

HUMOR OF THEIR OWN MAKE

No Profession, Trade or Industry But Has Its Own Technical Jokes.

There is hardly a profession, trade or industry nowadays that does not have a periodical or organ of its own.

He finds no difficulty, for instance, in the familiar anecdote of the bank president's daughter who, on being informed that her account was overdrawn, severely told the paying teller "not to let it happen again - or she would have to speak to papa about it;"

The body of humor keeps close step with progress and development in all the professions, trades and industries.

IT WAS ON THE WATCHMAN

Thought Belated Husband Needed a Drink After Test Handed Out by Wife.

The new night watchman tiptoed cautiously over the grass, and diving forward, caught the little man by the coat tail and jerked him down to a seat on the lawn.

"Oh, let me alone!" exclaimed the little man peevishly. "I'm not house-breaking. This is my own house, and I'm trying to get in. Mind your own business."

"Likely story," grunted the watchman; "enter in yer own house be the windy at one o'clock in th' mornin'.

"I tell you it is my house. My wife locked me out, and I was trying to get in this way when you interfered.

The watchman, still keeping tight hold of his prey, walked slowly and quietly up to the front door, then suddenly gave the bell a vicious ring.

"William," said a voice so chilly that the watchman shivered down his backbone, "can you say six thousand six hundred and sixty-six separate satelites acingtillating sparks slowly and with respect to salibance?"

The watchman, still grasping the shuddering William, made his way noiselessly to the gate, then whispered to the little man:

"Say, come down to the corner and get a drink to warm you up after that. I guess it's on me!"

Don't Forget to Exercise.

No man of affairs, however important or overdriven, can ever be too busy to take time for exercise, unless he wishes to apply for his long vacation a decade or two earlier than is necessary.

The place where the mummy of the Egyptians should be carried round at regular intervals, with a reminder that he has been dead for 10,000 years, is, not at feasts, but in our business offices, workshops, counting houses and studios.

Some of the noncommissioned officers were injured by blows from belts and sticks. Eventually an officer, who is a noted boxer, challenged one of the men to fight.

Commercially slave-driving your body and brain may sometimes be a necessity, but the unbiased biologist of the twentieth century is beginning to suspect that the praises of industry, like those of a sacrifice, are sung most loudly and insistently by those in church or state who hope to profit by it—in others'—Woods Hutchinson.

Decalves No One.

"The expectation that you actually can be one thing and appear to be another is doomed to disappointment. Hypocrisy is the saddest fallacy in the world. The disguises of the pretender are so thin that the simplest see through them. What you are speaks so loud as to drown altogether any declarations you may make of what you wish men to think you are. The deceiver deceives no one but himself."—Henry F. Cope.

RANK OF OFFICERS' WIVES

It Was Observed When the Women Journeyed to the Fleet—Were Divided into Sets.

San Francisco.—Rank was observed among the wives of the officers of the Pacific fleet on their recent journey aboard the Wilhelmina to Honolulu to join their husbands, according to the officers of the Matson liner. The better halves of some had their own little whist parties, while the spouses of officers of lower grade were just as exclusive at their afternoon teas.

The party of navy women was headed by the wife of Rear Admiral Chauncey M. Thomas, commander-in-chief of the Pacific fleet, who showed her graciousness in a little incident observed by the other travelers on board the Wilhelmina.

Among the passengers was a slip of a girl, the bride of a water tender of one of the big war ships. She hailed from the middle west and it was her first experience at sea. She looked upon the big world with open-eyed awe and joyful anticipation of a country girl on her first trip from the old farm "down home."

Therefore she knew nothing of the formalities observed in circles where gold braids prevail. Learning that Mrs. Thomas, like herself, had a husband on board one of the vessels in the far away waters, she rushed up to the spouse of the rear admiral and gushed happily:

"I'm awfully glad to meet you. My husband is an officer on the boats, too."

"Yes, he's a water tender," she continued proudly. "And what is your husband?"

"He is the commander of the fleet," Mrs. Thomas smiled kindly.

"Oh, that is very nice. I hope they're friends," said the water tender's wife.

Mrs. Thomas and the bride were friends on the voyage to the islands, say the Wilhelmina's officers.

BLONDE FLEECES MINISTERS

With Tale of Woe She Gets "Loans" From Several Charitably Disposed Pastors.

San Francisco, Cal.—The police of the central station and ministers of half a dozen local churches are earnestly seeking the present whereabouts of a "Mrs. Davidson," who is described as a beautiful matron of the blonde type, who visited various local parsonages and told a story so "touching" that the reverend gentlemen donated sums ranging from \$10 to \$10 each to save her from "being thrown into the street by a relentless and cruel landlord."

The Rev. William Rader, one of her victims, reported to Captain of Detectives Thomas Ryan that he, with others of the cloth who had contributed to the "impoverished" lady, had discovered that she did not live at the addresses she gave, 1617 Turk and 830 Vallejo streets.

The Rev. W. H. Bagley of the West Side Christian church, the Rev. J. Cooper of St. Paul's Episcopal and Dr. Alexander Bakin of St. John's Presbyterian church are named among the sympathizing donors to the prepossessing visitor.

"I am an old friend of your daughter, Dr. Rader," she declared when she visited the Calvary Presbyterian rectory, "and if she knew of my terrible predicament she would surely help me. Unless I give my landlady \$5 at once he will turn me into the street."

The Rev. Dr. F. W. Clampett of Trinity church and the Rev. W. K. Guthrie were suspicious of the stereotyped phrases of the stylishly dressed seeker of their charity and did not yield to her entreaties.

FIGHT STOPS ARMY MUTINY

British Officer Beats the Pick of Enlisted Soldiers—One Man Shot During Riot.

London.—An extraordinary military riot is reported to have occurred at Longmoor Camp, where there is a mounted infantry school connected with the Aldershot Division. The Scotsmen among the troopers became incensed at the curtailment of a holiday. It is stated that they smashed up the huts in the camp and bombarded the officers' quarters with bricks. The assembly was sounded by the bugler on guard, and all the officers and noncommissioned officers turned out to quell the disturbance, but the mutineers formed a square and kept off their superiors.

Some of the noncommissioned officers were injured by blows from belts and sticks. Eventually an officer, who is a noted boxer, challenged one of the men to fight. The men immediately formed a ring and one of them stood up to the officer, but was soon badly defeated. Upon this the men sullenly returned to their wrecked huts. One of the men was shot and seriously wounded during the affray.

Attempts His Reform.

Portland, Ore.—Tired of her husband's practice of staying out late at night, and desiring to frighten him into spending more time at his own hearthside, Mrs. James Davis prevailed upon friends to strap her to her bed and gag her in her home at 32 East Thirty-first street, according to developments of a police investigation. Mrs. Davis remained in her uncomfortable pose until her husband returned home at dawn, when she told him that she had been set upon by two masked robbers. Davis notified the police and Sergeant Wanless learned the facts.

Mother Guards Dead.

New York.—In an East side neighborhood, inhabited by the poorest of the poor, Kitty Rice, two and one-half years old, was found dead of cold and starvation.

The child's inanimate form was wrapped in a bit of old blanket in the rear room of a three-room flat. The mother of the family of three was found half-conscious and partly frozen.

FISH COULD READ

Tale Told by Friend of Publicity Phromoter.

Sturgeon Didn't Mind Being Swimming Billboard, but Balked at Advertising Good Fishing at Summer Resort.

New York.—"I am well acquainted with a man who ran a summer hotel on the banks of a stream about an aeronauf's fly from the city," said the man who writes the vacation guide-book of a certain railroad and who is noted for his chivalry in assisting truth to rise after she has been crushed to earth.

"Along early in the summer this gentleman was attracted by a large sturgeon which breakfasted every morning on the refuse which floated away from the hostelry. Noting the ample proportions of this fish, my friend was struck with a certain idea, which he proceeded to enlarge upon. He saw to it personally that a dainty morsel was set out for the big sturgeon every day. Naturally, the large fish had friendly feelings toward the vicinity where he obtained his larkness every day, and it was but a short while before mine host was almost on speaking terms with the sturgeon. It was just a step further then to go out in a boat and pace the sturgeon over a course of about a mile, all the while keeping him near the surface of the river. At the end of each work-out the big sturgeon was rewarded by something to eat.

"The next step in the process of education was to rig up a large sign setting forth the virtue of my friend's summer retreat. This was attached to a light but stout framework made to fit the back of the sturgeon. Obviously, the big fish, being so well found by the hotel proprietor, was not averse to taking a few turns up and down the river, the sign showing up in great shape above the edge of the water, no portion of its propelling power being visible.

"First along the sign read: 'Mummer's Summer Retreat—Fine Cuisine, Boating, and Bathing.' But my grasping friend was not satisfied with this.

"One day in early summer I chanced to drop into the workshop of the hotel and found a painter fixing up a new sign reading as follows: 'Mummer's Summer Retreat—Fine Cuisine, Boating, Bathing and Fishing.'

"Immediately, if not sooner than this sign was moored on to the big fish, startling results followed. His nibs commenced to sulk on the job. Instead of taking the beaten path up and down the shore, in plain view of the passing trains, the sturgeon sulked over to one side, found a secluded spot among the bushes and stayed there until dark. This went on for several days.

"Again I chanced to stop at the hotel and my friend spoke to me about the strange sulkiness of his sturgeon publicity bureau. I can tell you what's the matter, I said, right off the reel. It's that amended sign calling attention to the fishing. Naturally a fish as intelligent as your sturgeon has shown himself to be is not going to be around any signs which invite the destruction of his brother fish. I admire him all the more for his sturdiness and fealty to his brethren. He sees his duty and is not found wanting."

"The hotelkeeper saw the light which I set before him and the next day the old sign was hooked on to the sturgeon and he was back on the advertising job with all his old time strenuousness, continuing untriflingly all summer.

"Now, if I didn't know about this incident personally and vouch for it myself, I wouldn't blame you for doubting the remarkable intelligence of a fish that could distinguish the difference between a sign that meant harm to members of his tribe and one that did not advertise the fishing. But it's just as true as I stand here."

"At this juncture the speaker walked away.

SKIIS SAVE MAN FROM BEAR

He Has Wild Race Over Snow, Pursued by Wounded Animal, to Lumber Camp.

White Salmon, Wash.—To snowshoes and skis can R. C. Bruce, son of a Minneapolis lumberman, give credit that he is alive today. While tramping in deep snows outside of the city, near a lumber camp, young Bruce, who is here for his health, as well as tending his father's orchard, came upon a big black bear. He shot, but the bullet only inflicted a wound, enough to infuriate the beast, and it gave chase. Bruce found he had fired his last shot, and without further parley took to flight, chased by Bruin. The snows were deep and on snowshoes Bruce was able to keep only a few feet ahead of the beast, but when he reached the crest of a hill he hurriedly threw off the snowshoes, replacing the same with his skis, which he was dragging, and coasted down a hill to safety.

The manager realized the humor of the situation, and refused to go unless a warrant was produced. While the marshal had gone to get the warrant the drawing was finished. The manager of the theater presented the holder of the lucky ticket with a white baby duck. A dentist's wife received the "baby."

Old Women Defend Estate. New York.—Four generations of one of New York's oldest families and an estate variously estimated at from \$1,250,000 to \$10,000,000, are involved in a lawsuit, the facts in which have come to light through a decision handed down by the state supreme court here.

The defendants in the action are the Misses Furness, three very old and wealthy women, who are holding in trust the estate of their father, William Furness, a West Indian merchant. They have multiplied its value many times over by shrewd investment in New York real estate. The present action is brought by the ultimate heirs of the trust fund, all distant relatives, who demand a definite accounting from the three aged trustees.

MISS GOULD'S HENS

Fine Flocks of Chickens Bid Defiance to Egg Trust.

Product of Two Thousand Prize Birds at Tarrytown Farm More Than Owner Can Use—Many Are Sold to the Trade.

New York.—There may be 30,000,000 eggs in cold storage in New Jersey or anywhere else, but Miss Helen Miller Gould can snap her fingers and forget about it, for she owns one of the finest poultry farms in New York state, writes a Tarrytown correspondent. The establishment of this farm has proved Miss Gould to be a good business woman, for it is practically self-sustaining. This is an added comfort to the convenience of having fresh eggs when you want them and as many as you want.

Miss Gould decided about a year ago that she wanted a poultry farm to free herself from any egg trust. She has a most capable superintendent in Archibald Robbie, and upon him devolved the work of carrying out the plans. Miss Gould has plenty of land, and the site selected for the chicken farm was on the property on the White Plains road, east of Meadow street.

Only two breeds are housed on the farm—white Leghorns and Wyandottes. Miss Gould tries to keep the number up to 2,000. Just now it is below that figure, but the incubators will be started soon and a large number of broilers are planned for the spring. The farm provides Miss Gould with all the eggs she wants at all times. It also provides broilers, chickens for roasting, squabs, capons and ducks. In the spring, when the egg harvest is greatest, Miss Gould often finds that she has more eggs than she can use.

Following the policy that nothing shall be wasted, these eggs are sent to some grocery stores in Tarrytown, where they are on sale as the Gould estate eggs, and great is the demand. These eggs bring the highest prices and are sold quickly. That is why there is such a demand for these eggs by grocers.

The henhouses are built with every convenience, proper ventilation and freedom from dampness. The houses are of wood and are not lined with plaster boards, but have a tight board wood finish which prevents dampness. This wood is sprayed with whitening once a week. The floor is of concrete, and about one and one-half inches above the concrete is a tight board flooring.

A cottage adjoining the farm has been built. This is occupied by the keeper. The chickens have to be fed at regular periods and all the food is selected with the idea of getting maximum results. A pond has been made for the ducks.

As to the egg production, no exact figures are obtainable, but it is said that often a thousand are obtained in a day. Miss Gould is fond of chickens and the choicest stock is always at her disposal. The farm is one of the sights for a visitor to Lyndhurst. It has proved a great success, and Miss Gould is very proud of it.

BABY PRIZE WAS ONLY DUCK

Constable Thought Child Was to Be Ruffed in Theater and Ordered Manager to Stop Contest.

Bellefontaine, O.—"This infernal outrage has got to stop right here!" The village marshal of Dunkirk was speaking, and his voice startled every person in the crowded theater. Everybody turned to listen, and the manager of a repertory company playing at the theater, who was making an announcement from the stage, stopped talking.

"This is a Christian village," said the marshal, bursting forth again in torrents of pent-up wrath. "I have heard of this white slave trafficking, and as an officer of the law I am not going to permit it to be carried out here in Dunkirk. It is wrong to give a baby away, and a crime to put a baby up in a raffle," concluded the marshal.

The manager of the show had been making an announcement about the giving away of a white baby to the person holding the lucky ticket. The marshal ordered the show manager to accompany him.

The manager realized the humor of the situation, and refused to go unless a warrant was produced. While the marshal had gone to get the warrant the drawing was finished. The manager of the theater presented the holder of the lucky ticket with a white baby duck. A dentist's wife received the "baby."

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OSLER FOE SMITES THEORY

Half of the World's Greatest Are Past Doctor's Age Limit, Says Bishop.

London.—Dr. Cecil Hook, Bishop of Kensington-on-Thames, is the latest opponent of the theory that a man is "too old," not only at 40, but at over 60 years of age. He recently applied for an appointment as honorary chaplain of the British army, and the war office returned the reply that he was "too old." Dr. Hook, who is a youth of 67, entirely disagrees with the war office.

"Is the war office view correct? Lord Strathcona is high commissioner for Canada at 91. Lord Lister is just short of 85, Lord Morley is in his seventy-fourth year, while among the world's greatest men in harness, and, to put it vulgarly, 'going strong,' are the emperor of Austria, 81; Lord Rayleigh, 79; Thomas Alva Edison, 65; Admiral Togo, 65; Rodin, the famous French sculptor, 71; and J. Pierpont Morgan, 74. The war office label must also apply to Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, Mrs. Pankhurst and Mrs. Fawcett as nearing the fatal line.

Sixty-seven, as the ruthlessly applied limit mark, would cause an international disruption. In this country the Bishop of Gloucester, with almost half his brethren, would be compelled to step down to retirement, but the editors of all the London newspapers would be secure. At the law courts Lord Alverstone would lead eight of his brethren to the simpler life, and at Spring Gardens and in the court of common council 25 per cent at least of the men who 'govern' London with their ripe experience would cease from committee meetings.

"Lord Rothschild must perforce consider his position in danger, and the Lord Mayor, Sir Thomas Crosby, must quit the Mansion house. Sir Charles Owens and many of his railway confreres would have to think about the immediate future or join the ranks of the unemployed."

Scranton, Pa.—Edward Donnelly, track layer in the Taylor mine, who lives in Minooka, is firmly convinced that if his kind actions toward a friendless orphan thirty years ago have borne fruit, and the chances are that he will in a few days retire from the mines forever, after spending almost a lifetime in their murky depths.

Thirty years ago there appeared in Minooka a young Welsh boy by the name of Lewis. He secured employment in the Carr's Patch mine, out, being the only Welsh boy in the community, his life was made miserable by his companions until Edward Donnelly came to his rescue. Donnelly constituted himself the champion of the youth and frequently fought his battles.

Lewis drifted away from this section of the country, and that was the last heard from him until last week, when Congressman D. J. Lewis of Maryland reached the city to attend the meeting of the State Grange. After addressing the grangers Congressman Lewis hurried out to Minooka and hunted up Donnelly. The meeting was fraught with reminiscences of the past, for Lewis the orphan boy and Lewis the congressman proved to be one and the same.

Before leaving Congressman Lewis informed his erstwhile champion that he should prepare to give up the mines, as he meant to find a more remunerative as well as a pleasanter berth for him in the government service.

WHOLE TOWN MADE HAPPY

This New England Village Received a New Water System as Gift From Boston Man.

Ashburnham.—Announcement was made that Ivers W. Adams of Boston would make a gift to this, his native town, of a new water system. It will cost approximately \$50,000. The water will be brought from Upper Maukeag lake, the summit of Maukeag hill, and will supply the entire town.

The gift relieves the town from impending embarrassment. The present water system is out of date, and has been rapidly declining in efficiency for several years. The town, however, has not felt that it could afford a new system, with the result that in the last few years there has been much dissatisfaction and complaint. It is understood that work on the new system will begin at once.

Ivers W. Adams was born at Ashburnham on May 20, 1838, a son of Walter and Sarah Whitney Adams. Both the Adams and Whitney families have been known in that town since its earliest history. As a boy Mr. Adams came to Boston, and after a time became connected with the long standing carpet firm of J. H. Pray & Sons Co. He retired from business in 1882. He is a director of the Commercial National bank of Boston and treasurer of the American Net and Twine company. He lives at 98 Washington street, Dorchester.

Makes Daring Rescue.

New York.—Owen Gallagher, a boiler-maker of Bayonne, N. J., was rescued in the Hudson river by Sergeant Henry W. Miller of the United States marine corps after Gallagher had jumped from the rear deck of a Pennsylvania ferry-boat, 100 yards off the Cortland street slip.

WOMAN PRAYS; SHIP SAVED

Brig Stripped of Canvas Blown Through Florida Keys to Safety in Bahamas.

New York.—While a hurricane whistled through the sails of the little brig Motley in the Gulf of Mexico till the last shred of canvas was stripped from her and she drove onward seemingly to destruction, Mrs. Addie Edwards, the young wife of the master of the vessel, went among the members of the crew to cheer them up.

"I prayed every day," said she, as she stepped from the liner Allemania. "I did not believe we would go down. My little son and I have sailed for six years on the Motley and we had weathered all kinds of storms. I had faith, even if the sailors had little, and we came through all right."

Mrs. Edwards, whose home is Elmhurst, L. I., was on her way to visit with relatives in Brooklyn.

"My little boy was born on the water," she continued. "He has been on the Motley more than he has been on dry land, and I have sailed into many ports on the Atlantic ocean, even to Africa. When the storm came the child was calm, possibly calmer than he would have been at our home in Elmhurst with such a wind blowing."

"We had loaded with lumber at Mobile and were bound for Mayaguez in Porto Rico. Within a short time afterward the wind rose to a hurricane. The sailors—there were two mates and six seamen, besides my husband, my boy and myself—did not like it. The gale increased, and pieces of canvas began to rip off till it was apparent that our sails would go if the wind continued."

"By the time we reached the Florida keys we were moving along under bare poles. Then it was dangerous, for there was no telling when we might be driven on one of the distant keys and wrecked. Luckily we escaped that fate and luckily, too, the wind blew us almost in the direction we wanted to go."

"It was almost 21 days and nights that I was without sufficient sleep and I was worn out. When hope had almost gone the gale blew us into Middle Inaguae in the Bahamas. We were a sorry looking crowd when we arrived, and I was glad the voyage was over so far as I was concerned."

SALOON HAS QUEER NAME

"The Case is Altered" is a Relic of Oliver Cromwell's Time in England.

London.—I have just discovered what must be the most queerly named saloon in all England. You do not need to be told, of course, that a saloon over here is not a "saloon," but a "public house"—or "pub," to use the popular expression.

Moreover, although the proprietor's name may be, and generally is, above the door, the place never is, as at home, known thereby, but invariably by some odd name, which may be anything from the "Spotted Dog" or "Dun Cow" to the "Prince of Wales," the "Crown" or the "Angel."

It's dollars to doughnuts, by the way, that some reader of these words may have been before me in finding "The Case is Altered," for it is on the way to Kensal Green cemetery, which hundreds of our countrymen visit every year to see the grave of Thackeray.

Oddly enough, the proprietor of "The Case is Altered" doesn't know, and apparently never tried to find out, how his hostelry came by its title. I have found out, however, and the story is quaint and recalls one's "Rip Van Winkle" to mind.

Back in Oliver Cromwell's time a hostelry stood on the site, and over its doorway hung the protector's likeness. Hung there, too, until the restoration, when this tavern, like that which puzzled Rip, changed its emblem. The head of Charles II. replaced that of Cromwell, and the landlord, a bit of a wag, it would seem, added to his sign the significant, if laconic, phrase, "The Case is Altered."

Eventually the words alone became the name of this tavern and those which succeeded it, and today, according to the proprietor, puzzled most of those who read them for the first time, even as they did the writer.

INDIANS START A NEWSPAPER

Will Publish a Journal at Pipestone, Minn., Which is to Appear Bimonthly.

Pipestone, Minn.—The only paper in Minnesota printed and edited by Indians, the Pipestone Peace Pipe, has made its appearance, and will be issued henceforth bimonthly. It will be devoted to news of the government Indian school here and to general items of interest to Indians.

"Coming from the hallowed ground where eternal peace was declared," the editorial announcement in part says, "its title seems singularly appropriate and its aim shall be ever to disseminate the seeds of peace and progress and to assist in hurrying on the happy day when, if the Manitou should again descend and stand upon the red crags of the quarry, he should find his children, red and white alike, working together in harmony and sharing equally the harvests he has prepared for them."

An Airship in Africa.

Paris.—Mr. Latham, the aviator, has been commissioned by the minister for the colonies to visit the Congo region. He has embarked at Bordeaux, taking with him a monoplane, which will doubtless be the first aerial machine to fly over Equatorial Africa.