# NOTED IRISH CITY

## Derry Is Declared Worst of Towns in Ireland.

**Morality at a Low Ebb—Absence of Industries Has Fostered Pauperism and Drunkenness—Orangemen on Parade.**

New York.—On the afternoon of the 11th of July, after ten days' sailing, we came within sight of Tory Island and the wild headlands of Donegal, a writer says. We passed Malin Head and were soon turning southward into Lough Foyle and were making for the little white village of Moville on our right. The low white houses, set in a background of green, made a lovely picture. At the back of the hills were some delicately tinted white clouds that looked like peat smoke. "That's the smoke of Finn MacCumhaill's pipe," said one of our passengers facetiously. It was none too large for that, especially if the old account be true that Finn's carcass, buried in the meadows, took up nine acres of potatoes. But here was Moville, and there was the tender waiting to take us to Derry, the city of the gallant siege and of countless subsequent fights between Orangemen and Catholics. We had a natural longing to see so famous a city. Besides, the next day was Orangeman's day, and we would be likely to see a grand procession in the streets, with possibly some incidental head-breaking in the good old fashion.

Next morning I walked through the principal streets of the city, and saw the historic walls, which, mounted with cannon as of old, still stand as sullen reminders of the memorable conflicts they once witnessed. The walls originally inclosed the city, which has since extended its boundaries beyond them. It is not a great industrial city. It has a few short factories, which employ a few thousand women, but it has no employment for the men except casual dock labor; a state of things which results in many cases in the wife being the bread winner and the husband the housekeeper. There are far too many hard-faced beggars to be seen on the streets, and undoubtedly the precarious nature of the dock work allows too many opportunities for workmen to become loafers and tapsters. According to one of the members of the Royal Irish constabulary with whom I talked, Derry is the worst town in Ireland in a moral aspect. The low groggeries and lodging houses in which the city abounds lend color to this accusation.

It turned out that the Orangemen's meeting was not held in Derry that day, but in a place called Raphoe, about twenty miles distant, where a large party of them had gone by the morning train. In the evening I saw them returning from the station and marching in procession across the wide bridge that spans the Foyle. There must have been quite one thousand of them and each one was wearing an orange lily in his coat and a yellow sash across his shoulder. Many of them also carried yellow and red banners and there was no lack of fifers and drummers, whose party tunes, including "The Boyne Water," helped to cheer the men and brace them for their military gait. A large crowd of the townspeople, presumably of the opposite party, assembled on the open space at the end of the bridge to watch the procession go by. The people, however, gave no indication of their feelings. They neither cheered, hissed nor spoke to the Orangemen as they filed past. Everybody seemed remarkably cool and self-possessed.

I found Derry a cheap town in comparison with American towns, but it is not more than other Irish or English towns.

## MAY ALMOST LIVE ON 'SPUDS'

**Dietetic Expert Says One Can Exist on Potatoes by Adding Nitrogen or Protein.**

Paris, France.—Dr. Fletcher, the dietetic expert, who has been stopping in Copenhagen, has finished a course of living on potatoes and margarine, which lasted 58 days. The object was to prove that a man can live comfortably and do reasonable work on a diet of potatoes plus a small quantity of nitrogen or protein. One thousand five hundred drams of potatoes a day and 250 drams of protein constituted the entire nourishment which Dr. Fletcher took.

The American minister to Denmark, Dr. M. F. Egan, has been observing experiments in the laboratory of Dr. Hinhedes on the results of various vegetable diets. The tests made by Dr. Hinhedes were similar to ones made at Yale. Dr. Egan proposes to send a report of his observations to his government.

**Waits for Him 35 Years.**

Spokane, Wash.—Blanche L. Cole, forty-eight, a life-long resident of Middleboro, Mass., and Wyant E. Brocklebank, fifty, a bachelor farmer of Quincy, Wash., were married in Spokane after a courtship of thirty-five years. They will make their home at Quincy, where the bridegroom has a large ranch.

**Talks to Suffragettes.**

Columbus, O.—"If women live, eat, shop and work with men, it cannot hurt them to vote with men," Attorney Hanna Quimby told the annual committee on equal suffrage.

## QUEER LITTLE MAN BLINKS

**Eskimo Arrives From Arctic Regions and Can't Comprehend Cost of White Woman's Dress.**

Seattle, Wash.—Paul, or Patkotak, as he is called at his home on Point Barrow, the northernmost point under the American flag, is a berry-brown, wire-haired, nineteen-year-old native born Eskimo. He arrived here by the Victoria to complete the education he began at the little Point Barrow government school. With wondering eyes Paul paused on Second avenue to stare at a passing woman. Speaking English as taught to him by the American teachers in the Point Barrow school, he queried:

"Why does she wear that lower garment so small about the ankles?"

He was informed of fashion's dictates and asked for his opinion of the hobble skirt.

"It is bad, very bad," said Paul.

Of the beauty of our women Paul, ordinarily short of speech, waxed eloquent. Yes, indeed, he would like a white wife. Were they expensive? Paul's conductor led him to a shop window.

"Why," exclaimed the ingenuous youth, "there's a hat that would cost five or six fox skins. And that white coat. It would cost me eight fox skins. Would my white wife have to have these things? One fox skin for that small pair of moccasins. It is too much. No, I do not want a white wife. I would be busy killing foxes all the rest of my life."

## LIVE IN ROCKS FOR AGES

**Mosquitoes Incased in Prehistoric Specimens Are Hatched Out in Washington.**

Washington.—After lying dormant in larvae for sixty million years, two mosquitoes were born in Washington. Also, it being ascertained that they were yellow fever mosquitoes, just like the ones found in Central America, they were immediately executed.

Some time ago Secretary of State Alvah Adee received a somewhat curious prehistoric deposit from Brazil. Mr. Adee is a chemist, and, analyzing the rock, found two minute larvae. This astonished Mr. Adee greatly. He sent the embryonic insects to the agricultural department for further scientific investigation. Under treatment the larvae promptly developed into magnificent mosquitoes.

As the larvae were found in the interior of the rock and Smithsonian institution experts regard the age of the earth as anywhere from sixty to two hundred million years, the minimum figures has been adopted as the probable age of the Brazilian mosquitoes.

## RAZE OLDEST FRAME HOUSE

**Workmen Tearing Down New York State Building, Put Up in 1648, by Order of Officials.**

Southampton, N. Y.—The oldest frame house in the United States is being razed by workmen by order of the authorities. It was built in 1648 by Thomas Sayre, an English gentleman, who came to this country in Cromwell's time, and was one of the original settlers near Southampton in 1610. The Sayre house is in the center of historic interest. With proper caretaking the old house would have stood for a century, but it was allowed to decay and crumble.

All the material in the old building, with the exception of the glass, was home made. The timber, boards, shingles, laths and brick were turned out within a block or two of the house, and even the nails were manufactured by the old village blacksmith. Huge fireplaces warmed it. During the revolutionary war the house was used by British officers. The property is owned by a direct descendant of Sayre.

## HAS NO. 6 SHOES AS EVIDENCE

**Husband Found Misfit Footwear on Returning—Calls Her "Taxi" Wife.**

Chicago.—A pair of No. 6 shoes he found in their flat one day was the last straw for Paul Strozky, and he applied to Judge Brentano for divorce from his wife. Strozky wears No. 8s. He says he found the strange shoes after returning home suddenly. His wife could not explain how they happened to be there, he said. "They certainly do not fit me," Strozky told the court, as he showed the footwear.

Previous to that his wife had a fondness for riding in taxicabs with other men, he asserted. Shortly after they were married in St. Joe in June, 1910, he said, she came home under the influence of liquor, shoved her fist through a front window, and would not let him go to sleep on account of her continual murmurings, "O, you taxicab." The court took the application under consideration.

**A War on Mosquitoes.**

Montclair, N. J.—The Montclair board of health has provided an advance fund of $2,000 for the extermination of the mosquito. President Moses N. Baker said it would pay the town to issue bonds and raise half a million dollars for the anti-mosquito cause.

The plans for next summer include the organization of a corps of special mosquito inspectors. It will be their duty to inspect every estate, no matter how humble, and see that no stagnant water is permitted to stand, either in the shape of puddles, pools or ponds. If the owners do not drain off the stagnant water they will be prosecuted.

## ANASTASIA IS GYPSY QUEEN

**She Has Just Turned Twenty and Is a Beauty of the First Water.**

Nikolai, the Gypsy king, is dead, and his queen, Anastasia, reigns in his place in the world that amuses itself, says a St. Petersburg correspondent. For thirty years Nikolai was the hero of the variety and concert stage, of after dinner entertainments and private cabaret shows. He was a composer as well as a singer, a virtuoso on the guitar and a graceful dancer. His troupe usually consisted of thirty to forty Gypsies, whose gorgeous costumes were the delight of St. Petersburg. He himself was always dressed in red silk with plenty of gold lace, his breast covered with medals, coins and decorations. He wore a sword and a sabretasche and in the latter he stuffed the paper money, gold and silver thrown at him during his performances.

The Russian Gypsy has a musical field of his own. He doesn't use the fiddle, but he plays the guitar and sings better than any troubadour of old.

Anastasia was his third or fourth queen. She has just turned twenty and is a full-fledged Gypsy. She is a beauty of the first water. All St. Petersburg calls her diva or queen, but since she attained popularity and wealth she has never appeared in the national costume. The latest from Paris is hardly good enough for her. She has a high pitched mezzo soprano voice and makes her hearers laugh and cry at will.

And she sits there blazing with diamonds from the buckles of her satin slippers to the top of her head, hundred ruble notes, silver, gold and copper fly about her from boxes, stalls and galleries. These volunteer contributions she calls her "taxes." At the end of her act her majesty collects them with a broom and woe to the Gypsy who dares sneak a single kopeck, for Anastasia has the eye of an eagle and is as suspicious as a Turk.

## WHEN GUARD HELD TRAIN

**Passengers Ready to Sign Petition for Pardon in Case He Is Reprimanded.**

If the subway guard who held his train half a minute beyond schedule time should be reprimanded at headquarters a hundred passengers who know why he did it will sign a petition for his pardon. Sentiment was back of it. Somebody wanted to kiss. A lot of people want to do that. Women kiss each other, men kiss their wives. The guards have no patience with sentiment of that kind. They flaunt their contempt by bawling: "Break away, there; no time for that," and refuse to hold the train half a second for the tenderest salute.

But this case was different. It was easy to see how it was. A mother was giving away her child. The little fellow was in good hands. The couple who had adopted him were wholesome, kindly people; the mother was wretchedly poor. No doubt it was best all around to give him away. She and the boy stood the parting like majors up to the last minute; then the baby broke down.

"Mom—mom—mom," he blubbered from the car platform.

Before the guard could close the door or give the signal she had reached through the crowd and had snatched him from the man's arms.

"I can't, I can't," she said. And then the kissing began. The guard didn't even try to say "Break away." He gulped; so did everybody else. Presently the woman handed the boy back, and the train started on amid the deepest silence that had ever hung over that subway station.—New York Times.

**Brilliant Adsmith.**

"You haven't got J. Jones Jinkins writing advertisements for you any more, I hear," remarked one business man to another, both good advertisers along different lines.

"No," replied the other in a tone of strong disapproval, 'and I'm glad of it."

"What's wrong with him? I understood he had taken a course from a correspondence school and was thoroughly competent."

"Was he?" And the other man spat as though something tasted bad. "Was he? Well, let me tell you what he done. I had a new brand of toothbrushes and I wanted something extra to exploit them all over, and I told him to go to it good. Next day in all the papers it showed up large and luminous, and at the bottom there was a line standing out clear, which read: 'If not satisfactory after a week's trial return and get your money back.' Now, what do you think of that? Toothbrushes, mind you! Rats!"—Judge.

**Japan a Land of Disillusionment.**

The landing at Yokohama brings a series of surprises and disillusionments; so far from being covered with lacquer, the empire of Japan in dry weather is dusty and in rain is surfaced with mud; the tea houses are not built of porcelain, but of plain wood; the people eat beans and dried fish when they can get them; the trees have bark and leaves; but not all bear cherry blossoms; the numerous mountains all slope uphill. Thus the first hour on shore sweeps away the enchantments of a lifetime, and reveals a land strikingly like some parts of Alaska, and a people extremely human.—From "The Obvious Orient," by Alfred Bushnell Hart.

## BROUGHT DOWN TWO VICTIMS

**But the Deer Hunter Got Surprise of His Life When He Examined Them.**

One of the best hunting stories of the season comes from northern Wisconsin, where a prominent resident of Phillips, accompanied by a friend, slipped out of town one evening two days in advance of the legal opening day of the season for killing deer. His object was to hunt deer at night by the air of a strong reflector dark lantern. He succeeded in a way far beyond his most optimistic hopes in killing something, but his overwhelming surprise on first viewing the "game" may be better imagined than written, and his language was horrid.

He drove his own team of horses, valued at $600, and some distance from town he turned into an abandoned logging road, traversing it for several miles. Then he tied up the team and prowled about in the woods for half an hour with his light.

Suddenly he heard a snort, and the light revealed a pair of glaring eyes from some animal a short distance away. In his excitement he handed the light to his friend and banged at the eyes. Down tumbled the animal, and instantly there was a commotion in the same spot, and the light revealed another pair of glaring eyes. The hunter quickly fired and the second animal dropped.

The hunters rushed forward with their light, and to their dismay found that both their horses were shot and killed. They had circled about and confronted the team in their ramblings.

## MORE DIAMONDS IN BRAZIL

**Excitement Caused By New Discovery of Great Field in the State of Goyaz.**

Newspapers just received from Rio de Janeiro show symptoms of excitement over reports of the recent discovery of a great diamond field in the state of Goyaz, republic of Brazil, in a little stream called the Garcas, one of the minor affluents of the Araguaya, which flows north toward the Amazon. The state of Goyaz is directly west of the state of Bahia and lies near the center of Brazil. It is a wild and thinly settled region, the scant population about the diamond fields being composed of Indians.

The news of this find has already, it is said, brought to the diamond country a thousand eager "garimpeiros" (diamond hunters). The first finds in the field indicate that the stream of Garcas contains prodigious riches which may be secured without extreme labor. The exact location and course of this stream are scarcely known, as it appears on few maps. The states that are even within three or four hundred miles of the field are now interested in exploring their own rivers in the hope of finding like diamond deposits.

**But in Her Case—**

Woman's wit readily adapts itself to all places and all occasions. A woman lecturer was delivering a practical talk on beauty and the beauty cult for the entertainment of the Woman's Professional league of New York at an interesting session one afternoon.

In the course of her lecture the speaker emphasized the point that certain measurements were fundamentally important. Unhappily, however, the lecturer herself had a form—if her unusual bulk could be dignified by such a term—that was fashioned on anything but the lines of the Kellermann type.

Proceeding with her dissertation on measurements, she held up a very fat, round wrist, and said: "Now, twice around my wrist, once around my throat. Twice around my throat, once around my waist. Twice around my waist——"

"Once around Central Park!" exploded an irrepressible young thing out in the audience, and the storm of laughter that followed was altogether immeasurable.—Sunday Magazine.

**Something Missing.**

Life guards at a Jersey seaside resort tell with great glee of an incident that happened there last summer. A German, with his boy of ten, was standing at the rail of one of the piers, quite at the end thereof, when suddenly the youngster toppled through into the water. As no life guards were out that far at the time a well dressed young collegian on the pier, without waiting to divest himself of shoes or clothing, jumped in and after battling with the waves for some minutes got the half-drowned boy to the beach. In the meantime the father had hastened from the pier.

The parent, however, bore himself with great coolness. As the rescuer placed the dripping lad at his parent's feet, the German calmly inquired:

"Many tanks, but vot haf you done mit his hat?"

**In Rushing Boston.**

He stood in the thickest of the rush at Park street subway station, tall, lean, lank—typical comical supplement ruralite, even to the "comfortable handful" of tobacco-stained beard. By him surged the 5:30 crush of the homeward bound. Jostled, elbowed, squeezed and trampled, he worked his way to the rim of the crush. Wiping his perspiring brow he exclaimed: "Gosh! Wher'd they all come from? Where be they goin'? And, why in tunket don't they get thar?"—Boston Post.

## GREAT PAINTER'S EARLY DAYS

**Ziem Was a Tailor's Assistant, and Worked His Way to Italy to Study.**

Ziem, sitting cross-legged on a table beside a window, worked as a tailor's assistant for several years. His life was thrown into a new channel by the arrival in the courtyard of an Italian family in which there was a handsome, auburn-haired girl, who sang as a ballad singer. The father played a hurdy-gurdy, the mother made lace, and a boy performed divers gymnastic feats. The girl had a fine voice. Her father wanted a new coat and asked the elder Ziem to make it and Mme. Ziem to take in a part of the family as lodgers. She took in the boy and girl.

The latter lifted the future painter out of himself with her Venetian songs and accounts of the glorious city to which she hoped soon to return. Her name was Caterina. When she went away Ziem felt miserable. He lost spirit and could not shake off the sort of paralysis that had seized on all his faculties. At last he determined—with the help of his needle and his talent, as he thought, of portrait painter and violinist—to make his way to Venice. They answered to his hopes of going down by water to Marseilles, for he knew no geography, and thence to Rome.

It would be now curious to see the portraits of Saone and Rhone captains of barges, wine and wood rafts that he did for them in lieu of passage money. In Rome he got in with painters and tourists. The former helped him to enlarge his artistic culture, and the latter took him about as a guide. But Caterina and Venice lay on his heart, and he took the bold resolution of going on foot to the city of his dreams. He so fell in love with it the first day he went on the Lido that he did not break his heart when he heard that Caterina had not turned up, but had gone to Paris to serve as a model.

## THIS IS THE AGE OF WOMAN

**Everywhere She Is Doing Now What Formerly Was Considered the Work of Man.**

It may be difficult to tell what is a woman's age, but unquestionably this is it. Men's colleges into which women have made their way have had to drive them out again in order to give the men a chance at graduation honors. From the pulpit and the bar down to the coal mine and the iron furnace women are doing what used to be regarded as man's work. The literature of the day is overwhelmingly feminist in its character and very much of it is the work of women. Men are being told things about women that it was not deemed proper for their fathers to know, and as for themselves, they are being shown up without remorse.

Within a few days illustrations of the feminist revolution, physically and intellectually, have become public. Man is destined to lose even his physical superiority. The superintendent of a hospital in Boston, where 3,000 babies are born annually, says: "We have noticed that girl babies are getting taller and that they are appearing in this world lately with more real vitality than formerly. The boy babies continue on the average, both in weight and height."

**Bird and Beast Sanctuary.**

Remote from all large centers of population a bird and beast sanctuary has been established in the Upper Engadine in Switzerland. This is the Val Cluoza, near Zernetz and not far from the Ofen Pass. It is a well wooded spot of considerable area carefully watched, and in the summer continually patrolled by keepers.

One of these, who has just returned to St. Moritz from a visit, found the park completely snowed under to a depth of more than four feet. In it were five herds of chamois, one of which numbered 147 head, besides a great number of roebuck and deer, together with bears, foxes and other smaller Alpine animals. Flocks of snow hens were also wintering in the sanctuary with numerous crossbills, titmice and other small birds.

It is hoped that the establishment of this reserve will prevent the threatened extermination of wild beasts and birds in the Alps.

**Waste in Coal Range.**

Economic waste, represented by the coal range, was strikingly illustrated in tests made recently at the London electrical exposition. Demonstration proved that the shrinkage of meat when cooked in a coal range is surprisingly great. A leg of mutton weighing eight pounds and eight ounces showed a shrinkage of two pounds and eleven ounces when cooked in the coal range, whereas a leg of mutton weighing nine pounds showed a loss of one pound and four ounces when cooked in an electric oven. The shrinkage for the gas oven was two pounds and four ounces on an eight-pound leg of mutton.

**A Reforming Influence.**

"That automobile I bought has been doing wonders for me," said Mr. Chuggins.

"Fresh air and all that sort of thing?"

"It has benefited me morally as well as physically. It has led me to avoid intoxicants and to lead a life that will insure me as beautiful an obituary as possible."

## TO MAKE CAMEMBERT CHEESE

**Experiments Conducted by Agricultural Department in Attempt to Produce Equivalent.**

For several years there have been conducted, under suggestions afforded by the department of agriculture, various experiments in this country, with a view to the manufacturing of an equivalent of the famous Camembert cheese.

In the production of this cheese much depends on two species of microscopic fungi or molds known to science as Penicillium camemberti and Oidium lactis. Both species have been artificially propagated and furnished to the experiment stations.

The manufacture of the cheese begins with fresh whole milk heated to 85 degrees Fahrenheit. Later on the cheeses are inoculated with cultures of these molds.

The cheeses are shaped in galvanized iron hoops, and afterward treated with salt rubbed on the outside. They are then transferred to the first ripening room, the air of which must be quite saturated with moisture, and maintained at a temperature of from 60 to 62 degrees. From this time on they are treated daily. During the second week they are wrapped in tinfoil or parchment paper, after which they are sent to the second ripening room, the temperature of which is slightly lower than that of the first room. In the second room the cheeses remain one or two weeks, when they reach the best condition for consumption.—Harper's Weekly.

## ERYOPS LIVED AEONS AGO

**Specialized Member of Ancient Amphibians Found in the Wichita Basin in Texas.**

A primitive amphibian, a specimen of the eryops, which roamed through the great coal swamps millions of years ago, has been placed on exhibition in a glass case in the hall of fossil reptiles at the American Museum of Natural History in New York. It was found in the Wichita Basin, Texas, and has been prepared by A. Hermann of the museum staff.

According to the scientists, the eryops is a comparatively large and specialized member of the ancient amphibians, and skeletons of the reptile have been found in the upper beds of the coal formation of Pennsylvania, but more abundant traces of the specimen have been found in the red shales which overlie the coal regions of Texas.

This type of animal once lorded it over the denizens of forests and morasses of the coal period, a sort of gigantic tadpole, with wide flat head, no neck and a heavy flattened tail.

The eryops is the largest and best known of the Permian amphibians in America. It lived before the advent of the mammoth or mastodon.

**Just a Man!**

In the long line of cabs and automobiles in front of a big New York hotel was one car around which a few idlers had gathered. Something was wrong. Prone upon the ground lay an animal of some kind. A dear old lady happened along. She saw the little knot of people and put up her glasses to observe the cause. Then she saw the brown fur of the thing on the icy asphalt.

"Poor creature, poor creature!" said she aloud in her compassion. "Is its leg broken?" She pushed close to the prostrate figure in the brown fur. It moved. The dear old lady took a closer look. Then she made a sound approximating a ladylike snort. It was the chauffeur of one of the taxicabs, clad in his brown fuzzy coat, in the usual attitude of flatness, tinkering the under part of his machine with a monkey wrench.

The dear old lady, all her sympathy curdled, hurried on.

**Big Bags of British Hunters.**

The shooting in Great Britain for 1911 is over as far as grouse are concerned. The heaviest one-day bag obtained in Scotland was that of Lord Dalkeith and his party on the Duke of Buccleuch's Roanfell moor, in Roxburghshire, when eight guns killed 2,523 birds.

In England the best one-day bag was that of the Duc de Luynes and five other guns on Lord Strathmore's Wemmergill moors in the Upper Lunedale district of Durham; 1,599 birds were killed during four drives in stormy weather.

On the Duke of Devonshire's Upper Wharfedale moore in Yorkshire 14,918 birds were killed in twenty-two days, all by driving, and there were usually nine guns out. The best bag was obtained on August 18th, when the King was included in the party, and nine guns killed 1,580 birds on the Barden and Rylstone moors.

**Self-Denial.**

Dan Reed, the head coach of the Cornell football team, was talking at a banquet at an Ithaca hotel about a football failure.

"He'd have been a good man," said Reed, "but he wouldn't train. It wasn't in him to train. In fact, the only kind of self-denial he was ever known to practice was to look out of his study window at his 'frat' house and tell the duns he was not at home."

**Perfectly Lovely.**

Mrs. Benham—It will be a great thing when women vote and hold office.

Benham—Yes; it will be perfectly lovely if a man runs against his mother-in-law, and she beats him.

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