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Magazine Section.--Tillamook, Oregon, May 3, 1906.

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A NEW GOULD BABY.

O RACE SUICIDE IN FAMILY OF GREAT FINANCIER AND RAILROAD MAGNATE.

Married Life of Son of Jay Gould and Wife Described as Ideally Happy—Regardless of Great Wealth, They Live Very Simple.

The Goulds have been married 20 years. It was in 1886 when the eldest son of Jay Gould, then almost as unknown and indeterminate a factor in finance as either of his two brothers, Howard and Frank, is at present, provided the town with a momentary sensation by wedding Miss Edith Kingdon, who was a member of Augustin Daly's theatrical company. The match was regarded as ideal in all respects. Miss Kingdon's position socially and professionally was assured. Her heritage was undeniably suitable for an alliance with the chief heir of one of the wealthiest men of the day. Personally she was the embodiment of a beautiful, gracious, vivacious, well-bred and mentally dowered American girl.

MRS. GEORGE J. GOULD.
A MOTHER OF SEVEN BRIGHT CHILDREN.

Ideal is a hackneyed and greatly abused word, but it is the only one that aptly and satisfactorily describes the life and companionship of the Goulds in the two decades that have elapsed since they stood at the altar. Mrs. Gould is pre-eminently a domestic woman. Her home and her stalwart boys and handsome, sprightly girls are her first consideration, in common with her husband.

Regardless of their great wealth, the Goulds live their lives simply. Mrs. Gould has artistic tastes developed and cultivated along rational lines, and these she indulges to the top of her bent. Mr. Gould is in fullest sympathy with her inclinations in this direction and shares them with her. Probably there are nowhere persons of their means who are less in the public prints than the Goulds. Mrs. Gould cares little for society, as most persons accept the term, but is found of entertaining the congenial men and women who compose their set.

THE INCUBATOR BABY.

Story of How Two Women Struggled for Its Possession.

The tiny little infant who reposed in the incubator at the St. Louis Fair has, since the close of that exposition, attracted more attention than it did during the entire time that it was the object of interest of the sightseers.

At the close of the Exposition, two women sought possession of the child, each claiming it to be her own. Each secured a writ giving her the custody of the child through decrees of different courts, but Mrs. Bleakley, who had at first been awarded the care of the infant through the ruling of the law at Moline, Illinois, took the law into her own hands when the court at Lawrence, Kansas, decided against her. According to his own story, Senator Fred D. Smith, of Kinsley, played an important role in the case when the mother of the "incubator baby" recently disappeared suddenly with the baby from Lawrence.

"When Mrs. Bleakley left the court room at Lawrence after the decision against her," he stated, "and returned to her mother's house she was nearly frantic. In mere desperation she fled from the back door and sought refuge in a college fraternity house nearby and begged the boys to help her. It was then nearly 6 o'clock, and the parents of one of the boys, a red-headed frat. youngster, were expected to be on Santa Fe train No. 6 en route to Kansas City, and this boy had a hack in readiness to drive him to the train. The boys promptly raised a purse of $25 to get some clothes for Mrs. Bleakeley and the baby, bundled her into the hack, and took her to the Santa Fe train. They were compelled to wait a few minutes, and while they sat in the back Judge Smart, who had awarded the baby to the other woman, passed it on his way to the Ottawa train.

"When the train came in Mrs. Bleakeley was placed on the Pullman without attracting any attention and put in charge of the frat. boy's parents.

"The parents were simply ordered to see Mrs. Bleakeley through Kansas City safely, and, like good modern parents, they obeyed.

"The difficulty lay in the Union depot at Kansas City, where it was expected a detention telegram would be awaiting them. The Sheriff of one of the largest counties in Illinois, J. H. Ray, Wills county, was on the train, a man as big in proportion as his own county, big of body and big of heart. He made the acquaintance of the father of the frat. boy, and in his dilemma the latter submitted the matter to him of how to get Mrs. Bleakeley and the baby across from the Santa Fe to the Rock Island train, which might be late, without observation. The Sheriff promptly overruled that plan and it was agreed that Mrs. Bleakeley should remain in the Pullman drawing room while in Kansas City, and go through to the Sheriff's home town, where he would put her on the train for Moline. As a precaution the Sheriff added 'Mrs.' in front of the name on a bench warrant with which he had been on a fruitless errand to Colorado, and placed Mrs. Bleakeley under arrest, technically at least.

"When the train reached Kansas City the frat. boy's father went out and bought a nursing bottle and hot milk and other necessaries for the baby, which had been left behind in the hurry of departure, while the Sheriff stood guard at the door of the drawing room, a massive and satisfying protector.

"No one appeared, and the woman and baby went on without hindrance. She stopped one night at the Sheriff's home, cared for by his wife, and on Saturday was in Moline, under the protection of that court's decree.

"The whole thing was ludicrously simple, and yet was woven of some curious coincidences, each helping to carry through the escape and each playing its unpremeditated but important part in the final success."

The red-headed college fraternity boy was Eustice Smith, son of Senator Smith.

Eagle Quill for Statehood Bill.

President Roosevelt will sign the Statehood bill with a pen made from a quill plucked from an Oklahoma eagle's wing.

When Charles Hunter, the newly appointed clerk of the district court at Oklahoma, was in Washington some days ago, the President promised to give him the pen which he would use in signing the Statehood bill. Mr. Hunter went home and had a pen made from an eagle's quill.

A Great Hunter.

His brand new gun was "hammerless,"
His powder, too, was what
Is known as "smokeless", and we guess
That he had "hitless" shot.

The canals which form a network throughout a greater part of China abound in fish. The rice-fields, which are supplied with water from these canals, make ideal hatching places for the eggs and for the young fry during their early existence.

The largest of telescopes is the 36-inch equatorial called the Universe Discoverer, at the Lick Observatory on Mount Hamilton, a 4000-foot peak of the Monte Diablo range in California.

RODE TO THEIR DEATH.

HEROIC CHARGE OF TWO CHEYENNE INDIANS AGAINST FIVE TROOPS OF CAVALRY.

A Tragic Romance of the Tepee—Repetition of the Days of Chivalry—Flesh and Blood Against a Hail of Leaden Bullets.

BY W. M. WOOSTER.

About fifty miles north of the Big Horn Mountains, and forty miles south from the Yellowstone River, in southeastern Montana, live the tribe of fearless Northern Cheyenne Indians. A few decades ago they ranged the great plains, following the buffalo, but are now attached to the Tongue River Agency.

The men are tall, well-built, brave; and their women are proverbially chaste. With the disappearance of the game and the decadence of inter-tribal warring, the young braves have had little or no opportunity to show their prowess.

In the summer of 1890, two young men—Head Chief and Young Mule—who had failed to find favor with the maidens of their choice, took to the war-path to win distinction and wives. A moon! and the disappointed lovers, wearing their eagle feathers red-tipped, as warriors do, were again at home.

Rumors of their return soon reached their Agent, who recalled that a white herder living near the reservation had been missing from his home for nearly a month.

The Murder of a Sheep Herder.

The returned braves were questioned. They openly admitted going on the war-path and killing the herder. A detachment of the two troops of cavalry stationed at the Agency, assisted by some Northern Cheyennes, made search for the body. It was found on the evening of September 9, and had been scalped.

Fearing trouble, three additional troops were hurriedly sent from Fort Keogh, Montana, and the Agent called a council of the chiefs and head-men, demanding that they arrest and deliver the murderers.

Two Moons, the war chief, battle-scarred and old, pleaded for the young braves, offering a ransom of thirty ponies for the dead herder. This was declined. Chief Amelcan Horse then arose and said his warriors would fight if the soldiers attempted to take the young braves alive; and that their final message was:

"Select the place of meeting, and we will come and die in your sight, fighting the soldiers."

The council was dismissed, and the Indians returned in the evening to their lodges in the hills south of the Agency.

Twilight fell. Soon a flaming arrow blazed like a rocket in the southern sky. And far to the north, signal fires were seen.

Gathering of the Warriors.

All night armed warriors, hideously painted, hurried to the circle of hills commanding the Agency, while lights burned late in the valley below, where the agency officers were consulting.

In the crimson dawn, watching warriors saw a mounted Indian police leave the Agency and take his way southward along the misty mountain trail. It was the decision for peace or for war. As the first rays of the sun gilded the Indians' tepees, he drew rein and dismounted at the lodge of American Horse. The challenge of the two braves to fight the soldiers had been accepted—to fight at the Agency at set of sun.

Directly runners were off to intercept the fleeing squaws and children. The warriors clamored for a fight with the troops but the chief refused. The council, he said, had spoken with straight, not crooked, tongues.

Slowly the chill September morning warmed to amythest afternoon. An eagle wheeled high above the hills, which formed an ampitheatre. In the center, or arena, were the Agency buildings and the troops. As the shadows crept out in the valley, the spectators—warriors old and young, and squaws with papooses and children—began taking their places on the circle of hills. They would see the fight.

With Hearts of Iron.

Forth from their refuge in the Wolf Mountains, rode Head Chief and Young Mule, painted and armed for war. Unguarded they rode. Still was there time to escape, but the pride of their race, held them. They went on.

Five miles to the north lay the peaceful valley, and the arena with its massed five hundred guns. The trail wound in and out among the hills. Leaves were falling, and here and there were bright red splotches of foliage. Overhead they noticed a flock of birds winging southward. They thought of the maidens they loved; of the war-path; of the feathers tipped with blood, and their faces darkened.

Silently they held their way northward. Soon was reached the crest of a high spur. They turned their ponies to the west and drew rein. The sun was almost down. For an instant they gazed; then pointed to the earth, and raised their arms in supplication to the Great Spirit—wheeling, they headed east at a gallop.

Presently they pass some warriors who promptly signal their approach to the waiting Indian spectators. Now they gallop to the very crest of a high hill, perhaps five hundred yards west of the Agency buildings. There they stop in full view of the soldiers.

A bugle sounds. The troopers mount and move to a dry creek-bed about fifty yards from the Agency. They take position in the form of a crescent, and sit with loaded carbines unslung, waiting.

At the top of the long steep hill in their front, silhouetted against the flaming sky, sit the two slender braves on their ponies. Cooly they lash themselves to their saddles. Raising their rifles high above their heads, they shake them at the troops and begin a shrill song of defiance. Suddenly they fire at the Agency. Their signal!

Into the Jaws of Death.

A bugle blows. In an instant they launch their ponies, straight as arrow from the bow, at the center of the crescent of soldiers. Down the hill they come, full charge, shouting the savage Cheyenne war-cry and firing as they ride.

A bugle blast! and a withering volley blazes forth from five hundred guns. Still the ringing war yell. On through the smoke they come, apparently unscathed, working their rifles like mad. They seem to spring to meet the second awful crash and glare of the guns. Not yet down? Impossible! No flesh and blood could withstand such a fire! Into and through the columns of shrinking horses and men in blue they burst, like devils incarnate. Some of the horses reel and go down with the troopers. But instantly the cavalrymen whirl and give the swaying flying braves another deadly volley at close range.

Head Chief reels frightfully in his saddle. His pony goes down with a sickening thud, riddled by a dozen balls, not twenty feet from the crescent line. Young Mule convulsively throws his arms in the air and lurches backwards. Again the merciless volley, and he collapses. His pony plunges headlong. Dead! Stone-dead they lie, still lashed to the bodies of their twitching ponies.

Again the bugle calls. The fight is over. Squaws begin their wailing. Their young braves have died fighting. They are heroes.

Many of the girls in the Alps wear trousers.

FARMING THE SWAMPS.

PLAN TO DRAIN MILLIONS OF ACRES OF WORTHLESS MARSH FOR NEW FARMS.

Representative Steenerson Has Bill to Provide a Government Fund to Reclaim Hundred Million Acres of Wet Lands.

The great swamp areas are destined to come in soon for their share at the hands of the government. The irrigation of desert lands has been provided for; but no definite move has been made as yet to convert the enormous areas of government swamp land into productive farm homes. The other day a bill was introduced to provide for the drainage of the great Dismal Swamp of Virginia, which General Washington, a century ago, proclaimed would one day be converted into farms.

THE EVERGLADES

CYPRESS SENTINELS OF LAKE DRUMMOND, DISMAL SWAMP.

Courtesy Forest Service

A very comprehensive bill has been introduced in the House of Representatives by Congressman Steenerson of Minnesota, who, if he can push his measure to enactment into a law, will be deserving of the praise of not only this but future generations. His bill is a practical extension of the old homestead idea, or rather, perhaps, an application, to the vast areas of our swamp lands, of the idea embodied in the national irrigation law.

There are in the neighborhood of 100 million acres of swamp lands in the United States, some 70 million of which have been surveyed, the great bulk of which would make splendid farms, if the excess of water were drained off.

The Steenerson bill provides for the beginning of the work of reclamation of these huge areas. The measure is framed after the irrigation law; it provides that the receipts from the sales of public lands in the non-irrigation states shall constitute a "drainage fund" to be expended by the Government in great drainage works, and further, that the cost of such drainage shall be pro-rated among the land benefited and paid back by the settlers into the "fund," to be used over again for additional reclamation work.

Would Create Thousands of Homes.

This plan of developing the internal resources of the country and making homes of waste places, is splendid in its scope, and appears to be entirely practicable and profitable. Take for instance, the single example of the swamp lands of the Kankakee River basin in Indiana and Illinois. Here are some 400 thousand acres of the very richest of bottom lands, but subject to overflow. They are worthless except where they have been reclaimd through expensive private drainage works, when they have become worth $100. and $150. an acre. Yet it is estimated by the government surveyors and engineers that the entire system could be effectively drained at a cost in the neighborhood of $10. an acre. The same can be said of the lands of the Red River Valley in Minnesota. These include the finest grain and farm lands in the northwest except that they are frequently overflowed. It would be worth millions of dollars to the farmers and settlers, who would occupy these lands in small tracts, to have a perfect system of drainage provided. These extensive systems, however, especially where they are interstate, seem to be feasible for handling only by the general government.

The Steenerson bill places the entire management of the work in the Reclamation Service and the plan of operation follows very closely the irrigation work now being done by that branch of the Interior Department. Government lands, ceded Indian lands and private lands may be included in any drainage project, but in each case the cost of the drainage improvement is to be borne by the owner of the land and no settler can have drainage provided for more than 160 acres, thus insuring the division of the tracts into small farms which must be actually settled upon and tilled.

Drainage Work Already in Progress.

This work the Reclamation Service is qualified to do at this very moment. While primarily an engineering bureau it has, in all its great irrigation projects, to deal directly with the farmer. It must outline a comprehensive drainage system for each irrigation project.

Representative Halver Steenerson of Minnesota

To do this the Service has its own farm and soil experts. Some of the irrigation projects have distinctively drainage features, in fact are almost en

(Continued on next page.)

$200.00
IN CASH PRIZES FREE

Other Prizes are Given for Sending us Subscriptions; but THIS $200.00 IN CASH PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED ON MAY 15, ABSOLUTELY FREE to the persons sending us the neatest correct solutions.

Arrange the 51 letters printed in the centre groups into the names of six cities of the United States. Can you do it? Large CASH PRIZES, as listed below, to those who send in the neatest solutions, will be given away on May 15. First Prize, $50.00 in Gold. Second Prize, $25.00 in Gold. Third Prize, $15.00 in Gold. Fourth Prize, $10.00 in Gold. Five Prizes of $5.00 each. Ten Prizes of $2.50 each. Fifty Prizes of $1.00 each. Making a Total of Two Hundred Dollars in Prizes. Don't send us ANY MONEY when you answer this advertisement, as there is absolutely no condition to secure any one of these prizes. RULES GOVERNING THE CONTEST.—In preparing the names of the six cities, the letters in each group can only be used as many times as they appear, and no letter can be used that does not appear. After you have found the six correct names you will have used every letter in the 51 exactly as many times as it appears. These prizes ARE GIVEN, as we wish to have our Magazine brought prominently to the attention of everyone living in the United States. Our Magazine is carefully edited and filled with the choicest literary matter that the best authors produce. TRY AND WIN. If you make out the six names, send the solutions at once—who knows but what you will WIN A LARGE PRIZE? Anyway, we do not want you to send any money with your letter, and a contest like this is very interesting. Our Magazine is a fine, large paper, filled with fascinating stories of love and adventure, and now has a circulation of 400,000 copies each issue. We will send FREE a copy of the latest issue of our Magazine, every one who answers this advertisement. COMMENCE RIGHT AWAY ON THIS CONTEST and you will find it a very ingenious mix-up of letters, which can be straightened out to spell the names of six well-known cities of the United States. Send in the names right away. As soon as the contest closes you will be notified if you have won a prize. This and other most liberal offers are made to introduce one of the very best New York magazines into every home in the United States. WE DO NOT WANT ONE CENT OF YOUR MONEY. When you have made out the names of these cities, write them neatly and plainly and send it to us, and you will hear from us promptly BY RETURN MAIL. A copy of our fascinating MAGAZINE WILL BE SENT FREE to everyone answering this advertisement. Do not delay. Send in your answer immediately. Understand, the neatest correct solutions win the prizes. WE INTEND TO GIVE AWAY VAST SUMS OF MONEY in the future, just as we have done in the past, to advertise our CHARMING MAGAZINE. We find it is the very best advertising we can get to offer LARGE PRIZES. Here are the names and addresses of a few people we have recently awarded PRIZES: M. M. Hannah, Fernwood, Miss., $75; H. A. Parmelee, Milford, Neb., $61; Kate E. Dunlap, 138 N. Hill street, Los Angeles, Cal., $61; Mrs. E. Proctor, Richmond, Tex., $55; M. G. Christenson, Gregg, Minn., $50; Mrs. C. E. Welting, 1320 Lauderdale street, Memphis, Tenn., $50; Mrs. Harriet S. Bullard, 120 Intendencia street, Pensacola, Fla., $40; J. C. Henry, Box 119, Sligo, Pa., $25; Henry Perry, Central Islip, L. I., N. Y., $25; James A. Cooter, Holden, Mo., $25; Evelyn S. Murray, 122 S. Central Avenue, Austin, Chicago, Ill., $25; Mrs. L. D. Puffenberger, 340 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City, N. Y., $20.

We could go on and point to hundreds of names of people who have gained large sums of money from our contests, but only give a few names. The solution can be worked out by an alert and clever person, and it will amply pay you to TRY AND SPELL OUT THESE CITIES. Brains and energy nowadays are winning many golden prizes. Study it very carefully and let us see if you are clever and smart enough to spell out the cities. We would rather take this way of advertising our excellent Magazine than spending many thousands of dollars in other foolish ways. We freely and cheerfully give the money away. YOU MAY WIN. We do not care who gets the money. TO PLEASE OUR READERS IS OUR DELIGHT. The question is, Can you get the correct solution? If you can do so, write the names of the cities and your full address plainly in a letter and mail it to us, and you will hear from us promptly by letters mail. Lazy and foolish people neglect these grand free offers and then wonder and complain about their bad luck. There are always plenty of opportunities for clever, brainy people who are always alert and ready to grasp a real good thing. We have built up our enormous business by being alert and liberal in our GREAT OFFERS. We are continually offering our readers RARE AND UNUSUAL prizes. We have a big capital, and anyone can easily ascertain about our financial condition. We intend to have the largest circulation for our high-class Magazine in the world. In this progressive age publishers find that they must be liberal in giving away prizes. It is the successful way to get your Magazine talked about. Of course, if you are easily discouraged and are not patient and are not willing to spend any time in trying to work out the solution, you certainly cannot expect to win. USE YOUR BRAINS. Write the names of the cities and send them to us, and we will be just as much pleased as you are. We desire someone to be successful, and as it does not cost you one cent to solve and answer this contest, it will be very foolish for you to pass it by. In all fairness give it some of your leisure time. SUCCESS IS FOR ENERGETIC AND THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE, and the cause of FAILURE IS LACK OF INTEREST AND LAZINESS. So, dear reader, do not pass this advertisement without trying hard to make a SOLUTION OF THE LINES OF LETTERS PRINTED IN THE CENTRE OF THIS ADVERTISEMENT. We suggest that you carefully read this offer several times before giving up the idea of solving the puzzle. Many people write us kind and grateful letters, profusely thanking us for our prompt and honest dealings. It always pays to give attention to our grand and liberal offers. OUR PRIZES have gladdened the hearts of many persons who needed the money. If you need money you will give attention to this special offer this very minute. If you solve it, write us immediately.

DON'T DELAY. Get your name on our list and win a prize

Write plainly. Address

THIS IS THE PUZZLE

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