TO HADES IN AN AUTOMOBILE

Climbing the Heights of Hawaii's Mountains to Gaze Into the Burning Crater of Kilauea—Awe Inspiring Sight at Volcano's Rim

By Edwin P. Irwin.

TO HELL IN AN AUTOMOBILE! Don't look so shocked, good brother. It's not as bad as it sounds. I have no intention of being profane, and blasphemy is farthest from my thoughts. Neither, traveler of the cocktail route, is this the beginning of a diatribe against those who daily on the primrose path. I am not even an "autophobiac" seizing opportunity by the forelock to inveigh against speed madness and demand that laws be passed forbidding automobilists to use the public highways between the hours of 12 midnight and 11:59 p. m.

The phrase is one I heard a few days ago to describe the possibilities of a new road that is being built by the territory of Hawaii for the use of automobilists.

On the island of Hawaii, the largest of these composing the group known as the Hawaiian islands, is a great protuberance rising over 4,000 feet above the level of the sea—a kind of huge boil on the earth's surface. In the center of this mountain is a great cavity, scarred with heat, fire-chiseled, forbidding.

And in the center of the great cavity is a smaller, deeper pit, from whence arise clouds of smoke, sulphurous vapors, the sound of subterranean groans, explosions, the breath of Vulcan and his satellites.

READY FOR START TO THE VOLCANO.

A Look Into the Pit.

One standing at the edge of this pit and peering down into its writhing, swirling depths, catching glimpses now and then through the diabolic murk of the fitful gleam of fierce fires, starting back involuntarily as some sharp explosion sends huge, redhot boulders hurling high into the air, might well believe he were looking down through the mouth of hell. And indeed, the tourist who does not make some remark to that effect is rare.

The mountain is the volcano of Kilauea, and the pit in its great cavity is the crater of Halemaumau.

It is the proud boast of Hawaii that she has the only tame volcano in the world. Kilauea is always active, though not always to the same degree, and the crater is the most accessible of any volcano opening in the world. A railroad already runs from Hilo more than half way to the crater, and there is a fairly good carriage and automobile road to the Volcano house, the hotel at which all those who visit Kilauea must stop.

But from the Volcano House on to the crater of Halemaumau the trail leads over lava, winding in and out among the huge volcanic boulders and across yawning cracks. It is impassable for vehicles of any kind and the trip of about four miles must be made either on foot or on horseback.

But the Territory of Hawaii is working to change all this, and when the present operations are concluded and the gang of road builders now at work get through, there will be a broad, easy road for carriages and automobiles.

Built for Automobiles.

This road is being built expressly for the automobilists of Hawaii, and was designated as an "automobile road" by Acting Governor Atkinson when he first planned it. It is to run half way around the great crater and come up on the opposite side from the Volcano House. From its termination the traveler can sit comfortably in his car and gaze down into the awe-inspiring depths, or climbing out, can step upon a ledge of lava and look straight down hundreds of feet upon the eternal fires which burn fiercely below.

This enterprise undertaken by the island government for the benefit of the knights of the spark plug is illustrative of the importance of the brotherhood in Hawaii.

The territory is small in point of numbers. There are not many over 150,000 in the territory, and of these the whites number not much more than 6,000 to 8,000, the larger portion of whom live in the city of Honolulu. Yet in Honolulu alone there are 200 automobiles. Many of these are big six-cylinder cars, seating six or seven persons. The smaller and cheaper machines are comparatively few in number. In proportion to its white population, the territory probably has a larger number of motor cars than any other state or territory in the union.

Money in Sugar.

And there is a reason for this, two reasons, in fact. One is that the per capita wealth among the whites is inordinately large. It takes money to own and operate sugar plantations, and those who do own and operate them make money.

The second and more important reason is that no country in the world offers better opportunities for getting pleasure out of a car or has roads of such scenic beauty.

The island of Oahu, on which is situated the city of Honolulu where most of the automobile owners live, is not great in extent. There is a good road running all the way around it, and the circuit of the island can be made in from four to five hours. To many this island is considered the most beautiful of the group.

On the eastward it is grim, bare and forbidding. The mountains rise sheer from the narrow plain that skirts the sea, the sides gaunt and inaccessible except at a few points.

But on the westward side everything is green. The mountains themselves are clothed with verdure the year round to their very summits.

About five miles from Honolulu, and reached by a broad, well-cared-for road, is the Pali. There are many palis in Hawaii, for the word in the native language means precipice. But when one speaks of the Pali it means only one place, the gap in the mountains that bisect the island.

To attempt a description of this place would be presumptuous. Some have attempted it and usually torn up the paper after they surveyed the result. One looks back down the road already traversed and sees lying below him the long slope leading to Honolulu, with the city itself sprawling languidly beneath the summer sun at the edge of the harbor, while beyond is the Pacific, intensely blue, limitless, sun-kissed.

A Great Precipice.

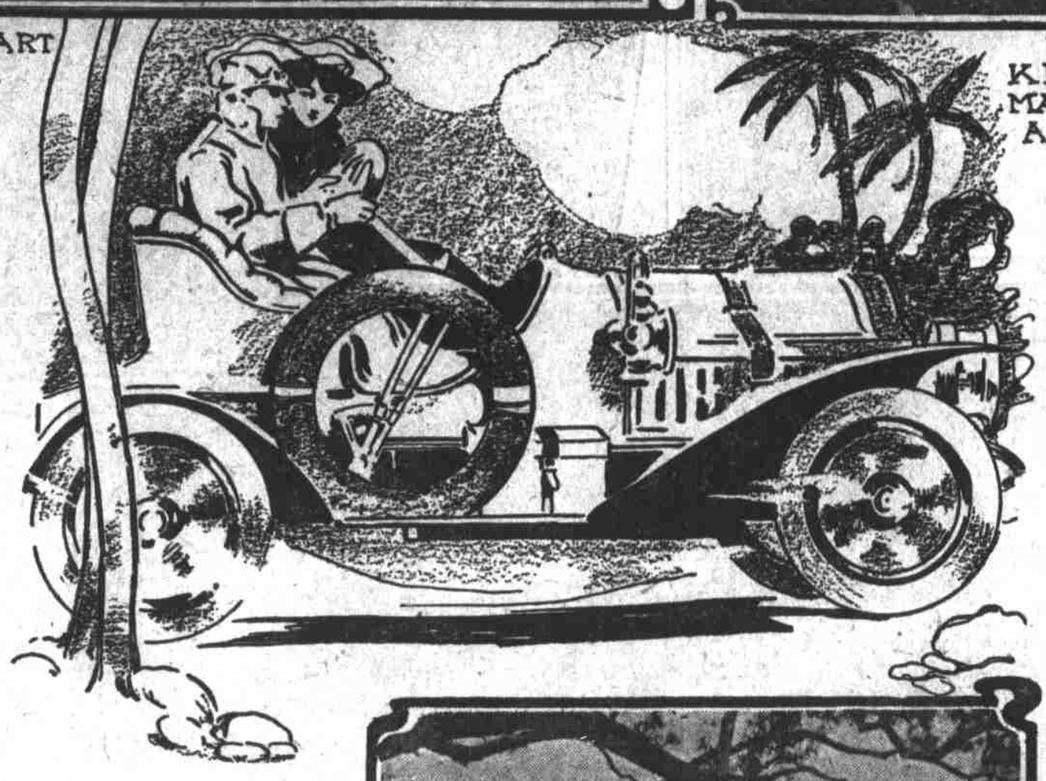
On the other side one looks down 2,000 feet sheer to the plain below, dotted here and there with the green of rice fields and taro patches. Clumps of cocoanut palms rise at irregular intervals, or fields of bananas wave their torn fronds in the strong trade wind. And beyond, on that side, too, is the sea, 2,000 miles of blue Pacific lying between the island and the mainland.

The chief beauty of the scene, however, lies in the multitudinous colors and shades of color. One good at distinguishing slight variances in shade can see as many as 20 different greens, with innumerable reds, blues, yellows and purples.

This is not intended as a description. It is only to give a slight and inadequate idea of one of the scenes upon which the automobile enthusiast of Hawaii can look any day in the year.

And it is only one of many. The road leads through rustling sugar cane, past rice fields with the tiny sprigs of green rising from the silver water; through banana patches, past clumps of cocoanut palms. Half naked children, Hawaiian, Chinese, Japanese, sprawl happily in the dirt of the road, to be hastily gathered up by frightened mothers and hustled out of harm's way. One sees broad-horned water buffalo dragging plows through swampy rice land, bare-legged Chinese patiently toiling in their fields.

At Waialua, at the northern point of the island, there is a first-class hotel, where the dusty traveler may get a good meal and something to wash the grime of the road out of his throat before starting back down the other side of the island. The road is an excellent one, leading past or through the principal sugar plantations of Oahu, by Pearl Harbor, where the United States government is to construct immense fortifications and a great navy yard, and on into Honolulu once more.



VOLCANO OF KILAUEA WHICH MAY BE VISITED BY AUTOMOBILES.

Wild, Grand Scenery.

On the other islands the scenery is wilder and grander, if not more beautiful. On Maui and Hawaii the roads wind along the face of rugged mountains or descend sharply into deep valleys above which tower the menacing walls of grim precipices. And almost always the sea is in sight, the broad, sparkling summer sea of Hawaii.

Of course, there are races. But these are rarely speed races. They generally take the form of endurance tests, which allows everybody who owns a machine to participate. Last Thanksgiving day the automobilists celebrated by holding a tournament in which fancy driving was one of the special features.

Taken all in all, Hawaii is a Paradise for the automobilist. But he can also make a short visit to Hades if he wishes to.

And the trip is not a difficult one to make, either. You put yourself and your automobile aboard the steamer at Honolulu at noon one day and you get into Hilo the afternoon of the next day, a distance of about 150 miles. From Hilo the distance to the crater is about 23 miles. The road is not at all a difficult one, and it winds up the mountain through a tropical fairyland. Overhead ohia trees spread their branches between the traveler and the hot sun of Hawaii, and in their shade grow ferns to seemingly impossible proportions. Some of them are 20 or 30 feet in height, with all the proportions of full grown forest trees. Others are dainty little things, nestling in the shade of their bigger relatives.

Red Fires of Earth.

And yet but a few miles beyond one can gaze down through swirling, sulphurous clouds of choking smoke to where the red fires of the earth's interior flicker and glow, and the shackled Titan's bellow in impotent rage. When the road now being built is completed, which will probably be some time this summer (1908), the automobilist will be able to drive his machine to the very edge of the crater, and if he is careless drop his monkey wrench off into the cauldron of Madame Pelee.

Every year on Washington's birthday, when most of the states of the union are still wrapped in ice and snow, Honolulu holds a floral parade. In this the automobiles play the principal part.

This year the parade was the finest that has ever been held. A long string of automobiles were in line, each magnificently decorated with flowers. One machine, which took second prize in the contest, had twenty-one thousand violets distributed over it. Others were decked out with roses; some with flowers to be found only in Hawaii. For there is no winter in Hawaii. The automobilist can use his machine every day in the year. There is no snow to block the roads, and even the rains do not render them impassable.

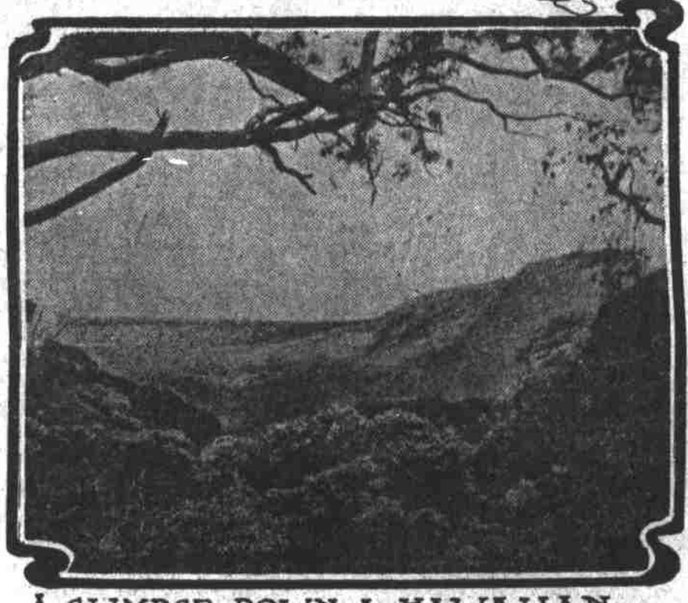
One of the finest automobile roads in the world is that connecting Lahaina with Wailuku. Both are on the island of Maui. Lahaina is on the sea coast, while Wailuku is inland and at a considerably higher elevation. The road, which is always in perfect condition, winds along the edge of a precipice at the bottom of which the sea foams on rugged rocks. One looks down hundreds of feet at the water below. The horizon is where sea and sky touch one another.

Men who have motored over the Alpine passes of Italy say that there is nothing in that country which can compare with the view from this mountain road.

More Than Mere Plaything.

The automobile is more than a plaything in Hawaii. In some parts of the islands the mail carriers use automobiles to carry Uncle Sam's letters into the interior valleys. Plantation managers use machines very generally for getting over their large estates, finding this the speediest and most practical way of covering the territory which they must traverse each day.

In Honolulu, with a population of 40,000, the most of whom are Japanese and Hawaiians who do not belong to the automobile class, 100 machines were sold during the year 1907. If there is any city elsewhere of the same population which can beat this record, it has still to be heard from.



A GLIMPSE DOWN A HAWAIIAN VALLEY FROM THE ROAD.

EAT WHAT YOU LIKE

By Clara Reese

TUT! Tomatoes might, in the course of time, take a spurt and generate the can, but not cancer.

If you are fond of tomatoes as an edible, go ahead and gratify your appetite. This thing of eliminating from the diet list every food the palate and stomach craves for, just because some libel is going the rounds with the object of placing a ban on a hitherto harmless dish and product, is carried to extremes sometimes, just as in the case of foods labeled as digestible and indigestible and the latter stricken off in order to secure a so-called peace offering for the digestive organs.

But it is down right mean and as annoying as possible when it comes to insinuating that this good vegetable or that appetizing product are the only ones responsible for generating specific disorders. Unless the chemists or physicians tell you so in no uncertain tones, don't believe one half you hear about various good things bringing on evils and shortening the days.

You know what is right for your taste and stomach and system. You know without being told what it is that brings on headache, heartburn, heaviness in the "pit" of the stomach and various aches and pains or distressing symptoms. You know what to eat and drink to obtain recuperation to build up your strength and to make you feel good.

And you know precious well the foods and drinks from which you should abstain, and you know that excess in eating and drinking is all wrong, and you know the product against which your stomach or palate rebels. If you have been jogging along all your life on a taste of tomatoes now and then—a taste which you have enjoyed—and if you have no complaint in the way of sickness and no embargo by the physician obtains, and if you never in your life heard of a cancerous condition being generated through the eating of tomatoes, for pity's sake don't throw the vegetable to the garbage simply on account of senseless gossip! And do not give up salt as a seasoning because another libel declares that it is an evil, and do not deprive your morning coffee of sugar and cream, and do not insist on a poached egg always, and no other style, lest the white plague lurks.

Eat a fair, square meal, and tomatoes thrown in, whenever you like. The doctor's orders only give preference. Don't you know that, according to the doctrines of some sects, to entertain fear is equivalent to the evil feared to be brought to pass. Now, that is a nice situation to contemplate—namely, that the minute you read or hear of the behavior of your good old standby, tomatoes, hereafter you will feel the cancer sprout some place in your anatomy.

Banish fear of all sorts, simply because it is of no value. Fear never helps a cause; fear never vanquishes an enemy; fear never makes a stout heart, a level head and a strong body. Fear lops off the good things of life, happiness, progress, tomatoes, candy. Even the commandment to "fear God" is interpreted by Christians as meaning "love God," and it has far more weight and efficacy in the rule of conduct than in its suggestiveness of being afraid. At any rate, perfect love casts out fear.

Go ahead and eat your little saucedish of tomatoes when tomatoes are on the table. Eat the stew, bread crumbs, butter, pepper and salt, and sometimes a clove or two or a small dash of sugar. Eat your tomatoes stewed or raw—don't be afraid any more than you used to be!

AMBITION—By Mrs. John A. Logan

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INSATIABLE ambition has ever been the most fruitful of all human endowments. A child who inherits ambition will never fail to accomplish something in life. The unceasing prodding of ambition stimulates its possessor to unflagging industry, which is an indispensable requisite for the development of every God-given talent. It is a curious fact that almost without exception the being to whom ambition has been given is born to poverty and hardship, seemingly to emphasize its triumphs over obstacles that invariably lie in the pathway to all achievement.

The world would be poor indeed but for ambition. If all men were satisfied to perform the duties of a daily grind, or were contented with obsolete methods, we should not have made the progress that greeted the twentieth century and which is hourly being enhanced by the marvelous discoveries of ambitious men who continue to be indefatigable in investigation and experiment. Take Edison for example. But for the ambition that was inborn in the "Wizard of Menlo Park," civilization would be centuries behind what it is today. Probably a thousand patents stand to his credit in the patent office, each one of incalculable benefit to the human race. He was a newsboy on the Michigan section of the Grand Trunk railroad before he had reached his teens. Few of his patrons saw in him the future master of electricity, the limitless power that is to play so conspicuous a part in the future advancement of material things and solution of mysterious problems of nature. His persistent labors in overcoming the difficulties that are unavoidable in developing great theories and conceptions have been prodigious and could not have been accomplished had his ambition not been backed by great physical strength and unbending will.

Abraham Lincoln was moved by a righteous ambition, or he could never have risen from the rail-splitter to the chief executive of our great nation and become the liberator of a race held in bondage by the chains of slavery.

Garfield and McKinley were illustrations of the power of ambition to break the shackles of poverty and adverse environment and win imperishable laurels for their services to their fellowmen.

In the fields of science, Professors Agassiz, Henry, Baird and a score of others prove the power of ambition to raise its possessor to eminence.

In history, a long list of immortals like Bancroft, Swift, Channing, and a host of others might be named, proving that the midnight oil has been burned at the behest of ambition.

In literature, art and music, we might give an innumerable list of famous victors who have conquered almost insuperable barriers through the promptings of a worthy ambition which has for its object the betterment and happiness of all men.

There is no statute of limitations to the possibilities of a laudable ambition if "all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's, thy God's, and truth's." There can never be an occasion when one should fling away ambition.

TAFT, STATESMAN AND PEACEMAKER—Continued From the First Page of This Section

whom he must antagonize still friendly to him and friendly to the nation whose representative he is.

Again and again, under stress of the most trying dilemma, I have seen Secretary Taft display those qualities of discernment, of courage, of convincing sincerity and of unfailing tact which mark the unusual alliance of diplomacy with statesmanship.

How much such a man can mean to his compatriots in the years to come may very well be left to them to plan; but how much he has meant for us in the recent past I can testify to from my daily observation.

His evidences of practical diplomacy and of practical statesmanship were given to the world very early in that period of our national apprenticeship to the art of the one and the science of the other.

There was no more thorny problem ever presented to any nation than that of the friars' lands in the Philippines. They owned property valued at $7,200,000, with their title as indisputable by the government as the collection of their revenues was disputed by the natives. It was a local source of irritation that could never abate, one which meant endless annoyance—possibly, continual turbulence.

To cut a Gordian knot which was tied up inextricably with a territory where Mohammedan slaveholders jostled pagan barbarians and Christianity was still too far the courier of a working civilization, Mr. Taft betook himself to the Vatican, the most ancient seat of religion in Europe and the most punctilious of courts.

It was his mission to carry out the most drastic modern labor of statecraft through diplomacy with the world's most experienced and most admired diplomat. In Pope Leo XIII he encountered a personage whose extreme age, endowed with the wisdom of a mind brilliantly intellectual, was habituated to the utmost refinements of diplomatic usage.

His stay on the ground endured for six weeks, during which he had two interviews with the pope. The whole trouble, finally and definitely brushed away by the purchase of the friars' holdings, was forever laid at rest—and the impression of absolute honesty and completely resourceful tact, made in the vatican during that trying visit, remains unefaced today. I heard only recently one of the most prominent of Catholic prelates in this country remark that, in the Vatican they talk of no one else, when they speak of Americans, but Mr. Taft and his visit to Rome.

That was a task, which, the policy of his country being laid down, called chiefly for the qualities of the diplomat—such qualities as every leader of his party in the United States doubted it possible to have been born in any one man, when Mr. Taft undertook his journey.

In the negotiations bearing upon our treaty with Panama, and in the settlement of Cuba's nascent civil war, constructive statesmanship of the highest order was demanded and supplied.

The people of Panama, all the stronger before the tribunals of the world and our own national conscience for their inherent helplessness, caviled at our treaty, resented it as unjust, and dreaded it as destructive of their little commerce. It was one of those small jobs that are hardest to handle.

It went to Mr. Taft, the man of national tasks; and he went at it as he goes at all of them.

He made himself familiar with the people on their own ground; he made them familiar with him; he made them familiar with the true spirit and the true intent of the government he represented.

And he made, too, a supplementary treaty which, proved, with uncompromising practicality, the sincerity of the good faith animating the American people.

Panama, the despair of the state department's diplomacy, became the constant tribute to Mr. Taft's personality. Today his simple statement to the people of Panama suffices; they rely, without question, upon his word and his advice.

Cuba, that concrete proof of a national magnanimity which has remained the incredible wonder of foreign statecraft, still endures as a memorial to the man who could make anew a nation plunged in anarchy.

He went to Cuba when its people were in arms against one another, with the arms loaded and the fingers on the trigger. He might have domineered, for the right and the provocation were sufficient.

Instead, he reconciled. Cuba's domestic war ended before it had fairly begun, with a working basis established between the contentious factions that was in itself a triumph of statesmanship, and with a peaceful acquiescence in orderly government which is still the admiration of Cuba.

The retirement of the United States, in February next, from its supervision of the island's affairs will be fresh evidence of the absence of territorial greed from the nature of the American people: but it will be a more impressive evidence of the constructive statesmanship displayed by the man who plucked the island from anarchy's brink and saved it to renewed peace, order and prosperity.

The period which has elapsed since the United States essayed, so reluctantly, the administration of the Philippines, is too brief to permit forgetfulness of the herculean labor wrought in those islands by the herculean body, brain and soul that make up the personality of Mr. Taft.

Only a big man, physically as well as intellectually, and big-hearted as well, could have survived the indefatigable labor of that task; and even him it broke down at last. He was a federal judge, winning distinguished honors in his chosen career when President McKinley told him he desired to send him to the Philippines.

"But," Mr. Taft rejoined, "I have thought from the first that we do not need the Philippines—that we can get along very well without them."

"So have I," was the prompt reply of the president. "But we have them now, and we must take care of them. I want you to assist in setting up the civil government."

Judge Taft, with a career of the most enviable distinction to be abandoned and with an undertaking of the most dubious promise to essay, gave himself to his country's service—because his country needed him, because he loved a great and difficult undertaking, and because he had the mind in him to see the plight from which he could rescue millions of human beings, and a heart in him to feel the urgency of their need.

It took a man who loved his fellowmen to dedicate years of his highest vitality to the millions of "little brown men" in the Pacific that were so heartily wished out of existence by millions of big white men along the Atlantic. If it was diplomacy for him to dance the rigadoon with the tiny belles of the archipelago, it was a diplomacy too energetic for ninety-nine Americans out of a hundred who are past 30 years of age.

If it was statecraft in the raw that induced him to make interminable trips and to hold interminable audiences in the effort to learn precisely what the Filipinos thought, while letting them know precisely what he thought, it was statecraft of the kind that made rulers in the years before republics could command such service from governors.

The born statesman is the born welfare maker. Drive him too hard, and war may appeal to him as the lesser evil; but his instinct is invariably for peace, production and prosperity.

Whether he be a Gladstone or a Lincoln, a Blaine or a McKinley, he will dedicate to the people in whom his interest in aroused all the qualities that should afford him, in private life, such riches for himself.

No nation and no province has enjoyed such an unselfish dedication of energy, courage and tact for the making of their welfare as the Filipinos have received from the man who told President McKinley he thought we could get along very well without them.

When, at the price of a breakdown in health that usually ends the career of a public official, he had accomplished for us what was the failure of generations of Spanish administrators, whose intent was often better than the world has given them credit for—when he had replaced with permanent, productive peace the centuries of chronic war—his devotion to the welfare of his adventitious proteges did not lapse. The burden of their tariffs, throttling them in their every new, unskilled effort at betterment of their hapless condition, has ever since appealed to him.

His humanity—or, to speak precisely, his humaneness—makes him dislike conflict. And it is that very humaneness which has prevented him from letting go the grip he took some years ago, on the struggle to make the tariff weigh more lightly on the Filipinos.

His method of campaign, in a conflict that has been characterized by political fighting as vigorous as American legislation has ever witnessed, was typical of the great statesman who is, bred in the bone, the fair fighter.

All the enemies in congress of the policy he advocated in the Philippines were notified of the tour of observation in the islands, and the most inveterate of them were induced to be his companions in the journey.

That was very big statecraft; but it was greater diplomacy. It was diplomacy so great that the most dire disaster was prophesied for its outcome. And the outcome was the conversion to his views of nearly all the opponents from congress who accompanied him.

Yet the achievements made in the impression of his views upon his opponents during that tour, remarkable as they were, remain less notable than the truly statesmanlike results he won in the supreme tests abroad, springing up as emergencies and demanding the nicest skill, combined with the firmest courage and the broadest judgment.

Japan, just emerging from a frightful conflict, fairly exhausted of men and treasure, was keenly desirous of finding out how the United States would view her possible occupation of Korea; she was, indeed, vitally concerned, for she could not tell how Germany would regard it.

The Japanese could talk to Mr. Taft, for no man in the United States knew so well the aspects of a problem allied to the problems of our Philippines. They did talk to him; and he, by cable, talked to President Roosevelt. I have no doubt that Mr. Taft's stop in Japan was an important factor and aid to his chief in bringing about the eventful peace settlement.

In China, Shanghai and Hongkong were alive with complaint over the stringent application of our immigration laws in San Francisco. It was the statesman whose investigations had confirmed the justness of some of those complaints; it was the diplomat, whose frank promise of amendment left China friendly where it had been irritated.

Within the month that was passed in the Philippines, events had outdone the good his presence had wrought with those two great nations of the orient. When a little later we returned to Hongkong the boycott was rampant; there had been murders in Canton, and notices were up menacing Americans.

The senators and congressmen in the party held a council of war, to decide on the weapons they needed for the visit to Canton, where the taotai was to dine us. Consul-General Bragg pleaded that the secretary go under the guard of 100 marines. The secretary smiled very positively and explained very positively that he was going as the invited guest of a friendly nation; he needed no marines to insult the hospitality of China.

And with that he went to Canton and laid down the law of our friendship to the Chinese as positively as he had laid down the law of Chinese friendship to us. He told them what the United States would demand of China, and what, in view of the traditional friendship of the two countries, she would insistently expect. That was just sheer courage and nerve, and the consciousness of right.

We came back through Japan at a time when the popular disgust with the peace treaty was most rife and later Secretary Taft, accompanied only by his wife, child, private secretary and myself, returned to Japan, on his way to open the Philippine assembly, at the time when the Japanese were claiming school rights here equal to those of other nations; when our Pacific coast labor was most hostile to Japanese labor immigration, and when a number of American papers were demanding that we sell the Philippines. And the secretary and his party, when they disembarked in Japan, were made the personal guests of the emperor.

That visit to Japan was designed to be nothing more than a stop on our way to the Philippines; the secretary protested that he came simply in his capacity of a private citizen. Yet the emergency was there, and it was no more to be evaded than the secretary was the man to evade it.

Within an afternoon, in a talk with Count Hyashi, Japan's shrewd minister of foreign affairs, the difficulty of the Japanese government in its relations with its own people, because of the proposed reciprocal exclusion of laborers by the two countries, was made manifest.

Japan could not make virtual admission of racial inferiority. Secretary Taft showed—and surely no more important issue has been decided by such statesmanlike diplomacy—that the Japanese government could bring about by executive action all that was contemplated in the treaty provision—it could exclude Japanese from the United States by refusing to give passports.

This readiness of resource goes hand in hand with an ample firmness and a bold courage such as he displayed shortly afterward in China when he delivered in Shanghai the message of cheer to Americans there that told them their country was their protector, and told China of America's attitude as her friend.

Every point at issue between the two countries was cleared away in that address, and the world and every nation in it knew where America stood.

Today, thanks to the need which the emergencies of the new century created with its birth, this nation, now in truth upon the threshold of its ultimate greatness—a greatness from which, however reluctant we may be to tread the splendid vista, we cannot retreat—possesses one man in whom the attributes are vested which qualify him for the post of foremost counselor and guide.

BARNARD MASCOTS.

Roosters and China Dogs and Real Dogs as Emblems.

From the New York Sun.

Barnard girls have always had the greatest faith in mascots, and one of the most important tasks of each class as it enters college is the selection of some good luck emblem.

The custom was started by the class that entered in 1901. In some out of the way corner of Europe one of the girls discovered a hideous little china dog that had a wide and foolish grin on his face and huge tears rolling down his cheeks. One of the ears was folded back on his head, and the shape of his body was like nothing ever seen on any living animal.

When this concoction was exhibited in the class study 1905 fell in love with him on sight. Straightway they hailed him as the presiding genius, and from that time on "1905's dog," as he was called for want of another name, was present at every class meeting, every class party and every athletic struggle that came along.

When the time came for 1906 to choose a mascot they naturally wanted to outdo the originality of their predecessors, and their final choice was a gargoyle from Lincoln Cathedral which one of the girls had brought from England the year before. There was no doubt that 1906 had been outdone, but the older girls accused the younger ones of copying, and the gargoyle never made the hit that was expected of him.

It remained for 1907 to strike out in an entirely new direction. This class came to college with great enthusiasm, and to symbolize their attitude toward life they chose a gamecock as their mascot. He was as red as the class flower, the jack rose, and to help matters along the rooster was named Rosey as soon as the girls had seen him. He lived with one of the squatters just across the street from the college buildings, and between classes the members of 1907 would run over to see how their pet was getting on.

The moment when 1907 could be proudest of its mascot was in the triumphal parades after some hard won athletic victory. Two of the tallest girls would put a pole through the ring on Rosey's cage and carry him proudly through the college halls as the advance guard. And Rosey never failed his stanch admirers. Excited by the shouts and singing all about him, he would let off one lusty crow after another.

But even in adversity Rosey was a solace to his class, for when things went the wrong way with 1907 they could often be heard in the class study singing a song which began:

"His name is Rosey,
His name is Rosey.
The bravest cock that Barnard ever knew;
It is no wonder,
When blamed for blunder,
We love to hear his cock-a-doodle-doo."

Rosey's end was very sad indeed, for one fall when college opened again the girls discovered that the squatter who boarded their beloved mascot had disappeared, and Rosey with him.

The class of 1908 chose a scarab to bring them good luck in their college career, and 1909, the present junior class, in spite of the cruel ending of 1907's mascot, also chose an animal, a big white bulldog by the name of Bob.

The class of 1910, sophomores now, are a very dignified class, in spite of their youth, and nobody was surprised when they chose a wise old owl as their class emblem and mascot.

MILLION AT EUCHRE.

Game Between Miners for Share in an Australian Claim.

From the British Australian.

Some interesting reminiscences of the late George McCulloch, formerly chairman of the Broken Hill Proprietary company, recall the story of a game of cards in which he staked and lost an interest which, subsequently returned something like a million sterling.

Mr. McCulloch was the manager and part owner of Mount Gipps station, on which Broken Hill is situated, when Charles Rasp pegged out that outcrop, and he joined with Rasp and other station hands in forming the original syndicate of seven to finance the working of the claim.

Mr. McCulloch was the hero of the famous game of cards with a young fellow named Cox for a share in the claim. By this time the syndicate had been enlarged to 14 shares. McCulloch wanted £200 for a fourteenth, and Cox offered £100. Imagine that for an interest which has since returned well toward a million!

The pair haggled, for McCulloch, like a true Scotchman, liked to drive a bargain. Eventually he came down to £180 and Cox went forward to £120. McCulloch was still obdurate, but at last proposed a game of euchre to settle matters. The terms were that if Cox won he was to get the share for £120. If McCulloch was the victor he was to be paid £180. McCulloch lost.

Any Takers?

And now the smart boy grad
A job doth seek,
His learning may be had
For two per week.