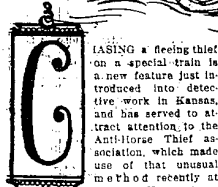


SPELLING THE DOOM OF THE HORSE THIEF



IMAGINE a feeling thief on a special train. It is a new feature just introduced into detective work in Kansas, and has served to attract attention to the Anti-Horse Thief association, which made use of that unusual method recently at Parsons, Kans. A policeman in collusion with others, had burglarized a store, been arrested, and escaped from jail. His route was learned, and there being no regular train soon, a special was chartered, and with a bunch of Antis, as the members of the A. H. T. A. are called, aboard, started in pursuit. When a returned a few hours later it had aboard the policeman-burglar.

The Anti-Horse Thief association is rather a novel organization now flourishing in the middle west, having members as far east as Ohio, and as far west as New Mexico, and a total membership of 40,000. It is organized on the lodge system, and combines both protection and detection in its plan of operation. Protection, in that its members unite in guarding the person, home and property of one member against unlawful interference by others; and detection, in that the members will hunt and capture any persons who transgress on the rights of any member, and burglarize and recover stolen property. The detective features are for the purpose of making the protective features more successful and effective. The order often spends two times the value of a stolen article in recovering it, but it teaches thieves what to expect if they molest the property of any member. Having a train to chase a thief is a heavier expense than a police officer will or can afford to incur, but that expense was small when divided among hundreds of members, and thus makes it well worth a big thief is in the neighborhood, and an impressive lesson has been taught to other thieves in that locality.

There is a marked difference between the A. H. T. A. and the old-time organizations of that nature. "From our fathers sometimes speak," often set themselves up as judges, juries and executioners. They sometimes held "rookie" parties in some secluded spot in the woods on a dark night, and perhaps there would be a light-dragged man missing from that community the next morning. The regulators, about which we have read, sometimes forced people to leave the neighborhood or "take the consequences." Their motives for such action were often questionable. Not so with the A. H. T. A. It does not violate one law to uphold another. It imposes a strict obligation upon its members to obey the law themselves. It then commands others to do likewise or suffer the penalty the law provides. It catches criminals, but turns them at once over to the officers of the law. Some have styled the A. H. T. A. an officers' aid society, and in fact its record entitles it to that appellation. It opposes mob violence with all of its influence, and has prevented more than one lynching. It has recently been making its plans to prevent if possible the introduction of "nightingales" from Arkansas and Oklahoma. "Protect the innocent, bring the guilty to justice," is its motto.

A mistaken idea some people have of the A. H. T. A. is that it looks after horse thieves only. Every kind of stealing, as well as other violations of the law, come within the scope of their work. Cases are on record where the A. H. T. A. spent ten dollars to recover a dollar worth. One such case usually puts an end to whistling in that community. Its object in doing so is not the value of the whip, but the lesson taught. It convinces thieves it is not profitable, and is extremely hazardous, to

A Strange Hoosier Waterpower

By A. E. MARSH.

WATERPOWER was the foundation of our industries. But this humble agent of power and energy was abandoned in favor of the more flexible and available steam when the coal fields were opened. Steam was hailed as the giant of civilization, but had scarcely been born when it too, was found too clumsy, and the electric current, which could be carried many miles over a slender wire, while steam could be carried only as many feet through a cumbersome pipe, became the monarch of our mills. In the last decade gasoline, which does not need even the slender wire, but can be carried in the most convenient tin can, has assumed a large share of the burden of supplying the man of physical exertion. And now, after the others have had their fling, millions are being spent to develop waterpower again.

Niagara, which for years was useful only as an artist's model and a sporting ground for Mr. and Mrs. Newell, has been "harnessed" into the streets of Buffalo. The Great Falls of Montana, the International Falls on the Canadian-Minnesota border, the mountain torrents of Switzerland, the Victoria Falls in central Africa, fifteen years ago were almost regarded as myths. The exploiters of the humble St. Anthony "falls" at Minneapolis are earning their living.

The turning of water into horsepower has given employment to the wits of our greatest engineers, and the most complicated projects have been put through to adapt the power plants to the varying conditions found in the

different streams, and some of these stand today as our greatest triumphs of engineering. But for native ingenuity—doing something with nothing, getting results with neither tools nor materials, nothing but pure Yankee ingenuity, the mill which stood for many years on the brink of a little waterfall in Jefferson county, Indiana, between the little Presbyterian college town of Hanover, and the Ohio river, may recently have fallen into disuse, deprived of a Carnegie medal.

The stream, which has less than three miles of length from its source in the hillside springs to its mouth in the Ohio, was so insignificant that it was never given a name. But in the old days, before some unexplained geological changes occurred, it carried a flow of water 20 feet wide and three deep, with the speed of a mountain torrent. About half a mile from the Ohio it spread out suddenly over a flat rock 40 or 50 feet wide, and plunged over its brink a sheer 50 feet. The rock was of hard limestone, but underneath was a stratum of schist and rotting shale, and the water, which was a quiet, placid stream, was hollowed out. It made a quite roomy, and, strange to say, dry apartment, and was approached by a rude point, which was hard to find.

During the year of 1812 a hermit lived in a hut built within cave and spent his time compounding salt paste, which he sold to the powder-makers. He disappeared as mysteriously as he came, and for a year or two the falls were left to rot and their own destinies. After leaving the army was a shrewd miller, William Gordon, who, with the hard sense of his Scotch heredity, was well mixed with a shrewdness acquired of Yankee environment. He came down the Ohio in a fatboat and stopped at every settlement seeking a location for a mill. He stopped at Hanover, and while rambling through the hills on a hunting expedition, stumbled on the falls. He was struck with the vast waterpower going to waste, and when he made inquiries about it he was answered that the people had neither the means or the materials to make use of it.

But Gordon was not that kind of man. He pitched his tent near the falls and lived with them day and night for several weeks studying how to overcome the handicap which the lack of the proper facilities made to developing the power. He finally discovered the entrance to the hermit's cave, and explored the falls from the rear.

He finally announced to the farmers of the settlement that he would have a mill running, ready to grind their corn by the time of the fall harvest. He announced at the same time that he would buy all the cow's horns that could be found in the community.

The idea of mixing cow's horns and a great mill was rather confusing to the country folk, but they were willing to be shown, and came from miles around, and even from Kentucky, across the river, bringing all the horns they could find, which they gladly donated when the plan was explained to them.

Gordon and his two sons had rigged up a stout wooden shaft across the brink of the falls, on which was mounted a wooden wheel three feet in diameter, with wide flanges. Over this ran a pair of log chains, joined at intervals by cross chains, much in the form of the chains used on automobile wheels. To these cross chains, which were about six inches apart, they riveted the cow's horns; tips downward. The chains carried over a thousand horns, and they served as an excellent substitute for the buckets which Gordon had neither the materials nor the tools to make.

A little mill was set up on the bank, and soon Chain-Mill Falls was the busiest spot in the country. For 15 years the cow horns and their little sons as they ground their grain, until finally the mill could not take care of the business, and Gordon had to turn engineer again.

He explored behind the falls, and found that a portion of the rock bank had crumbled away, leaving the shelf over which the water flowed a bare 20 feet thick. This gave him the idea, and

he proceeded to put it into execution at once. The stream was dammed to one side, exposing the rocky bed half way across, above the falls. Gordon procured dynamite and sunk a shaft 5 by 15 feet to the cave below, about ten feet back from the brink of the falls. A dam was built at the brink, so the entire flow was diverted through this hole. A new two-story mill was built and a bigger chain hung in the shaft, to which huge wooden buckets were fastened, and Gordon found to his joy that he had more power than he had any use for, and actually had to remove every third bucket to lessen the speed.

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KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

DAISY FLY KILLER



NATURE STUDIES.



The Phoebebird Bird (No. 1) is a new bird.

The Other Bird (No. 2) is a new bird. Why, I'm The Bird that can fly through Texas Hills. The Phoebebird Bird (No. 1) is a new bird. You're a bird. That's what you are.

Unexpected Prize

With a deftness acquired by long and patient practice the pickpocket extracted an old but well-filled wallet from the hip pocket of the unsuspecting old gentleman with the beaming countenance against whom he had carelessly brushed when leaving the street car, and on reaching a secluded place he opened it. The contents had been wrapped with great care in numerous thicknesses of blank paper. Removing the wrappings one by one, he found in the corner of the package a card with this inscription upon it: "Young Man, Give Up Your Career of Crime! Nothing In It!"

An Anatomical Wonder

Senator Beveridge was criticizing the ludicrous speeches of a certain upright but half-witted congressman. "He does make queer blunders, doesn't he?" said Senator Beveridge. "Have you heard about his latest?" "Well, it seems that a constable, visiting him recently, complained of the shabbiness of a pair of stained, crash trousers that he had on. 'A man of your position,' said the constable, sarcastically, 'ought to wear handsome trousers than those.'" "The congressman, offended, answered reproachfully: 'My trousers may be shabby, but they cover a warm and honest body!'"

AN OLD TIMER Has Had Experiences.

A woman who has used Postum since it came upon the market knows from experience the wisdom of using Postum in place of coffee if one values health and a clear brain. She says:

"At the time Postum was first put on the market I was suffering from nervous dyspepsia, and my physician had repeatedly told me not to use tea or coffee. Finally I decided to take his advice and try Postum. I got a package and had it carefully prepared, finding it delicious to the taste. So I continued its use and very soon its beneficial effects convinced me of its value, for I got well of my nervousness and dyspepsia."

"My husband had been drinking coffee all his life until it had affected his nerves terribly, and I persuaded him to shift to Postum. It was easy to get him to make the change for the Postum is so delicious. It certainly worked wonders for him."

"We soon learned that Postum does not exhilarate nor depress and does not stimulate, but steadily and honestly strengthens the nerves and the stomach."

"To make a long story short, our entire family continued to use Postum with satisfying results, as shown in our fine condition of health and we have noticed a rather unexpected improvement in brain and nerve power." Increased brain and nerve power always follow the use of Postum in place of coffee, sometimes in a very humble manner. "There's a Reason." Look in place for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new way of looking at coffee and Postum. They are genuine, true, and full of human values.