

MAKING SURE THING OF IT

Now That Money is Scarce, the New York Gamblers Are Taking No Chances.

Real money is becoming criminally scarce with the gambling fraternity here, says the New York Press. The stopping of racing off one source of income, and the recent exposure of the crooked games which are being operated, broadly speaking, in every New York gambling house have also lessened the loot crop.

The other old-timer objected that both men lacked capital. "We got our fronts," but it will never do to drop them," said he. Without diamonds and good clothes a professional gambler is in a bad way. But the proposer of the sucker harvest was insistent.

NOT OVERCOME BY SORROW

Young Man's Novel Test of Sweetheart's Affection Satisfied Him on One Point.

Alphonse Marron of Paris, a young man of independent means, has found a novel way of testing his fiancée's affection, with the result that the engagement is now broken off.

He called on the girl, Miss Suzanne Reix, and after a few minutes' conversation, during which he affected great mental depression, he asked her for a drink of water. As he took the glass from her hand he produced a tiny phial from his pocket, and emptying the contents into the water, drank it off before she could hinder him. His face then contracted and he sank a helpless mass on the floor. He had only time to beg his sweetheart's forgiveness before he expired, as she thought.

Unfortunately for Suzanne, Alphonse was not even unconscious, and he was able to watch the effect on her of his own death. Without the slightest show of sorrow she hastened to the telephone and rang up the police station to say that a suicide had been committed in her apartments, and begging that the body might be removed as soon as possible.

This was too much for Alphonse, who promptly resurrected himself and left the house, after telling his former sweetheart what he thought of her.

By His Own Confession. When Joseph F. Johnson arrived in Washington as a member of the United States senate from the glorious and gallant State of Alabama, says The Popular Magazine, Senator Burrows, of Michigan, took a great fancy to him. One day in the cloak-room Burrows turned to another senator and said:

"DuPont, stand up. I want you to meet Johnson, of Alabama."

The man from Delaware rose to his feet.

"DuPont," said Johnson, taking the proffered hand, "I believe you're the infernal Yankee who shot me at Cedar Creek."

"Well, well!" commented the Delaware senator, somewhat puzzled, "What makes you think so?"

"I see by the two pages of your biography in the Congressional Directory," explained Johnson, "that you commanded practically every regiment in the Union Army during the 'Civil war. Some infernal Yankee shot me, and I think it was you."

Remarkable Tumble.

The Yankee tourist was in great form. His tales of the terrible scenes he had witnessed raised his hearers' hair.

"Then the quiet little Englishman spoke.

"Saw a man once," he said slowly, "fall off the top window sill in a building 20 stories high. Never hurt him a bit—just annoyed, that was all."

"Nonsense!" they cried and would have jeered him to scorn.

"Fact!" said the little man. "Up there he was, cleaning the window, and he fell right off."

"That's rot!" exclaimed the man from the states. "Tell me how he did it!"

"Well, you see," drawled the quiet one. "It was rather lucky for him—but he happened to fall inside!"—London Answers.

Her Anxiety.

"Could you wait on me before the others?" asked the woman in the drug store. "I'm in a great hurry."

WIFEY HAD A LONG HEAD

People With Patriotic Instincts Paid for the Patching Up of Her Old House.

"If I thought I could get a wife as smart as the wife of that man who bought property up in Westchester, I'd get married tomorrow," said the pessimist. "It was a bum house he got hold of. Nothing shingles, sagging, weather boarding, and defective plumbing sent cold chills chasing all over the man every time he looked at them. Luckily for him his wife was not subject to chills. She joined a literary society, and one day when nosing around among historical documents she discovered that their dilapidated little cottage had been somebody's headquarters for about fifteen minutes in some war or other."

"Patriotic societies can't afford to let this house go to rack and ruin," she said with spirit. "It won't cost over \$300 to make repairs. We couldn't raise \$300 in three years, but the societies can get it easily enough, and it is their duty to do it."

"She wrote fervent appeals to public spirited citizens who have a banking for investing money in historic landmarks. Pretty soon contributions began to come in. They were not large, but they were numerous and the first thing that man knew he had enough cash on hand to buy new shingles and patch up the weather-boarding. What better investment can a fellow make. I should like to know, than a shanty with a historic past and a wife with a Wall street head?"

LITTLE JOKE ON FARMERS

Sleepers Effectually Roused by Threatened Danger in Which They All Felt a Share.

"I am no foe to whiskers. Indeed, in cold weather, I regard whiskers as a blessing. They protect the throat."

The speaker was De Wolf Hopper, the comedian. From his corner table in Delmonico's he resumed:

"And reverencing whiskers as I do, I shall never cease to regret a joke I once perpetrated in Nola Chucky."

"We were playing in Nola Chucky during a campaign, and one evening on my return to the hotel I was amazed to find the whole place packed and jammed with sleeping and bewhiskered farmers."

"They had come in, you see, from miles around to vote, and now, utterly worn out, they lay snoring everywhere. Yes, the entire floor space of the hotel was covered with sleeping farmers. All were whiskered, and their whiskers, sticking up in the air, caused the hotel halls to resemble fields of grain. Those upstanding whiskers in the draughty corridors waved in the breeze, for all the world like fields of nodding grain on a windy day."

"Then I played my joke. I shouted at the top of my lungs:—'"Hit the one with the whiskers.'—"

"And instantly every whiskered farmer leaped to his feet with doubled fists."

Historic Church.

One of the oldest churches in America is the French cathedral or basilica of Quebec, which dates back to 1647. It is one of the most imposing structures in Canada. It contains several important pictures, including a picture of the crucifixion painted by Van Dyck in 1630, which, with several other examples of the old masters, was looted from the churches in Paris by the revolutionists of 1793 and purchased by Abbe Des Jardins of Quebec, who happened to be in the French capital at that time.

The vestments are superb and the collection of sacred relics is the largest in North America. They are kept in two large vaults in the sacristy and include skulls or bones of more than 400 saints, beside pieces of the true cross and crown of thorns, the cradle of the child Jesus, a piece of rope with which the Saviour was flogged, and a fragment of the veil of the holy mother which shows a stain of the blood of her beloved son which fell upon it as she knelt before the cross.—Exchange

The Figure of the Law.

A husky New York gangster permitted himself to be arrested in the course of a street fight by a policeman. When the ward leader had bailed him out, his friends made merry at his expense. "To be done up by one cop!" was the comment. "You could 'a eaten him up wid one bite."

"Yes, an' I could 'a laid him out wid one blow," was the answer. "Say, young feller, was you ever on de island?"

"Just as a friend; never under de curtain for keeps."

"Then shut down on your works. Let me tell you, when a cop comes at me wid a club I don't see him. I see de bloke on de bench. The island. That cell. His club looks to me like all these; and I throw up my hands. And so will youse. If you are wise guys. A cop is a policeman; he ain't a man. See."

Raised Something.

Cynicus—What did the riggers of the Declaration of Independence raise by pledging their sacred bond? Historian—From the British point of view, I rather think they raised Cain.

Easy Fruit.

"What does the political pie of which I hear so much contain?" "Plums."—Washington Star.

CACTI FOR TELEPHONE POLES

Scheme for a Government Line in Arizona Desert Which is Believed to Be Feasible.

Saguaro for telephone and telegraph poles is the latest idea and one that is to be tried out. It sounds plausible and it is believed that it will be more economical than the old style of poles. Its test is to come from Arizona.

The government is to build a telephone system for the forestry service of the Colorado forest reserve. The first of these lines to be built out of Tucson is to be used into the Catalinas and it is there that the Saguaro experiment is to be tried.

The giant cacti will not be sawed off and set up nor will they be transplanted but the growing plant will be used as a pole where it is found practical. Where they can be found in what approaches alignment, so that the line will not have to zigzag too much, the saguaros up in the canons through which the line will pass are to be utilized for the purpose of attaching brackets to which the wires will be fastened. And so the secret is out.

Along the proposed line it is difficult to set poles owing to the rocky nature of the country traversed. Not only is this the case, but it is difficult to get the poles up there in the hills to set, while the saguaros are right there in many instances, and while not at a uniform distance this is not considered important. Another saving will be that while the made to order poles will not out the ready made ones, these will be of long life and will not demand replenishing and replacing from time to time.

AS A MAN SHOULD ANSWER

For Once a New Yorker Rose to the Occasion and Was There With Apt Response.

Two men somewhat alike as to build, dress and general appearance entered an upper West side restaurant within a few minutes of one another the other evening, says the New York Press. They were also alike and not different from the average New Yorker in burying themselves in newspapers as soon as they had chosen tables.

Presently there entered a well-dressed, good-looking woman, somewhat in a hurry, if one were to judge from her manner, and a trifle distracted. Glancing hastily around the room, she seated herself at the table which one of the men had selected.

He merely lifted his eyes from his paper for an instant, in the disinterested manner New Yorkers adopt, and fell to reading again, while the woman seized the menu card and began studying it. It took her a couple of minutes to decide what she wanted. Having found it, she laid her hand on the arm of the man. As he looked up at her a curious expression came over her face.

"Why—why, you're not my husband, are you?" she gasped.

"I am sorry, madam," he replied gallantly, "that I am not."

Then both of them laughed, which aroused the man at the other table from his paper long enough to permit him to announce himself.

Largest Gas Tank in the World.

Contracts have been awarded for the erection at Pittsburg at a cost of \$500,000 of the largest holder for the storage of natural gas in the world.

The big holder will be erected on the company's storage property at Rebecca street and South avenue, North Side, close to the great natural gas holder which now has the record for size. These two great holders will be filled with natural gas during the night for use in the North Side district during the daytime and will be used to cover any possible emergency in the natural gas supply for the territory north of the Allegheny river.

The giant holder will have a capacity of 6,000,000 cubic feet of natural gas. It will have a diameter of 226 feet, will be 208 feet high and the material composing it will weigh about 5,000 tons. The present natural gas holder of the Philadelphia company has a capacity of 5,000,000 cubic feet, is 198 feet in diameter and 190 feet high.—Oil and Gas.

Tokyo Type Foundry.

The leading type foundry of the Far East is located at Tokyo and produces two series of Chinese type. The first series, consisting of 5,000 characters, has in combinations a total of 150,000 separate pieces of type. The second series has 3,000 characters and 100,000 combinations. The producers of the type publish a catalogue in which each character is printed and by the side of this character is given the number of combinations in which it is used. This foundry also produces Japanese characters, the Hirakana in 152 characters and 30,000 combinations and the Katakana in 83 characters and 19,000 combinations.

Old Festival Retained.

With an unbroken record dating back to 1682, the quaint and picturesque rush-bearing festival was observed at St. Oswald's church, Greenery, Westmoreland, England, recently. The ceremony is a survival of the days when rushes were employed to protect worshippers from damp floors while kneeling. Each year the inhabitants conveyed to the church a new supply of rushes. Nowadays the vicar of the parish received a kind of memorial gift of rushes and a special service marks the occasion.

HAD BEEN LOOKING FOR HIM

Apparently Captor Need Not Have Been Afraid That His Prisoner Would Escape.

Billy Oswald of the Cleveland outdoor relief department was sent up to Detroit the other day to bring back a prisoner who had escaped from the workhouse. Full of the sense of his responsibility, Billy had handcuffs slipped on the man and stuck valiantly by his side, leaving no possible chance of escape. When an hour out from Detroit, homeward bound on the D. & C. boat, the prisoner suggested that Oswald relax his vigilance.

"Watchie! keepin' these things on me for?" he asked. "You don't think I'm goin' to jump over in the middle of Lake Erie, do you? Can't get away now."

Billy saw reason in the argument, released his man from the irons and gave him leave to stroll about deck. When the boat neared port, however, early next morning, the prisoner wasn't to be found. Oswald looked the boat over from engine room to bridge, but in vain. When the boat slid alongside the dock Billy was the first man off, stationing himself where he could see every person coming ashore.

In a couple of minutes he spied his man. But he wasn't trying to slip off unobserved. He came along boldly, lugging Oswald's baggage in one hand and his own in the other.

"Aw, there you are!" he sang out. "I've been lookin' all over the boat for you the last half hour."

BEWARE THE CARELESS MAN

Wise and Up-to-Date Grandmother Hands Out Some Good Advice to Engaged Girl.

The pretty girl was talking about her fiance. "He never seems to notice how I dress," she said, rather well pleased. "He tries to look interested, but I know from his expression that he does not recognize one gown from another, and once he told me I always look all right to him, no matter how I am dressed."

"Then don't marry him," advised a youthful grandmother of 60 almost tartly and wholly disregarding grammar. She was herself of the trim, smartly gowned variety of women who refuse to grow old. "Take my advice. If a man does not care how you look he never will provide the money for you to dress as well as you will wish to. A man ought to care how his wife is dressed. Not that it is the most important thing in life but that it has to do with the whole tone of their home. There is something wrong with a man who does not wish his wife to look her best. If your fiance is tractable I advise you to begin a course of instructing him at once. If not—" she shook her head warningly, smoothed down her slim hips, gave her satin walking suit a little flip and left for her constitutional in the park.

To Try Trapping Sparrows.

Agents of the department of agriculture, it was announced, have been for the last two months experimenting with devices to trap English sparrows. From Maine to California an agent of the department has traveled during those months. Many machines have been tried out, but as yet one has not been perfected which officials say will do the work successfully.

Dr. Charles J. Fisher, who has the work in hand, said that the English sparrows are a nuisance and that they harm bearable fruit trees in the spring.

"Take young apple and peach trees, for instance," Dr. Fisher said. "The sparrows eat into the buds and destroy the cores. It then becomes impossible for them to bear fruit."

"We are doing no experimenting in Washington at this time. In several parts of the country, however, we have agents at work with devices. From what I have heard these machines have not as yet been perfected."

Artist's Habits.

Leonardo da Vinci was erratic in his methods of work. Some interesting reminiscences are preserved in one of the novels of Handello. "He used often to get up early in the morning and mount upon the platform, and from sunrise until the dusk of evening, never putting down his brush, and, forgetting to eat and drink, paint without ceasing. Then two, three or four days would pass when he would not touch it, but remained for one or two hours together contemplating, considering and examining within himself, judging his figures. I have seen him, too, according as his caprice or humor moved him, go off at noonday, when the sun was in Leo, from the Corte Vecchia, where he was composing his stupendous horse of clay, and come straight to the Grazie, and mounting the platform, take a brush and give one or two strokes to one of the figures, and straightway depart and go elsewhere."

Remembered the Great Napoleon.

The last French woman who met Napoleon I. face to face died recently at Troyes, aged one hundred and two. She was Mme. Millos, a widow, whose parents were on the domestic staff of the Palace of Fontainebleau. She was five when Napoleon, shortly before taking leave of his guards, spoke to her in the palace park. Mme. Millos retained a vivid recollection of this meeting until the day of her death, and on that account she was something of a local celebrity.

FOR THOSE ABOUT TO MOVE

These Few Little Hints May or May Not Prove to Have a Practical Value.

Never order the moving van to be at your door before 7 o'clock a. m. It annoys father to have his bed carried into the street while he is still using it.

In packing up always snow away first father's razor, shaving brush and mug, change of linen and fancy vests. Bury them at the bottom of the largest packing case beneath the books and the bed quilts. This will cause father to go without shaving for a week, and the new neighbors will take him for one of the regular moving van men.

Be sure to have your best pieces of furniture taken out of the van first and into the house last. For by your furniture are you judged. However, if you have no best furniture, or if your rent is overdue, move at night.

Be sure to tell your husband when you are moving to. This saves trouble and annoyance. Many a man has left home in the morning only to discover when he returned at night that his wife had moved during the day without leaving her change of address. Before home can be a source of joy and comfort to him, a man must know where it is.

After the moving van men start to carry a heavily loaded bureau up the stairs be on hand to warn them to be careful of the walls. This will annoy the men, and you will discover how fluent is their speech; also how profane.

Remember that the landlord owns the window screens, shades and gas fixtures. The day before, the very day, and for a week after moving cold boiled ham is an excellent substitute for food. It is easy to serve. You don't even have to add a little hot water.—Detroit Free Press.

BRAND NOT IN THE MARKET

Mrs. Newlywed Had Done Her Best, but Black Coffee Was a Thing Unattainable.

After the honeymoon came the cozy flat. Young Mr. Benedict was mighty proud of his wife, even if she was from the country, and eager to show her to his cronies. "Dulcinea, dear," he said one morning, "I want to bring dear old Tom up for dinner and good old Dick and nice old Harry. Want 'em to see you and taste your cookery. I've told them all about your dishes. There's just one special thing I don't want you to forget. It's the black coffee to wind up with. Tom's particularly fond of good black coffee, and for that matter so am I."

Promptly at 6 came Mr. Benedict and cronies three. Mr. B. showed his guests into the parlor, while he made hasty tracks for the gas range neighborhood and kissed the cook again, privately.

"Well, how about everything little woman. Got all the stuff together?" "Ye—yes, dear," replied small Mrs. B. with just a shade of reservation in her voice. "I've got the crown of chops and the peas and a salad—oh, a beautiful salad—and I've baked some little biscuits! There's only one thing I simply couldn't get (I do hope you aren't too disappointed) for I went to every store in the neighborhood. It's black coffee, dear. I hunted and hunted, truly. Not a single shop has anything but brown."

His Deduction.

Eugene Conner, son of F. D. Conner of the Guardian bank, who lives in Roxbury road, East Cleveland, is a stultious lad, says the Leader. Moreover, he is given to deduce his own facts without much scientific investigation. He attends the Prospect school in the Stamberger village, longing for the time when he may attend Shaw High.

Eugene's teacher asked him one day this week what the principal product of the cod was.

"Codliver oil," was the instant reply. He knew that. And he never did like it.

"And what is it we get from the seal?" continued the teacher.

"Sealing wax," responded the youngster.

Aeroplane in War Game.

For the first time the aeroplane has been used in France to register the results of firing practice by siege artillery batteries. Six batteries were firing at the Chalons camp the other day, and an attempt was made to register the results by means of a biplane. The air was in such a boiling state owing to the heat that the biplane proved useless. Lieutenant Rose then mounted a monoplane, flew over the line of batteries at a height of 500 yards, and in a flight of three minutes was able to observe the fire of the six batteries. Returning, he dropped cards at the feet of the officers in command on which he had noted the results. This task has previously been carried out from captive balloons.

Came Back for His Money.

Sixteen years ago a worker at Messers. Stagers' machine works at Kilbowie, Dumfriesshire, left the firm's employment omitting to take with him 14s. 7d. wages due. He spent four years in England, and afterwards joined the army, serving 12 years, mostly abroad. A few days ago the man, whose name is Calligan, called again at Kilbowie and claimed his money, established his right to it, and got it.—The Scotsman.

BOUND TO HAVE THAT PARTY

Little Thing Like Dizzy Walk in Air Couldn't Feast Ardent Bridge Devotees.

Nothing short of devotion to bridge could have persuaded a party of women to do what this party of women did. Half an hour before the time set for the playing to begin in the tenth floor apartment something went wrong with the dynamo and all elevators stopped running for anyhow a day and a half. When the bridge devotees learned that she nearly fainted.

"Nine flights of stairs to climb!" she said, and every woman I have invited is fast. They'll never get here."

"She talked everybody about the house to suggest some way out of the trouble. Nobody could, except to walk; there was no alternative. But the devotees did not give up so easily. She looked across at the neighboring apartment house, whose tenth-floor windows faced her window. An abyss fifteen feet wide yawned between the two buildings, but to a woman in her predicament fifteen feet dwindled to fifteen inches.

"There is a way," she said. "How about those long planks on the roof? Lay them across to the opposite roof, make a handrail of ropes, and my guests can go up in the elevator to the roof of that house, cross the bridge, and walk down one flight to my apartment."

Employees of both houses gladly assumed the role of bridge builder. A hallway was stationed in the lobby to explain matters to arriving guests, and a few minutes later a procession of scared but determined women gasped and clutched on their aerial way.—New York Press

KEEP THEIR MEMORY GREEN

Frenchmen Delight in Pilgrimages to the Tombs of the Great or Notorious.

The chapel tomb of Honore de Balzac at Pere la Chaise was visited this afternoon by a group of admirers who make a yearly pilgrimage to the spot on August 18. There "Friends of Balzac" keep the novelist's memory green in an essentially Parisian manner, leaving cards and by on the tomb and delivering eulogies that are reverently by a fair audience. During August innumerable tourists visit the different parts of the city, and many to be at Pere la Chaise this at the time of the little. The French themselves have able cult for ancestors that second only to that of the English, and on every fete day anniversary holiday they "precipitate themselves to use their own expressive words to the cemeteries, leaving always some mark of their presence in the shape of a bouquet, large or small. The tombs of public men and women are yearly the object of special demonstrations.

Heine's tomb is perhaps one of the most favored by foreigners, but that of the original Dumas "Dame aux Camellias" is the best cared for, an every day in the year it is visited and carefully dusted by a half-silly woman with dyed yellow hair and thread gloves, who enters freely into conversation with all visitors and loves to relate the history of this "Marquise."—Paris Correspondence London Evening Standard

Sleep the Fountain of Youth.

Any number of women who are cutting ruthlessly into their allowance to swell the cash drawer of the beauty parlor could solve the riddle of appearing fresh and animated if they would but make a practice of taking the proper amount of sleep. The value of sleep as a restorative and as a fountain of youth is unbelievable until one has bathed regularly therein. It almost seems magic in its effect and many a woman who has discovered the secret is the envy and admiration of her beauty parlor friends.

Eight hours for work, eight hours for sleep and eight for play is the old rule. Up to now no one has improved on this proportion. If you care more for the preservation of your youth and attractiveness than of your pleasure, take not less than the allotted eight hours of sleep from the 24.

Quail Matches Chicken.

An incident of some interest is reported from the Woodland neighborhood. Last week on the farm of W. L. Riley of that vicinity a quail's nest was found in which a hen had laid an egg. With this was found the usual number of quail eggs.

The last of the week the hen egg hatched and the quail seemed to lose all interest in her own eggs and turned her attention to the chick, leaving her nest and disappearing with it. Some of the quail eggs were broken and showed that they would have been hatched in another week.—Morning Post.

Turkey Leads in Good Work.

From benighted Turkey comes news through the state department of an invention calculated to make the disabed milkmen of all the world quake in their boots. The invention consists of a can fitted with valves which permit a liquid to be poured out but not in. There is an opening, of course, by which the can is filled, but as soon as this is done and scientific inspectors have tested the contents and pronounced them unadulterated and unwatered milk, the opening is officially sealed. After that the milk is ready to be sent to the consumer.