

POLICE OF SPAIN

In Andalusia They Are Seen In All Their Shabby Glory.

ARSENALS ON MOVING LEGS.

They Will Put a Pistol to Your Head With the Greatest Politeness and Lock You in a Cell With Infinite Courtesy—Mines of Misinformation.

He is polite, is the Spanish policeman. There is a live and let live air about him. He possesses neither the easy and kindly dignity of the policeman of London nor the truculence of the policeman of New York, but he is very, very human. And he has the blessed gift that no other brand of policeman seems to possess of appearing to be more than an ordinary person.

True, he is armed. He is an arsenal moving on legs. But something tells you that he wouldn't really hurt a fly. I like him.

And here I must say that he is not to be confounded with the guardia civil. The guardia civil is quite another person altogether. He is stern and austere, and he patrols country districts and lonesome mountainous places. He was used to put down the banderos, those adepts in the art of swift, forceful borrowing, whose presence did so much to heighten the romance of old sunny Spain. The guardia civil killed off these gay financial artists, but now, even after his job has been finished, he still wears a cold, austere air. He is indeed not to be confounded with my friend the policeman.

The first time I met the Spanish policeman was one night in a certain town in Andalusia. Truth compels me to state that I met him in a professional way. I was indulging with others in a row when he appeared—in force. I was gathered in by five of him. But how polite he was! He put his pistol to my head, or, rather, the five of them put their pistols to my head, and made me feel that I would be doing him the greatest of favors by coming with him to the police station.

The whole affair was courtliness itself. To be arrested in such a manner was to have a privilege conferred upon one. At the police station I was again treated with politeness and in the end—with a locked door.

The Spanish policeman is not too well paid. He sports not an ambassadorial salary. All he gets is 2 pesetas a day. He is therefore amenable to the friendly and considerate tip. This, I must hasten to say, however, makes him none the less a worthy and effective guardian of law and order.

He is shabby of uniform. But that is not his fault. It is the fault of a frugal government. In appearance he looks something like an English postman and an impoverished Spanish officer. But there is artistry about his shabbiness. He fits into the picture.

Very often, especially in Andalusia, he is old and rather infirm. One is often sorry for him as he humps along with his sword trailing behind him. But he has the wisdom that goes with age. If he sees a row he looks at it with his blind eye and allows it to simmer down—a very good thing with rows.

If you ask a Spanish policeman a question he is politeness itself. But his answer will be wrong. He is a mine of misleading information. He doesn't know. Indeed, what he doesn't know about the names of streets and the way to get to them and things generally would fill an encyclopedia. If you want to know anything you must not ask a Spanish policeman. Respect him, for he is of the best, but don't ask him questions.

In the nighttime he sometimes carries a lance. He is then called a sereno, presumably because he brings serenity upon troubled waters. He looks very picturesque on a clear, starlit night and makes one think of the times of old—the times one reads about in historical romances. But he is always harmless, always peaceful and ready for a friendly gossip. He is really a sereno—a serene person. His lance is merely there to round off his artistic and romantic appearance. And it is not a sharp lance. I know, for I have often felt the edge of it—when the sereno courteously handed it to me for inspection. But it looks artistic when seen in the distance on a starlit night.

The policeman of Catalonia is somewhat different from the policeman of Andalusia. He is alert, pushful and interfering. He is apt to want to know who you are and what you are and what your business may be. But Catalonia is not Spain. It is a place where the people rush about doing all manner of things. They like work, and what is worse, they like other people to work. And their policemen take after them.

No, the Catalonian policeman cannot truly be called a Spanish policeman.

if you want to see the true Spanish policeman you must go down to Andalusia. And you will like him. You will feel for him the friendliest regard. You will see him ambling casually along with stooped shoulders and trundling sword. And should you have to make his acquaintance in a professional way you will find that he will deal with you as an easy and kindly father would deal with you. If he arrests you he will arrest you in a way that won't injure your feelings. I can recommend him.—Bart Kennedy in London Star.

He conquers twice who restrains himself in victory.—Byron.

Heart to Heart Talks

"BOARDED UP."

In the hot weather in the city, when the houses cast no refreshing shadows such as lie under the trees and along the fence rows in the country, there are two melancholy sights.

One of them is to be seen in the slums. There men and women and little children sweat and pant and live their lives among sights and sounds and odors which defile the air and make it pestilential.

The other lies "uptown," where the wealthy folks live—when they are in town. Now they are summering by seashore or lakeside or in the cool, breezy mountains. Their houses stand tenantless, with doors and windows boarded up.

You may walk along row after row of houses of the wealthy without finding one open.

In the slums the gutters swarm. In the rich districts you may walk squares without seeing any one save an occasional watchman or caretaker. The quarters of the wealthy are almost as deserted as the ruins of Babylon. At night one might almost hear in fancy the hooting of the owl and the yelping of the jackal that make the silence more pronounced in the wreck that was Nineveh.

Too often do the rich board up themselves as well as their houses. Between them and their brothers, the poor, is a wall of gold that shuts out human sympathy.

They are "boarded up."

They hoard their treasures of wealth and art as in summer they close up their mansions. In winter the houses are occupied for a brief time between fittings to winter resorts. Most of the year the town houses are closed. So it is with their sympathies. They close them up as they do their houses. Every city, every town and villa has its dividing line between its rich district and its poor quarter. Beyond it the poor may not pass and the rich do not care to travel.

They board themselves up. Not all, of course. Some there be who keep open all the year round the houses of their love and brotherliness, who do not inclose themselves within their own four walls and forget the world without.

Of such are the true philanthropists, "lovers of man," who work in hot weather and in cold for the advancement of their fellow men. They are invested with the sense of the brotherhood of man, and they garb themselves in the robes of charity and forget the rich raiment to which, in virtue of their worldly wealth, they are entitled.

Which, think you, shine the brighter?

A Statesman.

Willie—Pa, what is a statesman? Pa—A dead politician, my son.—London Mail.

Fatal Mistake.

Some years ago in a mining town a man was found dead in his hotel room hanged to a bedpost by his suspenders. The jury of miners brought in the following verdict at the coroner's inquest: "Deceased came to his death by coming home full and mistaking himself for his pants."—Argonaut.

The Fireside Diplomat.

"I don't want to be nagging at you," Mrs. Marryat began, "but it's the little things that bother me most." "Ah!" interrupted her husband sweetly. "I suppose you're going to tell me you haven't a decent pair of shoes."—Philadelphia Press.

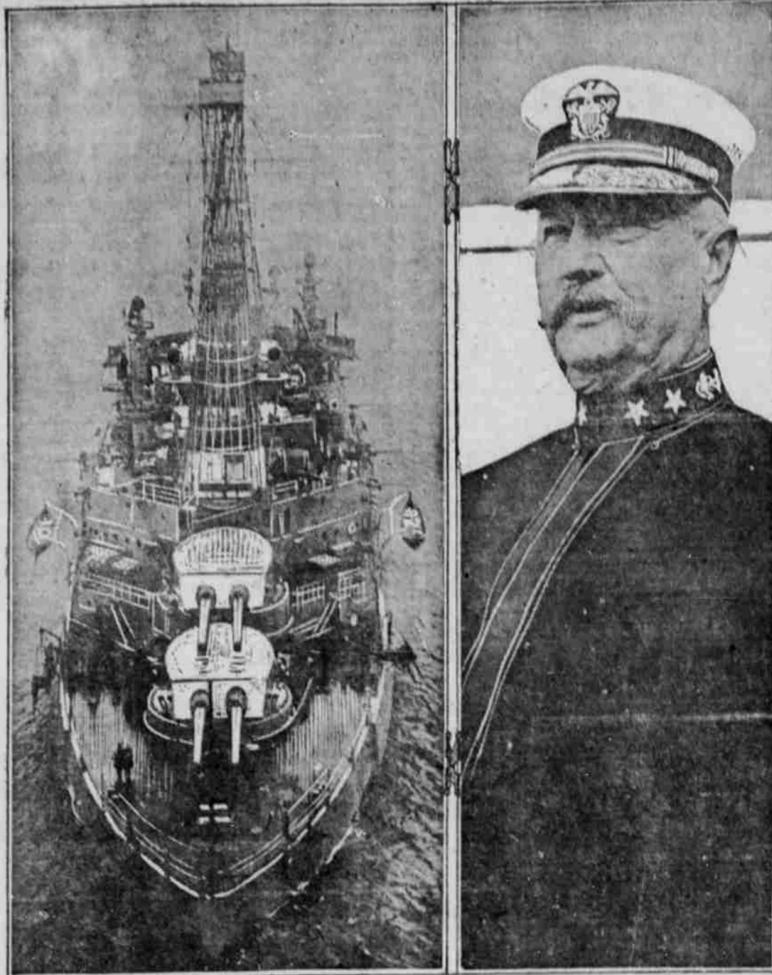
Flora of the Balkans.

The Balkans, in some respects the most repulsive region of Europe, is formerly one of the grandest. In Bulgaria especially it is possible to wander literally through miles of roses.

Wrong End First.

"Willie," said the infant's mother, signified by the sudden appearance of a rich relative. "Willie, dear, kiss your Uncle John and then go and wash your face at once."—London Telegraph.

Flagship and Commander of United States Fleet Designed to "Educate" Foreign Nations on Cruise.



Photos by American Press Association.

Unusual interest is being manifested in official circles at Washington in the cruise of the Atlantic fleet battleships to the Mediterranean. The cruise is a "courtesy trip," but it is being pointed out here that incidentally it will direct the attention of the world to two important facts. One is that American battleships in actual service are prepared to hold their own against any navy afloat except that of Great Britain, and that because of its geographical advantages the United States can dispatch its Dreadnoughts 3,000 miles from home shores without uneasiness. In addition to their present crews, the battleships carry 1,500 men from the naval training stations on the great lakes. One consignment of provisions for the ships includes 40,000 pounds of fresh beef and 120,000 dozen of fresh eggs. For the Mediterranean trip the battleships divided into three divisions, commanded by Rear Admirals Cameron, McR. Winslow, Frank F. Fletcher and Frank E. Beatty. Rear Admiral Charles J. Badger is in command of the entire fleet of nine battleships, and his flagship is the Wyoming. The Wyoming is shown, together with Rear Admiral Badger, in the accompanying illustration.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Mrs. L. W. Carpenter of Worcester, Mass., has celebrated her one hundred and seventh birthday. She is a member of the Michigan branch of the D. A. R.

Frau von Bohlen and Halbach, who was Bertha Krupp before her marriage and now the owner of the great Krupp gun works at Essen, Germany, is one of the richest women in the world. She is only twenty-six years of age, and her estimated wealth is \$100,000,000.

Frau Emilie Broome of Stockholm is said to be the best authority in Europe on the subject of continuation schools and is in charge of the schools of Stockholm, both as the head of the continuation schools and as supreme directress of the elementary schools of the city.

Professor Lillian J. Martin, on whom the honorary degree of doctor of philosophy has just been conferred by the University of Bonn, Germany, and said to be the first American woman to have received this distinction, is a member of the faculty of Stanford university, California.

Income Tax Quips.

Perhaps you belong to the class whose incomes are \$3,000 a year. Not—Chicago Tribune.

Has any one studied the income tax provisions to see whether the profits of absconding cashiers are sufficiently taxed?—Washington Star.

Press agents who write about the fabulous salaries of their stars will have to be more cautious when the income tax becomes operative.—Washington Post.

Still, a good many people would be willing to pay the 7 per cent upon it if some one would only provide them with the million dollar income.—New York World.

OLD BROAD CREEK CHURCH.

It is in Ruin Now, Yet Washington Once Worshiped There.

Within eight miles from the national capitol at Washington is an old church which was built in 1804. Its parish was founded even before that. Very few people have ever heard of this old church, for the simple reason that for the past fifty years the place has been falling to rack and ruin.

It is a famous church, and in the early days it was a well known parish, for it was the first that was founded near the city of Washington. Of late years the old families have all moved away, and their children have had interests elsewhere. They have all forgotten the little old church where their ancestors worshipped.

It was this church of St. John's that George Washington attended on his frequent visits to its side of the river. A few years back those old parishioners who could remember their father's stories of having seen Washington roved by his slaves over from Mount Vernon to service there, put on Washington's pew in the old church a silver plate as a memorial to him.

The old graveyard is overgrown with honeysuckle, but beneath the masses of vine there are many famous old Maryland people buried.

The church itself is a curious old structure. It is nearly square and the bricks, which are of exceptional size, were imported from England. The hardware was also imported.

There is no chance at all in the church. There is a place where the altar should be that is set apart from the church by a small rail. At one time there was a great high pulpit, but this was taken out by some rector who thought that it was unnecessary.—Living Church.

Lucky at That.

Man wants but little here below and seldom gets more than half of that.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Warranted to Work. "Your hardwood floors are always so exquisitely polished," said Mrs. Jones. "How do you manage it?" "Oh, I just put chamois rompers on the children and let them play in the house," responded Mrs. Brown.—Lippincott's.

Sponge Fishing.

Every boat engaged in the Jamaica sponge industry has a water glass or pane of glass inserted in the bottom of a box or bucket, through which the sponges are readily detected.

Sneaky.

Lawyer—Sneaky sort of man? What do you mean, sir? Witness—Well, see he's the sort of man that'll never look ye straight in the face until yer back's turned.

DECIDE YOURSELF

The Opportunity Is Here, Backed by Oregon City Testimony.

Don't take our word for it. Don't depend on a stranger's statement. Read Oregon City endorsement. Read the statements of Oregon City citizens. And decide for yourself.

Here is one case of it: F. H. Busch, Jr., hardware merchant, Main St., Oregon City, Oregon, says: "I had an acute attack of kidney and bladder trouble. I found no relief until I tried Doan's Kidney Pills. After I had used two boxes, I was well. I have never needed any kidney medicine since. I am glad to confirm the endorsement I gave Doan's Kidney Pills after I first used them."

The above statement must carry conviction to the mind of every reader. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—ask distinctly for Doan's Kidney Pills, the same that Mr. Busch had—the remedy backed by home testimony, 50c all stores, Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y. "When Your Back Is Lame—Remember the Name." (Adv.)

THREE WOMEN TESTIFY

To the Merit of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound during Change of Life.

Streator, Ill.—"I shall always praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound wherever I go. It has done me so much good at change of life, and it has also helped my daughter. It is one of the grandest medicines for women that can be bought. I shall try to induce others to try it."—Mrs. J. H. CAMPBELL, 206 N. Second St., W. S., Streator, Illinois.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"It was at the 'Change of Life' that I turned to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, using it as a tonic to build up my system, with beneficial results."—Mrs. SARA HAYWARD, 1825 W. Venango St., (Tioga) Phila., Pa.

San Francisco, Cal.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for many years whenever I would feel bad. I have gone through the Change of Life without any troubles and thank the Compound for it. I recommend it to young girls and to women of all ages."—Mrs. C. BARRIE, 3052 25th St., San Francisco, Cal.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

CLEARING LAKE OF WEEDS.

An Ingenious Device Used by the City of Harrisburg With Great Success.

Several years ago the city of Harrisburg, Pa., was greatly troubled by a lake about a mile long that formed in one of its principal parks owing to the completion of a flood control works. The ground submerged by the lake was a former swamp, and by the middle of the summer the lush grass, cat-o-nine tails and spatter dock had grown far above the surface of the water, seriously interfering with the passage of boats and canoes and giving the lake the general appearance of a neglected swamp.

The question was finally solved in a novel and very satisfactory manner. A weed saw was purchased at a small



THE LAKE BEFORE WEEDS WERE CUT.

expense and work begun at once. The weed saw was little more than a steel plate about one quarter of an inch wide having both edges stamped out to form thorn-like teeth. Upon this band at intervals of about fifteen feet were fastened lead weights to compel the saw to follow the contour of the bottom.

The method of operation consisted simply of dragging the saw back and forward from one end of the lake to the other. This was easily accomplished by hand lines attached to each end. One man stayed in the middle in a boat to clear the saw when it fouled, and two more were on flatboats near the bank to operate it.

The water surface involved was about 122 acres, and of this nearly 90 per cent was covered with the weeds. Since the first cutting no signs of the growth have reappeared.

Natural Result.

"Blinks is broke."

"That's why he looks all gone to pieces."—Baltimore American.

Heartless.

"That horrid woman broke up my home." "Took away your husband?" "No; the cook."—Baltimore American.

TO HASTEN TITLE TO OREGON CITY LOCKS

WASHINGTON, Dec. 2.—Papers relating to the transfer of the Oregon City locks are in the hands of the United States district attorney for Oregon, who has been instructed to expedite action if possible in obtaining a valid title for the government. Various minor defects in the title have been discovered, but it is believed by the department of justice these can be overcome without undue delay, although no definite prediction can be made of the date when the transaction will be completed.

PORTLAND, Dec. 2.—"But for the Conway-Richey case we would have completed our report on the abstract in the Oregon City locks matter," explained United States Attorney Reames. "The abstract was sent back to us from Washington and then we found it necessary to secure information from the war department and the P. R. L. & Power company. This information reached us just as we started on the present trial and the trial has taken all of our time day and night."

"As soon as the trial is completed we will resume work on the abstract of title and I hope that early next week the report will be ready to send back to the department of justice. A considerable portion of the property involved has been held by adverse possession and while there has never been any question raised, still, the title has not been absolutely clear and where there is so much money at stake every precaution must be exercised."

Heart to Heart Talks

By CHARLES N. LURIE

SUPPOSE—

Suppose you were forty-three years old.

Suppose that for almost twenty-seven years you had been a helpless cripple, with your joints becoming stiff and sore, so that movement slowly, but surely, became impossible.

Further, suppose that cure was out of the question.

If you could use only your right shoulder and the middle joints of two fingers on your right hand—

Do you think that you could write a book on patience?

Thomas F. Lockhart of Wellington, Mo., did so.

Lockhart is dead after years of suffering, but his example remains. Crippled and almost helpless, he penned the words which sold far and wide and brought him enough money to buy the house in which he lived and pay for a nurse.

You who have all your faculties unimpaired and yet complain that you have no chance, think of Lockhart! Think of Helen Keller; think of Laura Bridgman; reflect on Alexander Pope, most quoted of English poets except Shakespeare, a cripple from his early years; think of Charles Darwin, giant among scientists, working hard amid acute physical pains.

The world's history teems with such. The gasoline which makes the automobile engine go might be compared to the energy inherent in the human body, but without the oil which lubricates the engine's parts the machine could not go very far.

That is the function of patience. It acts as the oil to make the human machinery move swiftly and noiselessly to its goal.

It is well for us that we do not need so great an amount of patience as that which upheld Lockhart through his decades of suffering and which enabled the afflicted great of the world to do the work which made them famous.

Theirs was the patience to endure and to achieve. Most of us need only the faculty of waiting.

It is that of which Burroughs, the poet-naturalist, sings:

Screen I fold my hands and wait, Nor care for wind or tide or sea, I have no more 'gainst time or fate, For, lo, my own shall come to me!

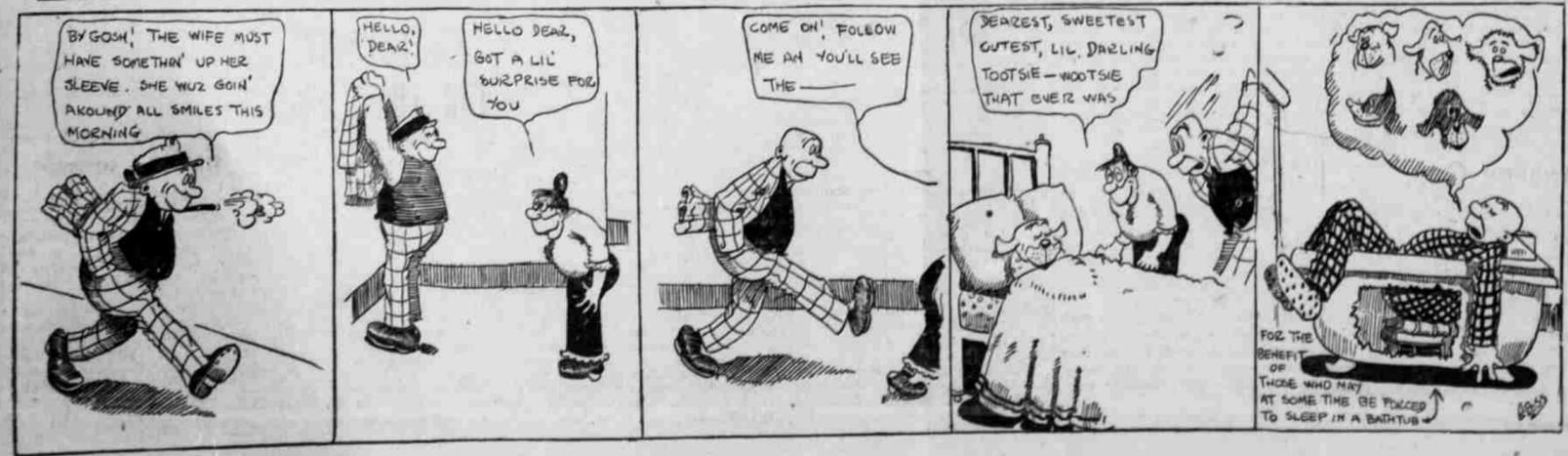
Reasonable.

Suburbanite—What didn't I give you a dime yesterday?

Willy Bo—Certainly you did, but how far can a man run his auto on a dime?—New York Globe.

MR. HENRY PECK AND HIS FAMILY AFFAIRS . . . By Gross

HENRY JR. SAYS



THESE IS DOG DAYS ALL RIGHT—FOR PAW HENRY PECK JR.