

When he lands to send him at a new position. We need the blacksmith, the wheelwright in the shop. There is work for everybody, and the efficiency of finding the right work and the man for the right man.

Being a Newspaper Man.

G. BLYTHE, one of the most successful and accomplished of American newspaper men, has written a volume, "The Making of a Newspaper Man," which has a peculiar significance at a time when schools of journalism are everywhere working to recruit what has long been a great profession. There is a widespread belief among newspaper men that the newspaper man, like the man to his vocation. For that matter, a clergyman, a lawyer, a doctor, a man who shows distinguished ability in his walk may thank nature for the gifts that give him success, just as that men in those and other vocations who show no special aptitude for their work were born for other effort. "The Making of a Newspaper Man" is not a book of rules and such things, no doubt, my well-known professors who are teaching young men to become "journalists." Mr. Blythe is a somewhat detailed—probably fascinating—story of his own experiences from the "raw material" of the newspaper product. Any young man with a strong inclination for the newspaper can probably get more solid information in this book than in any set courses under theoretical instruction could possibly furnish, and the lines, if he has imagination—applied to the newspaper man—he can get endless and pregnant suggestions to the novice in this field of labor. "The Making of a Newspaper Man" is published by the Henry Aldemus Company.

bit of it I'll look out for you. If you come in late you'll be fined a dollar, but you're new and you'll feel better by to-night, if I cover you up and give your ear a rest."

If many were obliged to assume the invalid role the quarters would be much too small. While Miss Pritchard has managed to squeeze out a little resting place, with a full equipment of drugs and comfortable blankets—and pillows,—accommodations would be strained if more than two patients at a time were to be treated. Last year, when the elephants in the production threatened a stampede owing to stage fright, the wholesale hysterics which ensued promised the necessity of an ambulance call, but Miss Pritchard soothed and sojiced the sufferers not only in the little hospital, but on improvised cots on the big stage, until peace and quiet were restored. Dr. Potter, the veter-

in the night, dressing scissors, thumb forceps, artery clamps, and all kind of antiseptic washes, bandages, sutures, etc.

"Say, nursie, just wipe out some of the dirt on this knee so I can go on." In the doorway stood a real matinee idol, in kilts. "How in the world did you do this?" queried Miss Pritchard. "Looking back," laughed the Scotch laddie, showing beautiful teeth between lips the hue of over-ripe tomatoes. "Don't you know better than to do such a silly thing?" replied Miss Pritchard, as she quickly wiped out the dirt from a very raw and sore leg, bandaged it so that the sock wouldn't rub, and showed him how a different adjustment of the elastic band would enable him to appear bare-limbed without disclosing the recent wound. "Nice chap, that," she commented, "college man, teaches, too."

"Are most of them like that?" I questioned. "No, I can't say they are," replied

work, Miss Pritchard herself works even harder, though she declares nursing this big family of rollicking, good-natured dancers is not as exacting as her previous practice. The cases that get beyond her ministrations are handled by doctors hired by the year who are on call for the more serious conditions that the drug closet of the little hospital cannot cope with. The requisition slips for the necessary—hospital—drug—sundries show figures that are astounding, but demonstrate a liberal policy in the care of the dancers which brings its own reward in the buoyancy of their steps and the sincerity of their smiles.

As I passed out into the afternoon sunlight I wondered how it would seem to go back at seven, to hop, skip, and jump, to rush from one costume to another; to sing and smile when my ear hurt or my ankle ached, if I really were a Hippodrome girl at \$15 per week.

The Wonderful Beaver Engineers

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

RAILROAD builders in the wilderness and in the mountains have many and curious obstacles to contend with. Not only do they have to blow up mountains, make paths for the lines of steel in the face of precipices, and bridge chasms and rivers—but quite frequently other and more unusual problems rise to face them. I was in the big Jasper Park Game Preserve, in the Alberta Rockies, when the Grand Trunk Pacific engineers were waging a fight that caused a great deal of amusement on one hand, and a great deal of expense and trouble on the other. The right of way traversed a belt of swampy ground, which was in possession of a large colony of beavers. These little engineers of nature had built a dam, and it was found that before the road-bed could be built across, the dam had to be destroyed, or perforated, so that the water could be let down.

Instructions were issued from the Game Department that the animals were to be

disturbed as little as possible. The material in the dam was as hard as cement, and it took three days to get a hole through it without the use of dynamite. The water went down rapidly, and a gang of nearly a hundred men set to work at once. Work was in progress the following morning, when to the consternation of the builders the water began to rise rapidly, and by the middle of the forenoon the water was as high as ever, and work was abandoned.

Investigation revealed the fact that the beavers had discovered the breach in their structure, and had quickly repaired it. The navvies made another break in the wall, but this was as quickly repaired as the first. A third and a fourth effort resulted in the same way, and in despair the contractor in charge called in the Divisional Engineer, and at the same time wrote to the Game Department asking for permission to blow up the dam. Before a reply was received (which again commanded that the beavers be

disturbed as little as possible) strategy was brought into play. At a cost of two days labor a hole was dug down deep under the dam. For a day and a half the beavers were puzzled, and the work of the builders was progressing rapidly, when some clever fellow among the little animals discovered the trick, and the next morning the laborers awoke to find the water up to its original level, and a half of their tools under it.

Again and again the workmen resorted to extreme cunning in effecting a breach, but each time it fell far below the intelligence of the animals in repairing the injury. But a few hours, and sometimes a day or two days, were gained each time, and so by slow degrees the work was accomplished, and the road-bed was built without harming the beaver colony. It was estimated that in this instance the contractor's fight with these clever little furred engineers cost in the neighborhood of five thousand dollars.

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