are *positively living harder* than the day laborer, bending every energy to make a good show. This is a sure way to break the camel's back.

## CHAPTER XLII

### HIGH COST OF LIVING

This is the greatest problem of the American people of today. "What is the chief cause of the high price of living?" Well, there are several, but a few of the paramount reasons are, first: combinations of every conceivable nature; combination between trusts and corporations of this country, with their allies in foreign countries. Our politicians and men high in office have catered to the vote and the money bags of the commercial interests and manufacturing companies, they have granted too many concessions, and the tariff has been so high that it has allowed them to rob the people. To add to this, the Union labor has exacted its toll of about fifty per cent more in wages, in the last ten years. Then comes the fault of the people themselves, extravagance in every form; they earn *sixty* dollars a month and spend *eighty*. Instead of people eating simple foods and buying them in bulk, they must have the finest canned fruits and vegetables. You can go into a poor man's back yard in the city or country and find enough tin cans to build a soldier's monument! Then one other thing we must not forget is the

middle man and his fifty per cent profit: this individual needs medical attention from the municipal authorities—he needs something to purge him and in addition to all this our public utility corporations have too much rope. It would be a good scheme to use the other end of the rope to hang some of them. I have decided that everybody is a thief except you and I, and sometimes I think you need watching! Now let us all hold up our hands, all together! and pledge ourselves, our homes and our sacred honor, that we will live at home and board at the same place for the next twelve months. If we do this we will be able to see the sky once more. Then there is one more, be sure to read this. Stop buying on a credit, if you have no money, do the next best thing—DO WITHOUT. If this extravagant mode of living is not checked we will land in the soup house. The people of the twentieth century have their minds and bodies poisoned; the mind is poisoned with false ideas of reform and theories. The body is poisoned by stuffing their carcass with everything that money can buy. They spend their time talking politics, hard times and abusing the laws and government. The American people remind me of the negro's mule. An old darkey in the south had a sick mule for quite a while, and it looked as though the mule would die. One day he was met by the



owner of the farm, the boss says: "Well, Rastus, how is the mule today?" "Well, I tell you boss, de mule is mighty bad off. I beliebs de mule am sick inside!"

I do not mean to infer that the high cost of living can be averted altogether. I want to cite you to one instance where the price of meat was almost prohibitive. A traveling man was going down town and his wife told him to get a roast. On his way back home he stopped at the butcher shop, had his meat wrapped up, took out a dollar and paid for the meat and received a nickel back in change. He was talking to the butcher and rather forgot himself, he was fumbling with his pocket book and he thought he put the nickel back in the pocket book; but instead put it in his vest pocket. When he got home his wife said: "Charley, did you get the roast?" "Yes, I bought a roast." He proceeded to feel in all his pockets for the meat, could not find it, but found the nickel, so he felt for his pocket book to put the money away; when he opened the book, you ought to have heard him halloo, "Susie, put on the frying pan!"

One of the greatest causes of the high cost of living is the gulf between the producer and the consumer. This gulf must be abridged or a competing line of steamers put into service in competition to the old lines. The producer today is getting a very small per cent

of the immense profit we are paying on the necessities of life. The farmer sells his apples for fifty cents a box or sends them to a commission house. When the consumer in town buys them he pays \$1.75 or \$2.00. Ask the retail grocer what the matter is, he will lay it onto the commission man, the commission man lays it on the railroads, it has the appearance of a put-up job. The ranchman sells his steer in Salt Lake for five cents a pound, the steer is shipped to Chicago to give him a *dignified funeral*, he is then shipped back to Salt Lake and sold to the consumer from fifteen to forty cents a pound. If this is kept up for a few years some one will be owning oil wells in Texas! If the ranchman sells his steer in Salt Lake to the local packers, Mr. Packer pays Mr. Rancher Chicago prices *less* the freight. Tomorrow Mr. Local Butcher comes in and wants to buy the steer; Mr. Packer sells Mr. Butcher the steer at Chicago prices *plus* the freight. What do you know about that? One legitimate profit and *two* freights added. Who pays the freight?

The cold-storage man buys eggs in April at \$2.40 a case, puts them in storage and sells them in December at \$9.00 a case, a Dutchman's three per cent. We, at the present time have free hides, but shoes are higher than ever known. Is there anything rotten in Denmark? The old cow is not to blame, but yet

if you should meet her I think she would apologize for what little part she took in robbing the American people! The man who packs the salmon, the apricots and cherries, gets a very small per cent of profit over labor and material, but when the consumer gets the can of cherries with its five cent wrapper and three cents worth of fruit, it cost him twenty-five cents in Uncle Sam's money, at the ratio of sixteen to one, "Jones, *he* pays the freight."

The meek and inoffensive lamb is getting as hard a name as the one-eared mule. I went into a store last week to buy a pair of pants, the merchant showed me a pair that was priced \$7.00. He said there was *Wool in them* and to prove his assertions succeeded in finding one or two threads, we weighed the pants, they weighed two pounds. I conceded that there was nearly a pound of wool in them, this at forty cents a pound, left a fairly good margin for the manufacturer and the merchant! The merchant was candid enough to admit that he suspected that the so-called sheep was in reality a wolf in disguise, seeking whom he might devour.

## CHAPTER XLIII

### OPPORTUNITY

Opportunities, like objections, appear in different forms and under various conditions. Some people are always waiting for "something to turn up" and reveal hidden treasures, or bring to light an opening of unusual proportions; while others are waiting for the world to recognize in them some latent power that is above the normal; and still others are looking for the piles just ahead. They remind me of the two Irishmen that had just landed in America. They went for a walk the second morning after their arrival. One of them found three dollars lying in his path. He called out to his friend and said, "Say, Jimmie, I have found three dollars in a poil." "Oh! never moind that Pat, come on, let's look for bigger ones." Your daily life, your thoughts, your actions, and your decisions are hourly preparing you for opportunities, and enabling you to judge as to the advisability of accepting or rejecting the proposals. Did you ever stop to think that almost every decision of your life is an opportunity, either implied or expressed. If you are looking for something to employ your time and bring you

remuneration, do not be too particular as to the vocation. If you prove your worth it will lead to something better. If your employer detects that you are fastidious and hard to please, he naturally presumes that you are close and miserly. If you are penurious you will be exacting and a trouble maker. If you are stingy, you will cheat him on time, and he does not want you. Thousands of men lose jobs that are worth a great deal to them by being too exacting. Always consider that the proprietor is doing you a favor by giving you employment. There are others who would like to have your job. There is competition in labor, as well as in commerce. It is an established fact that some of our richest men at one time occupied menial positions. Porters in dry goods stores have risen to be proprietor or manager. Messenger boys have become the head of the firm. Book solicitors have more than once died millionaires.

Opportunity is a flirt, and is not averse to being embraced by all daring men. Whenever you hear a man say that the world is down on him, and that he could do great things if he only had the chance. I would advise you not to give him the chance. He is usually able to DO YOU, by DOING NOTHING to earn his salary. This man is usually hedged by difficulties of his own making,

though he says it is Providence or bad luck.

Big opportunities for accomplishing great things are as scarce as presidential nominations. Do not expect many in a lifetime, and if you let two or three pass, the rest will be as wise as an owl; they will not call to see you. Some are always clutching at opportunity, but they are like the chicken thief that grabbed at the hen, only got the tail feathers. It is not sufficient only to strike the iron while it is hot; but to know when it is at white heat, and ready to strike.

Opportunities, like the rainbow, are not viewed at the same angle, by all people. To the sluggish and non-appreciative, they are very dim; while to the wideawake and practical man, they are as bright as the sun, and a beacon by which he can strike. There are more opportunities of value lost than are ever accepted. Most people are interested in opportunities to invest their money. I do not want to influence anyone on this point. All I wish to do is to give my version of the matter, and speak in a general way. If through my influence someone should be dissatisfied with the rewards of the investment, they would be inclined to censure me for leading them into a nonproductive enterprise. Therefore, use your own judgment, but in making your decision try to size up conditions and localities, markets and available supply.

No one can be a competent judge for you, inasmuch as they do not know your likings, your disposition, your surroundings or your financial ability.

This is a topic that is difficult, from the fact that what is an opportunity for "A" is not an opportunity for "B." Opportunities are usually open for the man who is in a position to accept such a proposition. Then what seems an opening to one man does not appeal to another. One man has time and money to develop a proposition, and another has not; but generally speaking, there are more opportunities in a new country than in an old one. In the West we have tracts of land to develop; canals to take out from the large streams and lakes; reservoirs to build; mining enterprises—coal, copper, silver and gold; millions of feet of lumber to cut; stone to quarry; sheep and cattle industries; mixed farming, which includes raising alfalfa, bees, hogs, goats, together with cattle and sheep; then there are the orchard crops—peaches, apples, apricots, plums, etc.; also the truck crops—strawberries, celery, turnips, etc. As for field crops we have hay, oats, corn, wheat, Spanish peanuts, maize, kaffir corn and the world-famed sugar beet. Almost anything will grow in Colorado, if you can get the water on the ground. Some of our products are known from the Atlantic to the Pacific. You

have heard of the Rocky Ford Cantaloupes. Yes, Colorado is the home of that famous melon, but I wish to say that Rocky Ford has no monopoly on it. The flavor is just as fine if grown in Canon City or Grand Junction. They are shipped out of here each year by hundreds of car loads. As for apples and peaches, we can beat the world; then come the Greeley potatoes. That means a large scope of country that produces the famous "spuds." We have what is known as the Divide potato, that is often preferred to any other variety. They seem to fall to pieces in your mouth and often weigh three pounds each; and cabbage, one often fills a small wash tub. Talk about opportunities, what do you want for your money? Come and see! As for opportunities in other states, there is not a state in the Union in which there are not opportunities, and right at your door; but it often requires nerve to develop them. It requires some study to ferret out and locate good *opportunities*. The industries of the country are so varied, that *opportunities* are to be found in every state and almost every country. Get in touch with your business men and inquire where you can invest your money to good advantage. They will often give you pointers. Real estate loans are safe, if you get first mortgage on the property. You should have the title investigated before letting out the



money. See that there is no deed of trust, judgment or loans on record against the property, and that all taxes are paid. The examination should be paid for the borrower. In the South there are good lands to invest in and they are usually cheap. There is timber to sell and lumber and ties to manufacture. In the East there are manufacturing establishments that have bonds and stocks in their factories to sell. Beware of real estate in the East, except in the large cities; in the North there are industrial securities, and in Canada, good lands. In the West there are a great many enterprises. Beware of real estate investments in the extreme West as values are inflated. There is a fine opening in the Northwest in lands, where your money should be perfectly safe and should make you a good dividend.

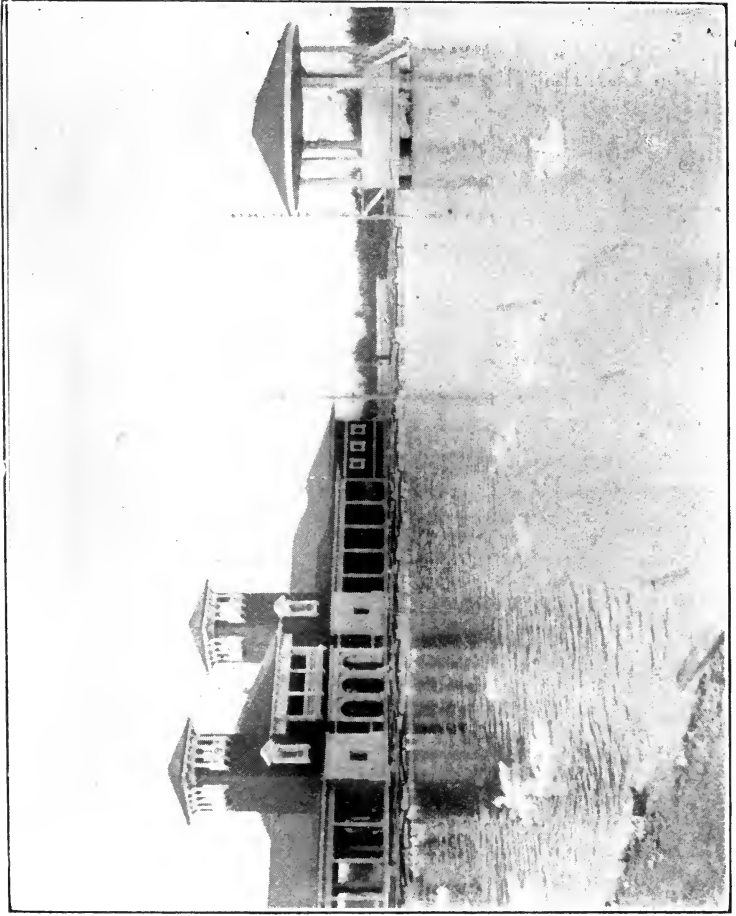
## CHAPTER XLIV

### YOSEMITE VALLEY, ETC.

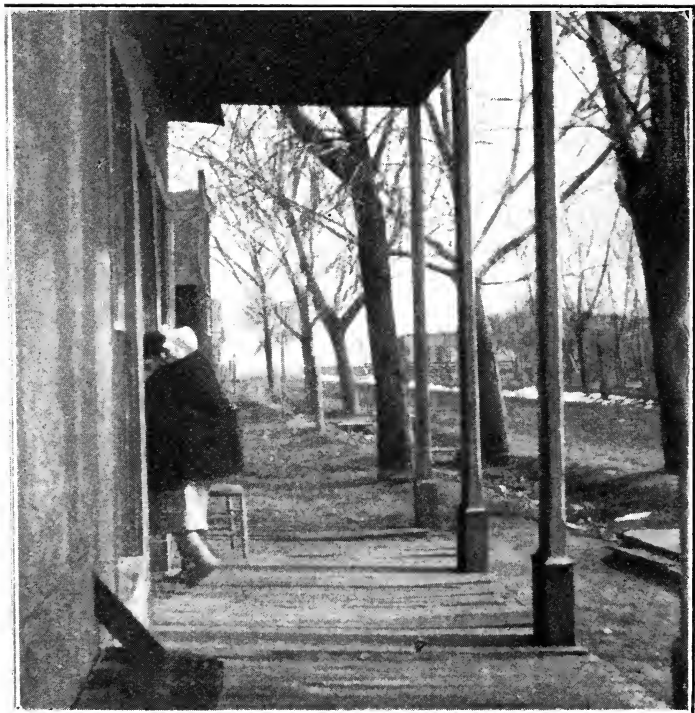
There is no question but the present formation of this old earth is vastly different from what it was a hundred thousand years ago. Visit almost any part of the country and you will see indications of volcanic upheavels and washing away by mountain torrents, or, worse still, the slipping or sinking of the earth. Some of these changes may have been accomplished gradually and without any great commotion, while in other cases it must have been by terrific and appalling physical disturbances.

In more recent years there was a depression of the ground in West Tennessee, sinking a vast area of level country. This soon filled with water and is known as Reelfoot Lake. The author saw this lake thirty years ago and at that time there was an immense forest of dead trees standing in the water from ten to thirty feet deep.

Another remarkable case is the depression in Death Valley, California, where the whole face of the country has sunk some 400 feet below the sea level. The Colorado river flows near this valley, but on a plain 700 feet



City Park, Denver



Indian Woman and Papoose

higher. A few years ago there was an irrigating ditch taking water out of the Colorado. The workmen by some means left a crevice in the bank. The powerful flood was not long in locating this crevice and proceeded at once to cut its way through, for weeks and months pouring its contents into this mammoth depression, forming the Saltan Sea.

In this valley I once saw the most wonderful mirage that I ever had the pleasure of witnessing. I saw on my right a full-rigged sailing vessel, with sails spread and appearing to be wafted along by the wind, and on the left of this ship, apparently one hundred feet away, was as complete a Japanese pagoda as I ever saw pictured on paper. This pagoda seemed to be about 100 feet high, or about the same height as the ship. This illusion lasted about fifteen minutes and then faded almost at once and assumed the form of a vast lake, whose waters looked as real as Lake Superior ever did. You caught yourself looking for cattle coming for water and wondered why you did not see flocks of ducks and geese hovering over it, with the Izaak Waltons sitting on the banks angling for the speckled beauties.

This story may sound fishy to an Eastener. It is not unlikely he thinks I had some of Duffy's Pure Malt, but that is a mistake. I never saw any that far west. If you took on a

cargo at El Paso it would be exhausted before you got this far on your journey.

It is said that in 1849 the pioneers almost perished for water, following these mirages for miles and thinking they surely could not be deceived, only to give up the chase at last in disgust.

The explanation of the mirage is that it is an unusual refraction of the lower strata of the atmosphere, causing remote objects to be seen double, as reflected in a mirror or suspended in the air; but I doubt if this definition is always correct, as oftentimes there are no objects to reflect, there being a vast plain as far as the eye can see.

Now let's leave our train and take carriages for the Yosemite. Here we find the most wonderful depression on the American continent. This valley is ten miles long and two miles wide, the surrounding walls being from 3000 to 5000 feet high and almost perpendicular. Here lovers of nature can lose themselves in admiration as they stand upon these stupendous cliffs and drink in the beauties of the picturesque landscape lying at your feet like the depths of Eternity. Now cast your eye on the opposite cliffs. What is more beautiful than the pure mountain streams leaping from precipice to precipice, bounding into foaming cascades, gliding down among

the foliage of trees, to at last come to rest in beds of roses.

But the crowning glory of it all is the wonderful falls of the Yosemite. Nature has here painted in living colors a scene that is fit to hang in the gallery of the gods. The immense volume of water, rushing with the speed of a rocket, bounds over precipitous cliffs 2,500 feet in its mad career; but divided into three sheer jumps, thus giving you time to drink in the beauties of each, while thrilled with an ecstasy of delight.

This picturesque valley is located on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada mountains in California. If I only had it near New York City and had a fence around it!—No! I would not sell it. No one would have money enough to buy.

While we are in California we will pay our respects to the land of roses, fleas and earthquakes. I would not dare go to that celestial clime and talk that way unless I had on steel armor and was accompanied by a bodyguard. You are at liberty to talk about the roses all you please, but not about the unmentionables. I don't think the fleas are any bigger here than anywhere else, but they have more energy than Coxey's army. A tourist once complained to his landlord about the fleas and his complaint was received with indignation.

"I will have you know, sir, there is not a

single flea in my house," said the landlord.

Right you are, my lord, they are all married and have big families.

The Californians are all right. They are like a cat. If you toss him into the air he will light on his feet. A Californian is optimistic to the last. He reminds me of the Dutchman who made a mistake on the witness stand and swore the horse was *16 feet high* when he intended to say 16 hands. On cross examination he was asked if he had not made a mistake, that the horse was really 16 hands instead of 16 feet, and he answered: "No, sir; *I swore it once and I'll swear it again.*" Well, they have a good old-man's climate—no wind to make him sneeze, no frost to chill his blood, *sand* in abundance to *plant him in*. Now if they only had the water to keep the flowers alive!

It is nice to be surrounded in our declining years by the beauties of life—flowers and fruit—angelic food—but who ever made a Johnny-cake out of them! If your soul yearns for poetry and music you can find it in the far golden west. If it is hog and hominy you crave, then stop east of the Rockies.

In the San Joaquin Valley the luscious grapes hang in clusters. You can travel for miles and see nothing but vineyards and drying-kilns. Here are the great raisin fields of



America. While the land is adapted to a great many fruits and vegetables, the grape seems to be the favorite product. Land is high-priced in this valley and is about all reclaimed that can be, as water is not very abundant. In the upper end of the valley are the great oil fields, near Bakersfield. Here is the place where men in days gone by WENT TO BED PAUPERS AND AWOKE MILLIONAIRES.

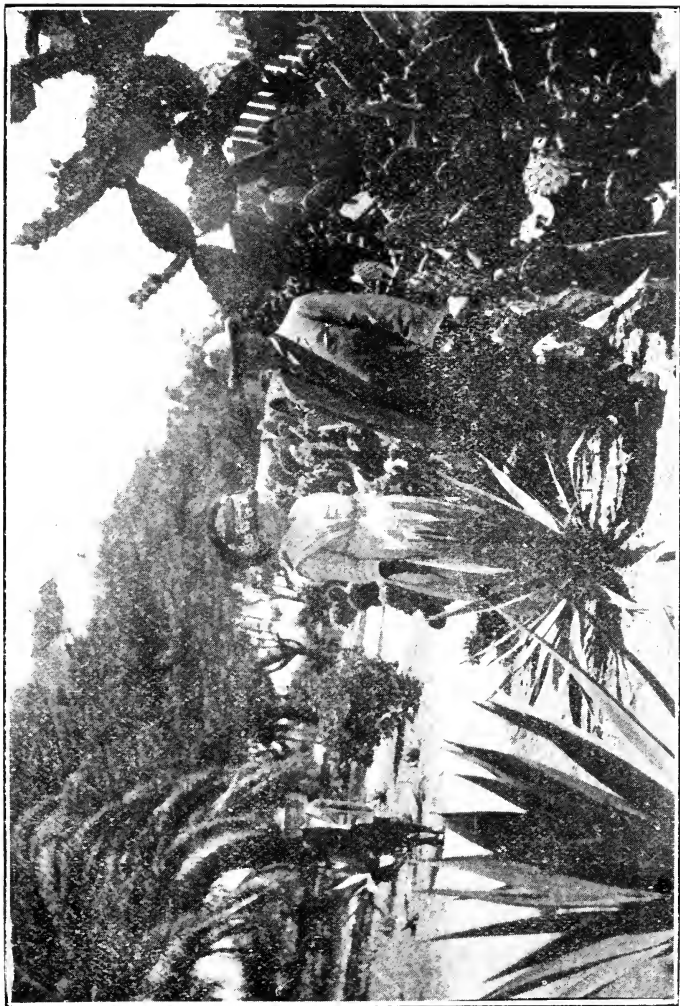
Along the coast, near San Luis Obispo, you enter the English walnut orchards. This seems to me to be the best farming proposition in the state. Of course, it is considerable work to spray trees, cultivate and smudge; but still the crop is reasonably sure.

East and South of Los Angeles is the great orange belt. This part of the State has an even climate and the people have all found it out. When a saint dies in California they all shake their heads and say they are afraid he has gone to a WORSE CLIMATE. I do not know that this saying would be *applicable* to the San Joaquin Valley. I heard a resident tell about hoeing in his garden. He laid down his hoe and went in to lunch. When he came back to resume his labors, on picking up his hoe the heat of the handle blistered his hands. To what country did the saint go?

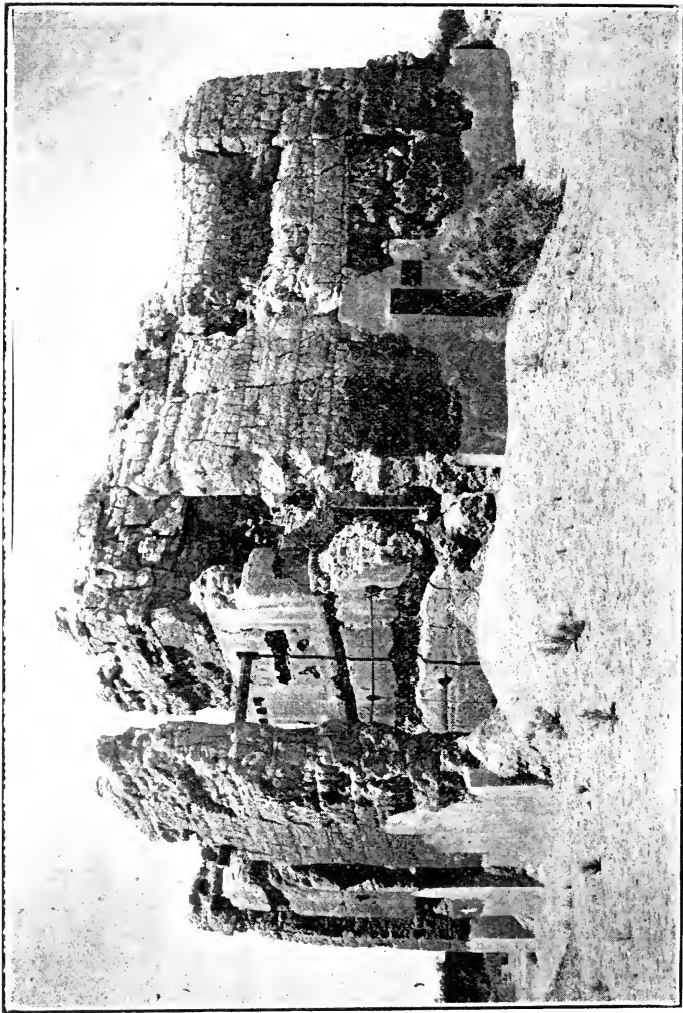
## CHAPTER XLV

### OSTRICH, FEATHERS AND DREAMS

The Ostrich is a native of Africa, and is found there in great numbers. There are two colors of them: one is nearly black, but the most common is of a blackish gray, resembling, somewhat, the domestic goose. As regards his degree of intelligence, travelers vary greatly in their opinions. Livingstone evidently did not accredit any great amount of intelligence to his lordship. He has one very peculiar habit, if he is grazing in a valley with no barriers on any side to hinder his movements. Now, if he is approached from the windward, and the huntsman makes a feint to head him off, he will invariably turn toward the hunter to make his escape windward; and he will not deviate from his course, often coming near enough to be speared by the native. The female usually lays her eggs from June to October. If a Bushman discovers a nest, and he wishes to be supplied from time to time, he has to exercise some strategy. He will procure a stick and fish the eggs out of the nest; then the bird goes on laying more—the wish of the thiet.



Sunshine and Flowers, Los Angeles



Oldest House in America, Casa Grande Ruins, Arizona  
Copyright Detroit Photographic Co.

It has been stated that the female deposits the eggs in the sand, and relies on the sun for their vivification. This is erroneous. This theory was evidently advocated by the natives because they had found the nest, when near the time of hatching, unguarded by its proprietors. The eggs undoubtedly retain heat for a long period of time, and the parent birds go off in search of food, very much as do our domestic fowls. The eggs furnish the Bushman meat, and the shells supply him with plates, and water jars. The Batkalahari are a peaceful tribe, and in order to protect themselves from their war-like neighbors, select their homes far from water. They collect the ostrich eggs and make a small hole in one end. They now go to a seepage place in the sand, and by an ingenious method, suck the water up and deposit it in the shells. A story is told of a party of an adjoining tribe that descended on a Bushman village. The visiting party were almost famished for water. They demanded a supply of water, but were told that they (the Bushman) never drank water. The visitors watched in vain, for days to try to find the supply, but could not locate it. At last they cried, "Yak! Yak! these are not men, let us go." Most likely the Bushman had a supply of water in ostrich eggs, hidden underground, that he

managed to draw on without being detected by his visitors.

When the ostrich chicks are first hatched, they are about as large as half-grown chickens. The old parent bird is something of a strategist. If you happen upon the mother, unawares, when she has her babies with her, she gives a signal; the little ones duck under the grass and foliage, while the mother hobbles off like she was lame. She wants you to follow her, and by this means, protects the young ones.

The ostrich has a foot something like our domestic chicken, though the middle toe is much larger than the other two, it being as large as a child's wrist. This toe is his weapon if he gets into a difficulty. He doubles it up like you would your fist, stands on one foot and strikes from the shoulder, like Jack Johnson.

The powdered egg shell is considered fine eye salve, by the natives of Africa. They also powder it and use it for a medicine in the form of a drench for cattle, and claim it is very fine. The ostrich has never been known to have dyspepsia. They will eat anything: marbles, buttons, or anything they can swallow. There is a case on record where an ostrich swallowed a whole family of young muscovy ducks, one after another, despite the protest of the mother.

When a flock of ostriches are on the run, they make as much noise as a herd of horses; their feet striking the ground very hard. He is supposed to be the strongest bird on the globe. He can carry an ordinary sized man on his back for a short distance without any inconvenience, though if he took a notion to eat, *which he is liable to do*, you might come off the perch.

Partner Wanted:—"A bright young man with some money, can learn something to his advantage by addressing the undersigned—*no experience necessary.*" I have an ideal place picked out for the ostrich farm, "big profits guaranteed," everybody wants it. All I ask is for the partner to *put up the money*, I will furnish the pure air, observation and nerve. My plan is to locate near a tourist city and to stock the ranch with *four thousand birds*—now advertise an ostrich show. The people will come in swarms, we can get twenty-five cents admission from the home people, and fifty cents from the tourists; now we can surely get a hundred people a day to the show (especially if we advertise the feathers); now 80 tourists, at 50 cents apiece, is \$40.00 and 20 home people, at 25 cents a head, is \$5.00, making \$45.00 per day. We will advertise a "QUADRILLE for Sunday afternoon, in which *2,000 ostriches* will take part." The people will turn out

like going to a circus parade, if you want an option on the gate receipts this afternoon it will cost you \$1,000. Well \$1,270 a week is not so bad and then to think there is no expense to run the farm, the ostriches pick enough buttons off the visitors clothes to keep them as fat and sleek as the general manager of a Western Railroad. But the gate receipts, if I figure correctly, would *only amount to \$65,040 a year*. Do not let this excite you, I have something better in store for you. This is a business that I can assure you is all right, as I have taken special pride in investigating same. I got the tip from a man in Arizona, where they have reduced the business to a science. Railroad stocks and steel bonds are not to be considered. As long as the ladies persist in making "birds of themselves," I will furnish the feathers. To the man who has bought an ostrich feather no explanation is needed, the vision of the bill in his midnight slumbers, haunts him still! No experience necessary to handle this deal, any child that has been through the third grade can figure that if the feathers from one ostrich brings \$35.00, the feathers from 4,000 ostriches will bring 4,000 times \$35.00 which is \$140,000; now this added to the gate receipts gives \$205,040 per. A man that would not go into this deal would not buy oil stock!



## CHAPTER XLVI

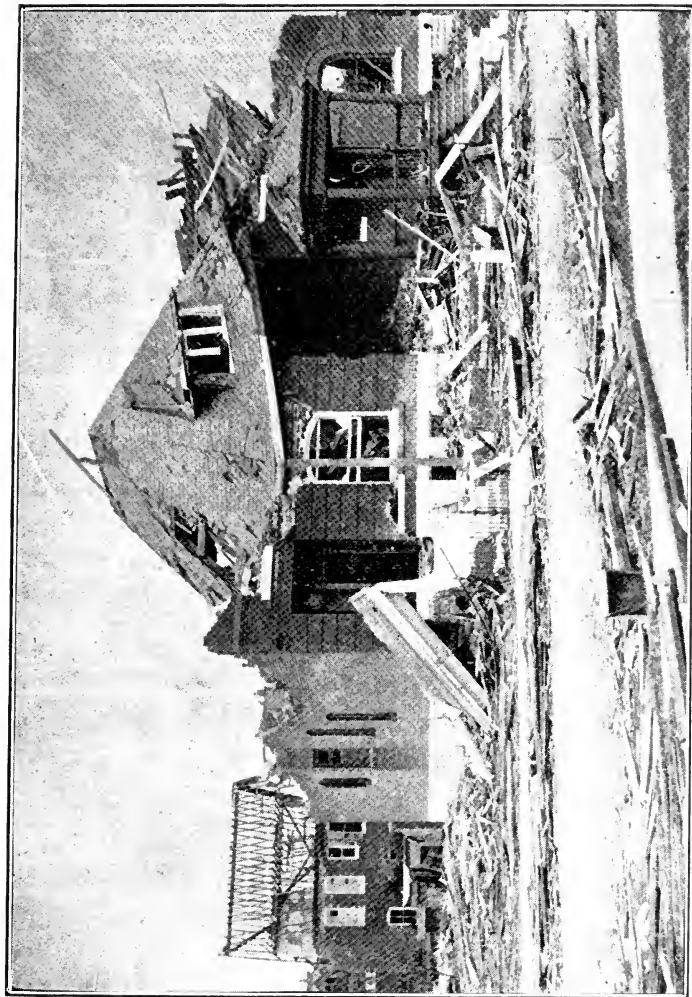
### ST. LOUIS AND OMAHA CYCLONES

By some means, I hardly know how, it had been impressed on my mind that all cyclones were always accompanied by a funnel shaped cloud; but on the 27th day of May, 1896, I learned my mistake. About 4 P. M. I was standing on the corner of Pine and Ninth streets, St. Louis, Mo., and my attention was called to the peculiar appearance of the elements, I do not remember ever having seen anything like it before, or since. The clouds seemed to be very low and muddy looking, and to be in rapid motion. The best I can describe, they resembled a pot of boiling muddy water, and there was very little wind blowing. We had no other indications of the mighty catastrophe that was about to descend on us. About this time I took the street car for home, about five miles distant in the western part of the city. Before we had gone ten blocks it grew suddenly dark and the wind seemed to come from all directions, blowing down chimney tops and signs. Our car stopped suddenly and we heard a roaring sound, in a few minutes the rain began to pour, but we in this locality never dreamed

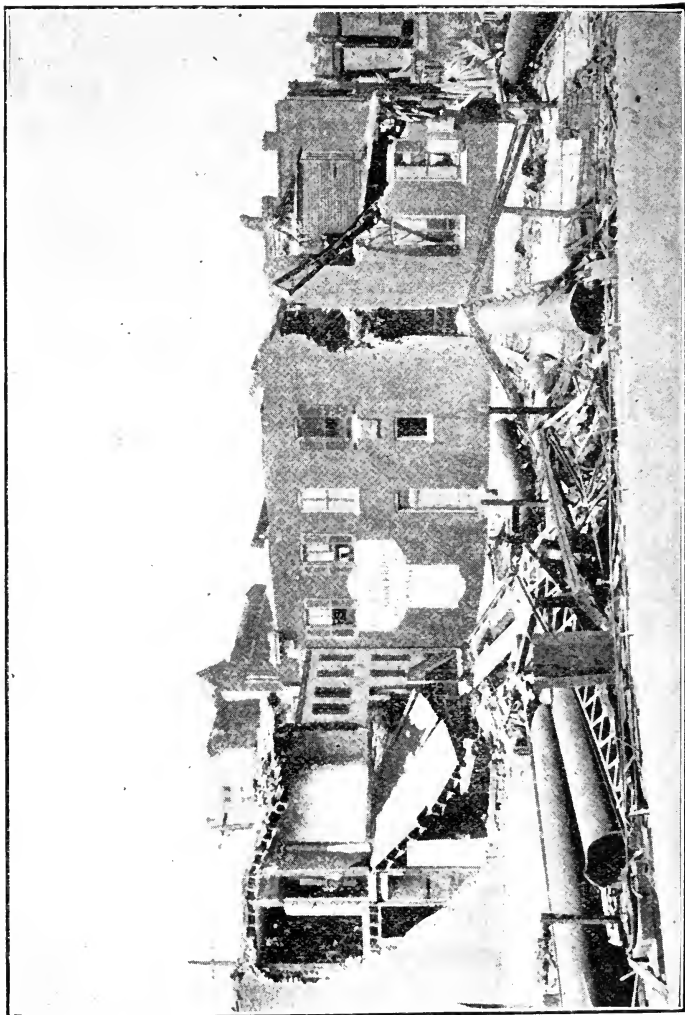
that the city was being visited by the greatest cyclone in the history of America, nor did we realize the great amount of damage that was done, until the next morning. About 9 A. M. I started out on an inspection tour. I walked, for this was about the only way you could get along the streets. Telegraph poles, trees, fences, signs, house tops, brick and mortar were everywhere.

The cyclone struck the town about the foot of Cass Ave., and followed down the river to the Eads' bridge, and then turned somewhat to the west and pursued a south westerly course, carrying death and desolation in its path. No wall was strong enough to withstand its force though often times was very partial. And in its course played every peculiar prank, twisting out the sides of houses, taking off roofs and setting them down intact in the same yard, and some times down on the same house they had originally covered. And in some cases, the most frail buildings were left standing, and near by it took the church or fine stone front residence. The parks were simply wrecked, not a tree was left standing and it seemed that no two trees were blown in the same direction.

Man never realizes how small and insignificant he is until he finds himself in the grip of a cyclone, or an earthquake. Man in his normal moments prides himself on his ability,



Freaks of Cyclone, St. Louis, May 27, 1896



Wreckage of Gas Works, St. Louis Cyclone

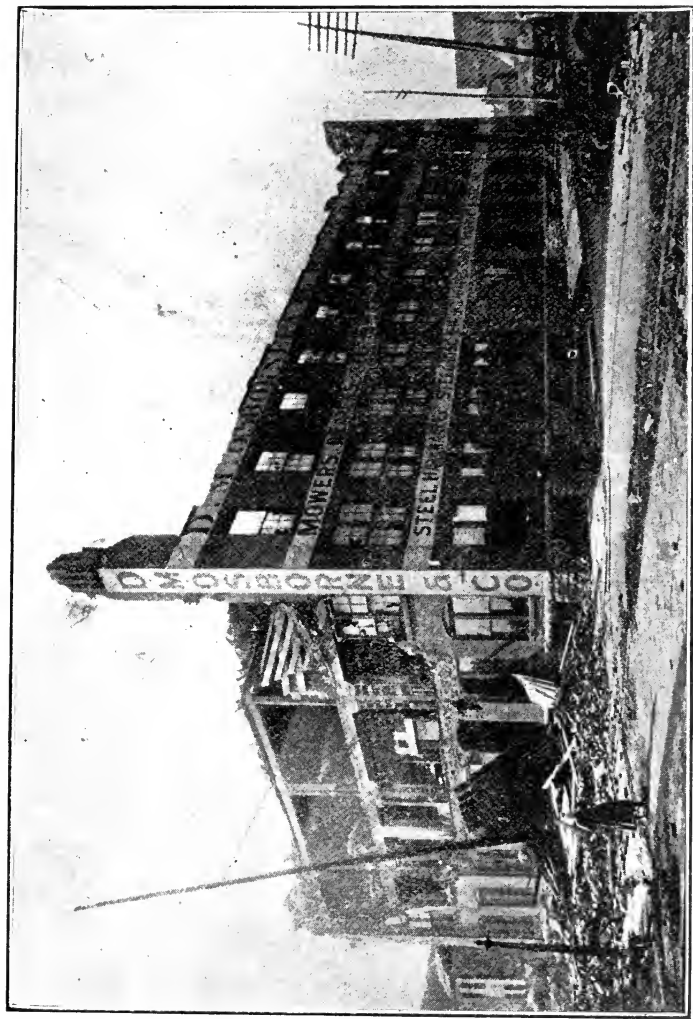
his knowledge and his power, but in an instant he finds himself stranded and alone, as weak as a babe and stripped of his reason, tumbling like a sheep before his shearer. When we look around us and see our homes and other possessions which we have spent a lifetime to accumulate, swept away in a moment we are forced to reflect how transient is man and all of his efforts. It shows us further the difference in possessions, the superiority of knowledge and learning over worldly goods. Fire, earthquakes and tornadoes in a few moments can make us paupers as far as wealth is concerned, but it cannot rob us of knowledge and experience. Neither can a thief in the night break through and steal knowledge, aspirations and aims.

There is one faculty of man that has been cultivated to such an extent that it has become abnormal and domineering. The overwhelming and insatiate desire to accumulate wealth has such a hold on the people of America that they are straining every nerve, and putting forth every effort to amass large fortunes that cannot be utilized to advantage during their lives. Excessive wealth never did and never will, bring happiness or contentment; it is absolutely and undeniably the reverse. Wealth brings cares, and often enemies and jealousy. Great wealth left to our posterity is a hindrance and a handicap,

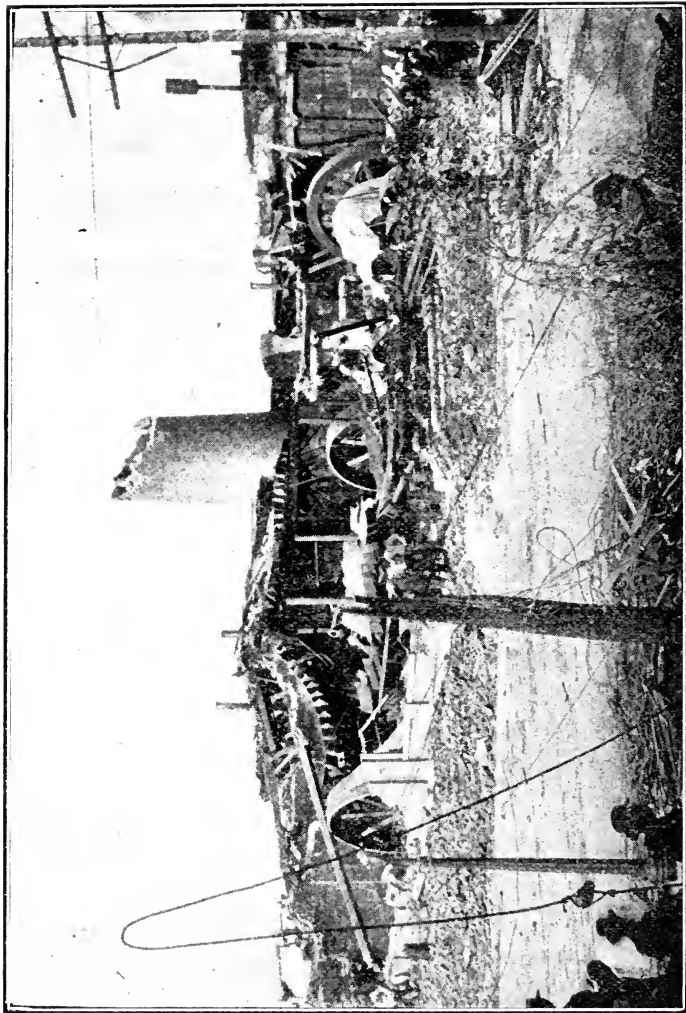
and more often proves a detriment than an advantage. Thousands of young men and women have made wrecks of themselves and their fortunes, disgraced beyond redemption by having too much wealth at their command. If the property loss in St. Louis had been expended in securing educations for the rising generation it would have equipped every child in the city with a business training which would have been a safe deposit bank the remainder of their lives. Would it not be advisable to equip the mind to wrestle with the problems of life, rather than lay aside our hoards for future generations to quarrel over, and *actually criticise you for not leaving them a greater amount.*

It is every man's duty to lay by a certain amount of his earnings; to be prepared for a rainy day or old age. Do not trust to luck, or to a worse thing, your friends, to take care of you in your declining years.

The recent cyclone at Omaha on Easter Sunday, March, 1913, once more focuses upon us the terrible calamity and havoc wrought by wind. About five o'clock p. m. of that day the clouds grew a muddy black, and seemed to drop like a pall over the city. Anyone who has ever seen a cyclone cloud will never forget how they look, there is a peculiarity about them that seems to stamp death on its face; destruction visible in every line. There



Implements Piled in Heaps and Scattered for Blocks, St. Louis Cyclone, May 27, 1896



Powerhouse, Street Railway, St. Louis, After Cyclone, May 27, 1896



was a gentleman on board a train that was nearing the city, when he cast his eye on the descending black and yellow mass that was to carry death and destruction in its path, remarked to his companions: "We are doomed," and within two minutes they could see a pile of dust, and the houses flying in the air ahead of them. Water and fire are equally as de-



Harvest of Death, Omaha, March 23, 1913

structive as wind but they as a rule give you warning before the final crash or death blow is delivered; but wind comes like a stroke of lightning, does its deadly work and is gone inside of a minute, leaving millions of dollars worth of property piled up in heaps and scattered beyond recovery. Then in its wake almost invariably comes the demon fire, to consume the remnants. And in Omaha the

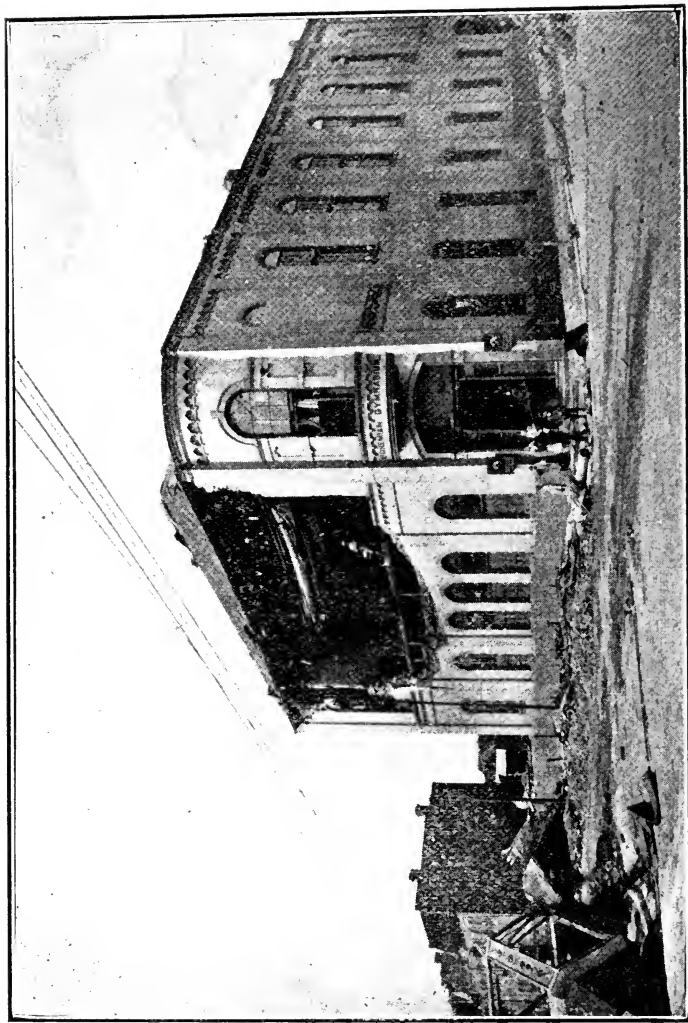
saddest of it all is, there were one hundred and fifty victims lying crushed and bleeding beneath its iron heel. Man can protect himself against lightning and divert the waters of the rushing flood; but who can devise means to protect us from the uncontrollable and unexpected cyclone; here is a ghost of death that haunts the human race. I was in Okla-



The Work of a Minute, Omaha, March 23, 1913

homa a few years ago and in passing a stairway to the cellar of a hotel, I saw this sign, "This way to the cyclone cellar." I called another traveler's attention to it, he remarked: "That is the work of some practical joker I guess." No, that is not the work of a practical joker, but of a practical idea, in the portions of the country where the altitude is low and it is subjected to sudden changes of

temperatures and hot waves, there is likely to occur a cyclone at any time when the atmosphere becomes superheated and rises suddenly, leaving a vacuum for the colder air to rush into. It is claimed that in the Rocky Mountain regions there has never been, and can never be, a cyclone, as the air does not become hot enough to rise rapidly causing a commotion of the air. But be the cause what it may, here is the most dreaded force of nature; the force that sweeps away the necessities of life, and leaves in its stead poverty and ruin, widows and orphans. No wonder humanity stands aghast when they see the hand of destiny shrouded in the restless fiery elements, ready to descend like the lightnings bolt and claim its harvest of destruction and death.



Strength Defied, Iron Cupola to Left, on Ground, St. Louis Cyclone, May 27, 1896

## CHAPTER XLVII

### WOMAN SUFFRAGE

This is a subject which is attracting a great deal of attention at this time. There are able men and women on both sides, and eloquent, logical and convincing arguments can be made, both for and against the principles involved. This brings to mind a law-suit I remember. A man was being prosecuted for stealing a sheep. The defendant had no attorney. The State's Attorney got up, looked sarcastically at the prisoner and began his harangue. He made a very eloquent and convincing plea, and when he had finished the prisoner's wife and children were in tears, and the prisoner looked like he had stolen a dozen sheep instead of one. The Judge became sorry for the prisoner's family, and turning to the State's Attorney said, "It is too bad that this man has no attorney. Can't you get up and make a few remarks to pacify the family BEFORE I IMPOSE SENTENCE?" The lawyer got up and eulogized the defendant, criticized the State for dragging a man of his standing into court, picked the evidence to pieces, and wound up by saying that the sheep had gotten lost, and wandered into the

prisoner's pen. That the prisoner threw a stick at a jaybird, and at that moment the sheep jumped in the way and, unfortunately for it but with no discredit to the prisoner, lost its life. This was too much for the judge. *He reversed his decision.*

The American mind is inclined to sympathy, especially when there is a woman in the case, therefore the women have the best of the argument. If all women could be induced to take an interest in elections, and would take the time, and pains to study the economical and financial effect of all proposed measures, there is no doubt but that woman's suffrage would be beneficial. But it is a fact that the best educated and most refined women abhor politics; and if they live in a State where they are allowed to vote, they go to the polls reluctantly, do not post themselves, and vote for measures and men because their husbands instructed them to. If their husbands cannot influence them, their preacher can, so you have all your measures voted on by the men after all.

I live in a state where they have woman's suffrage. When there is a bill before the people where the public morals are involved, the women will vote on the side of morality. On the whole I see no serious objection to women voting, except in a few individual cases, and that is where the individual is

seeking some political favor. Now, she will stoop to petty chicanery, she will be a ward-healer. In the eyes of all refined people she steps out of her womanly sphere and bids farewell to the refining influence that makes her the perfect creature of a Divine Hand. Now, if women would only contend for the ballot in its purity, and not degrade themselves by *slumming* in politics, they would experience no trouble to gain suffrage. We are told that women will elevate the ballot. So far, so good. I have no doubt that the majority of suffragettes have good and high aspiration, but they are on *treacherous ground, yes, quicksand*. Did you ever stop to think, that the professional politician will stoop lower than any other class of men? Can women be honest and be subjected to the same temptations? If she falls there is no one to pity.

It is said that woman has been imposed upon, and denied her rights by man. Let us see, how does a woman wield her influence and gain her point? By her kindness, by her submission, and by her tender care. Never can she gain prestige by antagonism and defiance. Men rule the world, but who rules the men? Now ladies, about face, stop breaking window glasses and saying saucy things. Use your influence through man, but do not step out of your sphere. Ask for the franchise to vote only in matters of education

and moral issues, and all men will be with you heart and soul. I will carry a banner myself, and plant it upon the ramparts of progress. Now, ladies, do not say that men are selfish, and want all the spoils, and above all things, do not accuse the author of being a politician. I am a peaceful, law-abiding citizen; but if you want a fight on your hands just call me a politician. You may say that all people should take an interest in politics. That is right, and I do. But I am not under the dictation and influence of political bosses and yellow journalism. I study the character of the different men on the tickets and vote according to my judgment. If you could see my ticket before it is deposited, you would think that an old hen had been trying to make a nest of it.

If the ladies will give us a bond, and security, that they will not be controlled by sentiment, by husbands or ward-healers, then we say give them what is called liberty!



## CHAPTER XLVIII

### EXECUTIVE ABILITY

Men and women are born with certain characteristics, often times these are inherited, but in more than half the cases you cannot trace their origin. The only thing you can say is that their temperament, and organs of the head, influence each other to such an extent as to produce certain results. Now these organs can be developed and controlled by proper training, and by restraining some organs, and developing others. The trouble with most people is, they do not know their own weakness or power. They do not analyze their thoughts and actions; they do not take determined stands with themselves; they do not persistently curb their tastes and passions; they do not try to develop their latent talents in a direction that will be of lasting benefit to them. I take the position that man is the creature of circumstances to a great extent; but these circumstances can be largely controlled by his will power. The science of phrenology should be taught in every school, it is one of the deepest studies known to man. We are born with certain developments of the head, but these can be

changed or varied, with the proper treatment. If a child has a mean, destructive disposition and he is allowed to associate with other boys that are equally as bad, or worse, he will die in the penitentiary or on the gallows. If the same boy is taken in hand early in life by his *mother* and *father* and properly trained, trained to think, trained to reason, do not be too exacting with him, give him some liberties, but be firm with him and show him the evil effect of a mean disposition, keep him away from boys that are post graduates in pure and unadulterated meanness. The parents are nearly always to blame for a boy's or girl's downfall. If your child is caught red-handed doing a mean thing, do not *shield it*. By so doing you are getting yourself and child both into trouble, you are degrading your own family, you are planting trouble for the time being out of sight, but it will soon spring up and yield a bounteous harvest. It was a wise provision, that decreed that a child should be under the parents care until it was twenty-one years old. A child that has the proper training until he is twenty-one, very rarely goes wrong in later years. In this same connection, we might treat of decision. Teach your child to reason, teach him to think from cause to effect. All degradation, all knowledge and power is brought about by improper, or proper thinking. The human mind con-

trols the world, but what controls the mind? The will power, the determination, the ambition, consequently people form their own habits, and seal their own destiny, but you say how am I to direct my thoughts and my decisions? Every human being has power within himself to say yes, or no. Every one has power to take a stand, but before he takes that stand, let him reason what the effect will be, is it better for himself, is it better for humanity? When he has figured this out, he is prepared to stand on firm footing, he is afraid of no man or his arguments; neither can he be turned by opinion of others nor by sentiment. Every man builds his own castle. Some build sod, others stone, and a great percentage build of glass, consequently they cannot bear for their neighbors to sling mud. It requires considerable training to be able to make a decision, accurately and correctly. I will lay down one or two rules, first: be honest with yourself. Second: be guided somewhat by precepts, though it is dangerous to carry this to excess, by so doing it may make you too conservative. Third: be guided by surrounding and existing conditions. Fourth: *learn to rely on yourself*; if you seek advice, try to do it in a way that the party giving it will not know for what purpose you seek the information. Did you ever stop to think that nearly everybody has an axe to

grind, and your neighbor generally wants you to turn the stone for his first! The men and women of the world who have made reputation for themselves, and been a benefit to mankind have been people who were capable of thinking for themselves. I do not want you to be suspicious, but to have stamina. I do not want you to be egotistical, only so far as to feel yourself the equal of any man—*not his superior*. The great trouble about asking advice in a general way is in so doing you publish your business too much; and thereby give your opponents the advantage of your position, this is not good generalship. If you ask advice, weigh that advice, what was the motive of the party who gave it? Was he conscientious? Has he any interest at stake? If not, and it harmonizes with your judgment, then you are doubly sure. If you are inclined to be optimistic, you had better take your time in deciding your question, otherwise you may make some big mistakes.

The optimistic man is one of the most successful men we have, when his actions are founded on judgment, and directed by prudence. The intuitive, optimistic thought, sees prospects and advantages in the future; prudence and judgment points the way to accomplishments; the optimistic man is progressive, sees the good in everything and is inclined to be too credulous; unless supported

by caution and judgment, the man with these three attributes well balanced, constitute one of the most perfect temperaments; he is not suspicious, but prudent; he is not hasty, but steadfast, weighing everything in judgment before making a decision; his ambition and far sightedness spurs him on, at the same time his caution keeps him from the brink of the precipice. He is like a child in a go-cart. He is assisted along by ambition, but prevented from falling by prudence. Prudence is the germ of reason, the chaperon of progress, a companion of success. Prudence is a draftsman drawing the blue prints of the future structure, to be erected by ability and energy. Prudence harmonizes, actions and words, is a mediator for force and ambition. Men who have accomplished the greatest deeds, have invariably been cautious. Prudence is not cowardice, it is the field glass that locates, and ascertains the strength of the enemy and gives the signal, when force, ambition and progress must march to victory. Prudence weighs the future by the past. When controlled by prudence, the dignified, self-reliant, optimistic man is the most successful of any character in the public affairs of life. In this list you find your generals who have astonished the world with their genius. In this list you find the statesmen who have dethroned kings, and established empires; here

too are your merchant princes, who guided by prudence, sustained by self-reliance and led on by optimism, have risked their all to float a proposition; these are men who back their judgment with EVERY DOLLAR they can call their own: these are the men who load the ships to cross the briny deep, these are the men who hold the button of electricity in one hand and the steam throttle in the other; these are the men who make or break a nation! The merchant prince finds a market, and keeps the spindles of commerce turning. The temperaments of men have more to do with their social success than judgment, or executive power. A man quick of perception is always armed and on the defensive. If you want action, if you want results, call on a man with intuitive perception, he does not have to think, there is something within him that seems to act instantaneously. Here is a man you can rely on to be ready for any emergency; you cannot attack him on the blind side, his instinctive judgment seems to warn him, he has the eye of an eagle, and the action of a cat. The man of perception and intuitive knowledge is not usually a deep thinker, but to counter-balance this he is a "doer" A renowned general was once asked how he could think of so many things in time of battle, he answered: "I do not think, I fight."

## CHAPTER XLIX

### MINING

I promised to tell you something of mining. I will begin by telling you that Colorado is now the leading state in the production of gold.

Gold cannot be corroded by oxygen, and will not rust. It is not often found in crystalline shape, but is frequently found in placer mining in irregular masses from nuggets to dust. Quartz gold is the most common inasmuch as placer mining is nearly "played out."

In quartz mining the rock is crushed and the small particles of gold are taken up with quick-silver. From this it is separated by heat.

Silver is found native, and alloyed with gold, copper, mercury and sulphur.

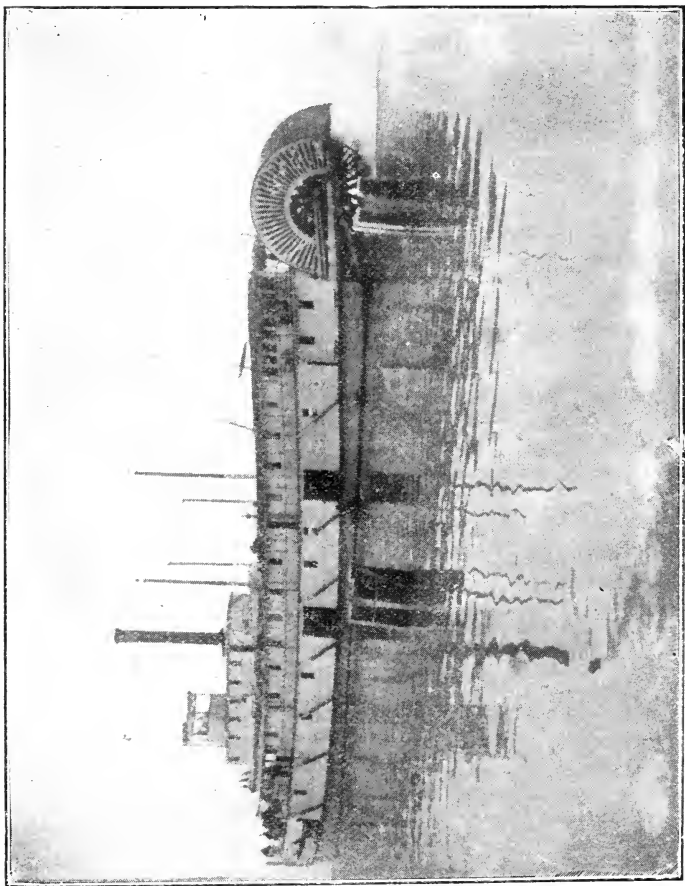
Copper is found alloyed with all the other ores, and is sometimes found in large bodies. Near Lake Superior and at Butte, Montana, copper blocks have been found weighing 200 tons.

Nearly all the gold mines are quartz mines; i. e. deep mining in the solid granite. The pay-streak or ore body generally runs from

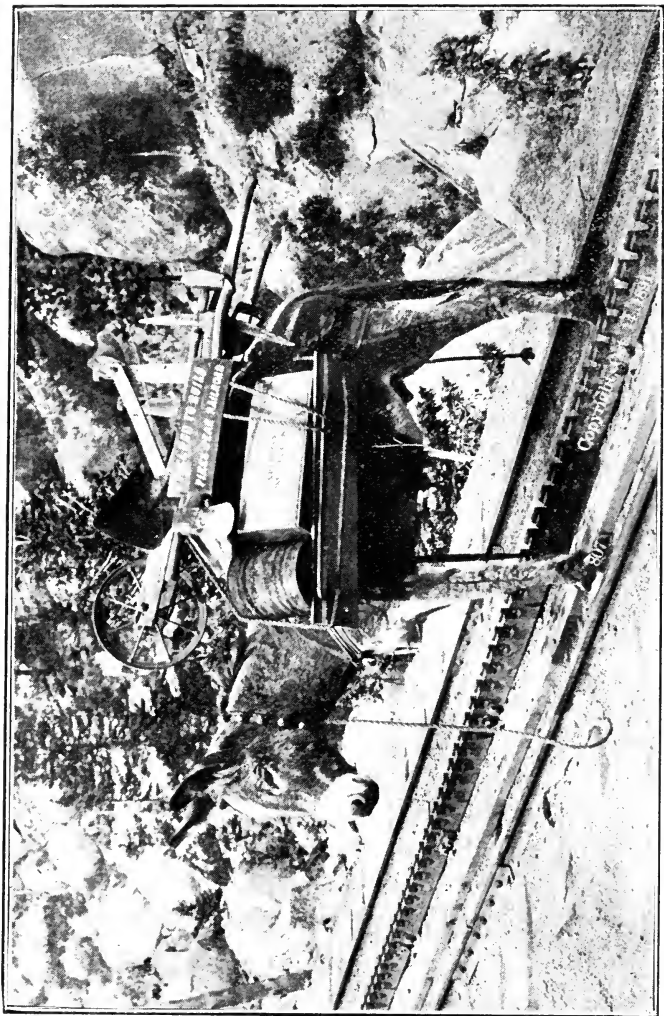
one to ten inches thick. The rock is blasted back in all directions from the vein, making a tunnel about six or seven feet wide for the men to work in. If the rock is loose or shelly, heavy timbers are used to line the tunnel. These timbers are put up as fast as the blasting proceeds. The timbers used are about the size of and as long as railroad cross-ties and are set up against the perpendicular walls. Other ties are then used to floor the roof. This makes it safe for the men to work in either a gold, silver or copper mine, as there is nothing to cause explosions as in a coal mine.

The miners usually come in contact with a good deal of water in deep mines. The blasting opens up crevices in the rock through which seeps the water from the under-ground streams. Until within the last two years there were hundreds of enormous pumps in the Cripple Creek district which were kept working day and night to keep the water from flooding the mines. Now an enormous tunnel which undermines all the workings and drains the water from the mines at the rate of about 10,000 gallons per minute has been completed. There has been a great deal of development work carried on and rich veins of ore uncovered. The out-put of some of the mines has been doubled and the price of the stocks





Steamboat, Arrowhead Lake, Abt.



I Built Pike's Peak

has increased from 25 to 50 percent and is still raising.

Quite a number of these mines have their own reduction plants on the ground. Here the ore is crushed, treated and subjected to acid solution. In other cases the ore is shipped to smelters.

Placer mining was once carried on extensively in this State, but the creek beds are pretty well washed out, and this industry is on the wane.

Coal is one of the principal products of Wyoming and Colorado. There are hundreds of good coal mines in these two states. The coal is of the bituminous variety, with one exception. There is an anthracite mine by Crested Butte, Colorado. There are thousands of acres of coal lands that can be taken up in the Rocky Mountain districts and as a rule it is a good investment, as the industry of coal-mining yields a good profit and the consumption is increasing. If you are thinking of launching out in this industry be sure and secure some one who is a practical mining man to take a small amount of stock and act as manager. Practical Experience is very necessary, but if you are putting up the money I would advise you holding at least 51% of the stock. There will never be a time when all the coal mined in the United States cannot be sold at a good profit to the operator.

There is one good thing about coal-mining, railroads and factories cannot run without coal. We must have coal to warm us in the winter and as long as man is a carnivorous animal he will want his meat cooked and his coffee warm. Wood is getting very scarce and *gas is unreliable, except as to price*. No, you are mistaken again—I have no coal mine to sell.

Copper mining is very profitable. It seems that the supply is not equal to the demand. There are not a great many copper mines in the United States, Utah, Colorado, Wyoming, South Dakota and part of Michigan furnish the best fields. The major part of the produce is at present controlled by large companies. Silver mines are very plentiful throughout Colorado, and where there is a combination of ores to make the proper flux, it is a profitable business.

While we are speaking of mining, nothing would give me more delight than to give you a mental picture of the Rocky Mountain canary, the miner's friend. Imagine a drove of these birds wending their way down a mountain trail, on their way homeward. Not a sound is heard; not a welcoming note; each mind is centered on a shelter and the evening repast. But if you think for a moment that this bird cannot sing just wait until half-past four in the morning. You

need no alarm clock. His melodious voice warbled through a megaphone, will bring you to your feet to look for the circus and the calliope. Now, watch these birds again as they hover around the store house each to receive his portion of corn-meal, bacon, beans, potatoes, bales of overalls, lanterns, stoves and stove pipe, shovels, picks and all the paraphernalia which goes to supply a mining camp. See how meekly each receives his daily burden. You will wonder how this humble creature ever acquired the courage to dictate his small speech to Mahomet the Prophet.

Young man, I promised to tell you something about the different vocations, how to equip yourself for them, which pays the most, etc. This I consider a good place and an opportune time to recommend the profession of Mining Engineer. This is a business that has a good future. Old Mother Earth has never yet given up a hundredth part of her wealth. If you become a good Mining Engineer, a job with good money is at your command. Your advice will be sought by men with money, and your field of operation is the globe. But to acquire this knowledge will take effort on your part, and unlimited determination, besides some money to carry you through the course which will fit you properly for the work. First get a

thorough high-school education and go through some college if possible. Next take a complete course at a School of Mines where there are practical teachers of high standing. There are not many schools of this kind in the country that can be considered standard. If you should ever undertake to equip yourself—do it right. You can succeed in this profession only when you *have become authority*. You suggest, "Is this not so in every line?" Yes, but some businesses or professions can be changed from one channel to another without much inconvenience, or expense of time or money. This is not so with a mining engineer. It will take several years to equip yourself for the job. When once equipped your talent is your stock in trade. It seems that this information cannot be utilized in other lines to any advantage. It is like salesmanship, a profession separate and distinct from everything else.

## CHAPTER L

### THE POWER OF CONCENTRATION

Of all the attributes that go to make up success, concentration is the most essential. You may have energy, consistency, decision and executive ability, but without concentration, your forces lose their desired effect. This is a day of specializing. Success is only attained by constant application to a specific end, no man can be efficient in all things; the range of subjects is too great and complicated; the details of each profession or line of business are so great that it is a life work to master the situation, the successful men are those who have made a study of one profession or calling. The mind of man is not capable of grasping in detail and carrying to a successful end a multitude of professions. In concentration, there is strength; in diversity, there is weakness. "Specializing" is the watch word of the day. Our professions, trades and callings of every description are being classified, men are being trained for certain branches of a science; the specialist is being recognized as authority in every branch of business; the day of universal practitioners is past, we now look for efficiency, which is

recognized to be the offspring of concentration. Your life work should be selected while young, and from the time of making this selection, your future efforts and training should be to that end. Competition is stronger to day than was ever known—to be able to meet this rivalry, requires a thorough knowledge of the conditions and surroundings. The merchant princes of today have buyers for each department in the store, and have salemen for each line of goods. The mechanical interests of the country have a special line they manufacture, and adhere to. We have our criminal lawyers, corporation lawyers and constitutional lawyers; we have our oculists, dentists and surgeons; each an artist in his profession. The men who have shaped human destiny in all the walks of life, have been specialists, and a devotee of their calling. The greatest discoveries of all ages have been ferreted out by men who have concentrated their mental and physical powers on one particular branch of business, which they have eventually mastered. The man who undertakes *too* much, divides his energies, exhausts his force, and fails to get results.

In concentration is power. The mist that arises from the ocean; the vapor that ascends from the ground and floats in the air, when concentrated in the form of water and turned on the turbine wheel, revolves the spindles of



commerce. We often see men of strong minds and brilliant intellect, changing from one profession to another or drifting from one part of the country to another, accomplishing nothing, all for the lack of concentration. There are more mental and financial failures from lack of concentration than any other cause. This is so throughout the universe. The apple tree when allowed to send off sprouts will bloom in profusion, but will not mature its fruit. The corn that suckers, will not produce full grown ears. To produce grapes, you must confine the sap to the parent vine. The mind with moderate ability and concentration will accomplish more than the brilliant intellect reaching for a will-o'-the-wisp. Concentration of power in the breech of the cannon will drive the ball a dozen miles, touch a match to the same amount of powder in the open air and you only have smoke. You will increase your power and ability by focusing your energies on the object of your ambition; as the blacksmith by a concentration of heat melts the iron.

The power of mind over matter is in proportion to the density of the exertion of the mind. Feeble mental efforts, like light strokes by the woodman's axe, produce nothing but small chips. The most pitiable object is a man without an aim; he strives from day to day to secure the necessities of life, having

no object in view, other than to eke out an existence, aspiring to nothing, expecting nothing. No fires of ambition burn upon his mental hearth-stone; no garlands of hope to lure him on; seeking no prize and expecting no victory; bemoaning his fate, disgusted with life! From these ranks we get our ever-increasing army of tramps. A reasonable amount of tact and judgment, concentrating your energies on the affairs of life, will illuminate and locate the troubles of the financial world, as the X-rays shed light on the internal organs of the body. The time occupied by the average American in light and desultory reading, if applied to some scientific study would make the reader proficient in that line. In the west, there is an ant that builds an enormous mound around his hole, nothing but everlasting persistency could accomplish his task. Cattle may tread on and demolish his castle and water may crumble the walls, but all this will not discourage him, nor drive him from his purpose, as soon as the intruder is gone, he sets to work to repair the breach.

Life is too short for man to accomplish all the work that his heart desires, one thing *well* done is worth more than ten, *half* done. If you would succeed you must get below the surface. The farmer knows the advantage of deep plowing; if you would derive the greatest benefits from your garden, you must

give it intense cultivation. The majority of people lay out their plans too extensively, have "too many irons in the fire;" some of them usually burn. Some people never seem to make up their minds *firmly* as to what they intend to do; they go about a thing as though they expected developments to shape their decisions later on, as the work progresses. Such people are swayed by every breeze that blows. The miner drills the hole in the solid granite by persistent blows. So the battle of life must be won by concentrated action. If literary or financial success is the goal you seek you must be willing to pay the price; and to sacrifice social pleasures until you have established your reputation and attained influential prestige. "Half-hearted," "slipshod," "luke-warm," methods never have, and never will succeed. You must focus your talent, ingenuity and power on the desired object. This concentration, like the rays of the sun, will warm and electrify your sphere of action. Systematize your business, have a set time for everything, look after details, keep appointments, do not trust your business to subordinates; be "chief cook and bottle washer" of the ranch. It is very essential that you accomplish something from the beginning, otherwise you may become discouraged. But in order to show results in the early stages of your career, you, like a miner,

must prospect, survey, and stake out your claim, and from this time on you must do your regular assessment work. else some competitor will "jump" your claim. You do not have to use *every moment* of your time to further the interest of your business, but do not allow your thoughts to be led off into foreign subjects, and to delving into new enterprises; this dissipates your energy and force. A warrior must concentrate his forces to win a great battle. Your mind needs recreation, as well as your body, but keep it in green pastures, do not let it wander on the barren desert to feed on cactus, and become infatuated with a mirage. As the government makes and enforces laws, for the benefit of society, so you should hold court, and bring to account your actions and thoughts, for the well-being of your social and financial success. Thoughts, like the actions of a truant child, need to be brought to account. Train your mind to do your bidding, let it work at stated hours, but when the horn blows for dinner, tell it to lay down its tools. When you leave your office or shop at night, lock your cares in a cell behind you, do not take them home to your wife, she has some pet ones of her own and if they come in contact with yours, there is apt to be a family quarrel. I would like to ask of you a special favor, *please* do not talk your cares and business to your friends every time you

see them. Life is a tread mill, but no man should attempt to stay on the wheel at all times. Your mind needs a Fourth of July, the same as your body, and on Decoration Day you should treat it to some flowers.

## CHAPTER LI

### GOVERNMENT LANDS, ETC.

Ever since the time of Adam, human beings have been interested in tilling the soil. It has its fascinations as well as its remunerative benefits. It is the most substantial and desirable way of earning a living. Just so sure as you tickle Mother Earth, and you are supplied with moisture, either natural or artificial, just so sure are you to produce the necessities of life. It requires no combination of interests, or associations of people, to carry out your design. You are your own boss. You can truly say, "I am a free American citizen. I owe no allegiance to any man. All I ask is health from Deity, and good-will from man."

Good farming government lands are getting very scarce. In the Central and Southern states, it is a thing of the past. And free government lands are only open in the West to actual settlers. Every person contemplating a claim, should have at least a good team of horses, a cow, and a few pigs. Do not take too many chances, go in to win.

Under the Act of June 6, 1912, there was a law enacted placing the time of actual settle-

ment in order to obtain a patent, at three years instead of five, as formerly. This period or residence is fixed from the date of actual settlement, and not from the date of entry. The law requires that the entryman must put into actual cultivation at least one-eighth of his land before the final proof can be made, and this one-eighth should be put in *at least* one year prior to final proof. Previous to this time, June 6, 1912, no special amount of cultivated land was required, before making final proof; but under the new law, the mere breaking of the land will not suffice. It must be cultivated by the sowing of seeds, and the tilling of crops.

The Act of Feb. 19, 1909 (35 Stat. 639) provides for making a filing for an area of 320 acres or less of non-mineral, non-timbered, non-irrigable, public lands in the states of Colorado, Montana, Nevada, Oregon, Utah, Washington, Wyoming, Arizona, and New Mexico, and has since been extended to include Idaho. Non-irrigable lands means lands that have no available water supply for irrigation. By the term, non-timbered, is meant, land that does not have merchantable timber on them. The registers and receivers in the different states from time to time, receive a list of the lands in their respective states that may be entered by homesteaders. The land so entered must be in a reasonable

compact form, and must not exceed one and one-half miles in length. The fees to the government for this entry is ten (\$10.00) dollars. Any free born male citizen may enter on government lands. Also widows and deserted wives, or where their husbands are confined in state prison, etc.

Under the Act of June 11, 1906, it is possible to enter a homestead in the forest reserves, where the land has been properly classified and listed. The homesteader in this entry is allowed to graze ten cattle or horses on the forest reserve, and he is protected in his rights by the forest rangers. He also has access to timber and water.

There are over one hundred forest reservations in the states of Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, and Utah. You can get full information concerning entries, etc., by writing the U. S. Land Office, located in the capitol of each state.

Settlers can also file claims under the Carey Act. These entries must be made in the same manner as on arid lands. The water for irrigation purposes on these lands is bought on easy terms from responsible people, and controlled by the state in which they are located. There are extensive irrigation systems on the Snake river in Idaho, and on the Gila river, Arizona; and there are thousands of smaller enterprises in the Rocky



Mountain district. The perpetual water rights on these systems vary from twenty to sixty dollars per acre. In addition to this there is a small levy per acre for maintenance. This will vary from twenty cents an acre, to one dollar and seventy-five cents per acre, according to cost of up-keep.

What is commonly called dry ranching (farming without irrigation) is carried on successfully in the semi-arid belt east of the Rocky Mountains. It is especially adapted to Dairy Farming. Eastern Wyoming and Colorado is selling up fast, the man with the hoe and tin bucket, has the sheep-herder on the run.

Patented lands in this district can be bought for \$5.00 an acre. This should be attractive to a man wanting a home, inasmuch as he can get free range for his stock, having only to provide food for the winter.

From my observation I would say if you want a free homestead, get it *now*.

## CHAPTER LII

### OUT OF JOINT

Nearly all complaints arise from a diseased body or mind, and it is usually the latter.

Let us take the professional grouch. He does not say much to anybody, but he is sore on everybody and everything. He has brooded over hard luck and conditions until he has become cranky, his decision biased, and his judgment warped. This man in the first stages is usually strong minded and energetic, but if you will investigate you will find that he was disappointed in some undertaking, or met with some reverse of fortune. He could not, or did not, attain some coveted goal. This Mr. Grouch is usually a deep thinker—he is nobody's fool, but his mind is distorted on certain things, and as a rule you cannot convince him that he is wrong. He is sore on the world, and he will not hide himself behind a rosebush of discretion to vent his feelings. He is usually gruff and sarcastic, and unless you are pretty well posted on the subject under discussion you had better not make too many bold assertions. You may get cornered and have to retreat. Mr. Grouch is caustic and will not spare your feelings. If you manage

to keep him in a good humor, and off his hobbies, he will be an interesting talker and can give you some pointers. However, he always has his weather eye out, looking for the other fellow's faults.

This man's brain is slightly affected (but where is the man whose brain is not?). If he was supplied with good books to his liking and surrounded with the comforts of life you would see a marked change in him in twelve months time.

Then there is the chronic kicker. He is a different breed entirely. He is a fool and does not know it. He is like a mule—he will kick at a sound or a shadow. He not only has hobby horses, but he will ride any old animal, he has no favorites and will take in the whole menagerie. He will attempt to ride everything from a monkey to an elephant. Like the clown, he often falls off, but this does not discourage him. Difficulties only arouse him to greater effort. There is no vocation which is followed with such persistency as the chronic kicker uses. He rises in the morning and goes to work at once. He works piece work, consequently there is no loafing on the job. There is a call to battle within him and he goes at it at once and with all his might. The alarm-clock rings too, loud, the children will not get up when called, the kindling is wet and the fire will not burn.

He is sure that the stove needs cleaning, breakfast is late, the coffee is weak, the steak is tough, the car is never there when he is ready to go, and the cranky conductor will not allow him to smoke in the front seats. Then he spies a head-line in the newspaper (over his neighbor's shoulder). I knew it would happen! It serves them right! They were nothing but a blooming monopoly anyway. The country is going to the dogs. He can't see why people do not wake up and see his way.

If you will make a list of a hundred current propositions this man will pay his sarcastic respects to all of them in 24 hours. He is a Doctor of Law, authority on ethics, and the criterion of honor. If he had a chance he could run the biggest establishment in the country and have no strikes. If he had a million dollars he would give you half of it (in his mind). His philosophy and philanthropy are of the same variety as the two Irish Socialists. Pat says to Jimmie, "And Jimmie, this will be a fine country when we all get to be brothers, then if I am worth ten thousand dollars I will give you half of it." "Yes, and if I was worth five thousand I would give you one-half of it." "Yes, and if you had two pigs you would give me one." "You are a liar," says Jimmie, "you know very well I have two pigs."

There is another variety of weak-minded individual who needs to be set down upon by a washer-woman weighing 200 lbs. I refer to the aristocratic, sore-backed, poverty stricken, would-be society class. These people would make you believe that they are better than their neighbors. The butcher, the grocer the dry-goods man and their landlord know them. They pick over the meat, they finger the vegetables, they tousele the dry-goods and complain to the landlord. They want everything done because they are exceedingly good tenants. There should be a new kind of scale invented to weigh these people on. One that is graduated to weigh four ounces to the pound. This would still not show them to be as heavy as the imagine they are.

Then there is the pin-head who holds a job of some responsibility. He takes a delight in casting reflections on those under him, and in exercising his authority (what little he has). You cannot approach him. He disdains your advice. He shows in action and word that you are his inferior. He will not condescend to converse with a man of your standing. His instructions must be observed to the letter. You must not ask him the reason why. The law of the Medes and Persians cannot be changed. Here is the man that causes the dissatisfactions and strikes. The men and women under him

hate him as a viper. If the cashier had enclosed him a letter with his check in it 12 months ago, they would not now have to shut down the plant. It may be necessary to correct a workman, or to remind him that he is drawing pay, but it is bad policy to walk on him lengthwise every day.

There is one more bore that is the limit, and they come at you in a way that compels you to take your medicine. They generally work on their friends and families and are like a screw-worm in a Texas cow. They always endeavour to get under the hide. They have some ideas or complaints that are of vital interest to you or to the community, so they say. If there is not a remedy at once there will be great injustice done to somebody and that somebody is generally themselves. These parasites sometimes go in bodies seeking whom they may devour. You will find them selling buttons, soliciting aid and parading their personal charms at Church Fairs. There is no ability required for this job. Good looks are what count. It is their special delight to work an old man (I should know) and when they have relieved him of his "tainted" money they say to each other, "the Old Chump." Please give me an introduction to the next one.

This is the last, and it is bad enough. It is said that misery likes company. This is evi-

dently true, but does the company appreciate the misery? If misery is allowed full sway at the company it surely draws first blood. Why people put on long faces, and persist in telling their friends all about their many diseases and ailments, and explaining every phase of the complaint is beyond human conception.

Do you not meet people that you are afraid to pass the time of day with for fear they will spring their pains and aches on you? Tell you how they toss at night, how their stomach hurts, head throbs and corns ache. They never run out of something to talk about. The next time they meet you they give you the latest freaks of the disease. If it is sympathy they want they should remember that the heroes who bear their burdens and complaints in silence, are the ones who get the genuine, unadulterated article.

## CHAPTER LIII

### WHITE SLAVERY

The depredations of White Slavery are attracting the attention of the public more than any other sociological subject. Here is a viper that is winding its slimy coils around the human race, sparing no class or society, but as a rule sinking its fangs into the fairest of the land. Human events are shaped by cause and effect—this is a fixed and immutable law. We have the controlling or the influencing of causes, and thereby control the effects. Now, the most difficult problem is to diagnose the case and apply the proper remedies to influence the causes. The causes that lead up to this deplorable state of affairs are many and have for their origin as many sources. It has been asserted of late that poor wages are the cause of the downfall of many girls. We have no doubt that this is one factor but when you have eradicated this one cause you are far from solving the problem. There are other faults more deeply rooted, that are penetrating to the heart of society and are lowering the standard of virtue faster than any material cause. First, there is the improper rearing of children; second,



bad associates, and last, though not least, is the immodesty of dress. There is a wave of carelessness and indifference on the part of parents, and an assertion of self-importance and impudence on the part of children, that is working havoc with this rising generation. Parents in most cases seem to have lost control of their children entirely. Their advice is not heeded and their influence is a mockery of an unknown quantity. The child is a law unto himself, if he accepts any advice at all it is that given by a profligate companion. All that he looks to the parents for is money and clothes.

There is only one question involved and if you are an intelligent man or woman you can answer it without hesitation. Is the child capable of raising itself? Is it not suicidal to allow a child to follow its own inclinations? This is a question that needs no argument. All you have to do is to look around you, it is self-evident that your neighbor has lost control of her children. *Of course you have not lost control of yours, but your neighbor thinks you have. I would advise you to get a lantern and go on an inspection tour.* You may find your girl or boy in the shadow of the buildings, down the alley, or in the remote portions of the parks associating with a gang that would by words or actions defile and contaminate the purest child that ever lived.

If allowed to associate with this crowd you can expect the worst. Associations, like habits, when once formed are hard to throw off; they become a part of our nature. It has been demonstrated beyond a question that you can take a child of the best parents, one that has high aspirations, put him among criminals and in five years he is the leader of the gang. There seems to be a dare-devil spirit pervading the country and especially among the young people. The more reckless they can be without being caught is the proper thing. They will take all sorts of chances; they will skate on the verge of the precipice of ruin, and dare their companions to follow them on the thin ice covering the pool of despondency. They have even gone further, and destroyed the danger signs erected by their forefathers; and all this has been brought about by over-indulgence on the part of the parent. If your child falls, place the blame where it belongs.

Another great cause of the depredations committed by the demon White Slavery is the excessive immodesty in dress. It does not take a close observer to detect that thousands of women resort to the most drastic means to attract the attention of the opposite sex, by exposing their person beyond the bounds of decency, directly appealing to the animal in man. A little discretion on the

part of woman would diminish this crime by half.

There should also be societies formed in all towns for the protection of girls. These societies should be managed by discreet and honorable women who at regular intervals should give free lectures, pointing out the traps that beset the paths of girls. These traps are too numerous to mention here but they are nearly all baited with amusement, adventure or so-called love in its many forms. All this should be laid before the girl in a plain, dignified and motherly way. This information should have been given the girl by her mother years ago, but the average American mother is either too modest or has a lack of confidence in herself to impart this information to her offspring. They seem to go on the assumption that where "ignorance is bliss it is folly to be wise."

But great is the fall when ignorance is taken advantage of. Drastic measures should be taken at once to protect the flower of womanhood and the idols of our homes from this demon self-destruction; yes, a destruction beyond redemption, a living death, a leper of humanity crucified on the cross of misdirected love.

## CHAPTER LIV

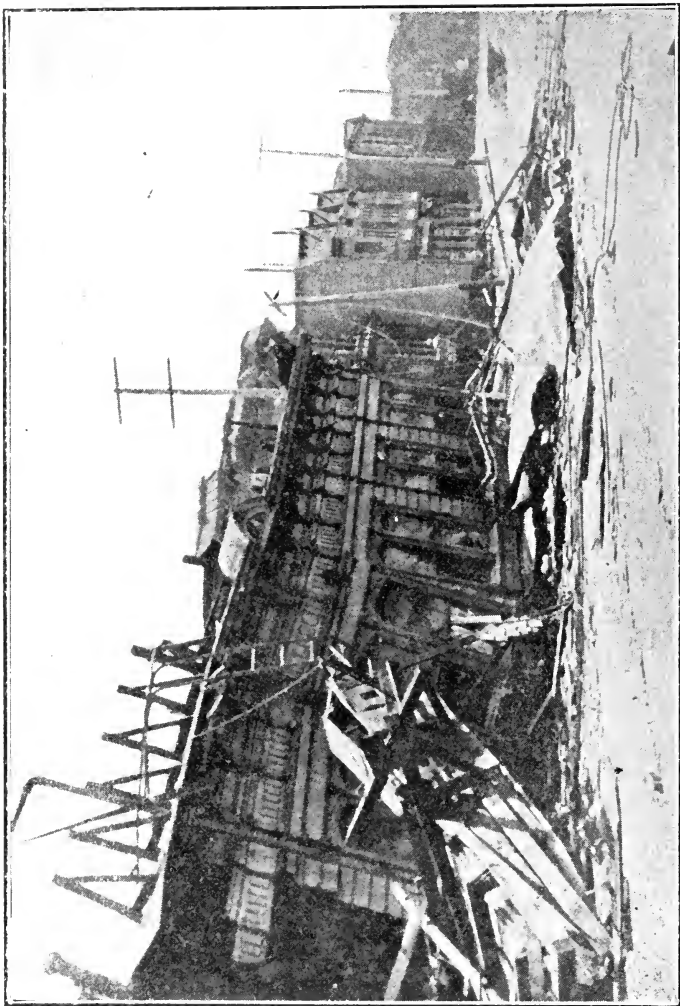
### SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE

I have been in several railroad wrecks; and was also in the terrible cyclone that visited St. Louis; but I am glad to say, that I have never experienced a severe earthquake. Of all the horrors that can befall man, I consider this the worst. To a person who has not been in one of these awful catastrophes, it seems impossible that the devastation could be so great.

I visited San Francisco shortly after the quake, and to put it mildly, the damage was *appalling*. What must have been the sight that met the eyes of the terror-stricken inhabitants on April 21st, 1906, after the fire had ravaged the city for three days; and hundreds been slain by falling walls. Before the people could realize what a terrible calamity had befallen them by the earthquake, fire broke out. Gas mains were broken and twisted, electric light wires snapped—conflagrations in a dozen places at once. Water pipes torn asunder, and no water with which to fight the fire. Helpless, doomed! Can you imagine a thing more horrible?



Burning Wharf, Millions Destroyed, San Francisco Earthquake  
From Photograph Copyrighted by The A. B. Benesch Co., N. Y.



Valencia Hotel, Where 40 Lives Were Lost, San Francisco Earthquake  
From Photograph Copyrighted by The A. B. Benesch Co., N. Y.

It was 5:10 A. M. when, without warning, the first shock came, lasting about three minutes. In five minutes another, more terrible than the first, but not so long in duration; and still another, but less severe, followed in quick order. Think what must have been the nerve-racking sensations by this time. Even the stoutest-hearted must have quailed. Dread was turned into distraction when they saw flames dart up in every part of the city and learned that there was no water with which to fight the conflagration.

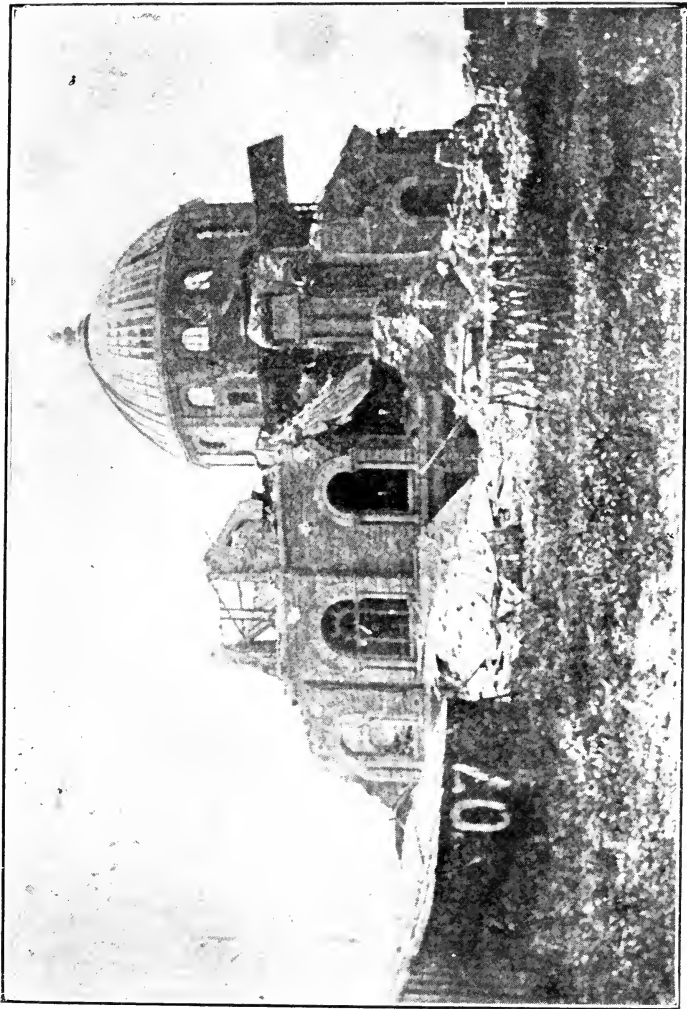
Did you ever stop to consider what is the most uneasy feeling that a human being can experience? It is to feel that the very earth beneath one is giving way, with no refuge, no hope of rescue!

San Francisco before this fire, was exceedingly beautiful, with fine business blocks, hotels and public buildings, the finest of them all being the City Hall, costing \$7,000,000. Nothing left but a heap of stone, tile, brick and crumbled statuary. But nowhere on the face of the globe has *activity* surpassed that of Frisco since the fire. Buildings sprang up like magic. The watchword was Progress. In all cases where the people could rebuild, they started at once, and by the time the fair opens there in 1915 there will hardly be a missing edifice. This is a good criterion of the determination and progressiveness of the

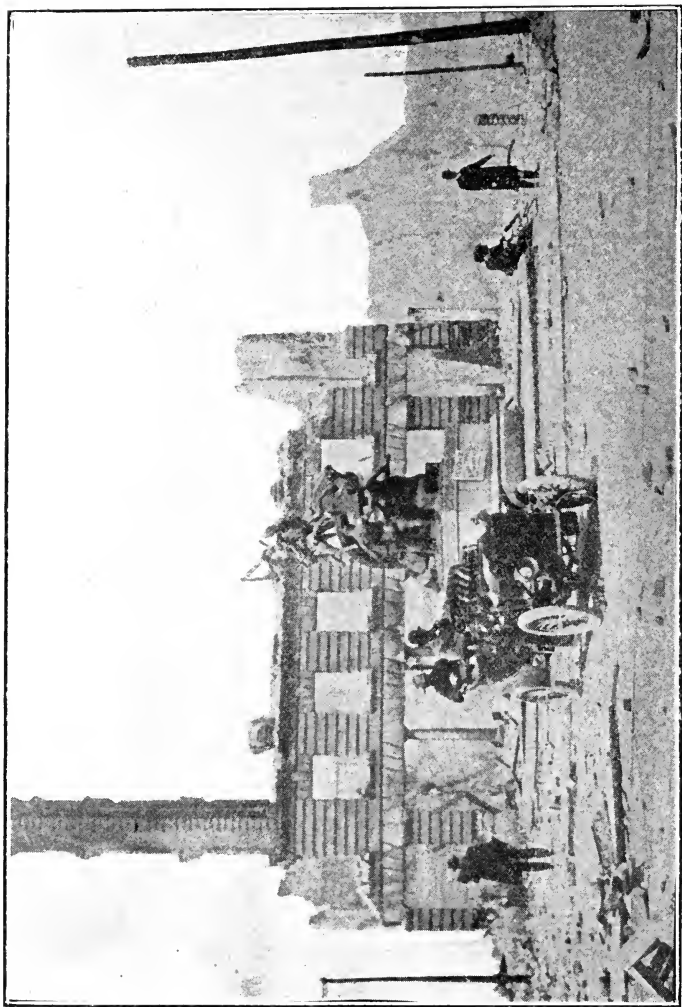
West. The people have faith in the country and confidence in themselves. These two principles will win in the face of all difficulties. These people are the descendants of those adventurous spirits of 1849, men and women who took their chances in crossing the trackless deserts, often without water, bread or salt, ever on the lookout for the prowling Indian. They forded creeks, and swam rivers, cooked their meals with buffalo chips and twisted hay. Why should they not produce a race of people that are self-reliant, resourceful, undaunted empire builders.

There is as much difference in the breeds of people as there is in breeds of dogs. Some are born to bark and howl; and some are made for pets. Some people are like the bulldog, vicious and brutal; others, like the greyhound, quiet and unassuming, yet built to win the race.

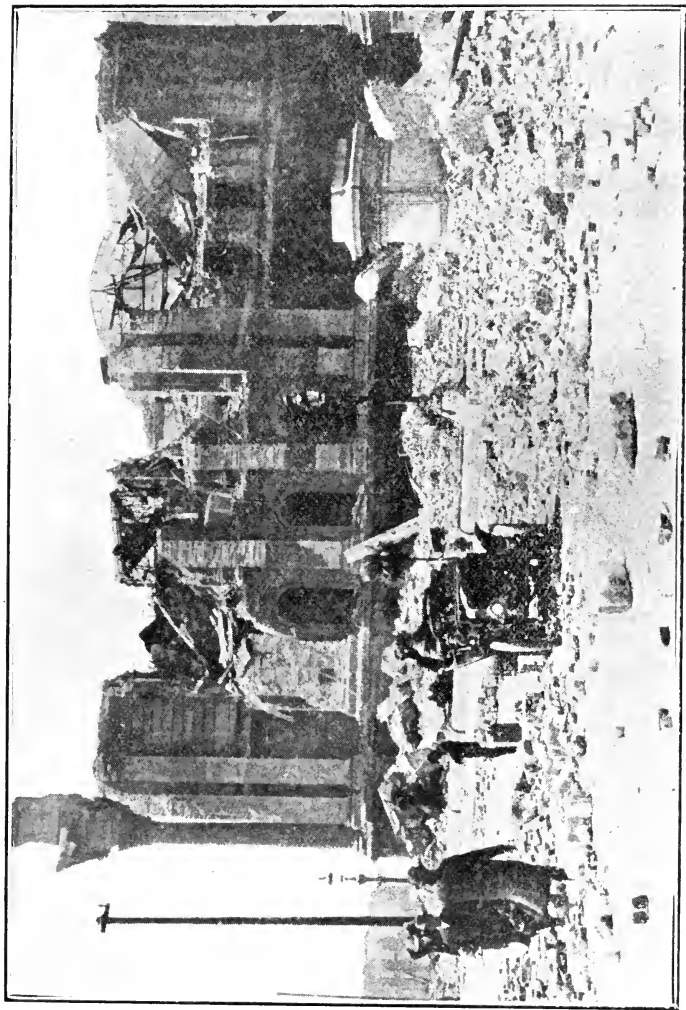




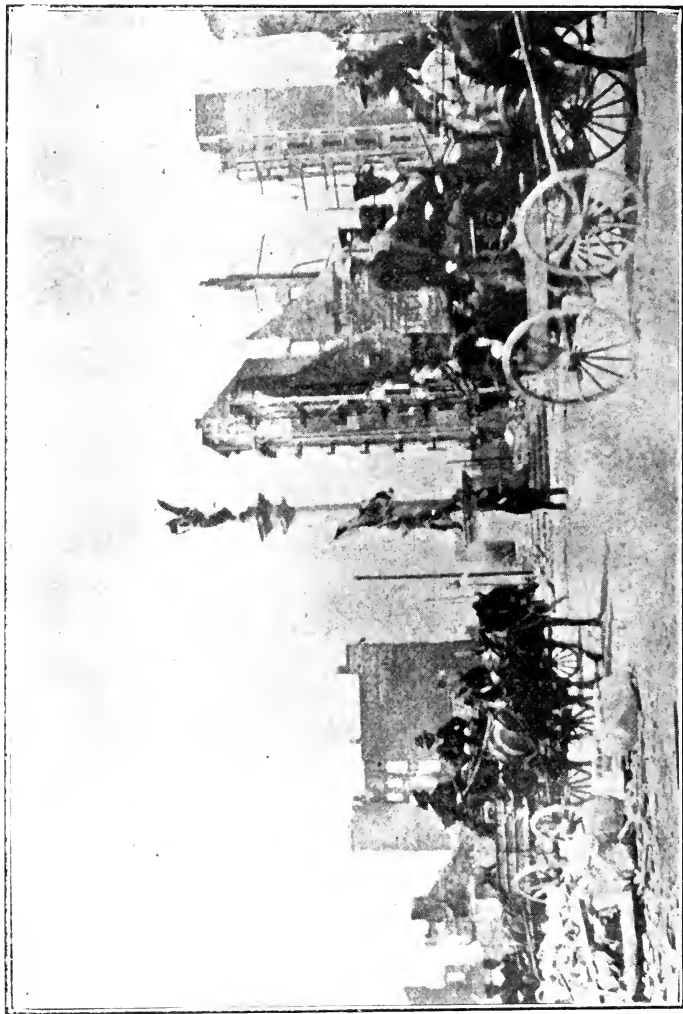
Leland-Stanford University after Earthquake



Hall of Justice, San Francisco, after Earthquake  
From Photograph Copyrighted by The A. B. Benesch Co., N. Y.



Rescuing Women and Children, San Francisco Earthquake  
From Photograph Copyrighted by The A. B. Benesch Co., N. Y.



Fragments and Dewey Monument, San Francisco Earthquake  
From Photograph Copyrighted by The A. B. Benesch Co., N. Y.

## CHAPTER LV

### ALFALFA, BEES AND HONEY

Alfalfa the king of the west. There are several states that claim to be the home of alfalfa. I will settle this dispute by saying that Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, New Mexico, Utah and Arizona; can all cover themselves with glory and dollars too, by raising the most prolific and remunerative forage crop known to man. The farmers usually cut from three to four crops each year, the first crop being cut about the first of June and the last about October twentieth. The yield varies greatly, according to the soil and condition, though generally speaking it will run about two tons per acre, for each, first and second cutting; and about one and a half tons per acre for the last crop. The price of the hay is from six to twelve dollars per ton, varying greatly, different years. The seed sells from fourteen to twenty cents per pound. The third or fourth crop is usually saved for seed. The third crop is mostly used for sheep and cow feed; though it is good for horses also.

One cannot treat on alfalfa, without considering bee raising in connection with it.

The honey produced in Wyoming and Colorado is claimed to be the finest in the world, being exceedingly mild and almost as clear as water; but sweet, O my! Several carloads are shipped out of Colorado each year.

### SUGAR BEET CULTURE

There has been a great deal said in the last ten years about the sugar beet and its culture, some of this talk was true, some otherwise. I happened to have some experience in the raising of beets. I do not want to do the business an injury, but merely do it justice. I must confess that my experience with the plant was not very satisfactory. There is a great deal of hard work which I am not overly fond of; and I never heard of any man breaking his purse strings in the profits that accrued from the venture. If all was gold that glitters, you would surely reap a harvest in the culture of beets. I will admit that the possibilities are great; but the results are often below expectations. If you think of engaging in the business prepare for it beforehand. Go to Utah, be a Mormon, raise at least twenty children, and with their help in the field, you will pull out all right. For the benefit of persons who are not familiar with the culture of the sugar beet, I will give you an idea of the method of production. The ground must be

well prepared and leveled if intended to irrigate. The seed are planted by a special machine similar to a wheat drill, it should be run by two men; one to drive, the other to watch and see that the seed feeds properly. The rows are about sixteen inches apart. When the plant is about two inches high it is usually chopped in the same manner as cotton; then has to be weeded and thinned by hand. This costs from seven to ten dollars per acre if you hire it. The crop usually gets about three to four plowings; two hoeings, the second time with the how is not so slow, nor so expensive, and it should be watered about three times during the season. Then comes the raising and topping in the fall, this also costs about the same as the thinning spoken of. So the total expense of the crop including the hoeing, plowing, irrigating and hauling to market, is about thirty dollars an acre.

The yield varies greatly, all the way from seven to eighteen tons in a few cases. The price paid at the dump on the railroad, is about five dollars per ton. Now you can figure it out for yourself, some long winter night after you get through popping corn and the children have all gone to bed.

The foliage is one of the greatest feeds known for milch cows, it produces a great abundance of cream, and sells for about two dollars

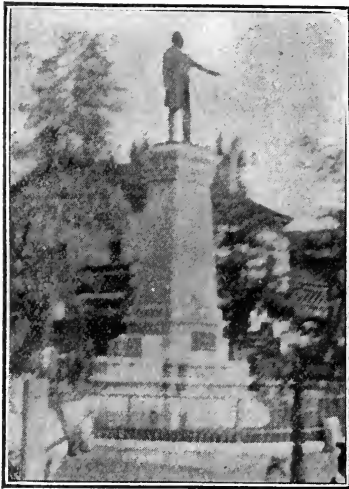
a load. The pulp which is secured from the factory after the sugar is extracted, is considered by some to be good feed in connection with bran or corn.

I undertook once to fatten three loads of steers on beet pulp and alfalfa. I got them to looking fine, I loaded and shipped them one thousand miles to Kansas City. When I *loaded*, the cars were tight; when I *unloaded* there was *room and some to spare*. The only way I knew my cattle was from the brands and the hungry look they gave me, I ought to have been arrested for cruelty to animals.



## CHAPTER LVI

### MORMON UTAH



Utah is hidden away, two-thirds of the way across the continent. The word "hidden" is very appropriate, inasmuch as it is surrounded on all sides by mountains. The Rocky mountains on the east; on the north by Salmon river mountains; on the west by the Sierra Nevada, and south by the Magellan mountains. In addition to this it is surrounded on all sides by deserts; this valley is literally and truly an oasis in the desert. The mean elevation of the valleys in Utah is about 4500 feet. Salt Lake City is 4248 feet. On account of this elevation the winters are rather long, though not so severe, being protected somewhat by the mountains. Snow



Lone Sentinel, Utah

sometimes falls early in the season. I witnessed a very unusual sight a few years ago in this valley. It was in September, or about the first of October. A four-inch snow had fallen the night before, though the leaves on the trees were perfectly green as there had been no frost to kill them. The air was quite cool though the earth was warm, consequently the snow melted off the ground fast; this gave the trees a most beautiful setting, having the appearance of white and green leaves, this condition only lasted a few hours and I was sorry to see the snow melt.

The soil in the valleys is very rich, the most of this country was formerly covered by Great Salt Lake, which left a deposit of decayed vegetation, this mixed with the volcanic ash produces wonderfully; though nothing can be raised without irrigation. There are two rivers that irrigate the central and northern part of the state, the Bear and Jordan. Though the Jordan is rather insignificant to be called a river, they both empty into Salt Lake which has no outlet. The water so deposited in the lake is supposed to be taken up by evaporation.

It is not generally known that Great Salt Lake at one time was about twenty times larger than it is now. There is unmistakable evidence that at one time it covered about all of western Utah, and extended into Nevada.

It also ran north into Idaho, making an area of something like 55,000 square miles.

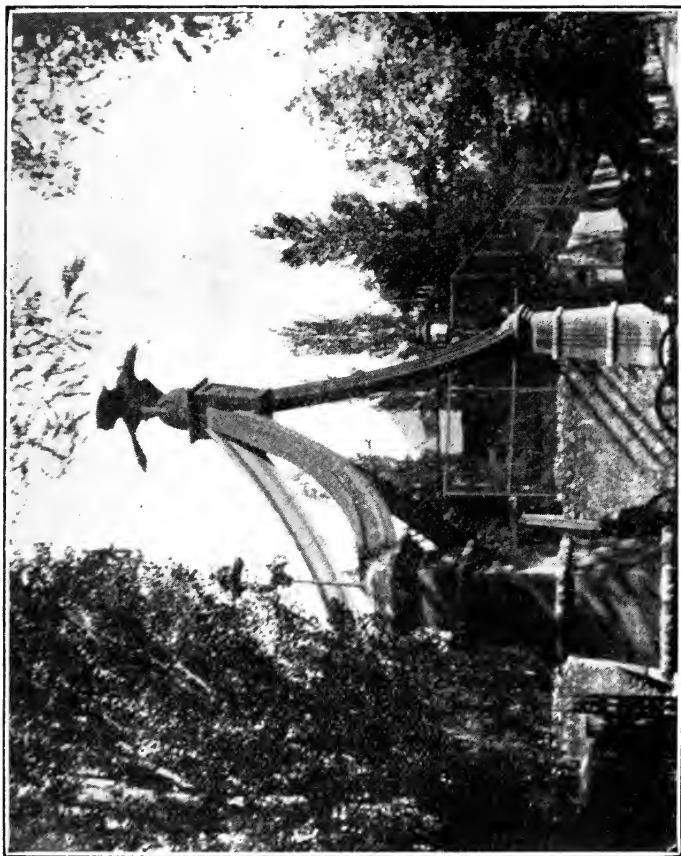
The water of Salt Lake is very buoyant, next in density to the Dead Sea. You can lay on your back and float like a log on its surface; but, as the Dutchman says, "Look a little bit out," and don't get the water in your nose or mouth or it will suffocate you. And when you come out you will have to take a second bath in fresh water to wash off the cake of salt.

The Southern Pacific railroad has built a trestle and laid their tracks over an arm of this lake, 30 miles long. As well as I am informed, this is the longest trestle on the globe.

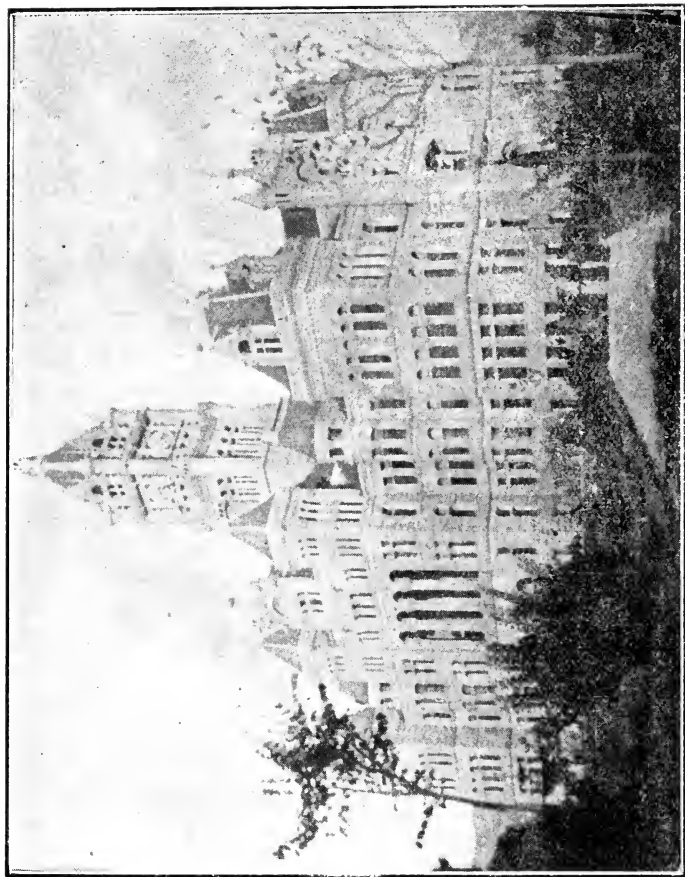
The lake is rapidly disappearing and may be a thing of the past in a few hundred years.

The climate is agreeable, not being subject to sudden changes. The atmosphere is dry and bracing and there are no sunstrokes; there are no disastrous cyclones; though electric storms are severe, thunder heavy and lightning vivid, but the strokes of lightning are rare, as the storms seem to follow the mountain ranges, instead of descending into the valleys.

The Mormons have the credit of being the first settlers in the state; having arrived here in July, 1847, when the buffalo roamed the plains; and the Red man was lord of all he surveyed. While the old settlers who located



Eagle Gate, Salt Lake



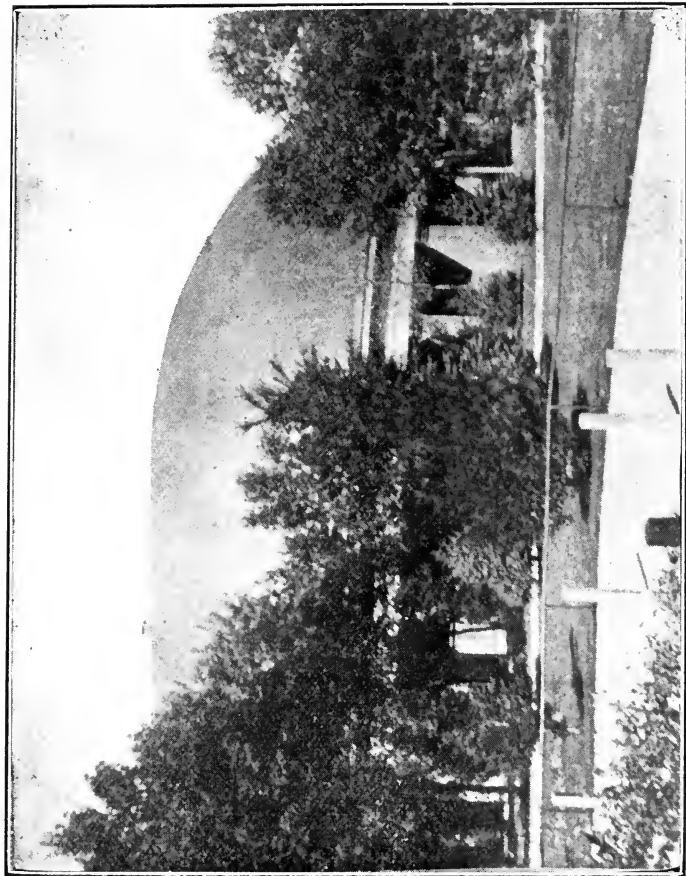
City Hall, Salt Lake City

here had many faults and often deviated from the straight and narrow path, we must give the "Devil his dues." The Mormons were industrious and great home builders. They have harnessed the forces of nature to work at their bidding, all streams are utilized for irrigation. Where once grew sage brush and cactus, now alfalfa and sugar beets are produced; and the white face and shorthorn have taken the pasture of the buffalo. The coyote has given his haunts to a herd of sheep while the prairie dog has turned his town over to the Berkshire pig. Peace, contentment and happiness reign, where the war dance once held sway. Though I do not see that the present inhabitants have much advantage over the early pioneers, along commercial lines, and marketing their surplus products. They are so far from market, that what they cannot eat they have to feed to the pigs. If you attempt to ship your produce out of the country you have to see the railroad man and *guarantee the freight*, but I guess this is all right, the railroads must buy coal, and pay dividends. My advice is to make the sugar beets into sugar and molasses for home consumption, and feed the alfalfa to the old cow, to produce milk to raise the pig and calf; you can eat the pig—but now I have gotten myself into trouble again! What are you going to do with the calf? You cannot afford to

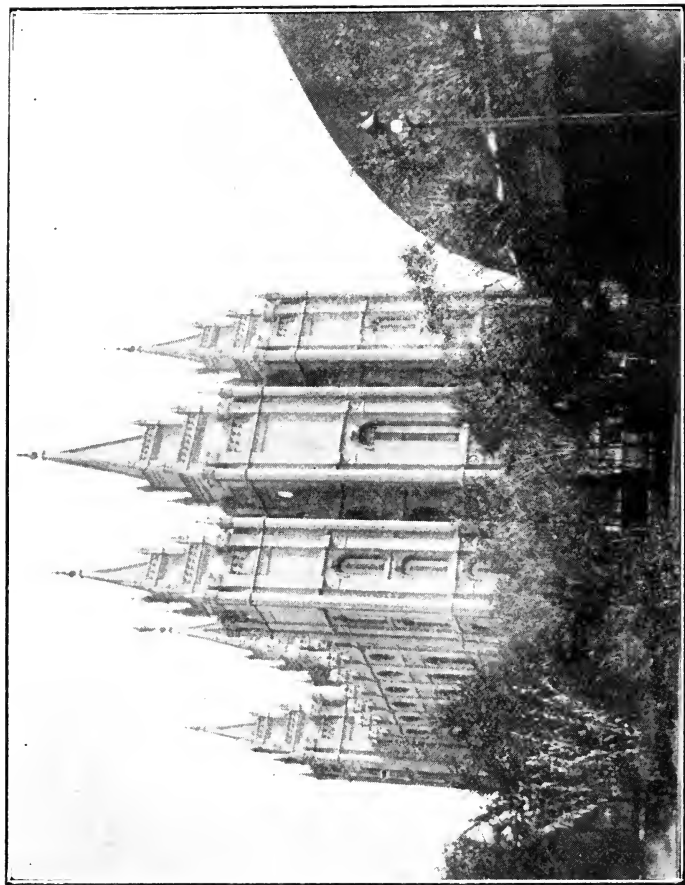
eat both pig and calf! It requires more good engineering now to finance a family, than it does to run a saw-mill. I would advise young people contemplating marriage to practise living on fresh air, scenery and crackers for a month before taking the venture. Do not imagine that because your father and mother pulled through all right that you can do the same. They started in life when beefsteak was less than forty cents a pound; and while their moccasins were not very pretty, they took the place of five dollar shoes. Then autos in olden days were cheaper than they are now, instead of running with gasoline, spark plug and pesky carburetors, they ran with an ox yoke, a bull whip and a gee line; and while the old fashioned baby carriage was hard on the arms, it did not cost as much as the modern ones

The Mormons, as is well known, came from Nauvoo, Ill., leaving there in 1846. They had a hard and slow march, as they had to ford or swim rivers, and their prairie schooners did not float very fast, to the response of the bald faced ox. They arrived at what is now called Omaha, in July, having been over four months in crossing the state of Iowa. Here they struck camp for the winter and early in the spring of 1847 started for the long prairie and mountain drive. Here they had all sorts of hardships in crossing a country





Mormon Tabernacle, Salt Lake, Utah



Mormon Temple, Salt Lake

unknown to white man. They followed the N. Platte river until about two thirds of the way across what is now Wyoming, then dropped on to the head waters of the Colorado and followed its tributaries until near the Utah line. Now heading southwest they arrived on the banks of the Jordan, July 24, 1847; here they stopped to make their home with only rattlesnakes, savages and buffalos for neighbors. There is a romance in their story that reads like a novel, but this romance was tinged with avarice, imposition and superstition.

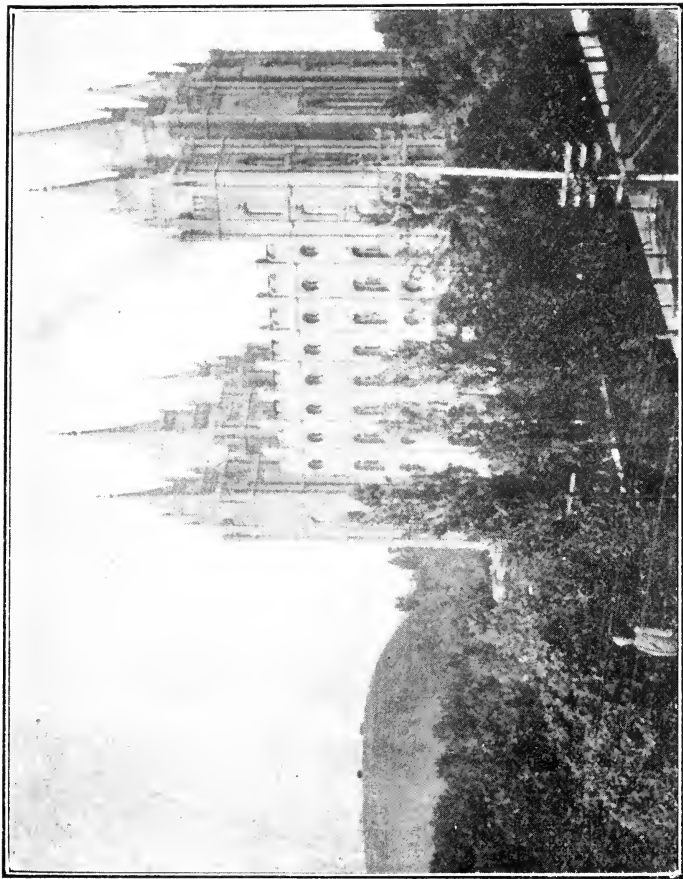
Religion appeals to the human race in any form. Where you have a strong advocate, you have followers; the populace is always ready to grasp at a promise, and follow a prophet. It is published as church history, that on May 15, 1829, Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery received from John the Baptist, the Levitical Priesthood. "It never rains, but it pours," a few days after this the Apostles Peter, James and John, conferred upon him the Melchizedek Priesthood. I will not question the man's honesty; but people oftentimes deceive themselves by drawing on their imagination. It is just as easy to overdraw your account here as in the bank. When a man goes out to peddle wares of any kind he always finds the buyers; of course, these buyers may get wise after the

goods are bought; but if you throw away the goods, then, you have admitted that your judgment was at fault, and that you have compromised yourself. It takes a strong man to sacrifice self for principle. I do not know if the people today believe all that has been told them; but I suspect they do not; this is an enlightened age and every man should think for himself. All hail! the telegraph, the railroad, the printing press and the public school, they are valiant warriors and will eventually win. You cannot convince a human being that he is wrong in his religion or his politics, he must convince himself; if you attempt to interfere he feels that you are intruding on his rights and he will resent it. He virtually says to you, "attend to your own business." He is convinced of one thing, and that is, he has as much right to his opinion as you have to yours; and when it comes to an argument he will produce as much evidence as you do; and may make a more eloquent appeal, and stands a chance to win the case. Some of the churches and missionary societies make strong accusations against the Mormons. Notably, the Missionary Tidings February issue, 1913, skins them alive, accusing them of everything from the greatest to the smallest crimes; It looks like there might be some jealousy here; at any rate, it is not considered good taste to jump on a man for what

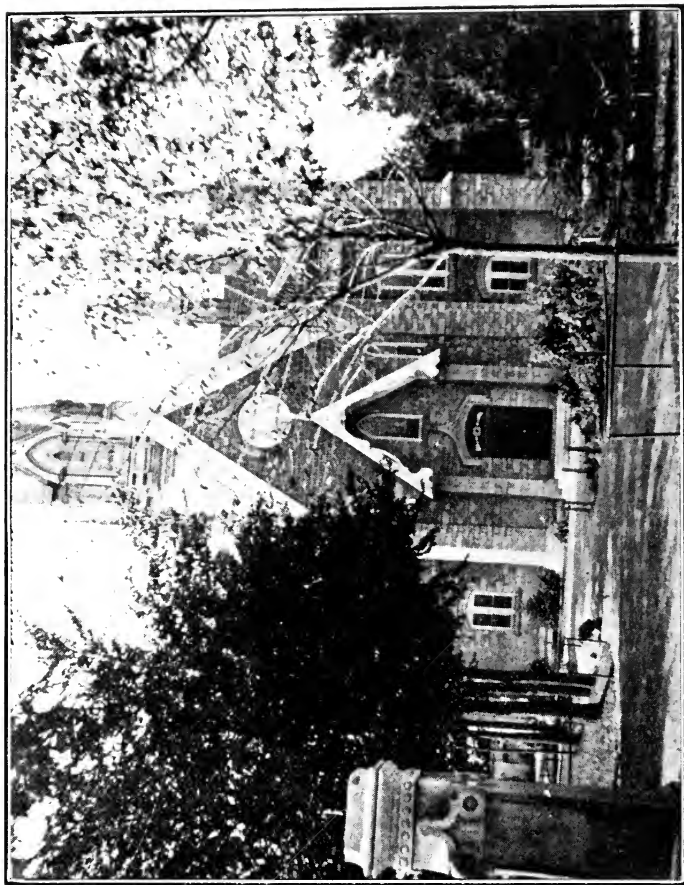
his grandfather did fifty years ago. There is no question by at one time the Mormon church took drastic measures to carry their point and to prohibit outsiders from coming into their country which they had developed. Possibly you and I would have done the same thing, under the same circumstances; we all wear different colored glasses. It might be well enough to try on the Mormon glasses, things might look more natural than they do now. I see the writer in "Missionary Tidings" is mistaken in one point concerning the tithing system. At one time, years ago, they did collect one-tenth of the products that were harvested by the members of the church; but they have lost out on this point. As the people became more enlightened, they refused to be duped into giving up their hard earned cash to maintain the officials in luxury and ease. I know of a fact that this one-tenth is absolutely refused by the members of the present day; and as for hauling in the products of the soil and depositing them in the tithing yard, that has not been done for twenty-five years. Where the old tithing yard with its high stone wall once stood, is now occupied by one of the finest hotels in the country. There is no question but that the leaders of the Mormon church have imposed on the ignorance of the people and are today operating in fields where intelligence is at a low ebb. A good farmer

learns to cultivate where the soil is most fertile. I have some criticisms to make on the older members of the church. I have met quite a few who were very narrow in their views, they remind me of a terrapin in his shell; if you disturb his highness, he closes up, he is not able to answer you with argument, but he closes himself in his vault and lets the rain and hail pour. Another thing I suggest is they cut the appendix to their title.—“Latter Day Saints,” might have sounded all right at one time, but not in the twentieth century. The word “Saint” is not applicable to mortal beings, and arouses suspicion when applied to them. I would not want to “swap horses” with a man who claimed to be a “Saint.”

But the people in Utah are not all Mormons by any means. There is a party known as the “American party,” that is leavening the whole state. Their ideas are being copied by the Mormons, and a lot of the young people (children of Mormons) are patronizing the progressive ideas. But where the young people *do* take the Mormon medicine they follow it up with a dose of salts; and I heard of cases where they used a blood purifier in addition. But to the material side of the case. These people have built them a magnificent temple for worship. It was started in 1853 and completed in 1893. The idea was to carry out as nearly as possible, the parallel



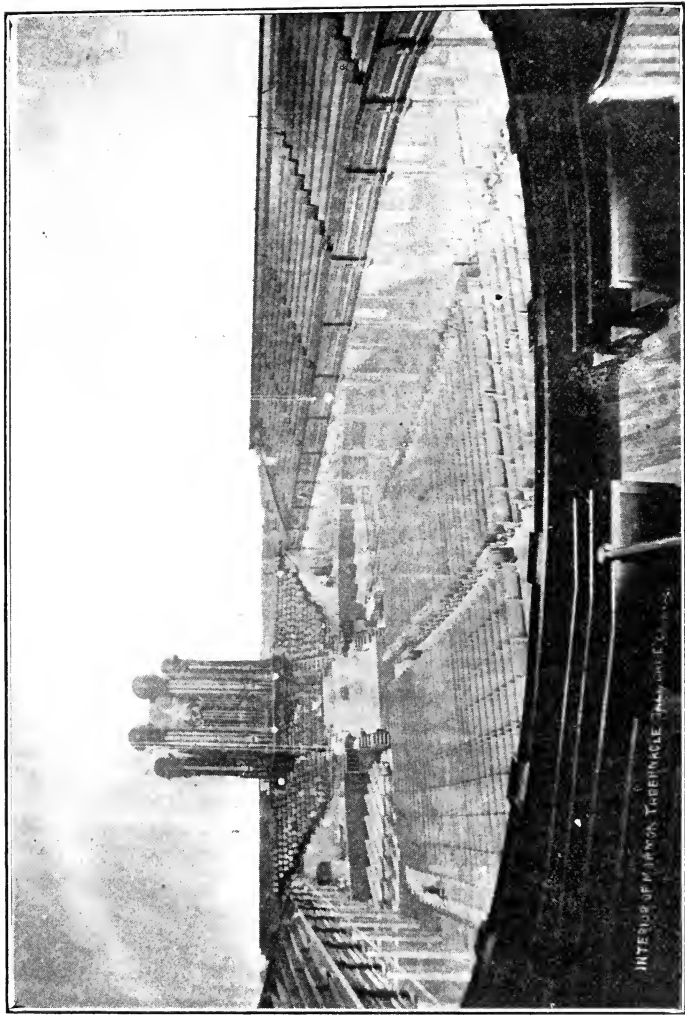
Mormon Temple, Salt Lake City



Assembly Chamber, Salt Lake City



of the exodus of Israel from Egypt; and the building of the temple at Jerusalem. The temple is 186 x 99. There are six towers, each terminating in a spire, the central tower is 222 feet high. The walls are 16 ft. thick at the bottom, and 6 feet thick at top. The estimated cost is \$4,000,000. It is not open to the general public, no one allowed, except the orthodox Mormon. The regular church services are not held in the temple, it being used for rites and ceremonies. The tabernacle is the next point of interest. It is 250 feet long by 150 feet wide and has an oval roof, something like the half of an egg shell, cut lengthwise, the auditorium is a vast gallery extending around the inner wall, except where the organ and the choir is located. The seating capacity is about 10,000. It is surely a model music hall. Here stands the wonderful organ, 30 x 33 feet, has 108 stops, over 5000 pipes, some of the pipes being 32 feet long; and contains 4 key boards. Every Sunday at two p. m. there is a recital given here by an expert performer; this is free to the public. Just east of the temple is the old tithing yard, that at one time was a busy scene, when all the farmers drove their loads of hay, oats, wheat and barley inside its walls and turned them over to the custodian. Then went back home and drove the cow, the pigs, sheep and ducks into the pond. It must have looked



Interior of Tabernacle, Salt Lake

like Noah's ark ready to sail. On the hill overlooking the Temple is the Beehive House so called from the construction of a small tower on top that resembles a beehive, the Lion House is also near by. These houses were formerly occupied by Brigham Young's families. These buildings are now used for colleges and reception halls, by the church. Eagle Gate spans State Street and is an imposing structure. On the hill just east of the Temple, is the grave of the former president, Brigham Young, who in his day was a man of unquestionable ability and power; a man who could control and sway men with the genius of a Napoleon. A man with iron nerve and undaunted will power; a man of tenacity and foresight; quick of perception, firm in judgment and a self-reliant, unconquerable leader. A man of magnetism; a man you had confidence in; a man who could hold other men in his grasp as you would a bundle of straw. A man of equal talent and ability would have been hard to find. No wonder the church honored him and the people gave him praise.

## CHAPTER LVII

### JOBBS AND WHERE TO FIND THEM

In selecting a position or job, try to get one that offers steady work the year around, even though the salary is small, it is better than one where the compensation is large and the work irregular. There are some communities where it is almost impossible to secure permanent work. In that case, investigate other localities. But let me insist, do not be too *particular as to what you work at*. This is today the greatest cause of idleness, and when you get a job, give your boss good, honest work, and if he has to dispense with your services, you can always get another position in the same locality. There is no question but what a good, honest worker can get work. I have never seen it fail. If you are a skilled mechanic or operator, I would advise you to stay with your vocation. It may be advisable to seek a new location but try and secure the same kind of a job at your new home. Every boy and girl should be taught some business, so they can resort to it if necessary, even though they are raised in affluence and wealth. Self-reliance is the best bank account you can have.

It is very essential that great care should be exercised in selecting your trade or profession. There is a great desire on the part of parents and children, to get away from the *bench and the plow*. If you will give the matter careful consideration, you will find that the professions are getting crowded, more and more every year. It is getting harder for a young man to make a start after he has equipped himself for his work. Whatever you select as your business, make yourself master of the business; no half-way measures will suffice. It is a day of competition and close rivalry, only the well equipped and ambitious can succeed. It is said that fortune favors the brave. That might do in war, but equipment is more essential in business. I mean by equipment, to be a master of business conditions, and to be able to apply your knowledge, learn to govern your actions by your thoughts. Thinking is the rudder of life, that steers the ship off the rocks; lets out or takes in sail, at the proper time; it is also a barometer that tells of the approaching storm.

As to where to find jobs, that depends on your ability and calling. If you are a day laborer, there is very little difference in localities. In some sections the pay is a little better than in others, but where that is the case you will find that board and clothing are higher in that locality. As far as day labor

is concerned, there is no new country any more. If you are a clerk or stenographer, the large cities are the best places to obtain work. If you are a professional man, a small town is best for you to make a start in. I would prefer the South. The main thing is to determine to be contented at the place you select as your home, and above all, do not complain to those around you. This is poor advertisement. A contented mind is capable of seeing good in all things. Do not be a kicker and fault finder; the world despises such a man. Do not covet other men their jobs and positions. I dare say that they bring *them* no more happiness, than yours does to you.

If you should pull up and go to a new town or country, have you any assurance that you would be contented there? Men in the town you are thinking about going to, are preparing to come to yours. The foundation for contentment and prosperity is within you. Outside surroundings have very little to do with your progress. A fair compensation for your labor is all that you should require. It is not the man that makes the most money that is the happiest. *Wealth brings more cares than pleasures.* The happiest men today on the continent are men who have an average income. "Peace and few things, are preferable to great possessions and great cares." When

you are disposed to grumble with yourself and conditions, stop and consider how much better your lot, than thousands of others around you. Do not imagine that slothfulness is contentment; any more than affluence is happiness. There is a happy medium, and a wise man should be able to discern the boundary lines. If you have a disappointment of hard luck, think that it might have been worse. What seems to be the best for us would often prove our undoing if we possessed the object coveted. We do not say that you should not at all times avail yourself of the wholesome and beneficial advantages; but do not worry if you cannot attain your *much desired ideal*. Smile if the boss calls you down,—he might have fired you.

*Pure, and self-satisfied contentment is compound laziness.* Be content with your exertions, but not content in slothfulness. The ant works at all times, to prepare for the future; but does not worry over work not accomplished. Worry brings nervousness and old age, and incapacitates you to accomplish your work. Sloth brings degradation, contempt and poverty. Then I would say take the middle road. This will lead you to the city of comfort, where you can quench your thirst with the waters of satisfaction; and surround yourself with the principles of happiness; instead of care and obligations. Too

much wealth is as bad as too much poverty; but it is hard to make the poor man believe this. He sees only the splendor. He has never tasted the gall mixed with the honey.



## CHAPTER LVIII

### HOBBIES, ETC.

Did you ever think seriously of this proposition, that all mankind are cranks? Yes, I can prove it. Every man has a hobby and woman too. Some are more pronounced than others, that is, some can conceal their weakness better than others, but watch your most discreet man closely it will crop out. The most common dream or hobby is our own perfection and the other man's faults. The knot of egotism on the average American is very large, we can no more hide our conceit than we can our actions. The most ridiculous thing imaginable is for the self opinioned man to feign innocence. He is as awkward as a dog eating straw, his mouth goes off like an auto tire explosion (when you least want it), though there is one redeeming feature about him, he usually reveals his position, and leaves down the guards. Yes, he always has a hobby and he rides it unmercifully; he will try to make you believe that the government will go to pieces unless his ideas are carried out. As for politics he is a past master and can foretell future events, usually has a lot of advice to give you on all subjects; and if you do not

stand as still as the sphinx and listen to him, you are very rude.

I have one severe criticism to make concerning the present process of manufacturing mirrors, the manufacturers have never learned the art of making them to reflect the true image back to the beholder, but possibly it is more the defect of the eye than the mirror. If we could only see ourselves as others see us, we might remedy a multitude of faults—but what is the use, we have worn colored glasses all our lives, and if we should change them for clear ones now the light would hurt our eyes, but we would be made to exclaim: "*Oh! consistency, thou art a jewel.*" But let us not criticise too much. Hobbies in the right form, and in a moderate degree are all right. It is said that inventors are always cranks; but that is no proof that all cranks are inventors. A man who is a crank on any particular subject, ought to be able to develop something out of it, inasmuch as he devotes all of his time to that subject. I think the reason these people do not accomplish more, is because they run everything they undertake into the ridiculous, therefore, disgust, instead of please their hearers. You will observe that I think there are very few well balanced men and women. I mean by well balanced, people who look at things calmly and figure out the cause and effect of everything. People

who can look at everything unbiased and weigh with a just scale. People who are willing to give sixteen ounces of conscience to the pound are very scarce; but if you will accept their hobbies at par they will break the balances in giving good measure.

## CHAPTER LIX

### ALTITUDE, TEMPERATURE, ETC.

Altitude is not generally understood. The reason for the temperature becoming colder as we ascend is that the earth is warmed by the sun and radiates heat warming the air. Consequently the higher you ascend on a given plane the colder it becomes. The average fall of temperature is one degree for every 300 feet of ascent.

Climate is a state of the atmosphere as regards heat and moisture. It often varies greatly in places not far apart. This is very noticeable in mountainous regions that are adjacent to coast valleys.

Altitude affects some people more than others. If you have strong lungs, good circulation and you are not nervous you can ascend to from 12,000 to 15,000 feet above the level of the sea without any inconvenience. But if your heart action is not good do not venture over 7,000 feet and if your lungs are weak I would not advise you going above 6,000 feet. While you might go higher without fatal results, still the strain on the heart and the extra exertion of the lungs is too severe. If you are affected with lung trouble,

it is very essential that you get to a dry climate with a moderate altitude and an even temperature. There is only one time to make the change and that time is when you *suspect* that you have the dreaded disease. If you wait until your lungs are partly wasted, you are *past redemption*. The change then is too great, and the lungs *cannot stand* the extra strain that is required of them to inhale a sufficient supply of oxygen. The lungs have to expand more in performing their functions in a high altitude, therefore the strain is greater. This extra expansion is exactly what the lungs need in the *early* stages. *It opens up all the cells* and clears them of the dead particles of matter which if left will decay.

Thousands of people have been cured by coming West. If they act at once when the first indication of trouble is detected it is almost a sure cure. If you wait too long then it is of no use. You might just as well stay where you are with your friends where you can get good care. Take plenty of exercise in good weather and try not to contract colds.

A dry climate with about 5,000 to 6,000 feet of elevation is usually good for asthma and bronchial troubles. Colorado and New Mexico have the best climates in the United States for people who are run down and need rest. The atmosphere is very bracing and invigorating; and will assist nature in building up the

weakened organs of the body. There is no malaria in these states. The old timers had a strong way of expressing it. They said that when they wished to start a grave yard they had to kill a man.

By referring to the following table of altitudes you can select a place that should be suited to your condition. Always remember that altitude has as much to do with temperature as latitude.

State and City	Alt.	State and City	Alt.
Alabama—		Denver.....	5,379
Birmingham....	606	Grand Junction.	4,573
Montgomery....	222	Pueblo.....	4,690
Arizona—		Connecticut—	
Douglas.....	3,955	New London....	45
Phoenix.....	1,082	Watertown.....	484
Arkansas—		Delaware—	
Little Rock.....	299	Dover.....	40
Van Buren.....	406	Wilmington.....	78
California—		District of Columbia—	
Long Beach....	47	Washington....	91
Los Angeles....	338	Florida—	
Oakland.....	36	Jacksonville....	43
Pasadena.....	829	Key West.....	22
Redlands.....	1,335	St. Augustine...	7
Sacramento....	30	Georgia—	
San Diego.....	42	Atlanta.....	1,032
San Francisco...	155	Augusta.....	100
Colorado—		Rome.....	612
Leadville.....	10,185	Idaho—	
Canon City....	6,330	Boise City.....	2,739
Colo. Springs...	6,072	Pocatello.....	4,482
Cripple Creek...	9,591		

State and City	Alt.	State and City	Alt.
Illinois—		Michigan—	
Bloomington....	781	Battle Creek....	823
Chicago.....	580	Kalamazoo.....	778
Springfield.....	598	Minnesota—	
Indiana—		Duluth.....	602
Evansville.....	378	Minneapolis....	782
Indianapolis....	720	Mississippi—	
Terre Haute....	485	Jackson.....	288
Iowa—		Vicksburg.....	196
Cedar Rapids...	733	Missouri—	
Des Moines.....	861	Jefferson City...	437
Sioux City.....	1,135	Kansas City....	963
Kansas—		Montana—	
Atchison.....	760	Billings.....	3,117
Ft. Scott.....	800	Butte.....	5,484
Topeka.....	998	Nebraska—	
Kentucky—		Alliance.....	3,968
Frankfort.....	560	Lincoln.....	1,189
Lexington.....	989	Omaha.....	1,123
Louisville.....	525	Nevada—	
Louisiana—		Reno.....	4,484
Baton Rouge....	19	New Hampshire—	
New Orleans....	5	Concord.....	244
Maine—		Laconia.....	507
Augusta.....	47	New Jersey—	
Bangor.....	24	Atlantic City...	52
Portland.....	26	Princeton.....	209
Maryland—		Trenton.....	60
Annapolis.....	20	New Mexico—	
Baltimore.....	123	Albuquerque....	5,008
Cumberland....	650	Santa Fe.....	7,013
Westminster....	700	New York—	
Massachusetts—		Albany.....	18
Boston.....	125	Buffalo.....	576
Holyoke.....	954	New York City.	54

State and City	Alt.	State and City	Alt.
North Carolina—		Tennessee—	
Asheville.....	2,250	Chattanooga....	674
Raleigh.....	363	Knoxville.....	933
North Dakota—		Memphis.....	117
Bismarck.....	1,672	Texas—	
Devils Lake....	1,465	Austin.....	650
Ohio—		El Paso.....	3,762
Cincinnati.....	628	Fort Worth.....	670
Cleveland.....	762	Dallas.....	436
Toledo.....	628	Utah—	
Oklahoma—		Ogden.....	4,307
Muskogee.....	588	Salt Lake.....	4,248
Oklahoma City.	1,159	Vermont—	
Oregon—		Montpelier.....	484
Astoria.....	15	Rutland.....	562
Baker City....	2,471	Virginia—	
Portland.....	11	Alexandria.....	47
Pennsylvania—		Richmond.....	164
Erie.....	713	West Virginia—	
Philadelphia....	9	Charlestown....	602
Pittsburg.....	842	Wheeling.....	637
Rhode Island—		Washington—	
Newport.....	44	Bellingham.....	60
Providence....	11	Seattle.....	19
South Carolina—		Spokane.....	1,891
Charlestown....	10	Wisconsin—	
Sumter.....	578	Milwaukee.....	636
South Dakota—		Superior.....	628
Deadwood.....	4,543	Wyoming—	
Lead.....	5,119	Cheyenne.....	6,088
Pierre.....	1,400	Sheridan.....	10,385



## CHAPTER LX

### VOCATIONS

I want to be of benefit to everyone who reads these pages and will do all I can to assist you. I presume I am talking to a goodly number of young people who have not as yet selected their vocation in life. A great deal of care should be exercised in selecting an occupation. You should consider well your disposition, habits, inclinations, and ability.

It is a very difficult task to select an occupation for a person you do not know; but I will give general principles that may help you to decide as to what is best for you to attempt.

If a girl, and you have talent and a *true desire* to learn music, the piano or violin will make you a good living, if you care to teach them. If you *detest* practice, do not attempt it. You may have talent but you will never succeed, because you will not apply yourself.

If you delight in children, and they take an interest in you, prepare yourself for public school teaching.

If you are patient, kind and gentle, be a trained nurse. They make good money and have steady employment in the cities.

Shorthand and typewriting is not bad, and

if you will take a business course and study forms and legal documents you can fit yourself for a good position in any city or good-sized town.

I would not advise you to be a clerk. It means poor pay, long hours, and hard work.

A young man has a greater field to select from than a girl, though he should study his disposition and talent closer. He is supposed to follow his chosen occupation for life, whereas a girl generally accepts a position merely as a temporary matter, expecting to get married soon, and so take up housekeeping.

The field of civil engineering at the present time seems attractive, the openings in the West are numerous and the pay is good.

Chemistry is just now attracting some of the brightest young men. The government employs quite a number of chemists in its laboratories. Sugar factories and manufacturing plants of different kinds, also employ a great many. The pay is moderate at first; but there are many opportunities for advancement.

The law has always had its share of practitioners. Do not undertake law, unless you have a natural talent for debate; and have a good memory. You will also need some backing for four or five years until you can get started. The law offers great possibilities. Nearly all of our judges and men high in

politics come from the legal class. But it is a strenuous life and there are a great many failures in it.

Do not be a doctor unless you have an overwhelming desire for that profession. This vocation is badly crowded

There are good openings for general contractors and these usually pay well, but this is a business you cannot learn from books. You should get a position as time-keeper, and later on foreman, for some good contractor. Then eventually you can launch out for yourself. This is a business that will not be overcrowded in your lifetime.

If you are a good mixer, a convincing talker, and a man of nerve, the commercial business will suit you. It will bring you good returns if you get started right. I would advise you to secure a position in some reputable wholesale grocery, or, better yet, in a drygoods store, if it is nothing but assistant bookkeeper, stenographer, or general roustabout. Start here at any price and build up. Post yourself in every line, be honest with your employer, do good work for him and you will come out all right. If he offers you a job at anything, take it, he is watching you and knows what you are good for. Some day you will be on the road earning \$500 a month, and one day, you may be one of the bosses of

the house. Make the right selection at first, and stay with that house.

If indoor work does not suit you, keep your eye open for a good high-grade, high-priced specialty to sell on commission. Do not take a cheap article; it is as hard to sell a cheap article as it is to sell a high-priced one: if you have one of merit. A great many men have made their fortunes selling specialties in the last twenty years.

I do not recommend the retail store as a business. Too much detail; too much credit; too many risks to take, in stock and changing styles.

If you are a farmer at present and well located in a good section of the country, *stay with it*. If you are not in a good locality, find one; the sooner the better. A practical farmer should have no trouble making a living and at the same time saving some money. This vocation should get better from year to year. You will work harder than your city brother; but you will not have his vexations and uncertainties.

To the young man who wants to equip himself for a position of any kind, I would give the following advice:

Stay in the public or High School at home until through with the courses taught there; then select a school adapted to the teaching of the profession you have in mind. Try to

select a school of some reputation. Take a thorough course. Do not quit until you are capable of standing alone. After you have graduated and are ready for the battle, do not settle in your home town. "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country." Usually a small town is a good place to make a start in life, as competition is not so keen in an out of the way place. There is room enough in the West for a great number of men of all classes. Some parts of the West are settling up fast, with all kinds of people, and if you strike a locality like that, you are at once on equal footing with others. If you do not object to getting out of civilization, you might try Alaska, but you'll have to take a pocketful of determination with you. This is just as essential as money up there. At present Florida, the Dakotas, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico are good places to locate in. You can write the Boards of Trade in the different sections and ascertain if there is any opening in your line. And be careful in selecting your acquaintances in your new home. Association and good standing are great prerequisites to success.

## CHAPTER LXI

### WHY PEOPLE DOUBT YOUR ARGUMENTS

It has always been a mystery to some people as to why their word was doubted. These people are as honest in their statements as the average person; but when they tell you of an occurrence you have your doubts about the accuracy of the statements or the details. You seem to doubt their authority although you may not know the source of their information. As for asking this man for advice you would not think of such a thing. You may not doubt his veracity. He is as honest as his neighbors, and stands well in the community. Then, what is the matter? The party in question has no prestige, no individuality, no force of character. It is possible to overcome most of these faults or defects by training and self-confidence. It is impossible for that man to re-instate himself in the good graces of the people at once. He is like a man that has been to the pen—it takes a long time to live down the prejudice.

If you lack power of expression the fault can be overcome by cultivation. Make it a rule to rehearse the subject in your mind before trying to deliver it to anyone and when

you do deliver it speak firm and distinctly. Do not try to put *too* much stress on the different points of interest, and do not tell it in an insinuating way. This one thing is possibly your greatest trouble. You may have been a fault-finder and non-appreciative of the efforts of others. The public hates a man or woman who is always casting insinuations, spoken or implied. Possibly you are one of the kind who suspects everybody. Get that out of your mind. There are millions of people just as good as you are and these people have high and lofty aims. I heard a sentiment expressed recently, that fits a great many people. A lady said to her friend, "I have come to the point that I do not believe anybody any more except you, and sometimes I think that *you* deceive me." I do not advocate the idea that you should believe *everything* you hear; you should strain the gossip of the neighborhood twice before serving. The news that you read in the yellow journals you can pick out and believe one word in three.

Power of conversation is one of the greatest assets we have. I would insist that you analyze the subject in your mind and bring out the strong points. A multiplication of words does not always convict. It is the manner in which the sentences are spoken. You must learn to be master of yourself, before you can control others. No man can

Speak a thing forcibly or make a point, unless he is posted on the subject discussed. If you are describing anything you must understand the situation. If you are a salesman you must understand your goods and you must understand other goods in the same class. Let me insist on one very important point. Do not reflect on the other man's judgment. This will destroy confidence quicker than anything else you can do. When you are conversing on any subject, learn to look your company squarely in the eye. The eye is the window of the soul; and if you are honest it will carry conviction.

Your arguments are often doubted because the world doubts your motives. In order to sway the world you must be honest. Honest in *actions as well as in words*. Don't be deceived; the world knows you better than you know yourself.

If you only knew yourself, you could correct your faults by persistent efforts. But most important of all, you must tell the truth. The man or woman who tells a lie once a week blasts their hopes for making money, and brand themselves on the forehead as frauds. A falsifier is like a balloon with a hole in the gas-bag. The balloon starts off with a bound, but the leak brings it to the ground prematurely. The liar inflates himself with gas



also, but he strains the stitches. He begins to fall. He resorts to the parachute. The wind is against him and it will not open. All that he can say is, "good-bye wife and potato patch!"

## CHAPTER LXII

### SALESMANSHIP

Gentlemen, a salesman is a queer animal. When I say salesman, I do not refer to an order-taker, neither do I refer to a traveling man. Here are three separate breeds of the same species. A traveling-man is one who stops at the best hotels, dresses well, tries to make a ten-strike with all the girls, tells *you* about all the big deals he has made, and writes his house about the bad conditions of trade. An order-taker is a man who sells a staple line of goods, has an established list of customers who as a rule buy on credit; and have to buy of this order-taker. What this drummer needs is long legs, good digestion, and no desire to sleep, unless it be between the stations. The salesman is the man who understands his goods, understands his competitor's goods, is master of himself, and knows his customer. Yes, knows his customer by the time he steps into his store and meets his eye. In order to sell goods you must be a judge of human nature. If you have never learned this knack you must *get busy*. This is the most essential weapon of the salesman. When you approach your customer say to

yourself, "Is this an easy-going, jolly, familiar person, or is he dignified and austere?" This question should be easy for you after a few *turn-downs*, and a little study. If your man is familiar and easy-going, you can be careless and at ease. If he is dignified and thinks that he is the only pebble on the beach, let him think so. Have respect for his feelings. Do not contradict him. Praise him in a mild way, *but be very careful on this point*. If he suspects that you are trying to flatter him in order to carry your point, the fat is in the fire and he will not buy your goods even though he wants them. Do not try to pass the time with this man, or try to give him any stale jokes—he will not stand hitched. Be firm and dignified, yet not cold, or domineering. Handle him with gloves until you get him interested then you can make assertions, and assert yourself. When you ask him for the order ask him how many dozen or pair he *can use*. Ask him if the goods or wares will not *suit his trade*. If he is slow in giving his order do not bore him, turn the conversation for a while, then come back to where you left off. Above all things do not get nervous, or too anxious, until you get him coming your way, then make him a candid, flatfooted proposition. Let him know that you are posted in the price of goods, as well as quality. If your prices and goods are right, he is yours. If your man is easy-going you can afford to

be familiar, *though not too much so*. Familiarity breeds contempt. On approaching a customer do not assume to know too much at first. Feel your way—learn your customer's weak points, and train your artillery accordingly. If he is inclined to think fast, and you find that he is nervous, try to spring something that will stop the flood, and turn the tide in another direction on the *same subject*. Do not let him get away from you, nor allow him to think that he has won a victory. Do not ask him to buy until you can lead him like a lamb, and have convinced him that you are master of the situation. From that time it is easy sailing. Here is a man you can praise all you want to after he believes in you. Do not ask a customer to buy *too soon*, weigh his actions—they speak louder than words. When he says "No," you must be the judge of what this "No" means. With some men it means "No." With others it means procrastination or taking time to think. Now is your time to step in and do his thinking for him. Show him by precept and example, by cause and effect that your goods are the best. Now show your personality, bring out all the reserve force within you. As the Indian Chief, Cornstalk, once said, "Be Strong." Be persistent, if you do not land him now you never will. He is under your influence—he is willing to be guided and if you do not get the order it is your *own fault*.

These two modes of procedure referred to will do for two different classes of men but will not apply to women. To sell women the *first impression is the thing*. You must be a gentleman. Not only that but you must be a ladies' man. When you have their confidence, it is easy sailing. The wind may change but you can tack, let out or take in sail, keep an eye on the rudder and you will land safely.

There is a false idea in some people's minds that a drummer is rough. Nothing is farther from the truth. If he is disposed to be too rough his customer loses confidence and respect. If you do not respect yourself others will not respect you. A salesman loses his prestige, the moment he sacrifices his manliness. **INFLUENCE IS HALF THE GAME IN SELLING GOODS.** Show to your customer that you are honorable. Do not eulogize yourself, do not brag on yourself, do not be big I. Never let your customer catch you in a lie. Do not abuse your competitor or his goods. Do not condemn goods that your customer has on his shelves. Be fair and talk the merits of your own goods. Show quality and do not talk price too much.

Be honest with your employer. Do not imagine that you can soldier on him without his finding it out. He knows what business to expect from your territory in a given time. He knows the mileage and the price of hotels. The over-coat deal was worked before you got

on the road. Postage stamps cost only *two cents each* everywhere in the United States. *Tips may bring smiles, but no business.* Your boss may stand for a few cigars, but no drinks. Your house is not making a specialty of compiling kicks and complaints. When they want your advice on running the business they will ask for it. Your boss *knows* that your competitor sells goods below your price list but he says "our goods are right." There are new instructions to conductors on the railroad. They are not *allowed* to hold their train more than *half an hour* for a *traveling man to get his baggage checked.* If you go on an automobile trip see that ALL RADIA-TORS are filled with water ONLY. Don't put your girl's letter in your wife's envelope! The thermometer might take a sudden rise. Telegraph lines have no respect for a traveling man's feelings. I know of a case where they delivered a message "COLLECT", telling him to ship in his samples.

If the boss calls you down, look pleasant—he might have fired you—and remember that all criminal judges impose a heavier fine on the *second offense.* Also that a job is as hard to locate as a man without faults.

Good luck to the drummer that is onto his job;  
He will make you feel cheerful with a smile and a nod.  
If I was in hard luck and stranded in town,  
I would not be afraid to "*hit him*" for a pound.

## CHAPTER LXIII

### CANADA



Beauty Spot in the Rockies, B. C.

If you would like to take a little stroll, come with me and we will walk over and call on our cousin, "Johnny Bull Canook." He is a nice boy and you will like him, and you will be surprised to see how he is growing; his head now is even with his Uncle Sam's shoulders, and he is surely well posted for a boy of his age. Not only that, he has a bank account, cattle and land enough for an empire. Let's enter his domain at the City of Vancouver. Here on this city's site a few years ago, grew the fir and cedar trees that are now serving in an honorable position; in the business blocks of the metropolis of the Canadian west. Here is one of the finest harbors in the country and is the western terminus of the C. P. R., the only railroad on the American continent that goes from Atlantic to Pacific;

here also is a fine line of steamers that will carry you to Hawaii, Australia, Japan and China; and I can assure you they are no fishing boats. I will have you understand, the Empress of China, and the Empress of Japan are good enough for *me* to ride on, so I think they will do for *you*. Vancouver is near the mouth of the Frazer river, one of the greatest



Lighthouse, Georgia Bay, B. C., Canada

salmon streams on the globe. New Westminster is up the river a few miles, and is connected by railway and trolley lines. This is quite a manufacturing city and large fish canneries are located here. Just a short distance from this place is the town of Chilliwac

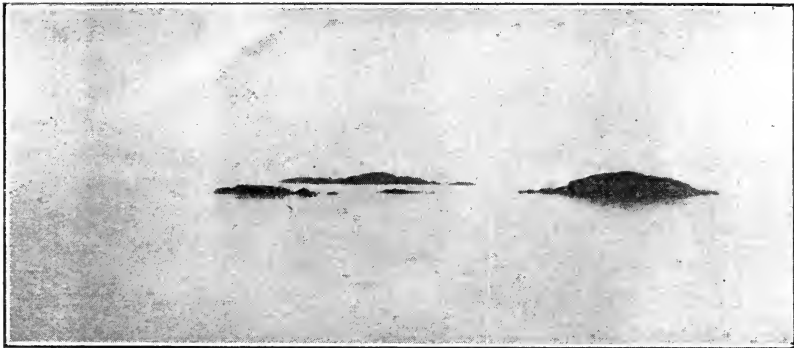


in a small fertile valley. If I had a home in this valley and a small tract of land, I would not take a thousand dollars an acre for it. I saw some relics of early days at the old dilapidated town of Yale, that were very interesting. This town was the head of navigation long before the railroad found its way through the mountains. But prior to this time, the never sleeping gold hunter had discovered gold in the Cariboo country hundreds of miles to the north. What can be done? We must blast a wagon road through solid granite on the sides of mountains for a hundred miles; we must build wagons especially adapted to the country they are to traverse; we must have teams to pull six tons, on a wagon, over frail bridges; and precipices hanging over rivers like bats, nests in a cave. *No*, we do not need men of iron nerve that will take their lives in their hands; we are overstocked with them in this town of Yale. I saw some paraphernalia that had been discarded years ago, when the old trail was abandoned. I was particularly interested in a wagon wheel, that I think must have been seven feet in diameter, and had spokes as large as a man's ankle; and there was enough iron in the tires to start a blacksmith shop. Near this place I also had another experience that I am likely to remember. I undertook to cross the Frazer river after night in a small

fishing boat. I had no conversation with the man that was to ferry me across, until I got into the boat and was out in the stream, then I discovered that he was beastly drunk, the river was up and running like a scared dog. When the current struck us it twisted us around, we got into a whirlpool—yes, we got out, but I am grey-headed and bald too.

Now if your nerves are steady we will take the C. P. R. east, but do not look out of the window, your head will swim. When we get up about Thompson, you will think that we are on a railroad that goes to the moon. The engineer who survereyed this road was surely afraid of water. All the water of Noah's flood would not have reached the tracks. We wind around the mountains like a crippled snake hunting for a hole, while hundreds of feet below you rushes the mad torrent of the Frazer and Thompson rivers. Is this scenery wild? I guess so, *it would scare a mountain lion to look at it.* To a man that was raised on the prairies this trip is worth more than a collegiate course. The road bed is fine, the equipment is good, and you glide along as smoothly as an aeroplane, but say—hold your breath when you cross a canon. At last we reach Kamloops; here we find a pleasant little valley and five or six stores, and *immense* storehouses to hold the merchandise for the Yale and Cariboo countries. Revel-

stoke is a lumbering town, and divisional point on the Columbia river. Now if you want to take in the Kootenay country and view some of the prettiest lakes on the globe, this is the time to do it. There is a net work of so-called lakes that in reality are just broad places in the Columbia river. These lakes are formed between mountains, caused by immense dams thrown up by nature from mount-



Old Hen and Chickens, Georgia Bay

ain to mountain. The river has filled these immense reservoirs, some of them hundreds of feet deep, and I have been told that in some places bottom has never been sounded. The water is so clear, and the reflection so perfect of the vegetation and trees that extend to the water's edge, that it gives the water a bluish green cast. You can take a photograph of a

mountain side, and the reflection in the water will be almost as perfect as the mountain itself. Take a ride on one of the small boats that ply between the towns and view a village at a mile distant with its white cottages on the shore, and the mountains with their spruce and pine as a background; is surely a picture



Falls of the Bow River, Alberta, Canada

worth framing. We must not pass Banff without stopping. This is the playground, the National Park of Canada, and it is surely beautifully located. Surrounded by precipitous mountains, yes, bald, frowning cliffs. There is a small town located here on the Bow river, in a small valley, an ideal place to rest;

it has a fine, large hotel built on a cliff overhanging the river. Now if you want to think of all the mean things you ever did, and make good resolutions for the future, sit on this porch, *cross your legs and go after it!* I am going down and take a plunge in the hot springs, will be back in about an hour. Well I am ready for a walk now. I am a great pedestrian, *I learned that on the road.* We will walk below town about a mile and see the buffalo herd, a relic of bygone days, a monument of a noble race, which fell among thieves, and was slaughtered for his coat; the Canadian and U. S. Governments have taken steps to protect him, but it is too late to lock the door after the horse is stolen. He does not thrive in captivity. He is now penned in on



Canadian Soldiers of the Northwest

a few hundred acres, while he formerly had for his pasture, from the Rockies to the Missouri, and he was lord of all he surveyed. No wonder he vines. A Dutchman under such conditions would commit suicide. Now take a last look at this little family; give them your sympathy and bid good-bye to

the rocks and crags. We now head for the plains of Alberta, where the meadow larks sing in the fields, and the golden grain is waving and waiting for the quartet that sings "The Old Oaken Bucket." For it is a recognized fact among city people, that you cannot harvest the grain without having the four strapping young fellows to sing at noon-tide; the housewife does not mind waiting dinner a half hour to allow the boys a chance to show their musical talent. There have been great improvements in this country in the last ten years, the railroads have penetrated mountains and plains, and enabled the settlers to dispose of the crops, while formerly the outlying districts were so far from railroads that it was impossible to get crops to market. This province is dotted with quite a number of lakes, which can be utilized for irrigation. There are some irrigating ditches in operation at the present time, but not very many. There is plenty of room for capital here, and the Canadian government is liberal in its concessions. From Calgary east for seven hundred miles, is a solid wheat belt, and if you feel like working get off your Sunday clothes and put on your jumpers. You will find the QUARTET down in the field. The last time I was through this country was in 1900. At that time there was only one railroad in the province of Saskatchewan, now there are lines running in all di-

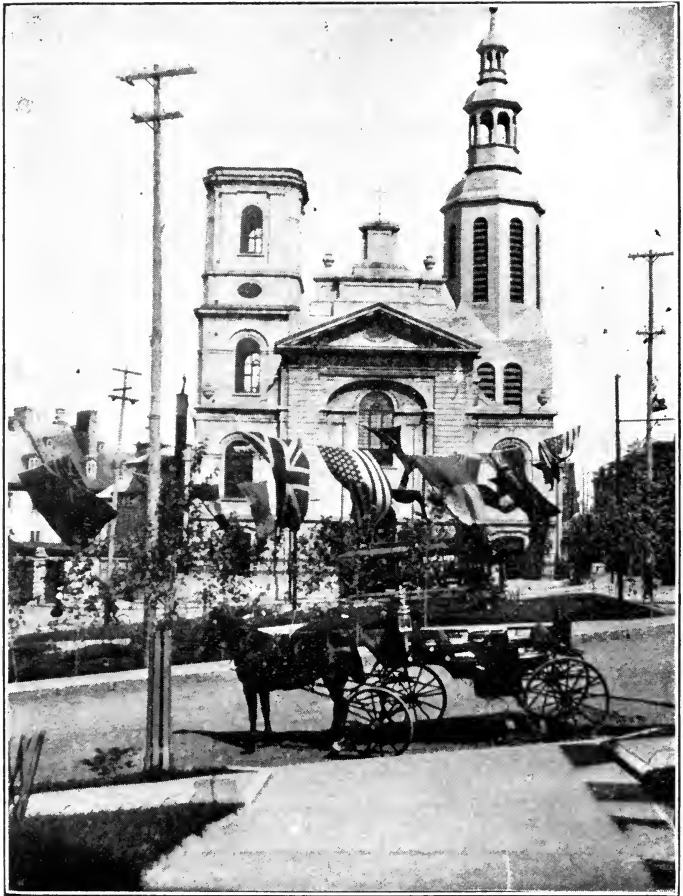
rections, and elevators at all stations to take care of the grain. Every country has its good and bad features. I will try to give both without partiality, or with the intent of doing anyone an injury; here is some of the finest soil I ever saw, and a lot of it; there is no question about the fertility, it will raise as many bushels of wheat to the acre as any land in the United States, and in addition to this the grass is very nutritious. The cattle that come off the range are fat enough for beef; but you can raise no corn here, consequently, hogs are not very profitable, and it is too far north for many varieties of fruit. It is a prairie country, being very little timber of any kind—what is found is cottonwood on the creek banks, though in Alberta there are good coal banks on the Saskatchewan river, also at Estevan in the Province of Saskatchewan. It is very cold in the winter, the thermometer going often to forty below; in the summer it is warm during the day, and cool at night. There is a great deal of this land, which can be homesteaded, or you can buy a claim at a reasonable price. I consider it a good place for a poor man, but go with a mosquito bar and a smudge, you will surely have to fight your way. They are no more energetic than the Jersey kind, but they have larger families, and when they pay you a visit it is always on business. You will like the

Canadian—he is a practical, up-to-date, and sociable gentleman; but if he should ask you to take a Scotch highball with him, take one only. Do not get it into your head that you are going to have a lot of fun by showing your liberality, *he will raise you two*; you will think he has a false pocket to put them in. There are a great many Scotch through this section and are a good class of citizens.

Winnipeg is the Chicago of Canada, and is growing fast in wealth and population.

It is not generally known that the area of Canada is greater than the United States, but such is the case, though there is a vast deal of that country, that is so far north, so cold, and the seasons so short, that it is not practical for farming. Cattle raising is carried on extensively in a great portion of this territory. The northwest of Canada is the greatest wheat field on the American continent. Spring wheat is raised exclusively. There is one thing that you must reckon with, that is early frost. Once in a great while a frost comes in August or early September and injures the wheat crop very badly; but this does not occur very often. There is a vast territory in Western Canada that is being settled up rapidly—just here I want to suggest that if you want a home in a new country you had better get busy. There is very little desirable land left that can be homesteaded, either in





Courthouse, Quebec



Montcalm Statue, Quebec, Canada

United States or Canada, that is adjacent to market and has railroad facilities. Rainfall is plentiful for the kind of crops that are grown in Manitoba. In the other two states named, irrigation is needed to be sure of a good yield. There is very little fruit grown in Western Canada. I have been through that section of the country several times, and I do not remember of ever seeing a peach, pear or apricot tree; fruit of all kinds is scarce. Watermelons are quite a rarity. I saw melons in Moose Jaw shipped from Georgia, that sold for 75 cents to \$1.00 apiece for average size. The more hardy varieties of vegetables grow to perfection in Canada. Celery, cabbage, cauliflower, beets, turnips, parsnips, etc., grow in abundance. Corn does not mature, and is very seldom planted. Barley yields a bounteous harvest and is one of the principal crops. The face of the country is very pretty in the spring and summer; the prairies are covered with wild flowers, and a very luxuriant growth of wild grass.

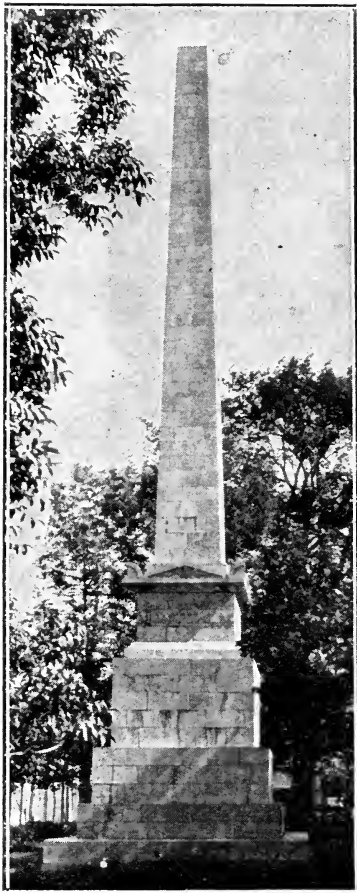
Ducks and geese abound in the ponds, and shooting is fine. If a man is anything of a marksman he need not come home empty-handed. Deer, bear and elk are plentiful in the mountains, and moose in abundance inhabit the regions of the lakes; cariboo are fairly plentiful in the northern portions of the dominion. Perhaps some of my readers may

not be familiar with the elk, moose and cariboo. I will therefore endeavor to describe the three species of wild animals that inhabit the northern portion of the United States and Canada. The elk is of a dark brown color, its general makeup is somewhat like a deer, though is darker in color; its horns are much larger, mouth and face resemble the domestic calf, its shoulders are thin and a little higher than its hips; the elk weighs when full grown about six to seven hundred pounds. The moose is a larger animal than the elk, and has very heavy horns. The horns on leaving the head flatten out as broad as your two hands, and extend some two feet from the head before they divide; then they separate, and form four or five prongs, about six to ten inches in length. The moose has a big mouth with large blunt nose, has a great deal of endurance and is a great fighter in the water. The bull moose should weigh about nine hundred pounds when grown. Its meat is considered of good quality by the hunter. The cariboo inhabits the extreme north of Canada, and its nature is something akin to the mountain sheep. Its body is round, and its coat is about the color of an Antelope. The texture of its meat is fine; it is not very plentiful, and the hunter is in good luck when he bags one. The cougar and mountain lion are plentiful in British Columbia, they are not hunted

much as their pelts are not valuable; though if you want a little excitement, this is a good place to get it. I would advise you to take a half dozen good dogs that are accustomed to this kind of game, to have your life insured before you start, and carry a good repeating Winchester, and by all means get an old hunter to accompany you. You may need his experience, which is very essential at times.

If you should visit this country, you would be well impressed with the people, they are in a flourishing condition, genteel and well educated, will treat you like a gentleman and welcome you to their land, they like to have Yankees visit them.

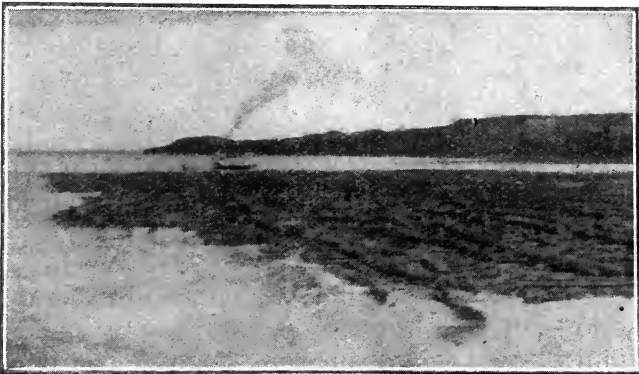
In Montreal you will find a flourishing city of a mixed population, mostly of French origin. These have some very old-fashioned ideas, but are fast becoming Americanized; in Quebec, you will find two towns in one; the upper town is settled with progressive Scotch and Canadian blood; have good, modern houses, the best imported goods in their shop, and fine hotels. But in the lower town (or French section) it is very antiquated and picturesque, and very few of the people can talk English, and they do not try to learn it; they have no particular love for the English or Canadian, they have never forgotten the scrap on the Heights of Abraham. Wolf's



Frontenack Statue, Quebec, Canada

monument still stands on the old battle-field, though in an unkept condition. Montcalm's monument stands on the bluffs overlooking the St. Lawrence river. From the base of this monument is to be seen one of the grandest sights of the country. Standing some 200 feet above the river, you look down the stream as far as the eye can see; it is very broad and majestic, and will float any ship that rides the Atlantic. I would like to have you go with me to New Brunswick. I want to show you an easy-going,

conservative people. They enjoy life and its simplicity; they never get in a hurry; but seem to work mechanically; they make no fuss, no feathers about anything; they are surely the decendants of the Huguenots. There is one very remarkable thing that I would like to tell you about at Moncton.



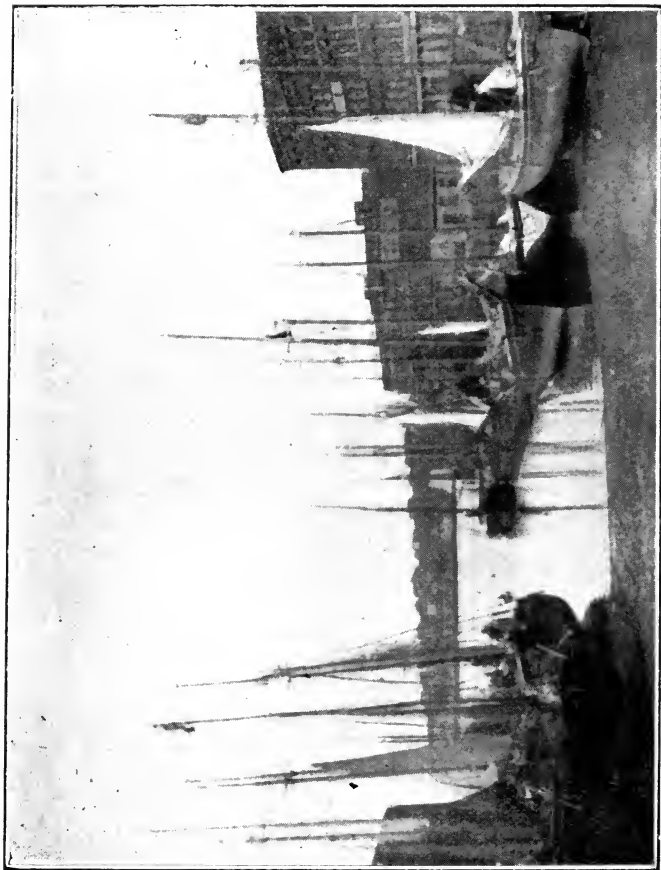
Rafting Logs on St. John's River, N. B.

It is the tidal wave, or what is called the "Bore." It is caused by the extreme high and rapid tide of the Bay of Fundy. You doubtless know that the average ocean tide of the Atlantic is about four feet from ebb to flow, but in the Bay of Fundy owing to its peculiar shape (being large at the lower end where it empties into the Atlantic, and tapers gradually for a great distance, with very steep banks)

the pressure from the Atlantic under these conditions, forces the tide very high at the upper end of the bay, often rising as high as twenty-eight feet. This terrible rise and pressure forces the tide up a small stream, through a narrow, level valley at a terrific pace, and about three to four feet high in one solid breast of water. The people in the town go down every day to see the "Bore" come in very much the same manner as they do to see the trains. If you should ever visit St. John, New Brunswick, I would advise you to go on an excursion up the St. John river to Fredericton. Here are some of the prettiest sights in Canada. No more delightful climate surroundings could be asked for than what or you encounter on this trip. It is the Thames of America. If you enjoy a sail on the Ocean go over to Halifax, Nova Scotia, from St. John; but if you are nervous, you may get a little excited when the fog horns begin to blow, as they always do in foul weather. Just have faith in your captain and remember that others have gone before. I have a vivid recollection of a trip from Grand Manan Island to St. John. It happened to be one of those dense, foggy nights; the whistle from our boat and the reply whistles, gongs, bells and sights of buoys, together with the beacon lights flashed from the towers of signal stations, made it seem that we were nosing



our way between the jaws of death. Sleep would not form my acquaintance that night, but "all is well that ends well." Our captain knew how to run the gauntlet. I had calculated to take a steamer from St. John to Boston, but after this night's experience, it did not take much persuasion on the part of the railroad agent, to induce me to go *his* way to Boston. I like high life, and a good time, but I do not like to come in contact with what I ate day before yesterday; then it is not graceful, for anyone to lean over the rail and make a noise like he was calling hogs; they say it is healthful, but I had rather have less health and more comfort.



Waif, St. John, N. B., Canada

## CHAPTER LXIV

### INVESTMENTS

The most successful men are those who have invested their money in enterprises familiar to them—enterprises in which they knew the cost of material, the cost of labor, the conditions under which the article was produced and disposed of; the extent of the market for that article, etc. This rule does not need to be adhered to by men who are skilled in the affairs of life. Some men are expert financiers and can make any proposition pay, provided it has any merit at all; while others, taking the same proposition, would lose all.

There are no defined rules for investment. Conditions and ability count for everything. But I will instruct you the best I can.

As a rule, put your money where you can watch the proposition. See to it that the article to be produced is one that will be consumed by the general public as much as possible. Or put your earnings in real estate where values are conservative, and the district is growing. Municipal and county bonds are usually good. Public utility bonds are excellent, if not watered. Ascertain what dividends the stock is paying, the life of the

charter, the amount of machinery on hand and paid for, and above all, find out what the outstanding liabilities amount to.

If you are speculative and want large returns on your money, try oil, mining, or the promotion of new schemes. These often are a wonderful success, but there is a great element of risk in all such ventures.

If you want something absolutely safe, invest in government bonds. These do not pay much interest, but you can sleep at night.

Steer clear of investments where the promoters promise too much. These get-rich-quick schemes usually fall flat before the time of harvest. If you do invest in one, do so as a speculative proposition, and not as an investment.

Do not speculate beyond what you can afford to lose and still be on Easy Street. The greatest fortunes ever made have been accumulated through speculation. It all depends upon the time, the place and the scheme. If you are inclined to speculate, place your money with a good financier. You will have to pay him a commission; but you can well afford to do this if he is honest with you, for he can give you good advice. It requires much study of conditions, and a knowledge of business forms, to successfully judge as to the advisability of a purchase of securities. There are good, bad and indifferent securities. You

should learn whether or not, the officers and directors in control of a venture are honest men. Unscrupulous men have often robbed the small stockholder by getting inside information and using it to their own advantage, buying or selling the stock at a critical time, and even throwing the company into bankruptcy in order to attain their point. I do not mean that this advantage or information is always abused; but it can be worked to the detriment of the small stockholder.

I have heard the argument advanced that the minority stockholder has access to the books at all times. This is true, but the books do not always tell the whole story. Suppose you were one of the small stockholders in a venture to bore for oil; and suppose you were not on the ground, nor a particular friend of the foreman or superintendent, do you think you would know when to buy or sell your stock?

I want to warn you about buying fruit or farm lands that are isolated and a long way from market; unless you can afford to wait for the railroads to come, or a town to spring up.

Do not misunderstand me. I believe in investments. A man is very foolish to keep his money in a sock, where it draws no interest. If you ever expect to gain affluence from

your daily toil, invest your money by all means; and good land is the safest investment in America. It cannot depreciate materially; it cannot be stolen or burned up. What I advise is to buy from an honorable firm, at the right price, and in the right locality, and you are bound to win. Good land that can be bought at a fair price is very scarce; and the rate at which our population is increasing, and prices of farm products soaring, there is a great incentive for people to go to the farm. Do not buy in a state or community where the land is already too high and is liable to depreciate in value instead of increasing.

In this chapter I want to caution you against investing in a new thing that has not been tried out, unless you can get in on the ground floor and buy as a speculation pure and simple. Do not put all your earnings into a new venture with the expectation of making a fortune, just because the president of the concern said it was a winner. A little sealing wax, a blue ribbon and a bit of nice engraving on a piece of paper, does not forecast either security or future profits. If you are a man of experience and know the venture to be legitimate, go into it as heavily as you like; but I presume I am talking to the average man who has not seen a great deal of the world.

I believe in progress and development. I believe in keeping up the reputation of the

American people. What I want you to do is to use your *thinker*. If you do this, some day you will be honored in your community, have a fat bank account, and be able to defy the world.

## CHAPTER LXV

### PAST, PRESENT, FUTURE

Time is divided into three parts—Past, Present and Future. The Past is dead; the Present is living; the Future, yet to be born, though its horoscope can be cast, inasmuch as we know the star of its nativity. There was a time when we could judge the future by the past, by reading between the lines; but now the history of events is spoken from a dictagraph, taken down by shorthand, and transmitted by the wave system. Now this is not so complicated after all. There must be a commencement to everything. Who talked into the dictagraph? Why, Father Time. All right, to catch the trend of events, watch the motions of Father Time's lips; here is the power behind the throne. Father Time does not advertise his waves on sign boards. To get a tip on the future market and the trend of events you will have to keep your wires charged, and pick it up from the wave system in the air.

The Future has the same family resemblance as the Past, but he wears better clothes than his older brother, and instead of driving an ox cart he rides in a 60-horsepower auto



(and he goes some, too). Now take your field glasses and look to the East. Do you see the smoke and dust arising?

It seems to reach the sky;  
You can guess what that is—  
Now let me see you try.  
It's the Future in his auto,  
And he'll be here by and by.

It is not only necessary to know the past, and control the present, but you should be able to forecast the future. It is not hard for people to memorize a thing after some one else has compiled it; but the originator of the idea is entitled to a patent; he is the man that gets the royalty. The man who can anticipate the needs of the future is a millionaire. The present is crowded by competition; the future is a virgin field. Stocks that have been advertised sell at par, but future prospects sell at a cent a share. If you can read the future, here is the place to buy. During the Klondike rush in 1898 the people went wild. All they thought of was packing their knapsacks with provisions, and strapping a rifle on their shoulders. Thousands started without pick and shovel. This was like going to battle without a gun. Every mind was bent on securing a claim that would yield untold wealth. A woman in Seattle sat down and figured out the proposition. While large firms and corporations were making plans to get

food and clothing into that distant land, this woman had her mind on something quite different. She thought, "How can a man till the ground without a plow; how could a man run a bank without money, how could men dig gold without picks and shovels." She invested her little fortune in hardware, and headed for the Klondike. She was the first to fill her purse, which she did with the hardware profits.

The man who had the nerve to buy lots in Chicago 50 years ago, can be pointed out as a star of the West. The children of the men who bought the first oil, steel, sugar and other corporation stocks, that furnish the necessities to man, will never have to beg for bread.

As straws show which way the wind blows, so the indications in Nature can be read as the sign on a board. The verdure of the grass proclaims the approach of Spring. The direction of the winds, barometer and temperatures warn of the approaching storms. It is said that all great events cast a shadow before them. No less pronounced is the forecast of the future. The causes of today produce the effects of tomorrow. The whole universe is founded on this law, and is as immutable as time itself. But to be able to read the "handwriting on the wall" requires judgment and the ability to deduct the effect from certain causes. The horse-trader can look at the

teeth and tell the age of the animal; the rings on the trees, the stratas of rock, speak louder of the world's history than printed books, The merchant, to succeed, must anticipate the needs of his customers. He must buy in the summer for the succeeding winter, and in the winter for the spring trade. We build not for the present but for the future. We educate the child today to prepare him for the battle of tomorrow. We prepare for war in time of peace. We build a house today to shelter us in our declining years.

Then how essential it is that we learn to penetrate the future with a certainty of building according to our needs. Deity has given man a mind that no other animal possesses. This mind should be kept healthful and clean, uncontaminated by superstition, or controlled by narrow prejudices and undermining jealousies. Feed the mind as you would the body, with wholesome ideas and lofty ideals. Learn to focus your mind on the vital things of life as a physician centers the X-rays on the internal organs of the body. There is nothing on the mundane sphere hidden from man, when his anxiety interests and determination are sufficient to a supreme effort to attain the desired goal.

## CHAPTER LXVI

### THE HOLDUP

I presume my reader has never had the horrible experience of being held up by a highwayman, and I hope you will never have to hold your hands in the air while the other man rifles your pockets.

About twenty years ago, I had an experience in western Colorado that was enough for me. In those days highwaymen in the West were as plentiful as sheep-herders. Several holdups had occurred shortly before the time of which I am speaking, and myself and some other traveling men had been talking of them that afternoon. We were expecting to "get ours" any day, as the footpads had an idea that drummers had more money than brains—which usually was about right.

It was hot weather, and the days were long. That evening after dinner, about 6 o'clock another drummer and myself decided to drive from Delta to Hotchkiss, a distance of 18 miles. We secured a buggy and a good span of horses and set out before sundown. It was one of those ideal summer evenings we have in the West—the trees, the birds, and even the chipmunks seemed glad they were alive. My

companion was rather talkative. He kicked on conditions of trade, rehearsed a conversation he had had with a merchant "crank" the day before, and while he talked, I sat there listening and growing drowsy. As he was driving, I had nothing to do but dose off to sleep.

It was good, thick dusk now, and when I opened my eyes again, we were going slowly up a long grade. On our right, at intervals, were crags of rocks that rose 30 or 40 feet high, and resembled ghosts in the starlight. There was a turn in the road just ahead of us and one of those fantastically, ghostly crags was in the angle of the turn. Just as we approached the rock, a man on horseback rounded the corner. I said nothing but peered into the gathering darkness as best I could. As we drew nearer to each other, I saw there was something lying across the pommel of his saddle. My mind was sluggish from the little "seista" I had just been enjoying, but when I saw this object across his saddle my eyes suddenly got as big as an owl's and it did not take me long to decide that it was a gun.

When we were within about ten feet of the man I saw him make a quick movement, and grab the weapon. He swung it toward us, and at the same moment spoke something in a gruff tone of voice. I did not catch what he

said, but could see the glistening of the gun-barrel in the starlight. I could make out that it was a double-barreled shotgun, and the holes in the muzzle seemed big enough to put my two fists into. Well, when he spoke both my hands went into the air, and my knuckles struck against the bows in the top of the buggy. Then I sat still, awaiting developments.

Just then the highwayman passed us.

My partner turned to me and said, "What's the matter with you, Dick? What've you been drinking."

As I caught my breath I said, "Why didn't you stop?"

"For what?"

"When that robber pointed his gun at us."

"Robber! Gun!" he shouted derisively. "I saw nothing but a farmer with a shovel!"

Then I remembered to take my hands down out of the air, and as I did so I slipped one of them into my pocket and extracted a \$2 bill—a bribe to make him keep his mouth shut regarding the adventure.

## CHAPTER LXVII

### ALWAYS ON TIME

The railroad that does not run on time soon loses its patronage. The division foremen on some of the branch roads of the Dakotas, and Nebraska, have to resort to unique methods to keep the caterpillars, grass and cows off the right-of-way. In May and June in the Northwest the caterpillars come in billions, and virtually take the country. When they undertake to cross a railroad they get on top of the rail and then they seem to stop. Now the mashing of these worms soon glaze the wheels, and make the track slick so the engineer can make no time, and consequently is always late. Another great hindrance is the grass, which at this season of the year grows very fast and laps over the rails. "*Between trains?*" Yes (and I am not a fisherman). The wind often has a great deal to do with this, blowing the grass across the rails just in front of the drive-wheels. Now, to master the situation, the railroad companies have mounted on the tender, a huge oil tank that holds several thousand gallons of crude oil. This tank is connected by a hose to an iron pipe about 10 feet long, that is perforated full of holes. This

pipe is called the burner, and hangs about four inches above the track. Now turn on the oil and apply the match, start the engine down the track and caterpillars and grass melt like butter in an August sun. But this is not the engineer's greatest troubles.

The branch roads in the West are not fenced, and as there are thousands of cattle on the prairies to wander on the track, they become very troublesome. And sometimes the old male disputes with the engineer, the right-of-way. I was on a train on a branch road in Nebraska in 1898. The cattle were thick on both sides of the track, and often on top of it. The engineer and fireman had a steady job squirting steam, ringing the bell, and blowing the whistle, and often had to slack up to let some old rheumatic cow get off the track. At last we saw about two hundred yards ahead of us, an old white-faced bull, head down, pawing the ground and bellowing. The engineer and this old fellow had locked horns several times before, and each time his bovine highness had reluctantly withdrawn, muttering vengeance. This morning bade fair to show a scrap to the finish. It seemed that it was a preconcerted action on the part of his lordship, inasmuch as all the other cattle withdrew to both sides of the road, and turned round to view the en-



counter. The engineer looked at the fireman and said:

“Charley, what would you do?”

“Paste him one.”

The engineer blew the whistle and squirted the steam out of the exhaust pipes, while the fireman rang the bell. But old Jimmie, head down and neck bowed, stood like the Rock of Gibraltar. Now, the engineer happened to think that his *insurance policy had expired the day before*; this caused him to reverse the engine and throw on the brakes. The train stopped just as the cowcatcher, or pilot, touched Old Jimmie's nose. He swung his head to one side and with a defiant bawl gave a jerk upward. His right horn caught in the fender and there he stood (like the cat that had caught a mouse, then let it loose and dared it to run) waiting for developments. The engineer and fireman held a council of war. It developed that each wanted to be captain and conduct the battle from the running board of the engine while the other acted as private on the ground. At last they decided to each get an armful of coal from the tender and to charge simultaneously from the run-boards of the engine. Here they stood, high above the undaunted warrior, surrounded on every side by steel breastworks. Here they felt they could work their *arms* to good effect, and pour the shot hot and fast upon the un-

protected head and shoulders of the short-horn Sampson.

It was an undue advantage to take of an old man who was willing to fight in the open. It was plain to be seen that the contest was unequal, as the odds were two to one, and Old Jimmie's artillery was of short range. But as for courage, he would defy a cyclone.

A few of the passengers got out on the right-of-way to see what the trouble was, but when we caught a glimpse of Jimmie's battery, and the glistening of his eye, we got right back in the coaches as quickly as if a band of train robbers were doing the job.

At last Old Jimmie withdrew in good order—you could not call it a retreat; only an armistice, hostilities to be renewed the following day.

In two hours' time we were at the end of the branch road. As I had some business to transact with the Superintendent I went to his office.<sup>7</sup> While there, the engineer came in, throwing down an envelope containing his trip report. At the same time, with an air of determination and injured innocence, he remarked:

"If you want me to go out in the morning on this run, you will have to change your time-card."

The Superintendent looked up in astonishment.

“Why, what is the matter?”

“Well, about forty miles from here out on the prairie, there is a bull that seems to own all that country. He even disputes that you have a right-of-way through. Now there is a water-hole near the tracks, where the cattle come for water, and have to cross the road. Our time-card calls for us to be at this water-hole at 9:20 A. M. Well, that is the bull’s time-card, also, and we both cannot use the right-of-way at the same time. It is up to you!”

I had a little experience on this trip that I would like to relate, though it is not connected in any way with our subject, “On Time.” In the first place, I want to know if there is a dictionary made that will explain a Swede’s meaning in the English tongue? Also, will this dictionary give the correct pronunciation of words, so all Americans can understand each other? When strangers meet from different parts of the Union it is sometimes a little embarrassing, inasmuch as they do not comprehend the meaning intended to be conveyed. I had crossed over into South Dakota but as yet I had had no extensive dealings with the Swedish merchants of that section, and did not understand their expressions of the English language. I was selling a high-priced specialty to the retail grocery trade. Approaching a tall, light-complexioned gentle-

man from the Scandinavian Peninsula, I proceeded to show him my patent fixture. I soon saw that he was considerably interested, and as I continued to expatiate on the merits of my machine, he waxed enthusiastic on the good points of the article. I thought I could see a \$20 bill in sight, as my commission on the sale. When I thought he was ripe for closing, I got out my pencil and asked him if he did not want one for his store.

"Yes," he said, "I want one just like that!"

I had my order book in my hand, and proceeded to fill in the blanks. Just then he laid his hand on my arm and said: "Not yet!"

Well I caught my breath after a while.

Now as to pronunciation and misunderstandings between Americans; about five years ago a man from Kentucky was driving West with a prairie schooner. He had a breakdown and found that he was sorely in need of a monkey-wrench. Now you doubtless know that the Southerners pronounce things pretty broad. Well, he called at a nearby ranch-house, and asked the man in charge if he had a monkey-ranch. The man looked at him in astonishment and said "No." But said: "There is a man west of here who has a horse-ranch, and one east that has a cow-ranch, and there is a sheep-ranch just down the creek, but I cannot think of a man in all the county that has a monkey-ranch! I do

not believe they would thrive here, as the altitude is too high."

I do not let little things like this worry me now; but when I was a young man I laid awake three nights trying to understand the difference between a plantation, a farm and a ranch. At last a bright idea struck me—that a plantation was stocked with negroes, a farm populated with a white man and his kids, and a ranch with a Mexican and his dogs.

But what were we talking about? Oh, yes, "On Time." Well, the man that is always on time is never late! The foreman likes to see a man on the job when the whistle blows. It shows that he is taking an interest in the work, and trying to earn an honest living, by giving a good day's work for a fair day's pay. If you want to hold a man's confidence keep your appointments on time; and if you owe a debt pay it on time. If you wish to catch the fast express for the city you *must* be on time. If you want to bid in a piece of property, be on time. The general who expects to meet and defeat his opponent, must be on time, look over the ground and make his plans before the battle begins. Oftentimes a minute or a second means the passing of an opportunity of a lifetime. Take a lesson from Nature, consider for a moment how exact the divisions of time. The stars and planets revolving in their orbit, though it may take a



Snow Slide, Western Colorado

score of years to complete their cycle; they are never confused or diverted from their path, but move on with the regularity that only time can measure, to complete their untold number of revolutions, to finish their work, and close the cycle, when the unseen hand of destiny points to the hour of accomplishment!

## CHAPTER LXVIII

### MAN TRAPS

Do you know that there are more traps set for men and women, than ever were set for bear? Yes, there are thousands of men in our country who are living by their wits, by working schemes to get hold of your \$ without giving you value received.

There is no profession or calling that has a monopoly of these gentlemen; but they are to be found in all the walks of life. First, there is the fake advertiser. He offers to give you something *free*. Now the only thing he will ever give you free is the hot air; when you investigate his proposition you will find there is a string tied to it. He says he will give you something free provided you buy something else from him, and he always charges you enough for the article he sells you to make a handsome profit on the one he claims to give you.

No man can afford to advertise in the papers and give away goods. A legitimate advertiser never offers to give away anything. If you can think of anything free outside of air and daylight, I would like to buy the recipe for its manufacture. At one time it



was said that air and water were free; but the man who said that is dead; or if he is still alive let him go to a Canadian hotel and ask for a drink of water; the bartender will "fix his clock."

Then there is the real estate man that offers to sell you land near railroads and a good market—*abundance of rainfall*. He offers it (if you will buy in ten days) for \$20 an acre, and it is dead sure to increase 200% in two years; and as for productive qualities, it will raise anything! In reality, it is too poor and rocky to raise as much as a disturbance. Now the farther this land is away from home the better it suits him; then he is sure you cannot go to see it before you buy.

Again, there is the "fake" doctor. He is the limit. He will send you a free pill all right, and some reading matter, too, describing the symptoms of *every disease known to the medical profession*. If you have any of these symptoms, his medicine will cure you; IT SAYS SO IN THE LITERATURE. If you should buy any of this soapsuds and ammonia I would advise you to try it on the cat. It is advertised to give "instant relief;" this is correct, you are relieved before you ever uncorked the bottle—of your money. But this is not the only doctor that will diagnose your case (*free*). There is the financial expert. Do not overlook the word *expert*; he is a past-

master; and as for confidential tips, he has more of these than a dog has fleas. You will usually find this gentleman located on the attic floor of a twenty-two story building in New York. He is usually long on oil wells, mines and various other stocks. His oil well is located between two gushers—*himself on one side and his "capper" on the other.* And as for his mines, he has a mind at all times to work you for all he can. When it comes to stocks, he is overloaded; you will have to watch him when it comes to making the transfer or he will treat you like the farmer did the land-buyer in western Kansas. He sold a quarter section of land, and when they were making out the deed the buyer was not watching and the farmer wrote in a half section instead of a quarter. But as for traps, you need not go to New York to find them; they are at your door.

The merchant advertises to sell the best suit in the store for \$15; but before he puts the ad in the paper, he boxes up the best suits *and nails down the lid.* Now the suits that he has left on the counter for sale, will not fit anything but a twelve-year old boy, or a Barnum's "What Is It?" I heard a compliment paid a local merchant of my town lately. A customer of the merchant said that he (the merchant) was a pretty decent sort of a fellow, that he would not break you up when he sold

you anything; that he was taking lessons from the farmer robbing bees. The farmer had learned that it was poor economy to take the comb from the bees, but to give them the *comb back that they might set to work at once to refill the cells with honey*, preparatory to another robbing.

The elephant has the reputation of being a pretty wise "guy," he always has a weather eye open looking for trouble. It is related that the natives of Africa, in order to trap the elephant, dig a hole in the ground about six feet across and twenty feet deep, cover the hole with brush and leaves; then hang a bundle of fodder (or bait) over it. Mr. Elephant is curious to examine the bait and tumbles into the hole. Now, the elephant has a cousin in this country that is called a man, and who is ever *smelling the bait*. The party who has charge of these traps in America has made a study of us, learned that we have a fastidious taste, that we even like pie and cake, so from time to time the bait is changed, and the size of the hook depends upon the size of the "sucker" he is fishing for. When once hooked, the suckers are all strung on the same line to be scaled (have their coats removed) and then to be drawn by the Lord High Executioner.

It is true that we are all after the dollar. I saw a good ad recently; it read: "I am after

your money, and you are after the other fellow's, let's go in 'cahoots' and divide up." I am willing to this if the two parties named will take in the THIRD MAN. But some of our business men have such ravenous appetites; they are like "Bosco," *they eat them alive!* This reminds us of the coal man who came into the coalyard just as the negro driver was about to drive out with a load of coal. The boss asked: "Who is that coal for?"

"Mrs. Smif."

"How many tons does she get at a time?"

"Well, I tell you, boss, she mos' in gin'ral gits one ton."

"But haven't you got a pretty big ton on the wagon this time?"

"Don't say nuffin', boss; her husban' got paid off yisterday and I'm goin' to call this three ton."

"*Well, you can knock off for the rest of the day when you get back.*"

But all dishonest people do not live in town. I bought some hens from a rancher. He agreed to bring me nothing but young ones. He said all the chickens he was selling were young, and insinuated that they were really too young to take from their mothers. But when I got them I found they had shed their back teeth, and were old enough to vote. When the farmer collects the eggs that the

old hen has set on for two weeks and sells them in town for fresh ones, it is like taking candy from a baby.

I do not ask a man for a handicap in a race. All I expect is a fair start and no jockeying. If I lose I will rub down for the next race. Now, if I only have one opponent, *I may be first*; if not, I surely will be *second!* There is only one time when we are sure of being at the head of the class—on a rainy day when all the other kids are at home. Then always be on hand and do your best. It is always well enough to help a comrade out of a mudhole, but in the tussle do not let him pull you in also. You need not be afraid to walk over the skylight in the pavement, but be careful about the hatchways in the alley; and always look out for the manholes. There are two kinds, one made by the city engineers, the *other constructed by skilled architects, confidence men and women.* They will offer to show you a good time, and the Great White Way; but be careful the lights don't dazzle your eyes, and the concoctions you drink addle the brain, or you may wake up in the morning to find that you have been caught in a trap that was baited with pleasure, concealed by flowers and sprinkled with the dew of champagne.

All young people should read the story of Old Mother Trout, who warned her children

to beware of the fly that covered the sharpness of the hook. Young man, if you aspire to be a painter take lessons from Nature in landscapes, or bird's-eye views. I would not advise you to take the job of painting the town a cheap vermilion; it is neither *artistic* nor *remunerative*. Not only that, but is very hard to *get off your hands and clothes*, and there have been cases where the painter has contracted blood poison. Now as to the art of skating, you can take your choice. Ice skates are hard to keep on the feet and you have to brave the cold to enjoy the fun. Roller skates make more noise and the falls you get will make you sore; but this is nothing compared to the fall you get from the skates purchased at a "boot-leg factory." There is only one redeeming feature of this class of sport; there is usually a ticket given with each "skate" that entitles you to a free bus ride to a hotel where the clerks all wear *blue uniforms*, and you are not supposed to tip the waiters, nor to kick when the beans are not well cooked.

Some people get badly frightened when they see the sign, "Look out for the dog!" Now let me inform you that there is not as much danger of contracting the rabies from a dog's bite as there is in getting on the outside of a half-dozen cherry cocktails at the club.

Young girls should remember that a man's word considerably resembles *vanilla wafers*—they are *sweet, but very brittle*.

Music and midnight revels are the food of sensation, but they do not strengthen the muscles or nourish the brain. And the drinks you get at this late hour of the night, instead of quenching thirst, fires the passions. The arm of man is as strong as an iron band to protect the sweet and innocent maiden; but it falls limp at his side, when she exceeds the bounds of decency. Girls, be careful when you go to the dancing pavilion. It is built over the pool of despondency and the hand-rail that should be a protection is rotten. Now if you lean against it you will fall, and *I am sorry to say* that there has never been a soap discovered that will cleanse your garments.

There is a peculiarity about gambling that has never been explained. Professionals in all other sports are recognized as authorities, but the amateur gambler has no respect for the professional in his line. The green country boy thinks he is lucky because he can pitch horse-shoes. When he goes to town he has got to try the Wheel of Fortune, and if he is allowed to win a time or two, then he is ready to buck Monte Carlo. It is not necessary to tell you how he succeeds; but I notice that he does not wear his watch any more; and instead

of taking the street-car, he walks to his work. But this is not the only kind of games he will go against. He is a candidate for anything that is *called amusement or adventure*. He is also a prospect for the confidence man and grafter. These boys graduate in a few years, get their diplomas and retire to private life; but the ranks are continually filled by new recruits. This army of adventurers remind me of Uncle Sam's American volunteer regiment; it is composed of Dutch, Irish, Swedes, Italians, Negroes and Americans; yes, and a big company of high financiers. Now you can see from the *expression of their faces, that they all hold trumps*—but most of them are *treys and deuces* and they never get a "*pair*."

Americans are adventurers. They will ride a bronco, go up in a balloon, come down in the parachute and land on a precipice of uncertainty; then dare peep over into the Vortex of Destruction. A man to be a tight-rope walker must have a clear head and a steady nerve. And if *you* would win the battle of life you must have determination, ambition and a little common sense. Keep your weather-vane in working order, and consult your barometer frequently; they will warn you of the approaching storm. Never get it into your head that you are exceedingly lucky; that you are the "seventh son of a seventh son" of a son of a gun. Young man, your

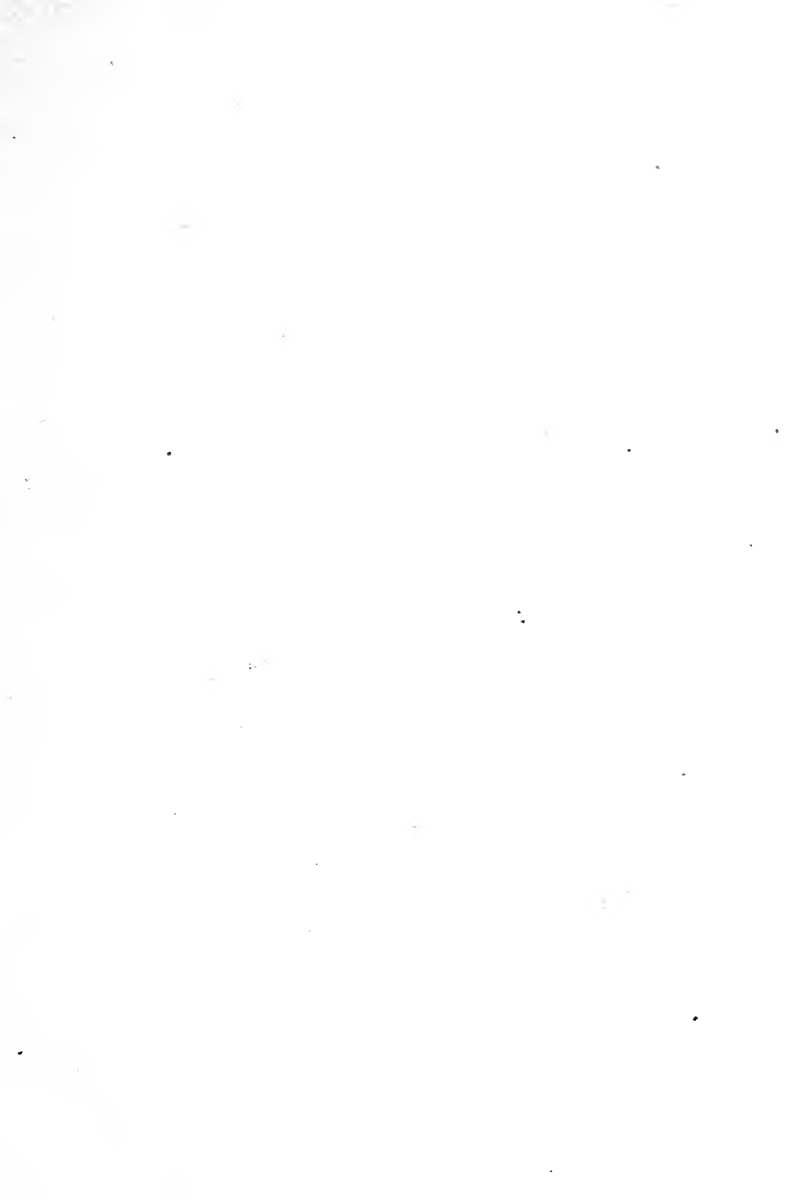


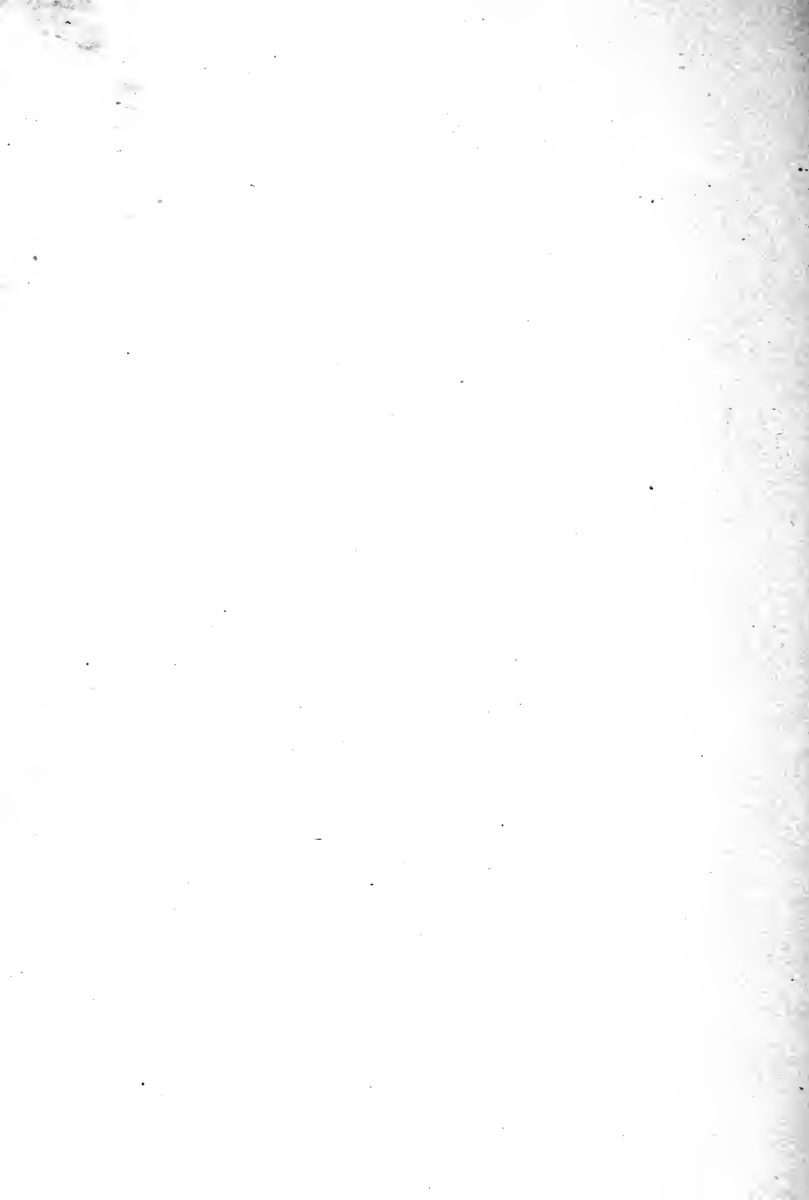
forefathers learned (*but they never told you*) that the cards were stacked, and the dice loaded. While the "capper" may win, *you* cannot beat the game!













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