

AN EDUCATIONAL KNOCKER

Nebraska genius who has a clever way of making kicks

Nebraska is prolific for geniuses says a dispatch from Blair to the Chicago Chronicle. They grow here as thick as the corn on the Western plains.

There is no locality especially favored. The western part of the State, the eastern part of the State, the Southern and northern parts of the State have produced. North Platte has her William F. Cody, known from zone to zone and pole to pole as "Buffalo Bill."

Nebraska has her Walt Mason, of whom James Whitcomb Riley said: "He might have been the best-known humorist in the West, but he lost his grip."

Omaha has her George Francis Train, prince of all cranks and emperors of all freaks. Bellevue has her Pat Crowe, the most famous kidnapper the world has ever known.

And now from Washington county and the town of Blair comes the latest aspirant for notice and the most recent candidate for the title "genius."

Will A. Campbell, printer, editor, humorist and genius, saw the light of day first in some obscure little Nebraska town. He grew up like other children of Nebraska towns, obtained some schooling and began to scramble for a living when he was yet at a tender age.

There was always something the matter with him. He knew it, and others knew it, but he never knew what it was until he started a little magazine called The Knocker, and then it developed that he was a genius.

In the initial number of his literary venture the young scribe relieved himself of 26 articles of faith, which have been eagerly perused by a large number of readers. Some of these articles follow:

I knock on the self-righteous. They are usually people who by worldly success have bowed into view. The best we can do is to be virtuous as possible.

I knock on the social rule that permits a woman to cover indiscretions of other days with a sealskin cloak. A woman has a right to "live it down," but a rich woman should have no shorter probation than a poor one.

I knock on the man who tells children that there is no Santa Claus. The tragedy of life begins when faith departs, and the man who will hasten the departure is related to the devil.

I knock on the knocker who knocks on his wife. A man who respects not the mother of his own children respects not himself. His plaint that she has not kept up with him fools nobody. In the Greek "for better or for worse," means "take your medicine."

I knock on the social pest, whose social rating is a hat full of prunes, and who passes by old friends. He is a snob. Trace him back to his father and you'll find a rabbit.

I knock on the woman who nags her husband. More men have gone to hell by this route and picked up correspondents along the way than by any other.

I knock on the American girl. The

girl who has been raised in a cultured home; who possesses both talent and accomplishment; who has grown into a womanly woman and is too worthy for any young man, but who casts her life by her own choice with a smooth guy, whose brains are worth 2 cents a pound for soap grease—a descendant of a long line of half-wits; a dizzy young dude too lazy to work and too cowardly to steal, who is perpetually "ornery" to raise a respectable crop of wild oats; a young lollipop ribbon clerk on \$2 per and monopoly on the gall of the globe—that is the kind of Apollon American girls admire, and it would give a buzzard a bilious attack.

I knock on the mother-in-law who goes loaded with advice. She is not so many as some make out, but, like the bad egg in the dozen, it is tough on the man who gets her.

I knock on the pessimist. He is an Ishmaelite and tells disagreeable truths. The thing to do is to join the procession and stand for the things "what is."

I knock hard on the bum—the legitimate offspring of hoodlumism, the curse of modern civilization. He never pays taxes, but makes a monthly tour in search of a soft snap, where wages are higher. He knows the road to every joint and his example artistically escorts the youth to damnation.

I knock at the church, defies good citizenship and ruins the community. The man who will not work heads the excursion to hell. May the Lord have mercy on his soul.

I knock on the man who knocks on this magazine. He is an intellectual dwarf, a parody on manhood, and is in for a roast in the next issue.

I knock on the little pithouse politician who poses to run the whole Electoral College and point out wiser men than he. He is a bore and don't know a fundamental principle from his funny bone.

I knock on the trying to reform fallen women by turning them over to the police a la Parkhurst. Better put some lucre into the work instead of supporting missionaries to peddle saving grace in pagan lands who incidentally extend the market for tobacco, snide jewelry and forty-rd juice.

I knock on the "philanthropist" who tosses a million or so to some conspicuous charity and next day corners a human necessity. He don't fool God.

I knock on the puppets of kings and dukes who come to this country and breed discontent and anarchy by kicking on the Government. To live in America is to be a king.

I knock on the man who gossips. The guy who tells his troubles to others instead of keeping them for home consumption. If he was up to the moral level of the mangy coyote or the intellectual altitude of an acephalous kouze I would give him more space, but he's too small fry.

I knock on public osculation. A man should have some sympathy for bystanders—even if he don't know they are by. Such offenses are against the noble in man and the modest in woman. These osculatory demonstrations of esteem should be reserved for the holy of holies and not be permitted in well-regulated parlors.

We know a young man whom we would like to take out behind the smokehouse and cause him to pass to the untimely bourne where all faces stand ajar in everlasting singing.

I knock on the modern song writer. He balls up the English language and his verses are without rhythm or sense.

I knock on the girl who is christened Mary changing her name to May, then to Mae and then finally to Mal. Such an evolution is ridiculous. It is done to attract attention and is nauseating and freakish.

A Song to Brave Women

They were married in the autumn when the leaves were turning gold, And the mornings bore a menace of the winter's coming cold; Side by side they stood and promised, hand in hand, to walk through life,

And the parson said, "God bless you!" as he named them man and wife. They had little wealth to aid them; little of the world they knew; But he whispered: "Oh, my darling, I have riches—I have—you." Then they vowed that, walking ever side by side and hand in hand, They would gain the distant summits of their far-off, happy land.

Side by side they walked together, lingering sometimes for a kiss, Dreaming of those far-off summits, of the future's perfect bliss; But the battle-stress was on them, and the foe man bade them yield, And their onward steps were hidden by the smoke upon the field; And his heart grew faint within him as he murmured: "I must fall, For the foe man presses ever, and his cohorts conquer all." But the woman, loyal ever, only whispered: "You shall win! You shall snatch the victor's laurel from the battlestrife and din."

Then again he struggled onward, though his wounds were gaping wide, Listening ever for a whisper—"I am battling by your side." Struggling onward, struggling ever, though the mists were dark about; Beaten downward by the foe man, lost in mists of gloom and doubts; Still he heard that gentle whisper that his spirit must obey Till he reached the golden summits past the borderland of gray. Then the world, as wise as ever, said, "Behold a conquering knight!" For it never heard the whisper that had urged him to the height.

Call it fable, fable only; lo, the world is full of these, Men who struggle onward, upward, till the splendid prize they seize; Men who stumble, stumble often, dazed or stricken in the din, But to rise and falter forward at the whisper, "You shall win!" And we name them knights and heroes of the battle and the fray, Knowing not that there behind each is the one who showed the way; Just some little, loyal woman forcing back the tears that blur— You may honor your brave hero: I will sing a song to her.

Alfred J. Waterhouse, in September "Success."

The Wit of Barrymore

(Chicago Tribune.) Maurice Barrymore, actor, who is dying slowly of paresis, is a man who never slept so long as there were entertaining companions ready to talk and listen, a man who was never at a loss for an answer. If his witticisms were collected they would fill a book and lose half their charm. Probably he never uttered many of the clever things attributed to him, but there never was an epigram too brilliant for Barrymore to have made it. Some were bitter as gall and a few had no more sting in them than a butterfly. But all of them showed that he possessed a remarkable mind.

He was essentially a combatant and a chivalrous man. He loved a fight, intellectual or physical, for its own sake. Once, when he was livid with rage over a reflection cast upon a woman he knew, a friend asked him why he restrained himself. "Every blow struck in defense of a woman is a dent in her reputation," was Barrymore's reply.

He could be severe with women, too. Once he was playing with a "star" whose life was notorious. He quietly reproached her during a scene for flirting with a man in a box. "Mr. Barrymore," she demanded, furiously, "have you never known what it is to be associated with ladies?" "Yes," said Barrymore, easily. "I was born and I am married."

"I said ladies, sir! ladies!" Barrymore grew white with anger, but the quick mind brought the bitterest retort he ever made. "O, dear me, 'yes,' he said. "I understand. You mean demimondes. Yes I know them also."

He was once at a table with a young woman who wanted to taste absinthe. She wrinkled her brows for a few moments and then said: "It is like something I had when I was a child. I mean it's just like paregoric."

"You are quite right," remarked Barrymore. "Absinthe is the paregoric of second childhood."

Many were the passages he had with his wife, Georgia Drew Barrymore, whose wit was as keen as his. She was

a convert to the Catholic church. One morning, when he was coming home from an all night session, he met her at the door starting forth for early mass. "Just getting it, Mr. S. Barrymore?" he inquired, politely. "No; I am going to church, while you, sir, are going to the devil."

He once had a dispute with a boastful bully in the St. James cafe, who declared: "If I had you in Texas I'd blow your head off."

"Then your courage is a matter of longitude," observed Barrymore, sweetly.

He was once on his way to the Catskills for a holiday when he fell in with three other men.

"I am an actor, broken down by overwork, seeking health and rest," he said.

"I am a business man, going to the mountains for the same reason," explained one of his new acquaintances.

"And I am an engineer, also broken down by work," said the second.

"And you, sir, are in the same boat with us?" was asked the third.

"No, I am not. I am going to the hills for pleasure. I don't work. I am a gentleman."

"And plainly on a vacation," added Barrymore.

At one time "Barry" became interested in Christian Science. A physician said to him: "I suppose, 'Barry,' you would throw physic to the dogs?" "Not good dogs," he returned gravely.

There was a painting called "Summer" in the Players' club that had been severely criticized. One evening Barrymore was listening to a discussion on the prodigality of actors and the nearness of the idle season.

"Why don't you save your money like me? But cheer up, boys; summer is not half as bad as it is painted."

When Steele Mackaye told Barrymore that he would never become a great actor until he experienced a great sorrow or a thrilling experience, the retort came in a flash: "Write a play for me, Steele, and I shall get both."

PURITY OF WATER SUPPLY.

Investigations To Be Made By The Geological Survey.

Washington, Aug. 22.—The Division of Hydrography of the United States Geological Survey, under the supervision of M. O. Leighton, has instituted a branch of research which is expected to be of value to municipalities and industries dependent on the purity of their water supply, and also to have a beneficial influence on the health of the general public.

The investigation aims to discover the condition of all the important supply streams of the United States by chemical and bacteriological examinations of their waters, and also by measurements of their turbidity and color. The Division of Hydrography has been for a number of years collecting information regarding the volume of flow of the country's streams as a basis for municipal supply, water power, irrigation and other uses, but tests for quality and condition have not been made before except by a few cities which hold an advanced position in matters of public hygiene.

Salt With Their Cheese. Orientals, who understand the niceties of eating from a hygienic standpoint much better than we of the Occident, always take salt with their cheese. After one becomes addicted to the salt and apple habit, they feel that apples should never be eaten in any other way.—Emma Paddock Telford in Good Housekeeping.

FRESH-LOOKING FROCKS.

How The Energetic Girl Keeps Organized Crisp And Pretty.

The greatest trouble that the visiting girl has in summer is to keep her thin gowns in good condition when she is at home, and when these frocks become stringy she can either have the maid press them, or boldly invading the kitchen, "do" them herself.

In a hotel it is impossible to do this work oneself, and if one sends an organ die in any way elaborate to the laundry to have the wrinkles smoothed out of it she pays from \$1 to \$2 for the privilege. It would take the purse of Fortunes to keep this up for three months anyone can see at a glance. That's the reason so many fluffly as they should be by nature.

The girl of limited means who always looks fresh and crisp as if frocks owes these qualities generally to the alcohol lamp, iron and little ironing boards that she keeps in her room. Given these implements and a half hour each afternoon, the most wilted gown can be restored to almost pristine beauty. More than this, veils, sashes and neck ribbons may be improved by the same means.

Under the hands of the amateur the pique skirt emerges white and stiff. One young woman even presses her hats, and declares they look the better for the process. To look as if she wore a new costume every time she appears outside her room is a girl's idea of happiness, and when it can be so easily accomplished, why should not every feminine at the seashore be beneficently happy.

WHAT IT COSTS THE BRIDEGROOM

A Tennessee estimate of a venturesome Swain's expenses

In spite of the fact that the women departments of various newspapers teem with advice to brides on how to get cheaply married and estimates of the cost of trousseaux, the everlasting truth remains, says the Nashville American, that the real financial burden of a wedding is vested in the bridegroom.

He is not an interesting figure at the wedding, all will admit. Just so he is there nobody thinks further about him. But he is the real promoter after all, because he pays the price. Woman may dispose about the details of her wedding, but it is man who proposes in the first place, and his occupation will never be gone as long as he is needed to pay the bills.

With men of average financial standing nerve is the essential requirement in getting married. All the estimated cost of a bride's expenses that were ever written could not approach in interest to counting the cost for the bridegroom if one only knows how to go about it.

Nowadays social customs, even among the unambitious, demand that the daughter of the house shall have certain fuss and feathers attached to her wedding ceremony. It is a popular fallacy that the brunt of the expenses incurred in giving the bride a proper send-off into the matrimonial sea falls upon her parents. For the benefit of the single only it is necessary to correct this impression. Any married man knows who pays the bills.

In marrying credit is bad form. There are a good many things one may do without cash.

The expectant bridegroom should remember this: Don't go in for even a moderately planned wedding unless you are prepared to deliver up \$800 or \$900 on short notice. If you go in debt for the indispensable accessories of the ceremony the chances are ten to one it will take you the rest of your life to play even, and you may die after years of more or less happy married life with some of your wedding bills unpaid.

The average man who marries a sensibly minded little woman will not have an elaborately planned wedding with 16 groomsmen and ushers and half as many bridesmaids with bouquets and souvenirs to correspond. The man of moderate salary who does consent to it is a crass idiot, for whom there can't be much sympathy.

But even with a very modest, and, as prevailing customs go, a sensible wedding, the expenditures that pile up for the purchaser, the groom, are decidedly jarring.

Say the wedding takes place at a church, but with ushers, groomsmen, best man and bridesmaids all cut out. Best man and bridesmaids all cut out. Best man and bridesmaids all cut out. Best man and bridesmaids all cut out.

Total... \$241.00

In addition to the clothes for the wedding occasion the bridegroom must consider the expense of certain necessary additions to his wardrobe. Even if he limits himself to the bare necessities, which he will not, the bill grows this way:

Two new suits of clothes at \$45 each... \$90.00 One dress suit for the wedding... 60.00 One dozen shirts at \$3 each... 36.00 Four suits of underwear at \$5 each... 20.00 Half-dozen pairs of socks... 3.00 Ties and new pair of sleeve links... 10.00 Two hats... 10.00 One pair new shoes... 6.00 Overcoat (tailor made)... 50.00 One dozen handkerchiefs at 50 cents each... 6.00 Two white vests... 6.00 One dozen collars at 25 cents... 3.00 One dozen pairs of cuffs at 40 cents a pair... 4.80 Smoking jacket... 5.00

Total... \$309.80

Few men settle down to married life without some sort of a wedding journey, and a trip to New York is the favorite, though it must be said this eats into the bridegroom's hoarded store worse than the elephant of "Wang" memory did into the bride's.

It is safe to count the cost of the bridal trip, as it is nearly always as much a part of the wedding as the ceremony itself.

Two tickets to New York at \$25 each (round trip)... \$100.00 Sleeping car section (each way, \$12)... 24.00 Hotel bill, \$10 a day, for seven days... 70.00 Amusements and incidents during the week... 50.00 Meals on car trip, 36 hours out, \$5 apiece (round trip)... 20.00 Tips... 5.00 Steamer trunk... 8.00

Total... \$277.00

Or, if a cheaper trip is selected, with Asheville as the objective point, the expenses would run something like this:

Tickets for two (round trip)... 54.40 Sleeping car section (round trip)... 10.00 Hotel bill for a week at \$8 a day for two... 56.00 Incidentals and amusements for the week... 35.00 Tips... 5.00

Total... \$164.40

Counting on the basis of the New York trip the total costs foot up a sweeping \$827.80. Or, if the Asheville trip is selected it will be \$715.20.

Even if the honeymoon trip be more economically planned the expenses will amount to considerable. Most any sort of a trip costs from \$100 to \$150, including hotel bills.

These figures, it must be remembered, represent only the simplest kind of a ceremony wedding.

BOGUS SPANISH FORTUNES

(From the Boston Post)

For three months, says the Boston Post, the world's slickest swindlers, a fictitious priest, a prisoner and a pretty maiden have been trying to bunco a Boston man, James Q. Walsh, of 157 West Sixth street, South Boston, by offering him a fortune of nearly \$500,000 and the custody of a beautiful young Spanish girl. Mr. Walsh had only to send something like \$3,000 to secure the great prize.

Walsh had heard of the scheme before, or thought he had, although for a while he believed that good fortune had smiled on him as it seldom does on anyone. He continued to correspond with the men in Madrid who were to place at his disposal great wealth. The young girl, whose father was supposed to have died in prison as the result of persecution of his connection with the great Panama scandal, which disrupted France, was pictured as all that is beautiful and good and with her Walsh was to receive a great fortune.

About May 1, Walsh was informed in a closely written letter mailed from Madrid that he had a relative, Don Louis Rodriguez, then in prison at Gibraltar, charged with stealing State documents in France.

Rodriguez said that he had been badly wounded while resisting arrest, and, expecting to die, hoped that Mr. Walsh would accept his great fortune and the care of a beautiful young daughter, then budding into a glorious womanhood. Reference was made to a trunk with a secret drawer, containing securities and valuable papers.

Walsh was thrilled at the prospect, but his wife rather disliked the notion of the beautiful ward, while she longed to close in on the fortune.

It was stated in the letter that a friendly priest would take charge of all communications passing between Walsh and the dying Spaniard and see that they reached the proper person.

Mr. Walsh answered the letter, ex-

pressing his deepest sympathy for the misfortune of his until then unknown but distinguished relative. He hoped, he said, to hear more from him.

He did.

In a remarkably short time a reply came from Madrid. The letter was written on a sheet of note paper of extraordinary dimensions and in a handwriting so fine that a magnifying glass was necessary to make its purport clear. The English, too, was carefully mixed, except when instructions were laid down and then nothing could have been more explicit or diction clearer.

In each case the communications were signed Louis Rodriguez Walsh, although the unfortunate Spaniard had stated that his mother's name had Walsh, not his father's. It was evident to Mr. Walsh that the injured man thus expected to make his relationship more clear.

Then came a letter from the Rev. Pascual Martinez, bearing the sad news of the demise of Mr. Walsh's relative. The missive was couched in the most genteel phraseology, although somewhat mixed. Mr. Martinez stated that the rich American, Mr. Walsh, had been appointed the guardian of the beautiful Mary Rodriguez Bonnett and that just as soon as the money necessary for the payment of the legal fees had been sent she would depart with the good priest and the trunks containing the key to the great treasure for America.

Mr. Walsh had dreamed of the mysterious trunk with the secret drawer which would make him worth a quarter of a million dollars, but he did not send the money necessary to release the poor girl and bring him the fortune. He knew that the great Spanish swindling syndicate was at work and he led them on.

"I do not quite understand what you

(Continued on Page Ten.)

ABSENT-MINDED FOLKS

(From the Baltimore Sun)

A peculiar trait of humanity is what is called absent-mindedness. A person who is born absent-minded, whether he is clever or stupid, remains so to the end of his life, which is strewn with annoyances resulting from this very inconvenient quality. "By Jove, I have forgotten my watch!" exclaimed a man to his companions as a party of young people were about to take the train from Beach. "I must have left it under my pillow at the hotel. I will just have time to go back and get it," he continued, pulling out his watch from his pocket. "Yes, I can do it!" he exclaimed, making a rapid calculation. And he set off at a run for the nearby hotel where they had been stopping. At first most seemed to see that the whole thing was not perfectly natural, but a great laugh went up when they all suddenly realized that the absent-minded youth had timed himself with the very watch that he went for.

"Why you could fill a book with Harry's absent-minded doings," said his sister. "He is always doing the most absurd things. He forgot me in a restaurant in Boston not long ago, and never remembered that I was in his charge until he was on the lightning express for New York. We were both coming back from Harvard together—

I from the annex and he from the college—and he had the money and the tickets. We went together to the luncheon, after which he left me to get a cigar. I waited and waited, and no Harry, until finally I imagined what had really happened—I, e., that after purchasing his cigar he had entirely forgotten that I was with him and had gone to the railroad station. Leaving word with the waiter, in case he should return to fetch me, I rushed to the station and found that our train had gone, then back again to the restaurant, where, as I had expected, no Harry had turned up. As I had only 50 cents in my purse, I spent part of it in telegraphing an explanatory message to mamma, and with the rest returned to Cambridge, where I found a telegram from Harry which he managed to get sent from the train. "Did you worry?" I asked him afterward. "Oh, not a bit!" he answered cheerfully. "I knew you would be all right, but I was glad the matter received your telegram before I arrived home."

The absent-mindedness of a certain well-known professor led to an amusing scene the other day. He was walking

(Continued on Page Twelve.)