

THE TRADE-MARK ARTIST.

Inventor of Words and Signs as Trade Attractions Does Flourishing Business.

Art is a fanciful mistress and has many woosers. One of the latest is the trade-mark maker.

There are lots of tricks in this trade, said he, "and one has to keep his eyes open. Did you know one couldn't register a trade-mark unless he was a merchant or engaged in a business of some kind?"

"Another woman collected insects' eggs and preserved them and ordered a mark American Caviar. That was void, too. Then the feminine mind delights in actresses' names for goods, and if there is any possibility of the historians ever going into the business the marks suggest the government refuses to register.

"Animals make splendid marks and give the artist a chance. I think the most successful idea, however, is the signature and a newly-coined word. In the former patent-medicine makers turn out the most novelties, and in the latter the cereal food manufacturers. Some of these merchants think nothing of turning out a new food and a new mark each month. Sometimes prizes are offered for newly-coined words, and sometimes the artist supplies the word, the legal knowledge of registry and the sketch of the mark. In this case there is bound to be a splendid financial return. The latest thing is the collector of trade marks and labels. He haunts the studios and makes life a burden to us."

WAS JUST A MEAN TRICK.

Flinty-Hearted Father Put His House on Rollers to Elude Daughter's Suitor.

"I have met up with some mean men in my time," said the Chicago drummer, "but the man who takes the cake up to date lives in Indiana."

"I was introduced to his daughter while on a train and a few days later I called on her at her home. As a matter of fact, I was badly smitten, and on my second call I asked her to be mine and obtained her consent. Then I went to her father. He received me with icy coldness. He had determined to marry his daughter to a butcher, so as to get a discount off his meat, and nothing I could say would move him. I finally told him that I would coax Hattie to elope with me and he turned me out of the house and forbade my entering it again.

"In about four weeks I got around to the village again and after dark I started out to secure an interview with the object of my affections. I approached the house cautiously to find it wasn't there any more. I looked all around for it, but it was gone. I did not give up hunting for a good two hours nor did I know until next day what had happened.

"Fearing that I would carry out my threats, the old hard heart had put rollers under the house, hitched on a dozen yoke of oxen and moved it to another town five miles away. While I was fooling around and trying to locate the new address the girl and the butcher were married and I was left out in the cold.

"I like a fair fighter and am willing to give him every show, but when it comes down to a father moving his house into another county to prevent the union of two fond hearts I call it a low-down trick. I didn't commit suicide over it, as you see, but it certainly has affected me so that they are complaining at the house that I am taking too many orders and making it necessary to enlarge the store by 100 feet in the rear."

Saghalien's New Name.

The island of Saghalien, the occasion of which proved one of the difficulties of the peace conference, will hereafter, says the Japan Chronicle, be known to the world as Kabakoto, the name by which it has been known to the Japanese since its discovery. The government has renamed several points in the southern part of the island, the changes being as follows: Noto Point, head of the eastern peninsula, including Aniva Bay, to be Kondo Saki. Sibetoro Point, head of the western peninsula, to be Juzo Saki.

Kaffir Poet.

Rubusana, a full-blooded Kaffir a savage until his eighteenth year, is today a poet, a pastor and a patriot, a scholar who has mastered English, Greek, Latin and Hebrew, and is engaged in London in completing the first authentic translation of the Christian Bible into his native tongue.

Her Fall Outfit.

Mrs. Muchweede—I saw Mrs. Privette today and she had a new bonnet. Mrs. Tertine—Go? "Yes, and a new fall coat." "Indeed?" "Yes, and a lovely new husband."—Chicago Sun.

Taft's Demands Modest.

Less Money Required to Run Department This Year Than During Previous Twelvemonth.

Washington.—Secretary Taft has transmitted to the treasury department his estimates of the appropriations required for the war department for the fiscal year 1907. These estimates aggregate \$104,953,267.75, being \$9,717,922.52 less than the total appropriations for the current fiscal year ending June 30, 1906.

The amount estimated as necessary for the military establishment, which embraces the cost of maintenance of the army and of the military academy at West Point, is \$70,170,719, being \$829,731 less than the appropriations for the present year, and \$2,534,437 less than the estimates made a year ago.

Under the head of public works, military and civil, which includes the construction of seacoast fortifications, military posts, etc., and the improvement of rivers and harbors, of various national parks throughout the country and of certain public buildings and grounds in and around Washington, the estimates call for appropriations amounting to \$37,016,129.98, which is a reduction of \$5,876,415.27.

The estimates submitted for the civil establishment, which includes the pay of the clerical force, rent of buildings and other running expenses of the department in Washington, are \$1,870,076, an increase of \$1,310.

The amounts estimated for miscellaneous objects aggregate \$5,931,343, a net decrease of \$3,086.27 from the appropriations for the current fiscal year. Under this head is included the estimate for the national home for disabled volunteer soldiers, which is submitted by the secretary of war as required by law.

HOBOS LOVE INDIANA JAIL.

Sumptuous Tables Spread by County Sheriffs to Violate Anti-Cigarette Law.

Indianapolis, Ind.—Indiana jails are filling up with tramps from Chicago and other northern cities. The tramps are willing. In no other state are jails so luxuriously furnished, so warmly heated, nor in any other are such palatable dishes set before prisoners. County sheriffs vie with one another in furnishing good board.

In no other state is it so easy to break into jail. By standing on a street corner and blowing rings of smoke from a cigarette toward the town clock one can get arrested in Indiana, for the Hoosier legislature has made it a misdemeanor to smoke "coffin tacks."

From all parts of the north the tramps are migrating, spurred on by the first chill blasts of the season toward the Mecca of hobodom.

They seek out a town and inquire cautiously as to the bill of fare and other accommodations provided at the county jail. If they are up to the standard the hobo takes a position on the courthouse square and rolls a cigarette.

The town marshal arrives and is about to arrest the hobo for vagrancy, when the latter coolly lights the cigarette and puffs the smoke at the official.

If he is arrested on a charge of vagrancy he will get only one dollar fine and costs, which will secure him lodging for only two or three days. But cigarette smoking is punishable by a fine of \$25 and costs. That means three weeks' lodging.

At Plymouth, Muncie and Lafayette tramps have been arrested for violating the anti-cigarette law. They admitted they wanted to go to jail. The weather is getting bad, they say.

RESPECT FOR NAVY GARB.

President Determines to Break Up Growing Practice of Discrimination Against Sailors.

Washington.—The president has determined to do all that he can to break up the growing practice of discrimination in public places of amusement and public resorts and hotels against the blue-jackets and soldiers. Secretary Bonaparte's action in dismissing from the civil service with a scathing rebuke an employe in the Norfolk navy yard, who refused to shelter a petty officer of the service because he wore sailor's clothing, is an indication of the executive purpose.

It has been the subject of many official reports, at the navy department particularly, that sailors of unblemished record and perfectly correct habits have been refused admission to theaters and entertainments in hotels because they wore a uniform which the president believes should be honored to all parts of the land. Soldiers have suffered in lesser degree from this discrimination.

It has taken the navy department some time to disabuse the minds of local magistrates of the impression that the navy is the proper refuge for every scoundrel who should be sent to a reform school.

Fame in Long Names.

Theodore Fairbanks Dooliver Bradley and Lydia Frances Harriet Bradley are the names by which the seventh pair of twins of an Osceola (Iowa) family have been christened. As yet the parents have not found it necessary to economize on names.

But Little Difference.

Henry Waterson says he prefers an English lord to an American snob who has nothing but money. But why an English lord? A decent dog would serve as an object of one's preference in a case of that kind.

LONG TRIP IN CLOUDS.

FAURE TELLS OF GREAT VOYAGE IN BALLOON.

Aeronaut's Journey from France to Hungary in Frozen Atmosphere—Fall Three Miles in Five Minutes.

Paris.—Jacques Faure, winner of the recent balloon race, arrived in Paris the other day. He tells the following story of his trip from Paris to Leutschau, Hungary:

"We set off from the Tuilleries garden at 24 minutes past four o'clock Sunday afternoon, and passed across the Place Vendôme to the south of the Sacre Coeur at a moderate height, but on quitting Paris altogether we rose to an altitude of 6,000 feet or so above the clouds which had been depressing Parisians throughout the day. Above us, however, at perhaps 12,000 feet from the earth, was another cloud belt. So we whirled along between these two belts, in a clear but frightfully cold atmosphere.

"The cold was really terrible. All our water and other liquids were frozen solid. We felt about as miserable as possible. The hail and rain continually descended, drenching us through to the skin.

"At midnight exactly a remarkable disturbance in conditions took place. The cloud banks above and below us split up as if by magic, and we again saw the earth beneath us. I was not quite sure where we were at this time, but I fancy the mass of light we saw beneath us must have been Strasbourg.

"Above us we could make out the Great Bear with distinctness. Indeed, from then onwards I was able to tell our bearing by the light of the pole star. Thus from midnight to 5:30 o'clock in the morning we glided along in the glow of a magnificent moon. The clouds, however, filled in beneath us and obscured the world from our vision.

"All this time it remained wretchedly cold. Our bags of ballast, which had been wetted, were frozen solid and we were obliged to bang them against the edge of the car to loosen the particles of sand so that they should do no injury when we threw them out.

"At six o'clock in the morning we rose to 12,000 feet and continued to rise. We already had sped above the Danube for over 260 kilometers (162 miles) and had obtained most fascinating views from a time to time as we swept along at a speed well over 100 kilometers (62 miles) an hour.

"All this time the morning sun was expanding the gas in the balloon and we were drifting ourselves nicely. Yet all the time we were gradually sinking. Overboard had gone all our ballast, our spare clothes, bags of provisions—in fact, everything which tended to weigh us down. We were racing, and took every advantage, but all was useless. The moment had come, as it comes to all balloonists, when the gas must dissipate into the air. We were 15,000 feet above ground, and still hurrying along when the descent began. In seven minutes we had dropped through five kilometers (about three miles). In 20 minutes we came down in some trees in the neighborhood of Leutschau. We came in contact with the earth quite gently and suffered no damage. The balloon, scarcely damaged, is now on its way back to Paris by train.

Faure's ballooning feat in covering a distance of 1,400 kilometers (875 miles) from Paris to Leutschau, Hungary, between Sunday afternoon and Monday morning, though an excellent performance, considering the adverse weather conditions, does not beat the record established by Comte de la Vaux, when he landed in Russia, a distance of 2,000 kilometers (1,250 miles) from Paris.

HEALTHY AND FILTHY.

Medical Missionary Declares That for Ages Has Been the Condition of the Chinese People.

New York.—Dr. C. K. Roys, a medical missionary at Weihsein, China, believes that the Chinese, through ages of contact with filth, have secured a wonderful immunity from diseases that would ordinarily result. In Weihsein, a city of 100,000, the entire sewage of the place is collected in the streets, to be sold for fertilizer in the spring. "Only the universal habit of drinking boiled water," writes Dr. Roys to the Presbyterian foreign board, "prevents catastrophes. Many Chinese believe that cold water, external or internal, causes the severest pains and cramps and this superstition has kept them healthy—and filthy—for ages."

Dr. Roys says that Gen. Li, commanding the troops at Weihsein, asked him to give medical treatment to the soldiers. "The old general," he says, "is a great admirer of things foreign. He invited us all to a feast of 14 courses, but I had to insist that with our knowledge of the language I could not take proper care of the men. Incidentally, I learned that the general is expected to pay for the medical care of the men out of his own salary, so that free treatment by me would put him so much to the good."

Old Roman Plain Is Found.

Prof. Giacomo Bond, who is directing the excavations of the Roman forum, went through 25 archaeological strata and reached a muddy plain, showing evidences of once being inhabited. The professor concludes that the mud deposit is that of a marshy valley between the Palatine and Capitoline hills, the inhabitants of which fought there eight centuries before Christ.

CADDY FROM BARD'S TREE.

Tea Chest Made of Mulberry Wood from Great Foot's Home Sold to Be Finest of Collection.

New York.—Relics made from the mulberry tree which Shakespeare planted at his home, New Place, Stratford-on-Avon, have been sold at auction, with the library of the late Frederick S. Tallmadge.

Mr. Tallmadge was an enthusiastic collector of Shakespeareana. He obtained many things from the libraries of William E. Burton, the comedian, and Richard Grant White.

The most interesting of the mulberry tree relics is a tea caddy, 11 inches long, six and one-half high, and seven wide. On the top, in high relief, are the arms of Shakespeare, and on the front is his bust.

The top and sides are ornamented with mulberry trees. The lid is lined with dark green velvet, bordered with gold lace.

The caddy is divided into three compartments, containing cases with sliding lids, two bearing representations of the mulberry tree, and the third a full length carving of the Schemaker statue.

When Shakespeare's home came into the possession of Rev. Francis Gastrell, he demolished what was left of the building and cut down the mulberry tree, which a man named Thomas Sharp made into relics.

The tea caddy bears Sharp's stamp. Mr. Tallmadge bought the caddy at the Burton sale 45 years ago. Burton bought it of Henry Rodd, a London book seller, who thought the design was by Hogarth, and that the tea caddy was the finest specimen extant of the mulberry tree relics. Many judges agree with this opinion.

Mr. Tallmadge's collection also contains two goblets, carved from this same tree.

ITALIANS PRESENT BUST.

Likeness of Columbus, the Gift of Societies Throughout the Country, Unveiled at Pueblo.

Pueblo, Col.—A beautiful bronze bust of Christopher Columbus, built with money contributed by the Italian societies of the United States, was unveiled in front of the Carnegie library in this city. Among those who took part in the ceremonies were Sig. Mayor des Planches, Italian ambassador at Washington, who was present as the representative of King Victor Emmanuel; Count Corte, Italian consul at Denver, and the two United States senators and three congressmen of Colorado.

The statue, which stands 12 feet high, was unveiled by Miss Lena Chiariglione, of Pueblo, daughter of the president of the United Italian societies. In presenting the statue to the city President Chiariglione said: "This day there is given to the city of Pueblo the monument to Christopher Columbus, erected to the memory of one who, by his prophetic conception and scientific analysis, revealed America to humanity and a new land to all."

Mayor West accepted the gift on behalf of the city and was followed by Gov. McDonald, who delivered a brief address.

MAIDS KIDNAPED IN YACHT.

Bald Pirate Skipper Holds Them Prisoner for Two Nights and a Day, When They Escape.

Taunton, Mass.—According to a Taunton, Mass.—According to a story told by Ruth Adelaide Bain, aged 16, niece of Henry A. Jackson, alleged to be the skipper of the yacht Dorado, and Miss Adelaide Percival, a pretty employe of the Hotel Cosmopolitan, Jackson kidnaped them some time ago. He took them on the Dorado and kept them for two nights and a day, when they escaped at East Greenwich, R. I., and made their way to this city. They went to Providence, where they were lured aboard the Dorado. Jackson set sail, and once on the high seas they learned they were his prisoners. He became abusive, especially to the Percival girl, whom he wanted to marry, and carried his threats so far that he furnished a revolver.

The girls were greatly frightened and begged him to let them go. Jackson said, according to their story, that he was going to southern waters and they were to go with him. Miss Percival as a passenger and his niece to act as cook.

They agreed, and under pretext of getting clothing were permitted to land in East Greenwich, where they escaped.

Goes to Prison Unattended.

W. A. Barfield, convicted in Lauderdale county, Tenn., of manslaughter and sentenced to serve one year in prison, has gone to the penitentiary. He donned the stripes and went behind the bars. At Ripley, Tenn., Barfield got the necessary papers, committing him to prison, bought his own railroad ticket, and went to Nashville unattended. Barfield's case has been in court several years, he having been sentenced to serve 20 years on his first trial.

One Way to Do It.

Perhaps President Roosevelt will tell those Philadelphia club women who have appealed to him for advice as to the best methods of keeping husbands at home to stay there themselves and make home lovely.

The Lover's Trick.

A New York girl has had her lover arrested, "because he kissed her too much." One of the first things a lover should learn is to kiss the girl just enough.

ITALIAN LABORERS.

AN ENGINEER'S ESTIMATE OF UNDERGROUND WORKMEN.

In a Class by Themselves and Give Good Service—Many Are Thrifty and Eager to Learn.

"They are a queer lot, those Guineas. Keep them at work underground and they are perfectly satisfied, but give one of them a soft job above the surface and he will quit in a week."

That was the way one of the tunnel engineers sized up the underground workmen who have for the past year been cutting their way through Capitol Hill. It was after hours and some of the men who plan the work were sitting around a small table discussing the men who do the excavating. These were the "underground gang," made up almost exclusively of Italians.

"They are a class by themselves," said one of the engineers, "and I don't want any better workmen. They come to this county, the most of them, not knowing a word of English and pick it up in a year or less. I don't want to sound like singing their praises too highly, but they will work without watching, and that is a good deal more than you can say of a lot of the labor you have to employ. There may be a good reason for their not slighting their work underground. They have to go backward and forward under it every day and if any of it falls they are probably the ones that will be buried. Yes, I guess there is some reason for their doing it well."

"And save money! Well, I wish I could do half as well. The most of them make pretty fair wages—\$2.75 a day is not uncommon. But I know a man who is making \$1.50 with a time and a quarter on the night shift and he has saved something over \$500 while this work has been going on, and that is less than two years."

"But the funniest thing I ever heard of was the way one of them helped out the Jewel Filtration company not long ago, when it was financially embarrassed. Some of the workmen had quit and come to the office for their wages. It was late and the banks were closed and nobody in the office had any money. The chief engineer told them they would have to come around in the morning after the bank opened. But one of the workmen, who was not quitting, asked him how much money he wanted.

"About \$200," said he, not thinking for a minute the Guineas had that sum with him. "All right," said the Daspo, and pulled out a roll about the size of a telegraph pole. He peeled off \$200 from the outside and handed it over, and the chief engineer took it, too.

"The Guineas seldom draw their pay. There is another outfit working on this same job with us, and they pay by check. Usually the men just deposit the check with the company without endorsing it, and have a 'wad' of money coming to them when the job is over.

"I know one man that has \$1,800 on deposit with his company. They live on the average for six dollars a month, and if a man spends ten dollars he's a high roller. They will pick up English quick, too. I know one of the men, he is a young Italian who works in the daytime, goes to night school and spends his noontime studying. In ten years I may be hunting a job under him."

"They do not often quit. They frequently stay by a job till it is finished, and they will go from one piece of engineering to another all over the country just the same as the engineers. They are expert underground workers, and I know a local crew of laborers could not have been trained in two years to do the work those fellows have done on the tunnel.

"Drink? Well, yes; but not whisky. They drink sour beer for choice; but it by the keg because it is cheaper that way and bottle it and let it turn before they use it. They very seldom get drunk, and you can turn them out on a night shift any time in the week. I know that is not the case with a lot of other workmen. One of them wants to work a night shift to-night, and they simply can't get out the men because this is pay day.

"Take it altogether, I think they are pretty good citizens. There is one outfit here that is working a lot of high-grade Austrians, but for my part give me the Guineas."

Vineyards Burned.

A sad calamity has overtaken the famous Tokay wines. Recently the great wine-making establishments on the royal vineyards of Tereza, in Hungary, were destroyed by fire. The loss is serious, because, in addition to the buildings, a fine manufacturing plant is destroyed, together with large stores of Tokay wines of choice vintage. This establishment is the private property of Emperor Francis Joseph.

Looking to the Future.

"Mr. Newtweed," began the man, "I have called—"

"See here," interrupted the young bridegroom, "you were just installed in his new house, who you another one of these insurance agents?"

"Not at all. Learning that you and your wife are keeping house together I have called to interest you in Wiggins' Dyspepsia Tabules." — Philadelphia Ledger.

Pointer for Artists.

Sne—My brother was three months painting that landscape.

He—Well, I suppose it does take a long while if a fellow has to mix his own paints. Tell him next time to buy ready-mixed paint.—Yonkers Statesman.

NEW YORK'S PUBLIC BATHS.

They Are Enjoyed by Nearly Three Million People of the Slums a Season.

How great is the need for these public comforts in a great city! Here is a handful of facts to startle the dweller in ease. A few years ago, says Outlook, a terecent commission made a thorough investigation of living conditions in the slums of New York—"slums" in point of poverty, but teeming with a hard-working, self-supporting population. It was found that of a total population of 255,055 souls in the districts investigated, only 306 persons had access to bathrooms in their houses. Of 1,237 families living west of Tenth avenue, one bathroom was found among an average of 217 families. A worse condition even than this was found among 1,221 families living between Tenth and Eleventh avenues, where there was one bathroom to 440 families. Here were three tubs among a population of more than 1,300 families, where families ran up, perhaps one bathtub for 2,000 people.

Among this quarter million men, women and children 97 per cent. of their tenement dwellings investigated were without any bathing facilities whatever. In nearly 500 tenement tenements, a total of 17 were equipped with bathrooms. During the summer months of last year nearly 3,000,000 bathers were recorded in the city's bathing stations. It is reckoned that the average bather makes ten visits during the season, which makes the total number of patrons about 300,000.

A policeman, a life-guard and two attendants have their work cut out for them in handling the crowds. Three million bathers for 15 houses in a season of three months, gives each soul an average patronage of 200,000. The season lasts 90 days, wherefore each pool takes care of about 2,300 bathers a day as an average, or more than 200 an hour. Of course the rush is greater on very hot days, but this conservative figure of an average stream of 200 bathers every hour of the day for each of the bathhouses is fairly impressive.

The cost of this benefaction is abnormally small. The buildings made an outlay of only \$12,500 each. The total cost of yearly maintenance for them all is only \$35,000, so that every bath costs the city a trifle more than one cent.

THE GRAVE OF SACAJAWEA.

Shoshone Indian Woman Who Served as Guide for Lewis and Clark.

Although the management of the Portland exposition has raised a monument at Portland, Ore., to the memory of the Shoshone Indian woman, Sacajawea, who guided the Lewis and Clark expedition on its travels through the northwest a century ago, her bones lie in the old mission cemetery at the Shoshone reservation north of Lander, Wyo. By the side of the woman are buried her two sons, Basil and Baptiste, who are both spoken of in the letters of Gen. Clark.

From old-time residents of the reservation information has been obtained which indicates that the grave is the resting place of this Indian girl who saved the Lewis and Clark expedition and guided the Americans on the journey to the Pacific. The Union Pacific railroad is making arrangements to disinter the body and move it to Portland, where it will be buried in some conspicuous spot. The grave is entirely unmarked and but for the records in the books of the old Episcopal mission might have been forgotten.

There is said to be no doubt of the authenticity of the grave. Maj. Bridgwin, when in command of Fort Bridger, Wyo., made a trip of exploration to the Lander valley, his guide being the Shoshone Indian, Old Basil. The latter told Bridgwin of the journey of his mother, Sacajawea, with Lewis and Clark.

At that time Sacajawea was living with the members of her tribe in central Wyoming. Dr. James Irwin, the first agent sent to the Shoshones after the reservation was made, saw the old Indian woman and heard her story from her own lips.

When the Shoshones settled on their present reservation, Old Basil and his mother took up their abode at the agency, and there Sacajawea, no longer a copper-colored beauty, but an old woman, bowed and decrepit with age, died on April 9, 1884, having lived almost a century. She was buried in the Indian cemetery near the Episcopal mission.

Basil and Baptiste, who were mentioned by Gen. Clark in his letters, and died soon after their mother, and were also buried in the same cemetery.

All the Traffic Would Bear.

First Cabman—What did you charge that stranger for driving him around the corner to the hotel? Second Cabman—Four dollars and 97 cents.

"Why didn't you make it an even five dollars?" "Because \$4.97 was all he had."—Lippicott's.

Take Their Own Cooks.

The hotel keepers of the Bavarian Alps have not yet learned of their Swiss rivals the importance of giving their guests good meals. For this reason Bavarians summering in their mountains usually avoid the hotels and take their own cooks along.

Keeping Up to Date.

"My private secretary has struck for a raise in salary," said the politician. "What's the reason?" "Why, fruit's gone up, and he's a peach!"—Detroit Free Press.