

THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN, PORTLAND, SEPTEMBER 2, 1906.



tails, water lilles, frogs and blood suckers, and a lot of corking things which country boys have to enjoy and which they know about as well as city boys know which vaudeville show has the best acrobats. But ponds are more fun than theaters, because at the ponds you do your own stunts instead of sit-ting still watching other men doing them. It doesn't take long to get tired of playing Indians when the other In-dian can throw a tommyhawk as straight and hard as Eggy can, even if you do take all the death wounds on your shins; so we took the cance and played voyagers. We went after water lilles and frogs, because Eggy knows how to akin and cook them over a fire. Water lilies were easy, but frogs are not where they were when you get there, so we paddled toward the end of the pond around the turn, where Eggy said it looked good and froggy. Legy said it looked good and troggy, and not to disturb them we paddled as quietly as we could. The rushes are high just before you get to the turn, and we heard voices before we could see around the point. I whispered "In-dians!" but Eggy whispered "Inamps!" and stored the boat to lister

low while he worked the cance deep into the rushes. Pretty soon we could see through, and there, over a fire, see through, and there, over a fire, were two tramps cooking a chicken. They seemed to be awfully interested in what they were saying and didn't hear us, though I thought they might have heard my heart beat, for it was thumping so loud it made me deaf. But Eggy listened close, and after a while he motioned to back, and we got to the far end of the pond before he said a word, and then he only whis-pered, "We must see your grandpa right away."

right away." I could see that there was something up, but I didn't ask what it was, for I was afraid that if I opened my lips at all I'd scream. We ran back to the house as fast as we could, and as soon as Eggy

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

"There was a man and he made his

## Other Rewards Than Money.

The Pilgrim, There recently passed away in New York a man who has won eminent suc-

cess, and yet he died in poverty. Brigadiar-General E. S. Sherrell was a military engineer. He it was who first surveyed the interoceanic canal routes across the the interoceanic canal routes across the Isthmus of Panama. He built the Hoosaic Tunnel and planned the construction of the Niagara suspension bridge. He was a Fellow of the American Academy of Sci-ences, was three times thanked by Con-gress, received nine medals and decora-tions, and lived to be 80 years of age. There are other compensations than money

The reputable actor regards the college lad apendthrift with pity not unmixed with contempt. The colleges patronized by the newly made multi-millionaires might well include in their text-books "A Life of Harry K. 'Thaw." It would be more effective than tomes of ordi-

alizing, clerical and lay, of late concerning the sort of thing that led Kipling to pen "The Vampire," and Burne-Jones to paint it. I do not know how much of it has been absorbed by the persons at whom it was directed-or seemed to be directed; perhaps they were doing some moralizing for themselves: However this may be, it is not going to do much good -this moralizing, I mean. Moralizing, as I look at it, is a subjective, intangible thing-the weapon of the casulat and the policy of aggression pursued by the soph-

soapsuds is applicable? What is the use, for instance, in dwelling on the folly of the brainy, brawny ironmaster or shipping merchant or banker or what not who rears his son in idleness, luxury, ease and that sort of "independence" that is the most slavish form of downright dependence? Fathers will go on making money and leaving it to sons as long as the world goes round. There's nothing in blaming dead fathers or in talking the Lecalogue to living, live-wire sons, Point out to the latter, when the chance comes, how others see them; that sort of ridi-

prodigal who, having proved himself a fat-headed calf, gets into trouble, to find that those on whom he had lavished his attentions and professed his utter lack of intentions are the ones who regard him with the most contempt? What sort of myopia is it that blinds an educated cultured young American or Englishman of today, when newspapers are served with the breakfast and other forms of the world's thought and experience with luncheon and dinner, to the fact that he is the antithesis of a hero in the eyes of the will-o'-the-wisps of the show-girl line

and the chorus? I think the very best thing that could happen to the jeunesse doree of today who haunt the stage doors of the town would be to organize themselves into a composite sort of eavesdropper and de-vote their collective energies to gather-

ing one scrap of good report about them-selves from all that is said of tham by their divinities of the footlights. But, I fear, all this has been said in