

## THAT YUMA FELLOW

By ESTHER LEARLE DOBYNS.

"There isn't a man or a horse in the country that I can't tame," boasted old Squire Haines.

"Hosses, yes, squire, we admit that," said Rancher Joe. "but you don't know the Yumas. That specimen you just saw shoot up the town, Izu, is mild compared to some of them. He did no harm. When he does, why—" and the drawing speaker touched the butt of a revolver at his hip pocket significantly, "we plug 'em."

"Yes, that's all right. I know your way of action when you get ready to drop on a man, but this Yuma fellow terrorizes the women and children with his wild ways and talk, and gives a bad name to the town."

"Oh, well, he comes down here only about once a month, has his spree, gets rid of his exuberant spirits and takes care not to be so outrageous that the sheriff nabs him."

"I could cure him—make him gentle as a lamb," declared the squire. "I'd be a work of charity—see?"

"You couldn't," disputed Joe. "Once a Yuma always a Yuma."

"Bet you a hundred dollars!" challenged Haines. "I reckon you've forgotten that I've been a second Rarey with horses."

"I don't. You were a crackerjack at that back in our home town."

"And when they elected me justice of the peace, didn't I about reform the town?"

"I'll give you that credit," assented Joe, "although some of the criminals you let up on played you to a finish. Yumas, though, are born with a raging devil inside of 'em. You can't reach 'em, squire. Don't try."

"Do you take my bet?" persisted Haines.

Joe looked speculative. He viewed his old-time friend with intense study. Finally he drew a roll of bills from his pocket.

"Done," he announced definitely, "provided—"

"Well?"

Honest, artless Joe began to blush and stammer. Finally he blurted out:



A Flying Human Terror.

"That sister of yours—Hermia. You know I was spooney on her, squire, ten years since back home. Now she comes West with you on your visiting trip to old friends, and she's the same blooming rose. I'm a timid, modest man, squire, and know I ain't half good enough for her, but I'm better and richer than I was when I proposed to her in the old days and got turned down. Sure you haven't any objection to me as a brother-in-law, squire?"

"Me? I should say not, Joe!"

"Then let the bet go this way: If you lose you are to sort of take my part and bring the proposal up to Hermia in a delicate way. Sort of break the ice—see?" pressed Joe anxiously.

"Why, I'll do it anyway, Joe!" cried the squire heartily. "All right. The bet goes on that basis."

Haines fancied he was a great reader of human nature. At heart he was the most humane soul ever lived. He had a theory of persuasive kindness as to the treatment of the weak, misguided and criminal. He had, in fact, done great philanthropic good in his time. Animals loved him, and he was really a wonderful horse trainer. He had started some unfortunates on a new and better path. Now, with his sister staying for a week at the little Oklahoma border town, he had noted the wayward Yuma, Izu, and had resolved to "reform" him.

He managed to send word to Izu, down at the Yuma reservation, that he wished to buy some of the pretty shell-work of the native women.

It was two days later when a long-haired, bronze-faced man came to his door. At once Haines decided it was Izu, and so he was accepted by the town in general. This Yuma, however, did not at once make for the settlement saloons, where he should have been best known. Mild, smiling, clear-headed and well behaved, he somewhat astonished Haines.

He bought a whole cartload of shell and beaded stuff, which the squire purchased at a good figure. Then he

invited Izu to stay with him for a week.

"I want you as a guest," he managed to make the native understand "You are a fine, sensible specimen of humanity, and I want to reform you from wasting your time in drink."

"No drink. Glad to stay," declared the Yuma, and the town marveled. Never a more circumspect Yuma visited the place. He sauntered about, genial and sober, enjoying the goodly fare he was awarded free of charge.

"Well, I've lost my bet," acknowledged Rancher Joe, coming to the hotel one day, where Haines and his protegee were.

"Cured him, eh?" chuckled the squire.

"Never saw or heard anything like it," said Joe, "why,"—staring at the docile Yuma—"he's gentle as a kitten."

"Kindness—my system, see?" exulted Haines. "About Hermia, Joe—I've spoken to her."

"You have?"

"Yes, and—suppose you drop in on us this evening?"

"She—"

"Nothing!" interrupted the squire, peremptorily. "I don't guarantee anything, nor do I know her mind. I do know, though, that she's delighted to see her old reckless, harum-scarum lover a man of principle and ambition. She's getting on the shady side of girlhood, so—"

"Say, I'll be here, don't worry!" spoke Joe, all a-flutter. "Reckon I'll square up on that bet now."

Joe took out his pocketbook. He proceeded to select some bank bills. A sharp, sudden sound from the street distracted his attention.

"What's that?" he challenged.

"Ha!" ejaculated the Yuma.

They all rushed to the window. Bang! bang!—a piercing series of blood-curdling yells, a flying human terror mounted on a mettled mustang—Izu broke loose, on a rampage, and shooting up the town!

At the real Izu, a devastating Tartar, and then at the bland, peaceful counterfeit Izu, Haines stared, agape.

"I yum!" gasped the squire, breathlessly.

"Cured!" snickered Joe, catching on.

"Bruder—my bruder, Izu," explained Orvu, artlessly, pointing after the vanishing human cyclone on horseback.

"A put-up job!" muttered the squire.

"I think not," demurred Joe. "The peaceful one came on his peaceful mission. They must be twins, and you accepted him as Izu. He fell easily into the situation. Don't blame him."

"Say—I'll double the amount I've lost if you'll keep quiet at home about my wonderful cure out here."

"At home? Why, I'm not going to write to your home town about this little circumstance, good joke that it is."

"No, but you may blab when you get there—"

"Get there? Why, who's going back with you?"

"I think you are, if you mind your p's and q's with Hermia," grinned the squire, and he poked Joe in the ribs.

"You hit it right!" fairly radiated Joe that evening, after a delightful hour in Hermia's company, and returning the poke in the ribs with interest.

"And I'm the happiest man in Oklahoma—or out of it, either!"

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Thoughtful Husband.

He was walking along the street with a new snow shovel on his shoulder when he met an acquaintance who asked:

"Why, Mr. Baron, you can't be looking for snow this week?"

"No sir, not this week," was the reply.

"Nor yet this month?"

"No, not hardly."

"I should say it would be two months before you would have need of that shovel."

"Yes, about two months."

"But you got it at a bargain, perhaps?"

"No, sir, no bargain. In fact I paid ten cents extra to get it so far ahead of time."

"If I give my wife time in which to get used to the sight of it, there won't be any sudden shock when she comes to use it!"

Flowers Soothe the Nerves.

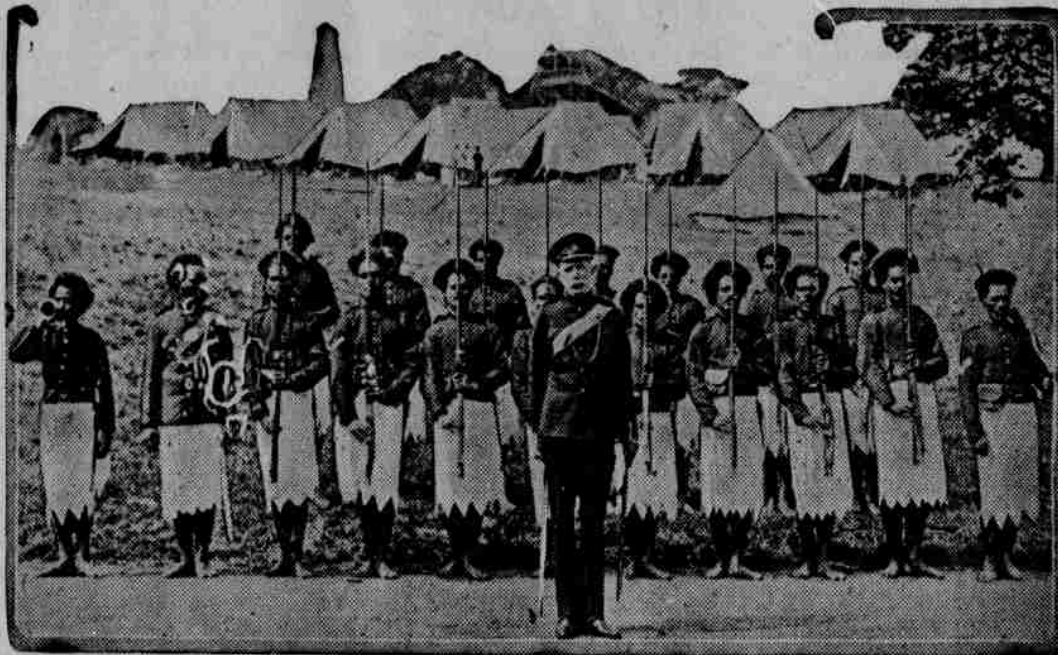
Flowers act as a food and rest to the weary brain in the same manner that food allays hunger. In the daily routine of every woman's life her brain and eyes become weary and require rest; sleep alone does not satisfy, and to fill this want there is nothing that will quite equal a few moments gazing at a pretty bouquet of bright-colored flowers or the inhalation of some pleasing scent.

The mind of many a sick person has been diverted from their disease by the presence of a brightly-colored bouquet or some sweet-smelling scent; their brain being started on a new channel of thought that rapidly leads to recovery.—Christian Science Monitor.

Study the Child.

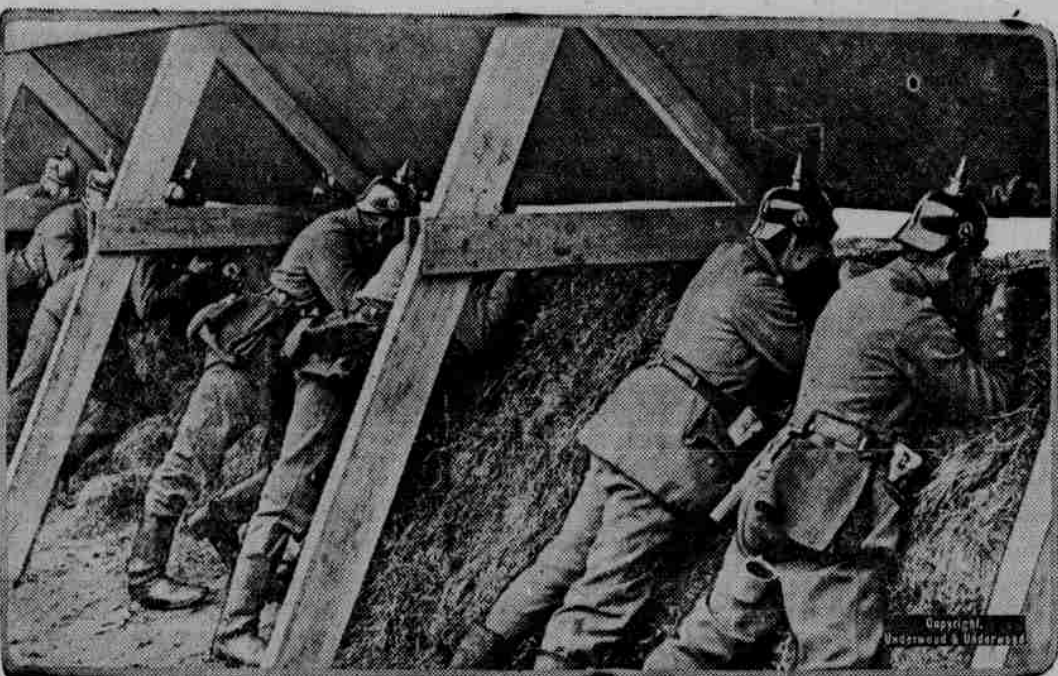
Many of the supposed harmful desires and tendencies of childhood are to be not opposed and suppressed, but wisely guarded and exercised. There are in truth natural and necessary factors of a continuous personal growth and experience, and it is only our ignorance which hinders or prescribes their normal development. The unconscious crimes of parents against their own children constitute a terrible list which rises up in condemnation of parental ignorance, stupidity and inhumanity.—Exchange.

## FIJIAN TROOPS TO ENTER THE WAR



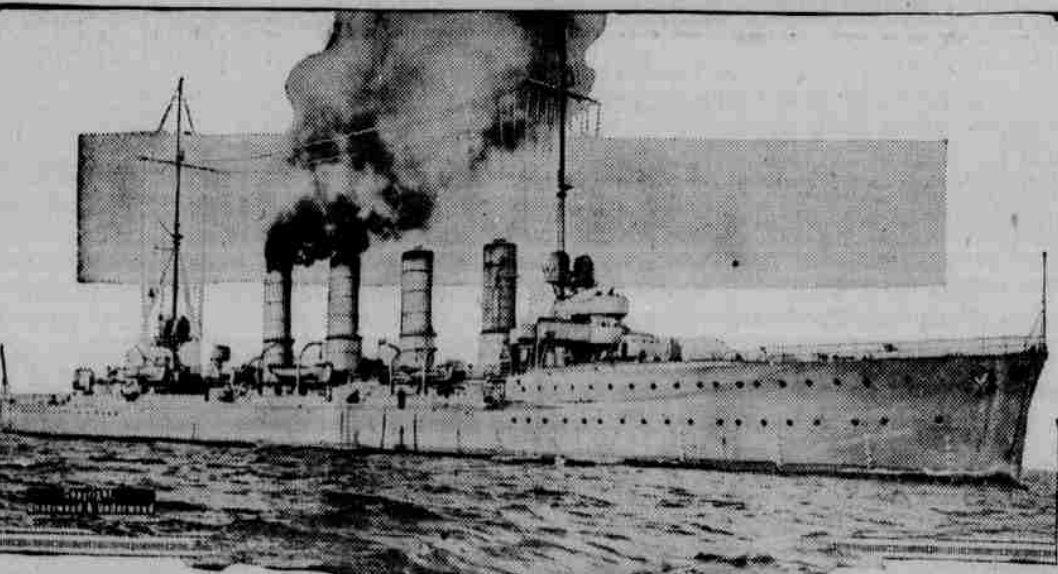
Fiji, as a dependency of the British empire, is to take an active part in the war, the colonial office having sanctioned the sending of a contingent of native troops to the front. The photograph shows a squad of these tall, well-built soldiers being drilled by a British officer.

## GERMAN SHARPSHOOTERS IN WELL PROTECTED LAIRS



German sharpshooters behind such splinterproof sloping sheds as this are almost impossible to dislodge. From behind straw breastworks they fire through a narrow slit that runs the entire length of the shelter.

## KARLSRUHE STILL ELUDES THE BRITISH



German cruiser Karlsruhe, which the British warships so far have been unable to catch. It is believed to be in the South Atlantic.

### ADMIRAL MADDEN



Admiral Sir Charles Edward Madden, C. V. O., who commands the Third cruiser squadron of the British navy. He was born in 1868.

### Officer!

He climbed on the rear platform of an early morning street car and announced to the crowd:

"Gimme room, gents, I've got the foot-and-mouth disease."

The crowd gave him room and began to size him up.

"Surest thing you know," he went on, as he rolled a cigarette. "Corns and the toothache."

"Fares!" yelled the conductor, and the crowd resumed its smoking.

### MR. AND MRS. HERRICK RETURN HOME



Myron T. Herrick, who as ambassador to France did wonders in caring for the distressed of various nations in Paris, and Mrs. Herrick, photographed on their arrival in New York. They were given an ovation there and also in Cleveland, Ohio, their home city.

## ANCIENT GOLD MINING

### HOW THE TIBARENI COLLECTED THE PRECIOUS METAL.

From Their Method Originated the Legend of the Golden Fleece—Country Still Is Rich in Most Valuable Ores.

In the legend of the Golden Fleece lies hidden the record of an ancient method of the Tibareni, the sons of Tubal, for the collection of gold. The north coast of Asia Minor produced large quantities of the precious metals, as well as copper and iron. Gold was found in the gravel, as often happens still in streams draining from copper regions. The gold in copper ores, originally containing insignificant amounts of the precious metals, accumulates in the course of ages, and sometimes forms placers of astonishing richness. The ancient Tibareni washed the gold-bearing gravel, first by booming, which concentrated the gold into relatively small amounts of sand. This was then collected and washed through sluices having the bottoms lined with sheepskins. The gold would sink into the wool, while the sand would be washed away in the swift current, writes Courtenay de Kalk in the Mining Age. The skins were removed from the sluices, the coarser gold shaken out, and the fleeces, still glittering with the yellow metal, were hung upon boughs to dry so that the rest of the gold might be beaten from them and saved. The early Greek mariners, witnessing this process, carried home tales of the wonderful riches of a land where a warlike race of miners hung golden fleeces upon the trees in the grove of Ares. After so many millenniums the metalliferous country of Tubal-Cain is once more coming into prominence. The natives still cull the high-grade copper ore, and break it into smalls, which they cover with wool and roast to matte; they still work the matte in forge-like furnaces to black copper, which they ship to Alexandria and to Euxine ports. They still make the famous carbonized iron that was celebrated as Damascus steel because it was distributed through this mart to the rest of the world after receiving a finish by local Damascus workmen. These decadent methods, that give a hint of the approved practice of the father of metallurgy, will soon become wholly extinct, for the modern miner is studying the disseminated copper ores of the Black sea coast, and threatening to rekindle on a magnificent scale the smoldering fires of Tubal-Cain.

### On the Captain's Deck.

It is hard to imagine the skipper of a British man-of-war sleeping on the deck of his ship between a couple of his stokers, but this has happened in the American navy.

That teetotal navy is the most free and easy of any in the world, but this incident surprised even the American stokers.

It happened off Santiago during the blockade on Commodore Schley's flagship, Brooklyn. No lights were allowed to be shown from the ships at night, and, as this meant all portholes shut, the temperature below decks was unbearable. Every man who could sleep on deck, the skipper among them.

This officer laid himself down one night on his quarterdeck to snatch a few hours' rest. He was awakened in the dawn, says the Mirror, by hearing a sleepy voice next to him murmur to a companion, "Darned if it ain't the cap'n!" And, opening his eyes, he saw two of his stokers rise up suddenly from his side and disappear swiftly forward.—Tit-Bits.

### Encouragement From Mr. Howells.

From time to time as one advances in years, one feels obliged, by that sclerosis of the tastes which is apt to occur in old age, to abandon the world to its accumulated errors, and retire upon the superiority of the irrevocable past. At such moments it appears that there are no such novels as there once were, that fiction is not at all the thing it used to be; yet from time to time amidst the flattering despair in which one attributes to oneself a share of that vanished superiority, one has surprises of excellence in contemporary work. Some unimagined writer, hitherto quite unread, presents himself in a book perhaps unwittingly borrowed and provokes one to inquiry about the man who wrote it. He could not have written that story only; he must have done others, better or worse, and one goes on reading as many of his books as one can lay one's hands on.—William Dean Howells in the North American Review.

### West Shipping by Way of Canal.

Since the Panama canal was opened there have been a few surprises, especially in the source of some of the freight shipped by that route. The Scientific American notes that a considerable proportion is coming from as far west as Ohio, being sent to New York by rail for shipment through the canal to San Francisco. As an instance of this 15,000 tons of wrought iron pipe were shipped in this way from Youngstown, O. It would have cost 65 cents a hundredweight to send it by all rail; it cost 48 cents a hundredweight by way of New York and the canal.

From Indiana canned corn is being sent to the Pacific coast through the canal and from Alabama, via New Orleans, cast iron pipe is going.