

the Ey Lindsay Denison

www. N every vessel sailing from Palermo or Naples are a dozen or more members of the Camorra or the Matia, employed as sailors, coal-heavers, and stewards. It is their fraternal duty to aid their brethren to evade the passport law. If there are six or more members of a ship's company earnestly desirous of concealing a stowaway, the thing can always be done. There are recorded instances where a stowaway has been hunted for three hours by twenty men, after all the officers and crew have been sent ashore, and has re-

mained undiscovered-because he was sewed up in a mattress in a bunk. When the steamship has tied up at her berth in an American port, the fugitive puts on the uniform or overalls of one of his confederates and easily makes his way off the pier. And thus, a seasoned and hardened criminal his blood stained hands against all the world as the world's hands are against him, is turned loose in the land of the free and the home of the brave. Every steamship man concerned in the Mediterranean trade knows something of the system; one of them has admitted these facts. It is the theory of the professional policeman of America that the Italian criminal comes to us through France and Canada. That is nonsense; he has neither the intelligence nor the means.

The ex-convict has the New York address of one or more members of his society in Italy. He makes his way to this address as quikkly as he may. He is without work and in a strange country. It may be that happy chance will find honest work for him at once. But usually it is not so. He becomes, more likely, a willing and useful tool of the Black Hand, a dependent on the generosity of more thoroughly acclimated criminals. The stealthy delivery of blackmailing letters, the stabbings, the bomb plantings, and even the murders of the Black Hand type are done by men who are so ignorant and so helpless that they face starvation if they do not carry out the orders of the Black Hand thugs who house and feed them after their surreptitious entry. into the United States .- Everybody's.

6 ~~~~ The Elements of Fun From the Showman's Standpoint Certain Well-

By Frederic Thompson

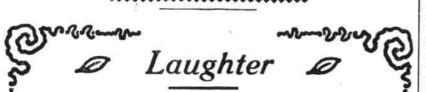
defined Principles Must be Recognized.

HE difference between the theatre and the big amusement park is the difference between the Sunday school and the Sunday school picnic. The people are the same; the spirit and environment are wholly different. It is harder to make the picnic successful than successfully to conduct a session of the school; and it is harder to make a success of a big amusement park than of a theatre. There isn't any irreverence in this comparison with the Sunday school, for if the amusement park deosn't attract people who are interested

in the Sunday school, it isn't going to succeed.

For I want to say at the beginning that ninety-five percent of the American public is pure and good, and it is this public that it pays to serve. This isn't just a general statement. I always believed it. I have proved it by studying the twenty-five million people who have visited Luna Park in the past five years. I haven't any use for the bad five percent. As a showman I don't want them to come near my enterprises.

In amusing the million there are other essential elements besides galety. One is decency-the absolutely necessary quality in every line of the world's business. There is nothing that pays so well. When Coney Island used to have a pretty bad reputation, there were good shows there, and clean shows, but the influence of evil dives was dominant. The police couldn't, or at least didn't check them. The Hooligan was everywhere. It's different now. The clean, decent shows have driven the dives out of business. They can't pay the rents the good places easily afford,





DOLLY AND ALICE. I'm just a little doll, you see, So you must not be harsh with me. Were I to fall I'd break in two; Then what would little Alice do? Dear little Alice! She owns me; I think they say she is but three.



At least, I know she isn't old, For they don't play with dolls, I'm told Dear Alice brings me candy sweet; She keeps me dressed so very neat; And when she walks out in the air She takes me with her everywhere.



We are the best of friends, you see; I love sweet Alice, she loves me. Were I to fall and break in two, What would dear little Alice do? What would dear little Alice do? -Washington Star.

LITTLE GERTIE'S HALLOWEEN. Gertie was six years old, and she was much excited over the approach of Halloween. She could not remember of there ever having been a Halloween before. That was because she was too young the year before to pay any attention to Halloween, though her brothers, Ned and Fred, had had a merry enough time then.

And Gertie knew what one ought to do on Halloween, or, at least, she said she knew. "One wants to disturb fings, don't they, mamma?" she asked of her mother a few mornings before the arrival of Halloween.

Mamma laughed. "Why, what do you mean by that, darling?'

"Oh, to do like Ned an' Fred do," plied Gertie. "They put fings replied Gertie. where they oughtn't to be, you know. That's Holloween fun, isn't it, mamma?

"I guess so," smiled mamma, kissing her dear little daughter's dimpled cheek. Then she left Gertle to her play and went about her household duties. And Gertie laid her plans for the forthcoming occasion. • "I'll have Halloween all by myself," she de-"I'm a little girl, so, of clared. course, I can't go out wif Ned an' Fred, putting fings where they pigeons. oughtn't to be. When at last Halloween arrived

Gertie crept off to bed earlier than was her wont, and, after her mamma had kissed her and tucked her in. s M said good-night, she lay very still t.A she knew she was entirely alone. Then she sprang from bed and ran i. to Ned's and Fred's room and gatheird up their books-all that she could carry-and lugged them off to the storeroom, big and dark. But, Gortie was not afraid—not a bit of den the books under some old rubbish the returned and found Ned's school shoes (he was wearing an old pair for the festive evening), and Fred's mittens and ball. These word hidden in the closet of her own room. Then to mamma's and paper room she went, getting papa's smolt ing jacket and his box of collars and Joe .- Sunday Afternoon. cuffs. Next she gathered up manma's morning wrapper and slippers. These she carried to the guest chamber, where they were safely placed under the big bed.



WHAT THE TRAMP CAT DID. Spunk was a tramp cat that haunt ed the garbage barrels and basements of a neighborhood in New York City, She was not at all clean and not a bit handsome, but she was tame and good-natured, and the neighborhood children had a lot of fun with her.

One afternoon a little boy named Harry, seven years old, picked up Spunk in the street, dirty as she was, and carried her in his arms into his mother's kitchen to have a play with her. At supper time he led her, then forgot all about her. Spunk did not forget herself, though, and had no mind to spend the night in the street, for it was cold weather at that time, so Spunk sneaked slyly behind the | alive. kitchen range out of sight and went

to sleep. Harry got sleepy, too, in due time nd went upstairs to bed. So did all

he other seven people in the family then their sleepy time came, and not ne of them knew about the tramp cat behind the kitchen range. It was gas range, and one of the gas jets elonging to it had seen left burning.

The lighted jet had been turned so w that when the early morning came and the gas pressure was reduced the light was, quite extinguished, although the gas still continued to flow, filling the kitchen with its poisonous fumes. By degrees the gas mounted the stairs up in and through the rest of the house. All the family-father, mother and hildren-were still fast asleep. lreaming of anything but the deadly langer they were in.

But Spunk, cat fashion, was an arly riser. She wandered through he kitchen, looking for something eat. Then she smelled gas. It eemed as if she knew all about it. and maybe she did. Who can tell? Spunk bounded lightly up the stairs d through the rooms till she came Harry's bed. She sprang upon it th a big bounce, and stroked inrry's face with ber paws till he

waked suddenly. He jumped up with a yell, for he ad been suddenly wakened from a

and sleep. The yell waked all the st of the family. In an instant they melled the gas, and the grown folk new what it meant. Harry's father umped to the windows and opened hem, and that let in the air and saved their lives. Then he bounded ownstairs and shut off the gas jet. As to Spunk, she just sat still upon Harry's bed and looked mightily

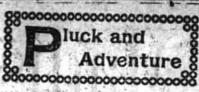
leased .- Detroit News-Tribune. ONLY A CENT.

Uncie Harris was a carpenter, and had a shop in the country. One day he went into the barn, where Dick and Joe were playing with two tame "Boys," he said, "my workshop

ought to be swept up every evening. Which of you will undertake to do it? I am willing to pay a cent for each sweeping."

"Only a cent?" said Dick. "Who would work for a cent?" "I will," seid Joe.

So every day, when Uncle Harris was done working in the shop, Joe



AN INCIDENT OF PEKIN SIEGE. The late Dr. W. S. Ament was one of the brave missionaries who went

through the Boxer siege of the lega tions at Pekin in 1900. Among those who experienced the terrors of that time was an American woman with her husband and young child. The mother narrates this characteristic incident of that trying time:

"Let me tell you about one act of Dr. Ament's the day the siege began. We had reached the British legation coming from the Methodist compound when I discovered that in our haste I had not taken any of the prepared food for baby. I spoke to my husband about it, but he said he could do nothing; that we were fortunate to get to our present place of safety

" 'But baby will die,' I said, 'without that food."

"'I am sorry, but any one would be killed who tried to go back for the food. Ve must trust the Lord!' "Dr. Ament had heard our conver-

sation, and without saying a word he suddenly left us. Later I learned that alone, carrying his rifle, he had walked back to the Methodist compound, followed only by a Chinese whom he did not know, but who evidently knew him. The gates of the compound he found locked. Climb ing up on the wall he looked down on the inside upon a dozen Boxers, each armed, and their guns pointed toward him.

"'If you won't shoot, I won't,' he said, and a truce was formed. He found the baby's food, and loading himself down with that and other articles of food he rode back to the legation upon a bicycle, followed by his unknown friend.

"When the other missionaries saw Dr. Ament return they said that if he could go back to the compound they could, and soon a string of men could be seen carrying food, clothing and other articles into the legation

grounds. As long as they could go with safety they continued to go, and only stopped when the fire from the Boxers on the city wall warned them that their lives were really in danger. "There is no doubt in my mind that our boy's life was spared by the

heroism of Dr. Ament, and that all of the adults as well owed much of their comfort to the example which he set-in fact, it is doubtful if there would have been food enough in the legation to enable us to hold out till relief came."-Christian Advocate.

THE JURY'S VERDICT.

Cowardice does not get itself reported as heroism does, but it is unhappily not rare. A woman was recently drowned at Hampstead, England, while four men stood on the bank of the pond and watched her

struggles. The coroner's jury entered on its verdict its regret that "when the deone was present who felt competent to enter the water and endeavor to effect her rescue."

The verdict must have been exceedingly unpleasant reading for those four men. But their inaction

suard the trains committed to his care, did not waver even under the supreme test. His years of obedience to the call of dufy had fitted him to stand the strain, and like Abraham of old he could say in answer to the appalling summons to sacrifice, "Lord, here am I!"

THE MOTOR-MAN'S TROUBLES.

With a quick, strong shove of the brake lever the motor-man brought his car to a stop. The woman on the edge of the track just ahead, who had been trying to cross, backed off, and in spite of his motions, refused to budge. He clanged his gong, got the signal to start, and put on the power again.

"One thing is true," the motor-man said to the passenger on the platform, "men don't do that. It's only women. Did you see what she did?" "No," said the passenger. "I didn't notice her till you stopped."

'Didn't you? She was beginning to cross the street. I saw her, and she saw me, and I thought that she saw I saw her. Anyway, I slowed up to give her a chance-besides, I'm ahead of time, two minutes. Then when I get near, she stops, and looks up, and refuses to move. I have to stop because I can't tell which way she's likely to go."

"Women don't understand mechanical things," said the passenger.

"P'r'aps not. There's one woman lives in town," he jerked his thumb to indicate the direction. "She used to take my car when I was on the old route every morning. The regular stop was on the south side of the cross street. Just as regular as the clock, she'd stand on the north side.

"First time I kind of slowed down, and motioned to her, and she ran along. I heard she reported me for not letting her get on, and making her follow to the post. Mind you, she did the same thing every day. I got to watch out for her, and I used to try to be half a minute ahead of time so as to make up for it. For all I know, she does it still."

The passenger was silent a mo-"Do women get off backwards ment much?" he asked.

"Not on this end of the car," said the driver, grimly. "I scare 'em toomuch. One tried it on me once. I said 'Danger, ma'am!' in a loud voice, and she jumped back as if she'd stepped on a live wire. Hello, there's my friend! Wonder what she's doing way up here. And she's on the wrong side of the street, too."

He stopped the car by the signalpost, and waited patiently for her to catch up.

"Some'll never learn," he said, wearily .- Youth's Companion.

CAUGHT NEWFOUNDLAND BEAR. Two sportsmen in Newfoundland ran across the carcass of a caribou, all the signs showing that a good, able-bodied bear had brought it there within the last twenty-four hours. Apparently he had not yet begun to feed on it, which meant that he would be back. Mr. Richard D. Ware, in his book entitled "In the Woods and on the Shore," says that the sportsceased was alive and in the pond, no men decided that they would be back, too, and took up their watch on a neighboring bush-grown ledge about a quarter of a/mfle away.

It was then about four o'clock in the afternoon. The sun was getting low and it had turned quite cold. As was due simply to their inability to the shadows grew deeper we began collect themselves and decide upon to see bears everywhere. It had bewould take an old broom and sweep what should be done. They were un- come so dark that it would soon be accustomed to meet emergencies. impossible to see to shoot at all, and One day Uncle Harris took Dick When one came, it found them want- my friend suggested that we should ing. So, alas! it might find even our give it up. I agreed to go in fifteen minutes by Stroud's watch. I had hardly spoken when a black makes a piteous outcry over his want thing sticking up in the brush at the of this great, silent power. "Do I edge of the bog seemed to move; indeed lack courage? Courage, the but the phantom tears had seemed footstool of the virtues, upon which to move, too, and I said nothing about they stand? Courage, that a poor it. The next instant it did move unprivate carrying a musket has to questionably. A moment more and the creature was on the bog, clear of the brush, where he had been peering about to see if the coast was clear. Stroud had already taken off his boots as I turned to him.

Ey Tom L. Masson

AUGHTER is one of the principal things by which man is distinguished from the brutes. It is used extensively by man to conceal his sorrows.

The first laugh on record occurred in the Garden ot Eden, when Eve got the laugh on Adam. Her example has been used ever since as a precedent by Eve's descendants. Laughter may be used to express feelings, or to hide them. The derisive laugh is used in family quarrels, melo-

8640000000 drama, and in Congress. The hearty laugh is used by good fellows. It oftentimes balances the hearty cry indulged in by their wives.

The down-trodden under-classes, those who are below the poverty liffe, and the idle rich, rarely laugh. In the one case they have never learned how; in the other they have forgotten.

Babies cry long before they learn to laugh. They cry by instinct, and learn to laugh only when their intellects come into play.

In many cases, laughter is caused by the sudden consciousness of one's own superiority. Silence usually follows this-when one realizes his mistake.

assing jests make us laugh; permanent jests make us smile. A man with a true sense of humor laughs not only at the misfortunes of others, but at his own .- From Life.



Charles Park of Boston says that 80 per cent of Colórado women register, and about 72 percent vote.

The Wyoming secretary of state, in a letter to me, says that 90 percent of the women of Wyoming vote.

In Idaho the chief justice and all the justices of the state supreme court have signed a published statement say-

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ing: "The large vote cast by the women establishes the fact that they take a lively interest."

In Australia men outnumber women. At the last federal elections for which we have the returns 628,235 men voted and 431,038 women.

In New Zealend when woman suffrage was granted in 1893 the estimated number of women in the colony was 139,915. Of these 109,461 registered to wote; and the number of women voting has increased at each triennial par-Namentary election. In 1893, 90,209 women voted; in 1896, 108,783; in 1899, 119,550; in 1902, 138,565; in 1905, 175,045. Where women have only the school ballot their vote is small, as the vote of men is always small at elections where school officers only are to be

ten. Wherever women have the full franchise they show no backward-in using it. Well, maybe next Halloween I won't tell the next morning. I'll iet you all hunt till you find 'em."-Washington Star. mess in using it.

"Now, I guess I've had some fun, said Gertie to herself. And off to bed she went, as happy as any real little Halloween culprit could be.

But Gertie's real fun came the next morning, when Ned and Fred set up a cry about their books, shoes, mittens and ball. "Gee, where're our things gone?" cried Fred, under the bed looking everywhere for his books. "And somebody's stolen my shoes,"

wailed Ned, flying about the room like a hen on a hot griddle.

'Well, that's strange," said mamma. "I have also had a time hunting my wrapper and slippers. And your papa can't find his smoking jacket anywhere. The old Halloween witch must have been busy in the house last night. Everything is topsyturvy.'

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"Maybe if you look in the storeroom, and under the bed in the guest's chamber, and maybe in the closet in my room, you may find some of the fings you've lost," said Gertie. "Ab, it's Gertie!" cried Ned, his face lighting up. "While we were upsetting things out of doors last night she was busy inside. Well, who'd have thought it!"

"Well," she said, "I wanted to feel what Halloween is like. An' I had lots of fun, I did."

"Well, I guess you did, Sis, grinned Fred. "But one thing about you-you put people next to where you've hidden their things. So, it's not so had after all." "Oh, isn't that right?" asked Ger-

He, her face becoming serious. "Well, maybe next Halloween I

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it, and the dark storercom held no and Joe to town. While he went to terrons for her. After she had hid, buy some lumber, they went to a toy shop.

"What fine kites!" said Dick. "! wish that I could huy one "

"Only ten cents," said the man, "I haven't a cent," said Dick. "I have fifty cents," said Joe. "How did you get fifty cents?"

asked Dick. "By sweeping the shop," answered

BE HONEST.

The great explorer, David Livingstone, writes in one of his books:

Grandfather could give particulars of the lives of his ancestors for six generations of the family before him; and the only part of the traditions I feel proud of is this. One of these poor, hardy islanders was renowned in the district for great wisdom and prudence; and it is related that when he was on his deathbed, he called all

his children around him and said: "Now, in my lifetime I have searched most carefully through all the traditions I could find of our family, and I never could discover that there was a dishonest man among our forefathers. If, therefore, any of you, or any of your children, should take to dishonest ways, it will not be because it runs in our blood; it does not belong to you. I leave this precept with you, 'Be honest,' -Children's Friend.

IS PAPA MARRIED?

Esther and Baby Lois and mother were having one of their confidential talks the other day. "Is papa mar-ried?" Esther asked suddenly. "Why, Esther!" mother exclaimed. "Don't you know who papa married?" Esther reflected for a moment, and then said radiantly, "Course I dol He married us-you and Lois and me!"-Youth's Companion.

BERT'S SUGGESTION.

Little Bert's mother sent him to bring a small switch with which to chastise his small sister who had been naughty.

After he had been gone a long time.

the state of the

would-be heroine.

One of Stevenson's characters spare of; that does not fail a weasel or a rat?"

The "poor private carrying a musket" has had a certain training. Experience shows that this particular training conduces to courage in a remarkable degree.

But we cannot all participate in the military drill. It behooves us, if we are set upon heroism as a vocation. to look about for the next best way of learning to be a hero.

A careful study of certain examples of nobly heroic action may reveal the qualities of character which of courage should lie.

On an English railway a signalman was employed whose house was near his post. The tracks ran between the signal box and his garden, and the garden was separated from the received, by his electric bell, the sig- quiet again. nal to stop an approaching train, as there was trouble down the line.

As he stood at his post, flag in him out. hand, the signalman saw his threeyear-old boy creeping under the fence-evidently with the intention of snatching the forbidden pleasure of a visit to his father in the signal box.

The train was close upon them. The father had but an instant to choose between leaving his post and seeing his child run down by the en-

rifice to duty was exacted from him. His child was killed, but the train was saved from disaster.

Of course an untrained man would have dropped the flag and sprung to the rescue of the child. He would have seen only the impending horror of the boy's death, and not the more

by every habit of thought and life to twenty-seven land miles.

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"Take off your moccasins," he said. When he begins to feed we'll start for him."

Subsequent developments proved that the rocks were sharp and that the bog was very, very wet to our unshod feet, but we did not think of those things then. We were after that bear.

Suddenly a black shape rose above produced them, and so may indicate the brush. It was the bear, and the lines along which the education Stroud had passed him. Thanks to some previous experiments, I caught the white sight of my rifle quickly on the creature's shoulder and fired. Down he went. For a few moments we heard nothing; then a half-smothered, groaning bellow sounded in the rails by a high fence. One day he depths of the thicket. Then all was

"He's dead," said Stroud, but he did not go into the thicket to pull

Finally I worked round to a new point of view. I had gone about a dozen paces through the brush when a low, stiff spruce blocked my stride. I pushed through it, and brought my unshod foot down full weight on something soft that rolled down under it. I backed off more rapidly than I had advanced.

Stroud joined me and we went ck. There was the bear quite dead, fiat on his back, with his paws outstretched. I had stepped on one of them.

Distance of a Knot.

In considering the speed of a steamship, it must be remembered that a knot, or nautical mile, is a very different thing from a land mile. awful tragedy which threatened the A mile is 5280 feet, while a knot in helpless passengers on the train. 6080 feet and a fraction. Therefore, But the man who for years had when a vessel makes 23.05 knots an on taught by command, by practice, hour, she passes over nearly nearly

gine. He stood firm, and the terrible sac-