

Ewing, King of the Black Patch

A KENTUCKY FARMER WHO FORMED THE DARK TOBACCO ASSOCIATION.

One of the most fascinating and thrilling fact-stories that has appeared in public print since the guerrilla days of the Civil War is that found in Hampton's Magazine. It is entitled "Nightriding in the Black Patch," and is written by Eugene P. Lyle, Jr., a well-known and trustworthy author. Here is a portion of Mr. Lyle's story of what he found out during a recent visit to the Black Patch:

Close to the Tennessee line, near Guthrie, Kentucky, there lives a planter, Felix G. Ewing. He was popular, in a way, with his neighbors. At Glenraven, his beautiful home, he threw open the doors now and then in a baronial manner, and the man in jeans came and was flattered. The host raised tobacco. He understood the woes of the man in jeans.

In Ewing's brain there burst into flame an idea superb, colossal, of a daring and design worthy of a genius. That was in 1904. The growers of tobacco should do their own selling—through him. A warehouse monopoly, to prize, to sample, to sell—and to tax in commissions—the bulk of that monumental crop of one hundred and twenty million pounds, year after year!

He must find a name potent with the promise of mutual co-operation, a name to make him one with the thousands of growers, and the thousands of growers one with him. All for one, and one for all, they would cast their lots, and their tobacco, into one gigantic pool. The growers would believe—and he made many of them believe it later, by matter-of-fact, businesslike, convincing argument—that no matter how much tobacco they grew, or how much was grown elsewhere, they need only corner a good portion of the crop to shoot prices skyward.

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The scale of prices began to advance in 1904. It is an economic problem as to whether the Association or a reduced acreage—or both—was responsible for the increase. Independent farmers, those who had not joined Ewing's movement, received the advantage of the same advanced prices obtained by Association members. The independent growers were disposed to skepticism. They said that Association "prizing" was inferior and costly, and that Association charges were higher. Several warehousemen who had financed the Association for hundreds of thousands of dollars thought themselves ruined though they pulled out with a narrow margin. Independent warehouses were competing. Independent farmers holding aloof made the corner ineffective.

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Trailing Robbers Where Dogs Refused To Go. Taking a trail that bloodhounds refused to follow, Willie Bryant, a full blood Cherokee boy, 19 years old, led the way for fifty miles through some of the roughest timbered country in the Cherokee Nation, covering the entire distance in a day, and with a posse surrounded and captured the two remaining tribe robbers who made a futile attempt to hold up a train crew at Braggs yesterday. The "hold up" resulted in a fight in which an officer was killed and one the robbers badly injured.

The feat of Bryant in following the robbers' trail is one of the most wonderful incidents in the history of outlawry in the Cherokee Nation. He has for several years been known locally as the best trailer of the section around Braggs. He has inherited all of the instincts of his forefathers in the craft of the trail. Naturally the local officers who know his ability turned to him as a leader.

Sheriff Ramsey of Muskegee county took bloodhounds in a motor car and rode twenty miles to Braggs, bringing the dogs fresh upon the robbers' trail before it was six hours old. The dogs refused to follow the robbers over the rough, hilly and timbered country, so Deputy Sheriff Clark placed young Bryant at the head of his posse and the Indian was given his head. From Braggs to Proctor, the course which the robbers took, is fully fifty miles. It is in the foothills of the Ozark Mountains and through a section like this there is every advantage in concealing a trail.

The distance covered shows how unerringly and swiftly the Cherokee followed it. While the difficult task of keeping the trail was his, yet the members of the posse found the greatest difficulty in keeping in sight of him. When Proctor was reached the posse was utterly exhausted and stopped to rest. Bryant and one man pushed on half a mile further and found a cap that belonged to one of the robbers. They sent back for the rest of the men, who soon had their quarry surrounded and closed in on them. The outlaws did not put up a fight and when arrested were unarmed. They had either thrown away their weapons in their flight to reach the railroad or else had concealed them for effect when they found they were surrounded. All three of the men are now in jail in Muskegee.—Muskegee correspondence Kansas City Star.

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For Boys and Girls

My Fairy Sea. I know a deep and boundless sea That takes three fairy days to reach; And if you'll go along with me, We'll play forever on the beach.

My sea is splendid to behold; It's top is all a shimmering light, Just like the narrow path of gold The moon makes on your sea at night.

Its waves are never blue or green, But just a lovely kind of pink; The shore is sugar, white and clean, Which makes the water good to drink.

And if you want your fortune told, To know what's coming in a year, You only have to find and hold One of my seashells to your ear.

Of course it is a distant sea, And takes three fairy days to reach; But if you'll go along with me, We'll play forever on the beach.—D. K. Stevens, in the St. Nicholas.

FOR WASHINGTON HEIGHTS. "Every girl is out of town," moaned Arabella.

"All the fellows are having a good time in the country," added I.

"Well," said mother, "we'll have a good time in the city, making small vacation trips every little while. There are fun and a tan to be had even if one cannot go to Lake George or the Catskills or Bar Harbor. I'll talk it over with Aunt Sue and you can see how many times we can go on two vacation weeks."

Mother and Aunt Sue, accordingly, put their heads together to such good purpose that yesterday we all set out by Broadway subway train and abundantly provided with luncheon—for Fort Washington Heights and a royal good time. We got out at One Hundred and Eighty-first street and walked toward the West Side, crossing Broadway and St. Nicholas avenue—yours' never recognize them, for up here they're like country roads—and by the low and rambling wooden church (Holy road they call it), against which leans the old "11 miles from New York mile-stone," down hill all the way, by old and rickety frame mansions and splendid new granite houses, till we reached the low fence and the narrow entrance through which we passed into the thick roads of Fort Washington Park. We followed the narrow, winding little path over the bridge which crosses the deep steep railway cut (Colorado Canyon, Arabella christened it) through which the Hudson River trains go thundering by, around and over jagged rocks and always under tall towering trees to the very edge of the crags, where we could see down into the green Hudson flowing at our feet. Mother spread the luncheon on a dry flat rock and while we sat and ate, Arabella and I rolled stones down the steep rocks and saw them splash into the water, and counted the many boats of all sorts and sizes that were passing along the stream. Then we walked down to the "Point" and as close to the water as mother would let us (for the rocks are slippery and the current swift), and watched the men and boys paddling in the river and some few children by—you see the rocks are hollowed out to form a huge smooth and shallow bowl, in which the tide water is always very warm, for the sun is on it almost all the time—while Aunt Sue, who was with mother resting on one of the comfortable benches close by, told us all about the big strong fort that stands there in Washington Heights (almost directly opposite Fort Lee on the Jersey side) and how the funny little yellow-hat post on the extreme end of "the point" is almost just as it used to be in those days—renewed and strengthened, but not improved upon—when the red lantern which served as a lighthouse light swung from it to show the Continental soldiers and sailors the steep and rocky (and consequently most dangerous) landing place. For a long time we sat looking about and listening—you couldn't believe big and noisy New York was only just "round the corner"; we seemed miles and miles away from almost everything—until it was time to go home, when we climbed up the "mountain path"—according to Arabella—and came out just behind the Hudson river railway station, where we struck into Depot lane and up the hill by the tumble-down old mansion where they keep the "police dogs" they are training and which everyone makes such a fuss about. We went close to the heavy iron netting fence—way up high—which surrounds the large yard and looked in and my! how those dogs did jump about and bark! About thirty of them; nearly of a size and complexion.

By the time we had walked up hill to One Hundred and Eighty-first street again we were a bit tired, but the long subway trip rested us, and if you don't believe that we had lots of fun—Arabella and I—on this little trip you'd just better go yourself and see how very much enjoyment you can get out of it—Helen Hudson, in the Brooklyn Eagle.

SIX LITTLE CHICKENS. A Mother Biddy sat on her nest, With what do you think in the nest? Six smooth white eggs! After she had sat there quite a long time till she was very tired, what do you suppose happened to one of those eggs? There was a noise that went "snick, snick," and out of the shell stepped something like a little fuzzy ball, but with two bright eyes, and two bits of feet to walk on. What do you think it was? A little chicken? Yes, and Mother Biddy was so glad to see it, and she called it "Fluffy." And Fluffy said: "Peep, peep! I have some brothers and sisters in the nest, if you call them, I think they will come." So Mother Biddy said: "Cluck, cluck!" and something said: "Peep, peep!" and out came another chicken, as black as it could be, so Mother Biddy called it "Topsy." Are there any more? said Mother Biddy. "Yes, Peep, peep! We're coming; wait for us," and there came four more little chickens. The first one to come out was as white as snow, and Mother Biddy called it "Snow-snow." The next was yellow and white, and she named it "Daisy." Then there was a yellow one with a brown ring around its neck, and that was called "Brownie." And what do you think! one was all black, only it had a little white spot on the top of its head that looked like a cap, so Mother Biddy called it "Spot-tie." Now they were all out of their shells, and they said: "Peep, peep! We're hungry." So Mother Biddy said: "Cluck, cluck! Come see my babies," and out of the house, close by, came a little girl with some corn-meal in a dish, and my! wasn't she glad to see the chickens?

After they had eaten all they wanted, they thought they would take a walk and see this queer world they had come to live in.

Pretty soon they came to a brook, and they all stood in a row and looked in. "Let us have a drink," they said, so they put their heads down, when—

"Peep, peep!" said Spottie. "I see a little chicken with a spot on its head."

"No, no," said Brownie. "It has a ring around its neck, and looks like me."

"Peep, peep!" said Daisy. "I think it's like me, for it is yellow and white." And I don't know but they would all have tumbled in to see if they hadn't felt something drop on the end of their noses. "What's that?" said Fluffy. "Cluck, cluck!" said Mother Biddy. "Every chicken of you come in, for it is going to rain, and you'll get your feathers wet."

So they ran as fast as they could, and in a few minutes the six little chickens were all cuddled under Mother Biddy's wing, fast asleep.—S. L. Elliott, in the St. Nicholas.

A BOY INVENTOR. Here is a little story of the invention by a young boy of St. Louis, of a lightweight motor. Many of the boy readers of this page are vastly interested in engines and motors, and perhaps some of you have constructed toy motors for use in your little steam cars and automobiles. This young fellow is Charles Godlove, and his invention has been entered for the American rights at the Patent Office. Most motors are so heavy that it is a problem how to get enough buoyancy in the flying machines to support them. The lighter the machinery of such "airships," the easier it is to keep aloft, as you can see from watching the birds fly. Little birds need little wings, but great birds like the eagle and the hawk need great big wings to support them.

You can imagine how glad the builders of airships and also of automobiles will be to get a motor that is powerful but is also light in weight and strong.

The best thing about the St. Louis boy's motor is said to be that a 20-horsepower motor will go in a six-teen-inch circle and will weigh only sixty pounds. Now, you boys who understand machinery how is that? This new motor does not need a spark and carburetor, according to the press notice, as the ignition of the gas is produced by the high compression of air, producing heat. There are no valves in this new motor. It is air-cooled and has a stationary crankshaft. The cylinders themselves revolve.

The inventor of this motor is now 20 years old, but he has been working on his idea for a light motor since he was a little boy, about the age of the older Sunbeams.—New York Call

GRANT AND HIS MOHER. Grant was a shy boy, very sensitive to ridicule, and the story of his "horse-trade" and other instance of his truthful, guileless candor, caused him to shrink more and more into himself to close his lips tight upon thoughts and fancies, and to live an inner life apart, for fear of being laughed at. Some of the village people thought him stupid. Other said that he was growing like his mother. She was a rare woman, much beloved by young and old—of strong, steady character, very quiet, very reserved, very even-tempered, very patient—the kind of woman to whom people brought their troubles, but who gave no confidence in return. She seldom laughed, and never complained. Her son has recorded that he never saw her shed a tear. The people who did not like Jesse Grant declared roundly that "Lyness got his sense from his mother."—From Helen Nicolaus' "The Boyhood and Youth of Gen. Grant," in St. Nicholas.

WHO CAN TELL? Bertha came on an errand to the neighbor's house just as the family was at supper. For all of the good manners taught her by her mother, Bertha, who is very inquisitive, could not forbear craning her neck to look over the table.

"O, chicken!" she exclaimed to the amusement of the family.

Presently Margery came in on an errand. She is a very well-bred child, and besides she is not at all curious about what other people have or do. She never noticed the supper, but as she started to go on the lady asked, "Will you have a cookie?" Margery took the cookie held out to her with a pleased "Thank you." Do you know why Bertha failed to get a cookie?—Home Herald.

Squirrels as Gluttons. I once came upon several squirrels in a wood feasting on the fragments left by a large picnic party. They had gorged themselves so much that they could easily have caught them as they looked up the trees nearest they stopped as though they had been finishing the dregs of the beer bottles, as well as eating the cakes and other things.—Scotsman.

LITTLE MEN WHO ARE FAMOUS.

Celebrities in England who Are Short of Stature, But Long on Brains.

"Each man makes his own stature, builds himself," once wrote a certain bygone author. And, looking down the list of famous men of today, it seems as though the little men build best, says "Tit-Bits." Take the present Cabinet, for instance. The shortest man is Mr. Lloyd-George, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who measures 5 feet 7 inches. Mr. John Burns is about the same height, although broader, while Lord Morley is just over 5 feet 7 inches, his thinness and inclination to stoop making him appear somewhat less.

Mr. Asquith is 5 feet 8 inches, about an inch and a half taller than Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and three inches taller than Lord Rosebery. The shortest man in the House of Commons, by the way, is Mr. Stephen Walsh, Labor member for the Ince Division of Lancashire, who is only 5 feet 1 inch in height.

Mr. George Grossmith, the popular entertainer, who has just retired, is so small that Mr. Corney Grain once tucked him under his arm and carried him off the platform. Corey could have done the same with "Gee-gee's" brother, Mr. Weedon Grossmith, who is about 5 feet 6 inches, while Sir John Hare is only 5 feet 4 inches. Mr. Edmund Payne, the popular Gaiety favorite, is perhaps the shortest actor on the stage. He is just over 5 feet 3 inches.

J. M. Barrie, who has been known to play cricket, was once depicted by a facetious cartoonist peeping over the shoulder of a cricket bat, as though to protect himself from one of Tom Richardson's extra-special speedy deliveries. Mr. Barrie is not quite so small as that, but with his usual would pass for a very nice Eton boy of fourteen or fifteen.

Mr. Barrie is exactly 5 feet 5 inches in height, two inches taller than Alfred Austin, the poet laureate, and an inch shorter than Rudyard Kipling, who is just 5 feet 5 inches. Thomas Hardy and Hall Caine are only an inch taller. Turning from authors to artists, one finds that E. A. Abbey, R. A., and Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema are exactly 5 feet 5 inches in height, while Sir E. J. Poynter, the president of the Royal Academy, is just 5 feet 6 inches. On the other hand, the two famous artists, Marcus Stone and Frank Dicksee are both over 6 feet in height, the latter being 6 feet 1 inch, and probably the tallest Royal Academician.

It is generally supposed that Lord Roberts is the shortest of famous military men of today. As a matter of fact, he is a fraction of an inch taller than General French, who is exactly 5 feet 6 inches. General Sir Evelyn Wood is just over 5 feet 7 inches. Lord Wolseley being of the same height. Lord Kitchener is one of the tallest men in the army, standing 6 feet 1 inch in his stockings.

In the legal profession Lord Halsbury holds the record for lack of inches. He is not quite 5 feet 3 inches in height. Justice Wright is scarcely 5 feet 6 inches, while Justice Darling is just over that height. The tallest man in the world of science is probably Sir Oliver Lodge, who is 6 feet 3 inches, while Lord Rees is only one inch shorter. Lord Avebury and Sir William Crookes are both the same height, namely, 5 feet 7 inches, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Rev. R. J. Campbell being also of that height.

Sir Thomas Lipton is one of the tallest of successful business men; and Andrew Carnegie, who is scarcely 5 feet 5 inches, is one of the shortest. Among royalty, the king of Italy, who is only 5 feet 2 inches, holds the record for lack of stature; while the King of Belgium, on the other hand, is nearly 6 feet 5 inches.

BOYS WENT TO CHURCH. Rector Won All Their Marbles and They Couldn't Play on Sunday.

"Many interesting stories are told of the late Bishop Wilmer of Alabama, who was noted for his wit and sharp repartee," said Robert W. Kennedy of Birmingham, Ala. "A story which is considered characteristic of the man was told by a Virginia minister at a private dinner in Richmond not so very long ago.

"When Bishop Wilmer was rector of the little Protestant Episcopal church at Upperville, Va.," said he, "he was much worried by the non-attendance at service on Sunday of the majority of the young men of the community. On inquiry he found that instead of coming to church they were in the habit of playing marbles for stakes—marbles in those days, it must be remembered, was a much more serious game than it is now, occupying much the same position in the realm of sports as do billiards and pool in these days.

"Bishop Wilmer, then a parson not well known, determined to break up this practice. He himself had been an expert marble player in his boyhood. Accordingly one Saturday he came across a number of the young men engaged in a game. The good Bishop asked several questions, and finally challenged the lot to play him for 'keeps.' They readily consented.

"Much to their astonishment the young minister won steadily, and soon they had to go to the stores to replenish their stock. Toward the close of the afternoon Mr. Wilmer had won every marble in the town of Upperville. Putting his 'winnings' in a bag, he remarked, as he walked away: 'Now, gentlemen, since you can't play marbles tomorrow, I hope to see you all at church.' And he did."—Washington Herald.

GAME FISH DISAPPEARING. Easy Prey to Rough Species in Wisconsin Lakes.

Fishermen and anglers along Winnebago Lake are alarmed over the great decrease of game fish in Lake Winnebago and the Fox River. For years these waters have been regarded as among the greatest fishing preserves in the country.

Now game fish are scarce and the once great fishing industry carried on in Winnebago, Calumet, and Fond du Lac counties is a mere shadow of its former self.

During the net line season of last winter fishermen complained that they caught so few game fish they were scarcely paid for their trouble in fishing. It is strongly contended that the game fish are losing ground before the onslaughts of the "rough" fish.

All varieties of bass, together with pike, pickerel, sturgeon, muskellunge, trout and catfish are known as game, and all others are "rough" fish. The most commonly known rough fish in local waters are the carp, sheepshead, dogfish and lawyers. The edible perch is in the rough class, but anglers would like to see the perch protected and will take steps toward putting it in that class. The rough fish are destroying the game fish.

A discussion has come up as to the best method of keeping down the rough fish. Some advocate the unrestricted use of gill and hoop nets, others place their faith in the use of certain nets at certain seasons, but there has been no definite action other than that the State Fish Commission has planted some pike fry in the lake and the river.—Neenah correspondence Milwaukee Sentinel.

WORLD'S INDUSTRIAL CENTRE. Busiest Manufacturing Region on Earth Due to England's Coal.

About the busiest industrial region on earth is the lowland of England from Lancashire and the Mersey River on the west to Newcastle-on-Tyne in the northeast. Here are scores of cities and towns, the home of the textile industries, the potteries, the great shops busy with iron and steel and other raw materials, manufacturing goods of high value for a market as wide as the earth.

Over all this lowland hangs a black pall of soft coal smoke, the landscape studded with the tall smoking chimneys. For all this endles activity in manufacture, says The World Today, is wholly due to the location in these lowlands of fabulously rich deposits of coal.

Coal for a century and a half has been an magical bank account in Great Britain, bringing into existence these great artisan populations, making demands on every continent for the metals and timber and textile fibres for the busy mills, and then calling on the farms and ranges of America, the Argentine and other new lands, for the bread and meat to feed these industrial millions.

Of all this textile territory Manchester is the central market and clearing house. In the Manchester Exchange 177 towns are represented, eleven of them having each a population of 100,000 or over.

Faint Praise. A little girl taking her first ocean trip was awakened from a sound sleep one morning when the steamer was close to a strip of coast where the mountains tower sheer from the water's edge to a height of thousands of feet, presenting a majestic aspect not to be equaled in any other place. The little girl's father, carrying her to the deck, pointed to the great line of mountains, and asked her: "Well—what do you think of that?"

Little Men Who Are Famous.

Celebrities in England who Are Short of Stature, But Long on Brains.

"Each man makes his own stature, builds himself," once wrote a certain bygone author. And, looking down the list of famous men of today, it seems as though the little men build best, says "Tit-Bits." Take the present Cabinet, for instance. The shortest man is Mr. Lloyd-George, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who measures 5 feet 7 inches. Mr. John Burns is about the same height, although broader, while Lord Morley is just over 5 feet 7 inches, his thinness and inclination to stoop making him appear somewhat less.

Mr. Asquith is 5 feet 8 inches, about an inch and a half taller than Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and three inches taller than Lord Rosebery. The shortest man in the House of Commons, by the way, is Mr. Stephen Walsh, Labor member for the Ince Division of Lancashire, who is only 5 feet 1 inch in height.

Mr. George Grossmith, the popular entertainer, who has just retired, is so small that Mr. Corney Grain once tucked him under his arm and carried him off the platform. Corey could have done the same with "Gee-gee's" brother, Mr. Weedon Grossmith, who is about 5 feet 6 inches, while Sir John Hare is only 5 feet 4 inches. Mr. Edmund Payne, the popular Gaiety favorite, is perhaps the shortest actor on the stage. He is just over 5 feet 3 inches.

J. M. Barrie, who has been known to play cricket, was once depicted by a facetious cartoonist peeping over the shoulder of a cricket bat, as though to protect himself from one of Tom Richardson's extra-special speedy deliveries. Mr. Barrie is not quite so small as that, but with his usual would pass for a very nice Eton boy of fourteen or fifteen.

Mr. Barrie is exactly 5 feet 5 inches in height, two inches taller than Alfred Austin, the poet laureate, and an inch shorter than Rudyard Kipling, who is just 5 feet 5 inches. Thomas Hardy and Hall Caine are only an inch taller. Turning from authors to artists, one finds that E. A. Abbey, R. A., and Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema are exactly 5 feet 5 inches in height, while Sir E. J. Poynter, the president of the Royal Academy, is just 5 feet 6 inches. On the other hand, the two famous artists, Marcus Stone and Frank Dicksee are both over 6 feet in height, the latter being 6 feet 1 inch, and probably the tallest Royal Academician.

It is generally supposed that Lord Roberts is the shortest of famous military men of today. As a matter of fact, he is a fraction of an inch taller than General French, who is exactly 5 feet 6 inches. General Sir Evelyn Wood is just over 5 feet 7 inches. Lord Wolseley being of the same height. Lord Kitchener is one of the tallest men in the army, standing 6 feet 1 inch in his stockings.

In the legal profession Lord Halsbury holds the record for lack of inches. He is not quite 5 feet 3 inches in height. Justice Wright is scarcely 5 feet 6 inches, while Justice Darling is just over that height. The tallest man in the world of science is probably Sir Oliver Lodge, who is 6 feet 3 inches, while Lord Rees is only one inch shorter. Lord Avebury and Sir William Crookes are both the same height, namely, 5 feet 7 inches, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Rev. R. J. Campbell being also of that height.

Sir Thomas Lipton is one of the tallest of successful business men; and Andrew Carnegie, who is scarcely 5 feet 5 inches, is one of the shortest. Among royalty, the king of Italy, who is only 5 feet 2 inches, holds the record for lack of stature; while the King of Belgium, on the other hand, is nearly 6 feet 5 inches.

BOYS WENT TO CHURCH. Rector Won All Their Marbles and They Couldn't Play on Sunday.

"Many interesting stories are told of the late Bishop Wilmer of Alabama, who was noted for his wit and sharp repartee," said Robert W. Kennedy of Birmingham, Ala. "A story which is considered characteristic of the man was told by a Virginia minister at a private dinner in Richmond not so very long ago.

"When Bishop Wilmer was rector of the little Protestant Episcopal church at Upperville, Va.," said he, "he was much worried by the non-attendance at service on Sunday of the majority of the young men of the community. On inquiry he found that instead of coming to church they were in the habit of playing marbles for stakes—marbles in those days, it must be remembered, was a much more serious game than it is now, occupying much the same position in the realm of sports as do billiards and pool in these days.

"Bishop Wilmer, then a parson not well known, determined to break up this practice. He himself had been an expert marble player in his boyhood. Accordingly one Saturday he came across a number of the young men engaged in a game. The good Bishop asked several questions