

JOHN W. GATES AND THE CAB

Little Gambling Episode in Which "Watch-Me" Was Able to Say "You Lose" Three Times.

A Gates anecdote that never got so far as it deserved, if it was true, was about his riding down town from a New York hotel in a cab with a stock market friend.

"I'll match you," said John Watch-me, to see whether you or I buy this horse and can from the driver, if it is his.

It was cabby's, so they matched. John Watch-me had the satisfaction of saying, "You lose." The bargain struck, John Watch-me had another proposition to offer the new owner.

"Now I'll match you," he said, "to see whether you keep the outfit or whether you sell it back to cabby at his own price." And once more John Watch-me said, "You lose."

Here it dawned upon Gates' companion that in the last match John Watch-me had stood no chance to lose, whichever way it went, and he made remarks.

"All right," said John Watch-me, "I'll match you to see whether you or I stand the difference between the buying and the selling price." For what he had just sold cabby would only give a buying price that was just \$50 less. This was the stake in the last match and for the third time John Watch-me was able to say, "You lose."

TWO MULES WITH HISTORY

The Only Hybrids in the Geographical Service Are Sent to Kaula.

Two mules with a history were shipped down to W. B. Hardy on the island of Kaula recently. He is carrying on the work of the geographical and water research branch of the department there, and it was found that animal transportation was the only way to meet the difficulties.

There were only two mules in that branch of the service and they were over in California. Likewise Hardy was the man who worked them over there when he was on the mainland. Now he and his friends will be reunited on Kaula.

The work of the department on that island is arduous owing to the fact that where the water runs are not always roads. Accordingly, some means have to be found by which the investigator could get about. He has a saddle and pack and can ride the mules as far as he can get them over the tracks, and then do the rest of the work on foot. The work necessitates constant traveling of a rough sort.—Honolulu Bulletin.

Not a Cheap Building.

It has been estimated that to rebuild the pyramid of Cheops under modern conditions an expenditure of \$100,000,000 would be necessary and the labor of 40,000 men for two years required.

It has been calculated that the work really required the services of 100,000 men for thirty years.

The pyramid occupies a space of twelve and three-quarters acres, is 746 feet high and contains about 143,315,000 cubic yards of stone and granite.

The material alone represents an item of \$30,000,000, while the labor would increase this amount to \$72,000,000. To this must be added \$3,000,000 for tools, transportation, and similar items.

The pyramid is built on a solid rock 150 feet deep, and to build a foundation of this character would add to the cost to the extent of making the total of \$100,000,000.—Scientific American.

When Sleeping.

It is well to sleep from infancy with the head uncovered, as the hair thus retains its beauty longer. On retiring the hair should be raised high above the ears, without pulling, plaited loosely in a single braid and tied with a silk or cotton ribbon. Avoid wearing starched nightcaps, as the starch is injurious to the hair. When old age approaches it may be well to wear nightcaps.

Brush the hair well, using a soft brush, on going to bed and in the morning. The best brushes are made with short bristles. If the hair is combed from the roots downward without being divided in several parts, much harm may be done to it. The hairs would certainly be broken off, become uneven and could never be made to look cared for. It is an excellent thing to smooth the hair with the hands.

Cats Drive Off Snakes.

For many years I have been running a cattle station in Queensland, where snakes are tolerably numerous. At the head station we have always kept up a standing army of from 15 to 20 cats and have been practically free from the presence of snakes about the building and yards.

That this was owing to the presence of our cats I have no doubt whatever. They were always on the lookout, and I have often seen members of our feline body guard growing over dead or dying snakes and have more than once witnessed savage encounters between them and their victims. On the other hand, martyrs to their duty were from time to time found dead in the morning with all the evidence of a fight and their defeat in the shape of a snakebite on their bodies.—Spectator.

IS DEAN OF ALL INDIANS

Sitting Elk, Mighty Warrior, Who Never Killed White Man, is Oldest Redman.

Oldest of all Indians in the United States, Sitting Elk, former chief of the Ojibla Sioux, is visiting in Denver, the guest of the white man, against whom he always refused to make war.

For almost a century he has been a leader among his people, but, wiser than other chiefs, he early realized that the red man was doomed and at every opportunity he counseled peace with the palefaces.

He could well afford to do so, for his people knew he was no coward. "I have never killed a white man," he proudly boasts, "but I have fought many battles, and I have done many brave deeds in my long life of ninety-six years. I was but seventeen when I waylaid and killed my first enemy. That was a very brave deed. Since then I have killed many, many enemies."

Sitting Elk is a total abstainer. He smokes cigarettes, but insists he has none of the other bad habits of the white man. He is childless, the last of his line, but he expects to live for many years more—to be hale and hearty long after he has passed the century mark.

Sitting Elk moves tall and stately among his kinsmen, and puffs his pipe with a complacency untroubled by thoughts of any immediate journey to the happy hunting grounds.

Bright of eye, keen of mind, the old warrior dons paint and feathers for his appearance with the younger members of his tribe in the headlong dashes across the amphitheater at the stock yards, and rides with an abandon which defies the spectator to single him from the reckless redskins who have but one-fourth his years to their credit.

HOUSE WITH NO STAIRS

Pittsburg Man Plans New Residence Embodying Some Very Unique Features.

The new residence which is being built on the Clearview plan at Mount Lebanon, Pittsburg, has some features which are unique and probably not embodied in any other residence in this section.

The house is without stairs or steps, the slope idea having been substituted. The grade of this slope is about ten per cent. Entering from the veranda to the large reception hall, one's attention is directly drawn to the unique method employed of reaching the upper floor. In the living room, which is probably 20x35 feet, a large concrete fireplace and mantel is the principal feature, with a wide bay window. There are no corners of the house, as each of the four ends of the residence are of the bay type.

The only wood used in the construction of the building is to be found in the door sills, windows and floors. The latter of which will be hardwood. The walls of the building are of cement, finished with white cement trimmings. Even the two bathrooms are fitted with cement tubs. In all there are ten rooms. The roof is of concrete, surrounded with a parapet, the porch roofs are of the same type, thus affording second story porches in the front and rear, both of which are fitted up with concrete flower troughs in which blooming flowers are now to be seen even in the unfinished condition of the house. On the front second story porch a fountain is arranged.—Engineering Record.

Durability of Steel. It has been shown that nearly all the failures of steel occur very early in its history. If a plate or bar of mild steel lasts for a year in service, it may be trusted to last for many years. The most injurious thing is continued bending backward and forward, as in what is called the "panting" of a boiler end. As one authority puts it, steel has a somewhat "tumultuous youth," but "in middle age it is trustworthy, and in old age beyond reproach." In regard to corrosion there is a difference of opinion, some holding that steel corrodes more readily than iron.—Harper's Weekly.

Gathering Fruit.

When gathering fruit, peaches or pears, a clever woman invented a simple device that insured the picking of fruit without danger of bruising it.

The top was taken off a tin tomato can and the can attached to the end of a broomhandle, so that it formed a cuplike arrangement.

The can is put up underneath the fruit and a slight shake given to detach it from the tree, letting it fall into the can, which is lowered and emptied quickly. Put a can on the end of a clothes prop if the fruit hangs high.

"George Sand."

It was from Leonard Jules Sandeau, the celebrated French novelist and dramatist, born at Aubusson a century ago, that another and far greater writer derived her nom de guerre.

When a young student in Paris Sandeau made the acquaintance of Mme. Dudevant, and during a short-lived friendship they collaborated in a novel, "Rose et Blanche," which was published in 1831. Then they parted, but Mme. Dudevant, while relinquishing Sandeau's friendship, took to herself a portion of his name and elected to be known henceforth as George Sand.

GRIM TRAGEDIES OF OCEAN

Many Vessels Abandoned at Sea That Are Constant Menace to Navigation.

There is a grimness about the brief news dispatch which states that the derelict destroyer Seneca of the United States, former center service, watched anchor and steamed out of New York harbor to search for derelicts of the severe storm which ended recently. Vessels that have been abandoned at sea, or else deliberately destroyed, continue to be a menace to shipping for a long time following their abandonment. For many years it was customary for sea captains, on coming into port, to report such derelicts as they had observed during a voyage, and the government published charts in which the position of the reported derelicts was shown, in order that sailing masters might be on their guard against collision with them. There was at one time some talk of international co-operation in the task of clearing the sea of these floating ships, but nothing came of it, and the United States government, finally, took the matter up on its own account, looking for a long time the only government which did so. To this day the vessels designated as derelict destroyers are specially fitted out with dynamite and other means of destroying and sinking the floating menaces to navigation, and the significance of the departure of the Seneca lies in the fact that the storm of last week is supposed to have caused many wrecks off Hatteras and along the coast of the Carolinas.

HARD TO PAY THE TAXES

French Deputy Runs Afoul of Red Tape When He Tries to Get on Tax Roll.

Jean Javal, who was elected deputy of the Sens division of the Yonne department in France in 1910, bought a house in Sens just after the election. Discovering a few days ago that he had never paid any taxes on the property he looked up the list and found that his name had never been placed there.

As no self-respecting socialist-radical republican deputy would care to avoid such an obligation, and not forgetting the weapon non-payment of taxes would give to his opponents in a future election, M. Javal wrote to the authorities asking to be inscribed on the list.

The letter was returned with the notification that his request could not be considered unless it was sent in on stamped paper, with a 60 centime (10-cent) stamp.

Violin Was a "Find."

Gaylord Yost, violinist, has a valuable violin which he acquired under interesting circumstances. His story of the "find" as told by himself follows:

"One day in Berlin, as I came out of one of the music stores I was stopped by a couple of gypsies. They had at least a half dozen violins caught up loosely by the necks. Some were stringless, cranked and dirty. They asked me if I wanted to buy a violin cheap and I replied that I was always looking for good violins. Meanwhile I had scanned the violin and observed one with very artistic lines and workmanship, good varnish, but in bad repair. I asked him how much they wanted for that one and they replied 120 marks. Of course I could not try the violin in the street so I gave them my card and told them to call in the afternoon. As soon as I placed the bow on the strings I realized what it was. I finally got the violin for 79 marks. I guess it was cheap. Would I sell it? Well, hardly."

Real Enemy of Aeroplanes.

One still often reads comments on the effects of musketry on aeroplanes, usually written by those who have probably never seen the effect of bullets fired from a distance. It has been truly said that to hit a "rocketing" aeroplane with a rifle shot is an extremely difficult matter, but to conclude that the aviator is therefore immune when at 1,000 feet up is absurd, says Sir Baden-Powell. It is not the danger from one marksman that has to be taken into account, but volleys from a whole battalion. If 3,000 or 4,000 shots be fired at a machine while it traverses one hundred yards, there is a good chance of its sustaining some danger so long as it is well within range. It is, however, the Maxim gun that seems likely to be the most formidable enemy of the aeroplane. All such guns must in future be mounted in such a way as to enable them to be fired nearly vertically.

How to Use a Life Preserver.

"The worst trouble about a life preserver," said an old sailor, "is that few people know what to do with one when it's thrown to them. Many a man would drown in trying to get a life preserver over his head."

"The average person struggling about in the water would try to lift up the big life ring and put it over his head. That only causes the man to sink deeper and take more water into his lungs."

"The proper way to approach a life preserver in the water is to take hold of the side nearest you and press upon it with all your weight. That causes the other side to fly up in the air and down over your head, 'ringing' you as neatly as a man ringing a case at a county fair. After that the drowning man can be rescued."—From the American Boy.

LOSES TASTE FOR MOSQUITO

Fish Imported to Kill Insect Change Their Diet and Turn to Shrimp.

Citizens of various American districts have been endeavoring to rid their neighborhoods of mosquitoes by stocking their ponds with little imported fish which eat the mosquito larvae. That the plan has its drawbacks is indicated by the following from the Hawaiian Star: "A war of the races is going on in local fresh water and brackish waters and there has been slaughter in the ranks which threatens the extinction of at least one species of Hawaiian fresh water fish. The tender and toothsome Opa taken, the little fish which a comparatively short time ago one might buy already cooked and wrapped in leaves in the fish market or from peddling natives, is becoming so scarce that its utter disappearance seems to be only a matter of time. The frogs and the topminnows are accomplishing its downfall, these voracious enemies greedily devouring its spawn."

"The topminnows or mosquito fish, as they are called, are thriving amazingly in the local ponds, but, like the mongoose, have diverted their tastes from the food which it was intended they should subsist on. The mongoose found chicken more to its taste than cane rat and the topminnow's diet seems to have changed from 'skeeter' to shrimp. It is true that where there is nothing to eat but mosquito larvae the minnows devour them fast enough, but when shrimps and 'skeeters' both figure on the bill of fare both are treated impartially by the ravenous little fish."

"Out Moanulua and Kalili way, in the streams which empty themselves into the sea and in which shrimps abound by the million a short time ago, practically none are now to be found. The topminnows have killed them off. In the fish ponds thousands of transparent husks lying along the shore tell the tale of the havoc wrought by the mosquito fish among the opae."

TO TUNNEL ENGLISH CHANNEL

Scheme Is Being Revived in Spite of Refusal to Pass Last Bill.

The scheme for a tunnel between England and France is being revived in spite of the emphatic refusal of the last bill which was presented in 1907. But great changes have been brought about since then in relation to the military opposition to the scheme, for the coming of the aeroplane and its rapid development as an implement of war have to some extent removed the idea of danger from invasion by tunnel.

If all aeroplanes can cross the channel together, as they did a few weeks ago, there is little reason why an army of them may not do so in the near future if they wished. A tunnel also might under certain circumstances be a help in time of war rather than a danger, as much of our food supply could be brought through it.

The chief advantage, however, of the tunnel would be an increase of trade and tourist traffic between England and France as well as countries beyond France. At present the borings at each side are well over a mile and it is estimated that the whole work could be completed within five years, as there is no hard rock to be pierced. The adoption of electricity instead of steam would also remove one of the original drawbacks.

Exchange of Labor.

Miss Martha Leland Sherwin, daughter of George W. Sherwin of the First National bank, is four years old. She is a very polite little girl—much more so than her brother, Jim, whose age record barely takes him beyond half-past-one. Being a boy, Jim assumes every prerogative of boyhood and lords it over his elder sister mightily. In this difficult position Martha has proposed a plan of operation to her mother.

"I'll tell you what let's do, mother," she suggested. "We'll just send Jim down to the bank and then father can stay at home and play with me."—Cleveland Leader.

An Ancient Bet.

Near the ancient country seat of the Carews in Cornwall, England, stands a quaint old church, to the door of which are nailed four horse shoes. These have been in their present position for nearly 500 years. A former member of the Carew family made a wager with a friend that he would ride his horse a mile out to sea in Tor bay and back again. The fact was more difficult than appears at first sight, for the cross-currents are dangerous, even for boats.

He won the bet, however, and nailed the four horse shoes of his steed to the church door to commemorate the performance.

Original Suffragette.

Mrs. Johanna Meyer, the first Danish woman to speak from a platform in behalf of woman suffrage, attended the Universal Race congress recently held in London as the delegate to the Peace Society of Copenhagen. As soon as the congress closed Mrs. Meyer began an inquiry in behalf of the Danish government to ascertain the effect that social and political work in England has had on women. In 1870 Mrs. Meyer founded the first organization for the betterment of women in Denmark. She is now the editor of a paper she founded in 1888.

TO ALLAY EYE IRRITATION

Simple Wash Made From Saturated Solution of Boracic Acid Is Very Soothing.

When one is forced to work under a light that is placed too high for eye comfort and cannot be readily adjusted it is far better to use an opaque green shade over the eyes than to allow the light to become permanently injured.

A good quality of these can be purchased at your stationers for the modest sum of a quarter and the relief you will find in them will be more than worth the small expense.

Should the eyes become irritated near the eyelash use a wash of lukewarm sterilized water having diluted therein as much boracic acid as the water will take up.

One can prepare a pint bottle of this and have it ready for use at any time. The only thing necessary would be to place the bottle in a cup of warm water so as to make it lukewarm before using.

Should a white sediment form at the bottom it is by no means spoiled, as this is only a very small extra quantity of the boracic acid which has been absorbed by the water and is in no way harmful.

More than a certain quantity, say a heaped teaspoonful to a pint of water, will not be absorbed, so there is no fear of making the water too soft, as only a certain degree can be achieved in this direction.

Use of this when the lids become irritated, applying with a well-cleaned eye-cup, will save you from many a painful and patience trying eye, an abscess of the eyelid that is most discomforting and which makes their appearance at the most inopportune times.

HE CURED THE HAY FEVER

Cleveland Man's Attempt Rather Strenuous Affair, But It Worked.

An east end man with a bad case of hay fever heard that a sojourn in a beer cellar, or a packing house refrigerator would relieve the distressing malady. He had no entrance to beer cellars, and all the packing houses were too far away.

So he went into the pantry and after removing the eatables from the upper portion of the tinbox, put his head into close conjunction with a 50-pound lump of ice. In this manner he hoped to freeze out the annoying germs.

It was a slow process and not altogether comfortable, but everything—including the germs—appeared to be going all right—when the convalescent happened to push the box too close to the wall, and the 40-pound cover suddenly dropped on his defenseless head like a vicious pfeildriver.

For a moment the dazed victim believed that his throat was cut and his skull smashed by the same blow. But he managed presently to extricate himself and bellow for help.

Two days later the only reminder of his cruel experience was a lump on the back of his head as big as a green tomato.

And every vestige of hay fever had left him.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In a Japanese Temple.

"Asakusa Temple is dedicated to the goddess Kwannon, a tiny image of gold, about two and a half inches high, writes a traveler in Japan. At the entrance to the temple grounds on either side of the immense gate stand two large and fearful looking figures, guarding the sacred precincts. Hanging outside the wire grating are a number of sandals for their use. If they wish to take a walk, and rice is sprinkled about. Each worshiper, before entering the temple, calls at a small building, and after contributing a small amount, washes his hands and rinses his mouth.

"In front of the main shrine is a large aperture in the floor, covered with lattice work, into which the worshiper casts his gift. After clapping his hands to awaken or attract the attention of the god he kneels, but his prayer is only brief. While there is one chief shrine, there are many others under the same roof.

"One shrine especially attracted my attention; it was made of wood, and quite disfigured and worn through the constant rubbing of hands on the spot corresponding to the afflicted portions of the sufferers' bodies."

Best He Could Do.

When Ralph Delmore, who was assisting in staging "The Confession," was giving instructions one day to the actors as to what they should wear during the snow storm in the first act, he said: "I want every one to wear their heaviest overcoats during this scene, as it is supposed to be the coldest night in twenty years. Now, don't forget this." Mr. Delmore repeated this order several times to impress it on the minds of the actors, when one of them, undoubtedly new to the stage and who had no lines at all to speak, approached him. "I have no overcoat, Mr. Delmore, but suppose I wear my heavy flannel underwear?"—Kansas City Star.

Royal Linguist.

A princess of Hawaii has just returned to this country from France, where she studied for six years. Her mother, who was but two steps removed from the Hawaiian throne, married a wealthy Chinaman. Their daughter is a great beauty and speaks eight languages. She will enter a convent in Honolulu.

Worked Two Ways.

He had sung several times during the evening, and his friends had murmured words of praise, then escaped as quickly as possible.

But as he was going homeward he managed to catch one of these self-same friends, and he insisted on a truthful opinion. "You see," he explained, "I don't quite know how to take Miss Culeon's comment on my performances tonight." "No—really? Why—what did she say?" asked the friend hopefully. "Well, she said she'd heard Caruso several times and thought his voice was excellent, but she was quite certain that mine was better still."—New York Mail.

TIM SULLIVAN'S LAND TAX

Big Politician Has Scheme to Reduce Congestion in New York Tenement Districts.

Big Tim Sullivan has been looking about a bit in his Bowery kingdom, and as a consequence has hammered out a land tax system, which, he believes will reduce the congestion in the tenement districts of a New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star writes: "People in my district sleep three and four to the room," said he, "and many of the rooms have never had a ray of sunlight in them. They have to live that way because the rent is so high. The tenement owner who is willing to tear down his old building and put up a new one, with sunlight in every window and a bath in every flat, is afraid to do so, because he knows that his taxes would go sky-high. The poor devil who rents his flats would in the end pay for that higher rate of taxation. Every eighth child born in New York city dies because its mother has to go to work or starve. At the same time there are 40,000 acres of good land lying idle within the city limits."

Therefore Sullivan has a plan to cut the taxes on improved real estate and increase the taxes on vacant property. He figures that owners would have either to build on their land—which would relieve the downtown congestion—or go to farming it, which would indirectly have the same effect. "A watch dog on a farm lives better than many of my constituents," he declares, "and yet, after an experience of a lifetime down there, I have yet to find the equal of the families on the streets near the Bowery for industry and economy and courage. Maybe my land tax plan is Bowery political economy, as has been charged. I like it all the better for that fact. The Bowery has had to put up with Fifth avenue political economy for a good while."

HE NEEDED NO INTERPRETER

Explosion Follows Volley of Dialects Hurled at Caran, Which Results in His Discharge.

Joseph Caran, laborer in color of the faded red suit was wearing, was arrested and charged the other day, New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star, and taken to Magistrate Voorheis. He scanned the papers placed before him, noted the man's name and his make-up. "Tell the court interpreter to come in," said he. The court interpreter burst in with a gurgling Sicilian when he beheld an Caran looked stupefied. The interpreter tried the Neapolitan dialect on him. Caran shook his head. The interpreter tried Basque, half a dozen country dialects of Spanish and some low French on him. Caran began to look indignant. The interpreter said that it was no good. "Dees-man cannot understand no'ing w'at Heye can speak. He mus' be man from one dem little islands in da Mediterranean, w'ere dey no speak good Italiano at all," said the interpreter.

Home-Baked Bread.

The typical sanitary bakery is the home kitchen. Nothing will be said here as to "rots and spots" and second-grade flour and alum-bleach or the enforced companionship of journey-men bakers and cellar rats at the corner shop.

Consider only the great brown household loaf, as Rabelais called it. Its crust has the rich hue of a country maiden's cheek. Its crumb is as creamy as her neck. Its aroma, as it comes crackling from the oven, is not the veritable soul of the wheat, it is at least its aura. There is savor in home-made bread, and the meat on which our modern Caesars may grow great.

All that our race is it owes to the old kitchen. Unless the pure food law is all wrong, the red flag flies from other roofs.—New York World.

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