

A Dreadful Menace

By MYRTLE GREY

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Albion Dare was a contented and happy man. He had been brought up on a farm yielding a comfortable living. He had won Minna Royce, belle of Bayview, for his bride and now there was a two-year-old little cherub, Norman, to fill the vine embowered cottage with animation all day long. Then came a new run of what his friends called luck. He was made town marshal. John Rush, his predecessor, had become old and slow in his methods. They needed a younger man to rule the police destinies of Bayview. Not that the duties of marshal at the well-ordered little village were at all active, onerous or perilous, but there was a civic pride in keeping the township clear of tramps and criminals.

"All this suits me pretty well, Minna," said Albion to his wife. "It's a six hundred dollar salary dropped right into my lap. It won't interfere with me continuing to run the store."

"But suppose you have to battle with bandits, and arrest burglars, and capture murderers!" voiced Minna awesomely.

Then, slight as he was in build, mild and inoffensive as he was in his talk and manners, Albion smiled quietly and replied:

"I'll try moral suasion, dear, and if that fails why—" and he exhibited the



"I'll Try Moral Suasion, Dear, and if That Fails, Why!"

handle of a big revolver in his hip pocket.

"Oh, how brave and fearless you are!" breath Minna, but she shuddered at a sight of the gruesome weapon. "Have you written Uncle Ben about your getting ahead?"

"Yes, I thought it wouldn't harm, although he hasn't paid much attention to us of late years. I told him, too, of little Norman—called after his middle name. A queer old fellow is Uncle Ben. I hope he won't think we named Norman after him just to get his good will."

"Suppose he did?" flashed forth the motherly Minna. "Is there a finer child in the world? Uncle Ben ought to be proud to know that he's got such a smart, handsome namesake!"

Albion did very well as marshal. Single handed and valiantly he captured Knifer Dodd, a troublesome foot-dog who had made night traveling dangerous on the roads leading into Bayview. The man was sent up for five years and threatened "to get even" with Albion.

"You serve your time like a gentleman and get good time by behaving yourself," advised Albion in his quiet, good hearted way, "and I'll give you a new start in life after you've paid your debt to the state."

No answer came from Uncle Ben, but the Dares heard that he was away from home. About a month later there was a grand scare for Minna.

She was seated chatting with Mrs. Rush, the wife of the former marshal, when the letter carrier handed her a package across the garden gate. It was directed to her husband, long, round and wrapped in heavy manila paper.

"Mrs. Dare," spoke her neighbor abruptly, "I don't like the looks of that package."

"Why, what do you mean?" inquired Minna in surprise.

"Just what I say. It makes me shudder, for it causes me to think of the time when my husband was marshal. He had driven a bad crowd from town and one morning we found just such a queer looking parcel as that under the door step. It had a half-burned-out fuse on it. My husband took it to the town hall. It was a bomb, an infernal machine—dynamite!"

Minna uttered a sharp scream and made a movement as if to throw the package into the street.

"For mercy's sake don't drop it!" warned her agitated visitor. "Don't you know it goes off by concussion and may blow us all to pieces?"

"Oh! whatever shall I do with it?" shivered Minna.

"Put it on the window-sill on the porch," advised Mrs. Rush. "Carefully, now. Your husband will be home soon to dinner and he will attend to it."

The neighbor left and Minna sat on the lowest step of the porch with many a shuddering glance at the mysterious package. Baby was asleep in the hammock at the other end of the porch. Minna got so anxious that she went down to the gate looking longingly down the street.

"Oh, there he is at last!" she exclaimed joyfully and hurried down the street to meet her husband.

"Why, Minna, you look all disturbed," spoke Albion as her trembling hand rested on his arm and he noted the unusual palor on her face.

"I am nearly frightened to death," confessed Minna. "Oh, Albion! I fear your being marshal is going to cost you men and danger."

"Why, how is that, little woman?"

"Someone, maybe the friends of Knifer Dodd, has sent you a bomb through the mail!" and Minna flutteringly described the arrival of the mysterious package.

"Um! we'll look into this," said Albion. "Where did you say you placed it?"

"On the window-sill—Albion!" fairly screamed Minna—"it's gone!"

"Why, that is strange," commented Albion, as both reached the porch.

Thump—thump—thump!—the eyes of both were turned to the far end of the porch. Baby, it seemed, had awakened. Baby had gone out of the hammock. Baby sat pounding with something on the floor of the porch which he applied to his mouth and pounded some more.

"Albion!" shrieked Mrs. Dare, "it's the dynamite! Oh! get it! Oh! he's been eating it and it may kill him! Oh! oh! and in a hysterical fit poor Minna sank into the nearest seat, overcome.

She roused to her natural self to find her husband laughing till he shook all over. He had baby in his arms and baby was crowing loudly. In his little hand he held the dreaded "dynamite stick." Its battered end, the result of the pounding on the porch floor, had been stripped down an inch or two by papa and upon it young Norman was fastening.

"Why?" gulped Minna staring, "it's candy!"

The big red and white striped stick diffused a distinct odor of peppermint. The stick was six times the diameter of the ordinary one-center. Albion took it from baby's grasp and stripped off the rest of its manila covering. As he did so he brought to light a strip of letter paper.

"From Uncle Ben," he advised. "Note says, 'biggest stick of candy I could buy.'"

"Oh, Albion, how silly I have been!" breathed Minna.

"I also add a small gift for my namesake. Will duplicate each year if he behaves himself."

"Norman misbehaves himself! The idea!" cried the fond mother. "What is it, Albion?"

"A five-hundred-dollar bill," answered Albion, fluttering the bank note in question.

"Oh, it can't be possible!"

"Look for yourself and be convinced."

"And I had my scare all for nothing," narrated Minna to Mrs. Rush. "And Knifer Dodd had no idea of blowing us all to smithereens. And wasn't Albion brave, starting right into the jaws of danger?"

"To discover an innocent stick of peppermint candy!" laughed the neighbor cheerily. "Oh, dear! it teaches us always to hope for the best, doesn't it, now?"

Early Inhabitants of Mexico.

Before its discovery by the Spaniards, Mexico was occupied by several Indian races, the Nahuas, known as Aztecs, predominating. In 1518 the exploration of the Gulf coast by Grijalva was followed by the Spanish invasion in 1519, and the capture of the Aztec capital, Tenochtitlan, in 1521. The Spanish colony thus formed was created into a viceroyalty, and became the richest European possession in the new world, with the exception of Peru. The Spaniards extended their conquests even into what is now the territory of the United States. The viceroy had full sway over all the territory, which was from the southern boundary of Costa Rica to Florida, as well as the West Indies. However, in the eighteenth century the East Indies and Guatemala, on Central America, were separated. With the exception of a few Indian wars nothing molested the lives of splendor led by the viceroy. Great fortunes were amassed in the silver mines and in the East India trade.

Didn't Know He Had "Risen."

Representative Lobeck of Nebraska used to be a traveling man, and has sold stoves and other useful commodities to every hardware merchant in his district. After he was elected to congress, Lobeck found himself one afternoon in a small village where he had once sold goods, though he had not been there for many years. It was a village where a hitching rack runs the entire length of the business section. Lobeck thought it would be pleasant to see one of his old customers and receive congratulations on his rise in life since the days when he went about disposing of hardware.

The customer was seated in the rear of his store looking over the books, when Lobeck entered. He looked up, recognized Lobeck, and said:

"Don't want a thing." And went right on figuring up his accounts.

HAS CONNIE MACK DECIDED HE IS IN BAD?



TALL LEADER OF PHILADELPHIA ATHLETICS.

Connie Mack's experience with his host of youthful college ball players continues unabated, as yet without producing any appreciable results. Many experts say that there is not a single good player among Mack's many collegians, but such an assertion is too broad and sweeping to be accurate, writes Rodman Random in Philadelphia Press. Undoubtedly in the outfit are some players who, with the kind of care and attention they will get under this famous leader, will develop into great ball players.

However, the operation is certain to be very slow, and baseball fans are impatient for results. The tediousness of the operation is due to the fact that the tall leader is trying to construct a whole team from green players. Had he held to a few of his veterans he

would have been able to give more individual attention to his men, have developed them rapidly, and then have supplanted the veterans. Then at no time would he have had a whole team of rookies. The developing players would have had a few old heads upon whom to depend whereas they now play as though bewildered.

Does Connie Mack count this policy a mistake and believe he has carried the operation to too great lengths? This may be indicated by the fact that Harry Davis, his trusty Lieutenant, has been doing considerable scouting of late in the minor league field. It is the first real effort the Athletics have made to land professional players from the minor leagues to bolster the team, all other efforts having been conducted in the college field.

BASEBALL NOTES

There is still some fight left in the White Sox.

"Doc" Lavan is playing better ball than ever before.

The Washington club has sold its right to Pitcher Ehmke to Detroit.

The Pittsburgh club is loading up with all kinds of bush-leaguers this fall.

Roger Hornsby, the St. Louis phenom, is climbing rapidly in the batting averages.

Hans Wagner has always been on the level. In fact, no player ever met a ball more squarely.

"Ed" Fitzpatrick is making a hit with Boston "fans" by his playing in place of "Johnny" Evers.

Rowdy Elliott is a real backstop. His work stamps him as the right kind to stick in the big show.

"You can't always shin up the penitent pole by chinning," says John K. Tener to George Stallings.

Connie Mack should consider it a successful season if he does not run afoul of the child-labor law.

The Toledo-American association team is called the Iron Men. The team has proved highly malleable.

Lee Fohl, manager of the Indians, caught a few games for the Pirates in 1902 and for the Reds in 1903.

Pete Standridge and George Zabel should be much better pitchers next year than they were last year.

Just what use John McGraw will make of Indian Thorpe when he gets him back again is hard to say.

The Cleveland and Detroit clubs will make big money this year. They are the best coin getters in the West.

"Babe" Ruth, star left hander of the Red Sox, is getting better and better every time he steps into the box.

Tris Speaker hasn't much on Max Carey of the Pirates, when it comes to getting under long drives in deep center field.

"Davey" Robertson of the Giants is straining every effort to hold the batting leadership of the National league.

A dozen passes would only mar a baseball game, whereas they would put a crap game out of commission.

"Braves Are Hard Hit."—Headline. Thereby putting them in the same class with several of our ablest bookmakers.

"Bonesetter" Reese may be a wizard, but he's never been able to set the bone that stole second with the bases choked.

"Fred" Beebe, the veteran pitcher rescued from the minors by Lee Fohl, appears suddenly to have discarded his winning habits.

With Tommy Leach, Arthur Devlin and Charlie Dooin pastime with their team Rochester can have a regular "old home week" celebration.

LONGEST GAMES IN BASEBALL

Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of Two Remarkable Contests—Three League Holders Record.

This year marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of two of the longest games ever played by professional baseball clubs.

On May 16, 1891, Tacoma and Seattle clubs of the Pacific Northwest league played 22 chapters before Tacoma finally triumphed by a score of 6 to 5. Doanhue pitched the entire 22 innings for Tacoma, and finally won out, although Seattle used two pitchers.

The following July a new record was set up in a game between Fargo and Grand Forks, played at Devil's Lake, N. D. Neither side scored in 25 innings. This stood as the record until 1909, when Burns of Decatur and Clark of Bloomington, in the Three-I league, fought a pitchers' battle for 26 innings, Decatur winning 2 to 1.

The major league record, 24 innings, was established at Boston in 1906, in a game between the Athletics and Red Sox. The Philadelphians won 4 to 1.

The National league's longest game, 21 innings, was between the Giants and the Pirates at Pittsburgh in 1914, New York winning 3 to 1.

The longest game last year was between Burlington and Keokuk, Central Association, neither club scoring in 22 innings.

JOE JACKSON IS IMPROVING

All White Sox Are Pulling for Outfielder to Lead American League as Hardest Hitter.

"Joe Jackson is getting better every day," said Eddie Collins, captain and second baseman for the Chicago White Sox.

"Speaker is a sort of combination of Cobb and Jackson in hitting. Speaker will beat out some infield hits; not as many as Cobb and more than Jackson. He will not walk as often as Cobb, but will walk often than Jackson. This means that Jackson is the cleaner hitter. He has to be to stay in that company."

"All the White Sox are pulling for Joe to lead the American league this year. He has been a wonderful hitter for several years, but he never got the credit due him. He has hit hard enough several years to lead every league but the one Cobb was in. It's the greatest race the game has ever known."

CHANCE FOR SAM CRAWFORD

If Through as Player Fellow, Citizens of Wayne County Plan Running Him for Sheriff.

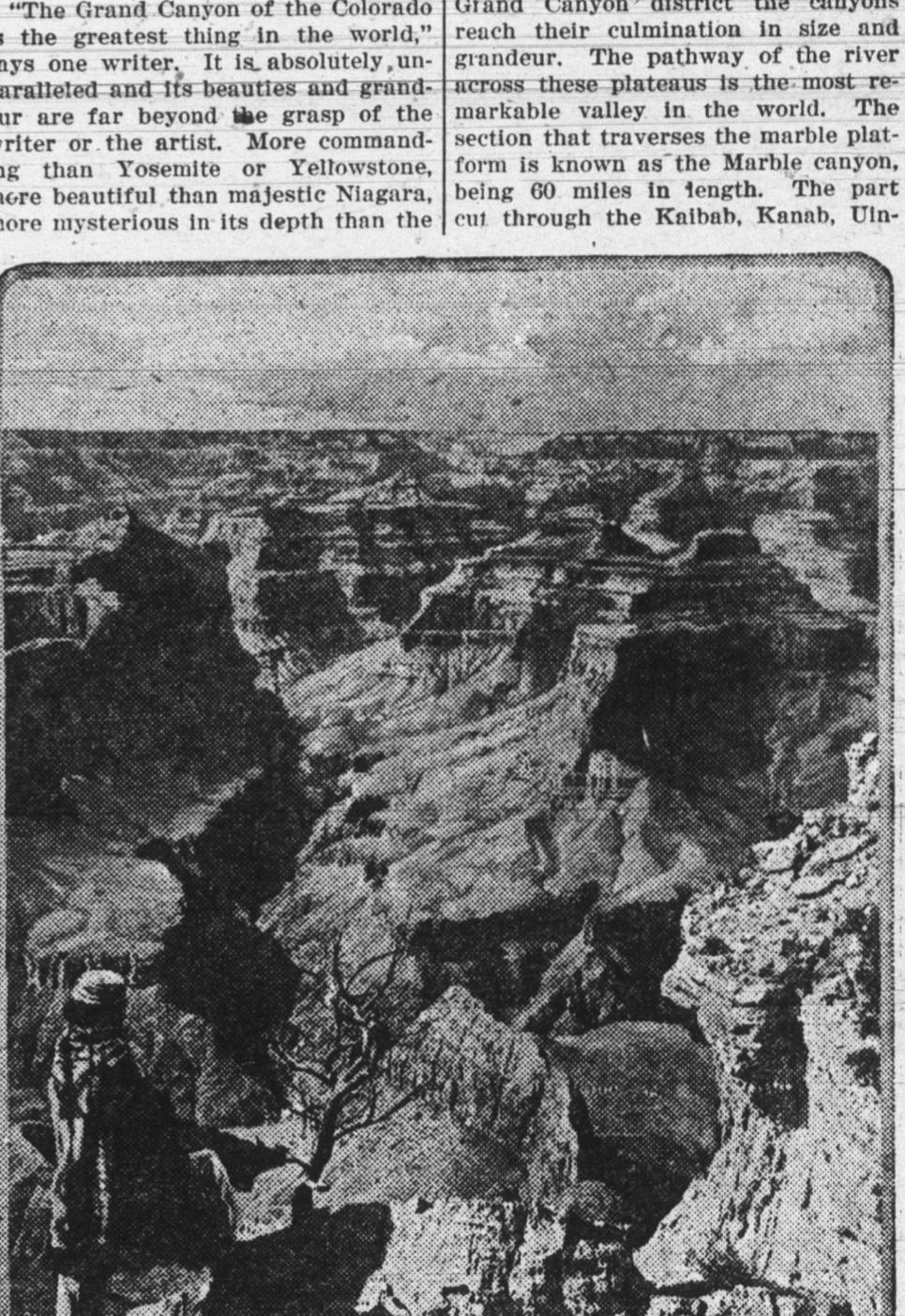
If Hugh Jennings really thinks Sam Crawford is done as a ball player, there still is a chance for Wahoo to keep before the public. His fellow citizens in Wayne county, Michigan, in which Detroit is situated, have suggested that he become a candidate for sheriff, running against Ed Stein, also a ball player, once upon a time, as followers of the old Brooklyn Superbas will remember.

DOWN BRIGHT ANGEL TRAIL

Down Bright Angel trail straggle the hardy burros. Then up Bright Angel trail they scramble again. Part of the way their saddles were empty, where the trail clings so closely to the precipitous wall of the Grand canyon of the Colorado that there is no room for a rider to stick on. Winding its tortuous way upward, twisting about rocks, clutching the mountainside by inches, the trail gradually climbs the steep ascent from the river bed of the rushing Colorado to the heights above, 6,000 feet above, a mile straight up in the blue from the dark depths of earth's most wonderful treasure chasm of beauty.

You have not seen America until you have descended Bright Angel trail in Arizona, writes Earl William Gage in the Utica Saturday Globe. Nowhere else on earth exists such a depression into the surface of the earth, from 1,000 to 6,000 feet deep. The canyon of the Yellowstone is trifling in comparison with the Grand canyon of the Colorado river in Arizona. The great gorge is 217 miles long, varying from 9 to 13 miles in width, the maximum depth being 6,000 feet. Here the tourist stands at the top of the mountain peak at the start and to gain the victory land must descend 6,000 feet of sheer rock. Elsewhere, we stand at the foot of the mountains and must ascend. At Grand canyon the rules that regulate tourists are reversed in everything.

"The Grand Canyon of the Colorado is the greatest thing in the world," says one writer. It is absolutely unparalleled and its beauties and grandeur are far beyond the grasp of the writer or the artist. More commanding than Yosemite or Yellowstone, more beautiful than majestic Niagara, more mysterious in its depth than the Grand Canyon district the canyons reach their culmination in size and grandeur. The pathway of the river across these plateaus is the most remarkable valley in the world. The section that traverses the marble platform is known as the Marble canyon, being 60 miles in length. The part cut through the Kaibab, Kanab, Un-



LOOKING ACROSS GRAND CANYON

Himalayas in their majestic height, the Grand canyon remains the first natural wonder of the world.

Nature's Titanic Struggle. While we may say that the Grand canyon is truly a canyon, it is rather an intricate system of canyons, each subordinate to the river channel in the midst. The river