

KEEPER OF YELLOWSTONE PARK



Gen. Samuel B. Young, retired, is the new superintendent of Yellowstone National park. Gen. Young was placed on the retired list in 1904 by operation of law, having reached the age of 64 years.

LADY MAN'S TAILOR

CHICAGO BOASTS ONE WHO HAS PROSPERED AT IT.

Miss Hills Came from Country, Where She Sewed by Day—Now She Has a City Shop Where She Employs Fifty Helpers.

Chicago.—Chicago is said to have the only tailoring establishment for men in the country which is owned and managed by a woman. Miss Florence N. Hills is the name of this woman man's tailor. She has been in the business for the last eight years, and during the busy seasons employs 50 workers, mostly women, with a scanty sprinkling of men. Miss Hills, when a reporter saw her, was talking, sewing, eating her luncheon and having her shoes polished at one and the same time.

"Never have time to stop, too much to do, such a short while to live," she assured her visitor. "When I die I can't come back again, you know. Wish I could, then I'd take time to rest once in a while. I keep my appointments. That's the reason I have succeeded and that is the reason I don't have time to waste. If I broke my appointments, never had things ready when I said I would, then I might have time to kill, like a lot of tailors I hear complaining of dull times. Don't know what dull times are in my business. The only difference is that some seasons I have to employ twice as much help as others."

"Took up the business because I liked it. I had always been fond of sewing. My grandmother taught me how. She had come out west when it was a new country and had been compelled to make all the clothes for her family. She said she always hated to make the girls' things, but she just felt in clover when her husband and sons had to be fitted out. I inherited it from her, for when my father died and I had to go out to work it came as natural to me to make men's clothes as it does for a duck to take to water. We lived in the country then and I had to go around sewing by the day. At the end of six years I had worked up such a tailoring trade in that community that I hadn't any time to give to making women's and girls' clothes. One of my patrons moved to Chicago and the next spring wrote me to come on and do my regular two weeks' work for her husband and sons. She said she had been all over the city with her boys and hadn't found a place where she could get as good-looking suits for the same money that it cost her when I made them."

UNCLE SAM SENDS GOOD SEED.

Farmer Gets Best Germs Possible from His Representative.

Washington.—The bureau of plant industry has just issued a pamphlet treating the subject of the germination of vegetable seeds, which was prepared by Edgar Brown and Willard L. Gross, in which the integrity of government or "congressional seed" is maintained.

For the purpose of comparing seed sent out by the department on the orders of congressmen with seed purchased in the open market and known to the trade as "commission" seeds, several hundred packets of the latter seed were purchased in the states of Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, Kentucky, Wisconsin, North Dakota, Kansas and Colorado and the germination closely watched.

In all cases the average germination of the "commission" seeds tested was lower than those sent out in the congressional seed distribution. The officials of the department believe that this destroys the claim of the critics that government seeds are of a lower quality and designed more for the purpose of aiding politicians than the supplying of good seed to the farmers of the country.

AMERICAN MILLS IN JAPAN.

Enterprise of Orientals Is Reducing Our Flour Exports.

Washington.—Consular reports from Japan are to the effect that the law of 1906 increasing the entry on imported flour has materially developed the flour milling industry in that country. Many new mills have been established, their output being 10,000 bags. American flour accumulated in and near Yokohama is estimated at about 400,000 bags, and there is a tendency to lower prices. A keen competition between imported and domestic flour is coming this spring and summer and prices will drop still lower. Japanese mills are making big profits. One reports 23 per cent. profit a year, and another 25 per cent. The consular report adds:

"The establishment of these milling enterprises was looked upon by American flour exporters with an interest of uncertainty as to their success. They seem, however, to have become firmly established enterprises with a successful prospect ahead. The motive of the Japanese government in providing protection sufficient to establish the country mill business in Japan was evidently for the purpose of making the country entirely independent in the matter of the food supply of flour."

In 1906 Japan imported wheat to the value of \$657,673 and during the 11 months of 1907, ended November 30, to the value of \$1,354,853. The importation of both wheat and flour rose from \$542,000 in 1906 to \$6,981,729 in 1907. In 1906, \$4,781,385 worth of wheat and flour was imported and during the 11 months of 1907, ended November 30, it reached \$4,281,067.

HORSE THIEF WAS TOO POLITE.

Tipped the Hostler Who Brought Rig to Go After "Bride."

Stamford, Conn.—A horse thief with a new name got away from here with a \$500 horse and a rubber-tired runabout belonging to Emmet L. Weed, a livery stable man.

"I'm going to be married," the stranger said to the hostler who waited on him, "and I want your best horse and runabout. Call for me at Parson Richardson's within half an hour."

The man then went to Rev. J. W. Richardson's house and arranged to be married at three o'clock in the afternoon. He did not give his name, but told Mr. Richardson his bride-to-be lived in the country, and that he would drive out for her.

The hostler met him at Mr. Richardson's, was treated to cigars and a small tip, and dismissed. The stranger did not return and the police were notified that the horse and runabout had disappeared, too. They have spent a description of the stranger and the horse and runabout to the police of neighboring towns.

CAT'S DEATH COSTS LEGACY.

Students Mistakenly Vivisected Pet of Friend of University.

Middletown, Conn.—Wesleyan university will lose a legacy because of the death of a cat. It would not have made any difference if the cat, which fell prey to the students of biology, had been the common or garden variety of Tom cat, but the feline which was vivisected belonged to the inner circle of the cat "400" of Middletown.

His whiskers were the longest of any cat in town, and his tail waved proudly like a drum major's plume. He was nearly all white and was the pride of his mistress, Miss Margaret Van Dusen, the surviving member of an old aristocratic family, whose home is near the college buildings.

The cat, with a number of others, strayed into the college grounds when the students were bagging subjects for the laboratory. Miss Van Dusen has been warmly interested in the institution and its needs, and a considerable legacy was provided in her will. The cat episode now precludes such a possibility.

THIEF RETURNED THE MONEY.

Clever Ruse by Which Frenchman Recovered His Hoard.

G. Broucier St. Chaffray of the Zest car said at a dinner in Michigan City of a loss that he had more than made up:

"I made up that less cleverly, did I not? It is like an old blind great-uncle of mine whom my father used to tell of.

"My great-uncle once buried \$4,000 in gold louis under a pear tree in his garden. His neighbor saw him do it, and in the dead of night came and stole the money, replacing the earth carefully.

"Some days later my uncle brought 50 more louis down to the pear tree for burial. He soon discovered his loss, and, silently weeping, he, too, replaced the earth.

"He knew whom to suspect, and that night he called on his neighbor. He seemed thoughtful and distrustful, and the neighbor asked him what oppressed his mind.

"Well, I'll tell you," said my great-uncle, frankly. "I have 1,000 louis hid away in a safe place, and today a tenant paid off a mortgage, and I have another 1,000 louis cash on my hands. I don't know whether to seek out another hiding place for this money or to put it where the other is. What do you advise?"

"Why," said the neighbor, eagerly, "if your first hiding place is safe—and you declare it to be so—I should certainly put this other money there, too."

"My great-uncle said firmly that that was what he would do; it was the wisest course. Then he took his leave.

"And when, next day, he went to the pear tree again, there, sure enough, was his lost 1,000 louis, all put back again."

WEBSTER GREAT IN ALL THINGS.

Theodore Parker's Tribute to This Man of Brilliant Parts.

He was a great man, a man of the largest mold, a great body and a great brain; he seemed made to last a hundred years. Since Socrates there has seldom been a head so massive, so huge—seldom such a face since the stormy features of Michaelangelo.

Dupuytren and Cuvier are said to be the only men in our day that have had a brain so vast. Since Charlemagne I think there has not been such a grand figure in all Christendom. A large man, decorous in dress, dignified in deportment, he walked as if he felt himself a king. Men from the country who knew him not, started at him as he passed through our streets. The coal-heavers and porters of London looked on him as one of the great forces of the globe; they recognized a native king. In the senate of the United States he looked an emperor in that council. What a youth he had! It was a lion's mouth. Yet there was a sweet grandeur in his smile and a woman's sweetness when he would.

What a brow it was! What eyes! Like charcoal fire in the bottom of a deep, dark well. His face was rugged with volcanic fires, great passions and great thoughts.—Theodore Parker.

A Pointer on China.

At the present time money goes no further in China than in any other part of the world; the days of cheap living in the orient have passed, and when a man is offered a salary of \$100 a month he should find out if the \$100 is in American dollars or in the varying silver currency of China. If the salary is paid in American money he will find that owing to the exigencies of exchange, in one month \$100 gold will bring about \$180 in local China dollars, while a year later, at a different rate of exchange, it may equal \$250.

When at the latter rate, however, its purchasing power will be little better than the \$130 of a year before, and when the \$100 gold again degenerates to \$180 local currency, as it is liable to do, he finds that the price of every thing has advanced and the purchasing power of his money has dropped to its original status. In other words he is losing \$80 a month. Exchange is the bugbear of the man of limited means in China.

Dickens and the Theater.

Charles Dickens was a great patron of the theater. He allowed himself one night to be taken to the play by a friend who was interested in the piece which happened to occupy the boards. The man in charge of the door would not admit them without payment, but after awhile the authoritative official was found and the necessary permission secured. The performance, unfortunately, proved to be very dull, but for the sake of his friend the famous novelist endured it with stoical calmness. In leaving, however, he stared about him and remarked with simple pathos: "I am looking for that kind-hearted man who was not for letting us in. I should like to give him a shilling."—Dundee Advertiser.

Native American Wit.

During the last session of congress a newly appointed representative called on a brother congressman to ask him to support a certain measure. The new representative is an accomplished member of one of the well-known Indian tribes.

The elder member, with a patronizing air, smiled his disapproval of the request made, and asked: "How did they happen to send you to congress?"

"Well, you know, the country never sends its best men to congress," quickly replied the Indian representative.—Sunday Magazine.

PELTED BY PATAGONIAN LADIES.

Dusky Belles Resented Refusal to Supply Them with Tobacco.

Capt. A. E. Geve, who has had experience in the naval service of Uncle Sam, got back recently from a trip in the new steel tug E. G. Reynolds from this port by way of the Straits of Magellan, to Panama, says the New York Sun.

At Punta Arenas the Reynolds preceded the battleship fleet by a day or so, and it was two days passing through the straits. Here Patagonians appeared in skin canoes. There were many women in the canoes, and they made motions with their hands and mouths indicating they wanted a chew of tobacco, and that was what was the matter with them. As every man aboard the tug had only enough tobacco to last him to his destination at Panama he did not offer any to the dusky chewers. Then they pelted the tug with charcoal. Their aim was so true and their projectiles were hurled with such force that all hands got under cover aboard the Reynolds. The skipper had no guns and had to content himself with getting out of range. But the scorned Amazons kept on his trail, yelling and continuing the charcoal bombardment.

The Reynolds was 50 days and 19 hours making the trip, counting all stops.—Capt. Geve says this is the record from New York for a small steam vessel. The tug was turned over to the United States authorities at Panama for use in conjunction with the building of the Panama canal.

CONTRACT NOT TO HIS LIKING.

Reason Why Man Milliner Would Not Make Hat for Dog.

Herman Patrick Tappe is an Ohio young man who, a year or so ago, married a wealthy New York widow. Now he has a millinery establishment in Fortieth street. The other day a handsome young woman came into his place, carrying a small brute of a poodle in her arms. "Good afternoon," said Mr. Tappe. The woman bowed distantly and began to undo the poodle. The dog had on a raincoat, vividly crimson. He wore dainty rubber boots on his feet, strapped to his ankles—if dogs have ankles. A satin chest protector kept the chill from his delicate lungs. Two gold teeth shone at Mr. Tappe in the snarl of a worthless, pampered, over-fed favorite.

"I want you to construct a hat for Pompon," said the proud owner. She adjusted the shivering little wretch on one of Mr. Tappe's silk upholstered chairs. "I haven't been able yet to find a milliner who can do justice to the lines of her dear little face. Oo's muzzer's 'little Pompon, isn't 'oo?"

Mr. Tappe said he feared he couldn't do Pompon justice. "I make hats for ladies, not for dogs," said he. The woman waxed indignant. "Just as if Pompon isn't as good as any lady," she said. "Why do you think you couldn't do the little darling justice? I'm sure she has very aristocratic features."

"I'll tell you why I couldn't do that mitt justice," said Mr. Tappe, losing hold on the cast of Vere de Vere for a moment. "Because I'm not running a dog pound, that's why. And I haven't a tin can and two feet of string handy."

Blessings on New Buildings.

It is a custom in Russia to open all new buildings and institutions, public or private, with a religious dedication. Even the proprietary builder of a small cottage or workshop who cannot afford to pay for the attendance of a priest to bless and sprinkle with holy water a new structure always hoists a wooden cross, nailed to the topmost pole in the scaffolding, as his dwelling or workshop approaches completion, symbolic of an appeal for God's blessing upon the new premises.

This custom appeared somewhat incongruous on the establishment of the government liquor monopoly, when every vodka store was solemnly opened with a religious ceremony.

At Kishineff, when a new opera house was opened with the usual religious function, the local Journal, Bessarabian Life, made some scolding remarks, for which the proprietary editor has been sentenced to four months' imprisonment.

A Hint.

Senator Fulton, at his annual Oregon salmon dinner in Washington, told a tipping story.

"In Astoria," he said, "there used to be an old fisherman who brought me, the first of every month, a present of a splendid salmon from his master. I always gave the old fisherman a tip."

"But one morning I was very busy, and when the old boy brought his fish I thanked him hurriedly, and, forgetting his tip, bent over my desk again. He hesitated a moment, then cleared his throat and said:

'Senator, would ye be so kind as to put it in writin' that ye didn't give me no tip this time, or my wife'll think I've went and spent it on rum!'"

Why Mike Was in Mourning.

O'Flannigan came home one night with a deep band of black crepe around his hat.

"Why, Mike?" exclaimed his wife. "What are ye wearing that mournful thing for?"

"I'm wearin' it fer yer first husband," replied Mike, firmly. "I'm sorry he's dead."

Tobacco Shop Repartes.

"You look worried," remarked the snuff-box.

"And I have cause to be," sighed the long plug of nary. "It won't be long before I am cut up."

"Oh, that's nothing, my friend. It won't be long before I am pinched."

MADE TROUBLE FOR JANITOR.

Great Sculptor's Source of Inspiration Caused Some Inconvenience.

The eminent and lamented sculptor, Saint-Gaudens, while living in Rome had a fountain in his studio, which he declared to be the source of his inspiration, and when he returned to America he missed the sound of the trickling waters. It occurred to him that a substitute for the geyser in the fountain might be obtained by tying down the faucet in the lavatory and thus have a constant flow of soul-inspiring aqua, a delightful accompaniment to hard work.

The arrangement worked very well, and the delusion was perfect, so far as sound, if not sight, was concerned. Work progressed rapidly and well with the inspiration of the geyser in the faucet, and the day came when the finished work must be removed to other quarters, which removal required the assistance of the janitor. The sculptor rang the bell for that dusky person, and after repeated summons received no reply, Saint-Gaudens descended to the regions below, where he found the man of all work pumping away for dear life.

In Saint-Gaudens inquiring why he had received no reply to his summons, the negro replied that he was sorry not to be able to answer, "but some how I can't keep no watch in this here tank, sir."—American Art News.

INDUCED THE COOK TO STAY.

Simple Financial Transaction That Was a Complete Success.

"What are you laughing at?" grumbled Careton C. Crane, all in one word, as he straightened up, red in the face, with a handful of clearing-house certificates recovered in fragments from the New York Central wastebasket, into which he had cast them, thinking they were cigar coupons, says the San Francisco Chronicle.

"Not at you," chuckled John A. Gill, soothingly. "This letter here's from an old friend of mine, Capt. Hutchinson, an Englishman living down at Lindsay, near Porterville. He's the man that planted the first orange seed that raised the first orange blossom for the first marriage ceremony ever performed at Lindsay. Listen to this:

'Gave my Chinese cook Ah Lul his regular check for \$50. He took it to the bank. All they'd give him was \$6 in cash, rest in certificates. He came back, threatened to throw up his job, fine cook, too; had him a long time.

'All lile, I no go, you make me one check five hun dollar.'

'Five hundred dollars, Ah Lul!' I exclaimed. 'I can't afford any such prices as that.'

'No affod. I take check five hun dollar, blank he pay me fifty dollar all same he play me five dollar one fifty dollar check.'

'So he handed me back the \$5 and the certificates, and I wrote him a check for \$500 and telephoned an explanation to the bank. Ah Lul got his \$50 in cash, and he's still cooking for us.'

Flying Machine an Old Story.

"Talking of flying machines," said the French professor, Jacques de Vaucanson invented in the eighteenth century several flying machines.

"But they were very little. You may read all about them in d'Alembert and in the Biographic Universelle. One was a fly that would start from Vaucanson's hand, circle around a room and return to its starting point again. Another was a pigeon that made circles in the air of 100 yards diameter.

"Vaucanson's automatons were incredible. His best was a duck. The bird waddled about, and when it came to grain, picked it up and swallowed it. It muddled water with its beak as ducks always do, quacked and swam.

"He made snakes that hissed, swallowed frogs, crawled on the ground and coiled about your arm.

"All his secrets died with him. Otherwise we'd have been flying long ago."

Stones in Queer Places.

A round stone is found in the points of certain kinds of bamboo. This is called "tabasheer," and is supposed to be deposited from the silicious juices of the cane. Another curiosity of this kind is the cocoon stone, which is found in the endosperm of the cocoon in Java and other East Indian islands. It is pure carbonate of lime, and is sometimes round, sometimes ear-shaped, while the appearance of a white pearl without much luster. Some of these stones are as large as cherries, and as hard as felspar or opal. They are quite rarely found, and are regarded by the orientals as precious stones, the lower classes using them as charms against disease and evil spirits. Stones are also sometimes found in the pomegranate, and in other East India fruits.

Countermanded.

A very devout clergyman in the middle west had just married a couple and, as was his custom, offered a fervent prayer, invoking the divine blessing upon them. As they seemed to be worthy folk and not overburdened with this world's goods, he prayed, among other things, for their material prosperity, and besought the Lord to greatly increase the man's business, laying much stress on this point.

In filling out the blanks it became necessary to ask the man his business, and to the minister's horror he said: "I keep a saloon."

In telling the story to his wife afterward the clergyman said that as he wrote down the occupation, he whispered:

"Lord, You needn't answer that prayer."

That Wakes Him.

"Say," began Cliffman, "you were saying the other day that you needed a reliable alarm clock. Get one like mine; it's sure."

"Don't need it now," interrupted Subbube, "my next-door neighbor has just got a Shanghai rooster."

Elastic Bize.

"What kind of a figure is Mrs. Drees?"

"Well, if you go by the quantity of stuff it takes to make her dresses, she is quite tall; but when it comes to paying for them, she is very short."