

RED TAPE IS COSTLY

GOVERNMENT PAYS \$4.95 ON A PURCHASE OF FIVE CENTS.

Paper of Needles Bought by United States Navy Department Calls for Proposals and Sealed Bids by Contractor.

New York.—The United States government recently purchased a paper of ordinary looking needles that cost several dollars. This paper of needles thus far has the record for being the most expensive in existence. It cost quite as much as though each needle contained had been filed down by hand from a crow bar.

But they did not cost these several dollars because they were intrinsically worth that much. Indeed, they can be purchased at the little corner notion store for a nickel. The fact that they cost dollars instead of cents is due to the red tape procedure through which all requisitions for supplies needed by the government must go.

Not many days ago a requisition came from the Pensacola navy yard for the Brooklyn yard for a paper of needles—the kind used by seamstresses who do plain sewing. The Pensacola authorities seem to have been all out of needles and it so happened that the local authorities were out of them, too.

Consequently the general storekeeper made out a requisition as per the usual custom. In quadruplicate. Two of the former were forwarded to the bureau of yards and docks and the bureau of supplies and accounts at Washington respectively. There they were approved and returned to the purchasing officer of the Brooklyn yard. This official then sent out several proposals for bids on the paper of needles.

The contractor who submitted the lowest bid—five cents was the size of it—delivered the needles. It cost him exactly 29 cents to make the sale. He spent 20 cents in car fare and to go from Manhattan to deliver the goods. He spent five cents in telephoning about the specifications and four cents in running in his sealed bid. In return he will receive in the due course of time a check for five cents.

Figuring in the cost of the needles to the contractor at three cents, he paid out 31 cents and will get back but five. Asked why he thought it probable to submit a bid for the business, he said that he did a lot of business with the government and furnished the needles merely as an accommodation to it.

But now that the needles have been delivered, the general storekeeper must issue an inspection call and the board of inspection must examine each needle and see that it comes up to the specifications. It must then make a report in quadruplicate and forward two forms to two separate bureaus at Washington. The other two are filed with the storekeeper and the other with the department of yards and docks through which the original requisition came.

The final act in this red tape farce is the sending of the needles by mail express to the Pensacola navy yard. When the cost of the stationery, the postage and the clerks is all computed it will be found that the five-cent package of needles cost the government more than as many dollars.

MORTGAGES BODY FOR LOAN.

Girl Gives Pawnbroker Right to Sell It to Medical College.

Des Moines.—Almost her life has Dottie Morgan given for love of a friend. She has mortgaged her body. To get money for the aid of one she loves and who is dying of consumption she has voluntarily assumed the risk of having her body cut up in a medical college laboratory after death. Hard pressed and almost distracted lest she could not answer a piteous plea for help in time, she went to Xose Levich, a pawnbroker, for aid.

"Why, here, take the money and not another word about paying it back," exclaimed the pawnbroker, touched by the story of devotion.

"No, never, unless I can give you security. But my body is all I have. Couldn't you sell it after I'm dead?" The bargain will be made. The money was needed by her to send to the sick girl friend who had applied to her for assistance.

The friend, ill in Council Bluffs and anxious to return to her home in Des Moines before she died, applied to Miss Morgan for help. The sacrifice made, the money was sent immediately to the girl friend.

The mortgage reads as follows: "I, Dottie Morgan, of my own free will and without coercion of any kind, hereby do sell to Xose Levich my body after death to do with as he sees fit for a consideration of \$10.

"The said Xose Levich shall not take possession of my body after I am dead, if at any time during my life I wish to cause this bill of sale to become null and void and shall pay to Xose Levich or his assigns \$10 in gold and lawful money of the United States his interest in my body shall cease.

CLIMBS THE WORLD'S ROOF.

Dr. Zugmayer for Months at an Altitude of 16,600 Feet.

London.—Reuter's agency has received some fresh and interesting details concerning the expedition in Tibet of the Austrian explorer Dr. Zugmayer, whose return to Leh, in Kashmir, a few weeks ago has already been announced. The climatic and other difficulties met with by the expedition were great. Traveling toward the east and southeast, Dr. Zugmayer traversed an entirely unknown region, marching for two months at an altitude of over 16,600 feet. Heavy losses occurred among the transport animals owing to the privations and severity of the weather experienced in the passes.

Eventually at an altitude of nearly 20,000 feet, surrounded by ice-filled gorges and amid frequent snowstorms, the expedition was obliged to camp and consider an alteration of its route. Dr. Zugmayer's chief guide, disguised as a Ladhak trader, was dispatched in search of nomad tribes, from whom he might purchase fresh animals, but the supply thus secured after great trouble was entirely inadequate for the needs of the expedition, the baggage train of which had dwindled from 60 to 22 animals.

Dr. Zugmayer therefore turned westward in order to make a shorter journey to Kashmir. The expedition marched past Rudok and Pangong lakes through unknown country and eventually crossed the frontier passes into Kashmir. Dr. Zugmayer expresses himself highly satisfied with the scientific results of his journey. Next to the exploration of unknown lands a collection of data for the correction of existing maps appears to him to be particularly important.

Of great importance geologically is the fact ascertained beyond all doubt of the existence of recent volcanic conformations in Tibet, a well-known controversial point. The botanical specimens gathered at an altitude of 16,000 feet to 20,000 feet are also a feature of great interest. Especially notable, however, are the zoological results, included among the specimens being 29 new species and 50 new groups of small animals.

MONEY TRIUMPHS OVER NEGRO.

Vanderbilt Gets Log Cabin Which He Long Tried Vainly to Buy.

Asheville, N. C.—The famous "Collins" cabin, adjoining Biltmore house, known as "the house that Vanderbilt could not buy," has become the property of George W. Vanderbilt. Together with the cabin was transferred Collins' six-acre lot.

Collins, a negro, purchased this lot and cabin 20 years ago for \$200. When Mr. Vanderbilt decided to build his famous Biltmore house the site he selected was within a stone's throw of the cabin. He repeatedly offered to buy Collins' place, but the negro held out for a fabulous price.

When Mrs. Vanderbilt came to Biltmore house all of Mr. Vanderbilt's offers to buy were withdrawn. Mrs. Vanderbilt said the Collinses were an inoffensive negro family and were not objectionable neighbors. Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt got Collins' consent to change their cabin into a pretty cottage, covered with vines, and pretty walks were laid out. Mr. Vanderbilt told Collins that he would give him \$50,000 and no more. This was a standing offer.

It is said that Vanderbilt had offered him at one time about \$75,000. Several years ago Collins removed to Pittsburg, and has since made Pennsylvania his home. He proposed to go into the livery business at Pittsburg and wrote his agent here to let Mr. Vanderbilt have his property. Collins has been holding out against Mr. Vanderbilt for 15 years.

MIXES SLANG AND PHILOSOPHY.

Creed of Cornell University According to Modern Professor.

Ithaca, N. Y.—The Cornell creed, according to a Cornell university professor who has his version on his desk where he can look at it when he works, is as follows:

"I believe in the stuff I am handing out, in the firm I am working for, and in my ability to get results. I believe that honest stuff can be passed out to honest men by honest methods. I believe in working, not weeping; in boasting, not knocking; and in the pleasure of my job. I believe that a man gets what he goes after; that one dead done to-day is worth two dead to-morrow, and that no man is down and out until he has lost faith in himself.

"I believe in to-day and the work I am doing, in to-morrow and the work I hope to do, and in the sure reward which the future holds.

"I believe in courtesy, in kindness, in generosity, in good cheer, in friendship and honest competition.

"I believe there is something doing somewhere for every man ready to do it. I believe I am every man ready now."

Keep Body Months in Snow.

Santa Barbara, Cal.—Buried in the snow in a canyon far up in the mountains in Inyo county lies the body of Raymond Kelly, whose friends, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Scholley, are thus preserving until the end of winter, when it can be brought here for burial. One of the other makes daily trips to the canyon, over the steep and slippery trail, to heap fresh snow over the body and preserve it from wild beasts. No undertaker will venture to try to remove the body at present. Raymond died of exposure.

HAD A GREAT MEMORY

CAREER OF HENRY SQUIRES, WHO SANG WITH JENNY LIND.

Possessed Remarkable Tenor Voice and Knew Roles of 52 Grand Operas—Was Intimate Friend of Joe Jefferson.

Burlington, Ia.—With the death of Henry Squires in the home of his sister-in-law, Mrs. C. P. Squires, beneath the shade of North Hills' trees, the earthly career ended of a man who, though excluded from publicity for many years, was at one time the greatest American tenor singer in the world. During his ascendancy he sang the important parts in many of the grand operas and was known in every country on the globe. He possessed a voice of rare sweetness and power and retained it up to a late time in life.

He began his musical career at an early age in the town of Bennington, Vt., where he was born in 1825. Under the guidance of the local teachers there he developed the promise of a remarkable tenor-voice. He studied hard and finally went to Italy and soon became one of the leaders of the musical world. He was a master of the Italian and French languages and sang with perfection in either, while also doing much excellent work in English. He sang in numerous grand opera troupes and traveled all over the world.

A year in Australia led to an acquaintance that became one of the pleasantest features of his public career. While singing in Melbourne he met the late Joseph Jefferson and an intimate companionship ensued that lasted during the time he spent in Australia. It led to a permanent friendship that did not end until the death of the noted actor.

In his operatic work Mr. Squires was associated with some of the most famous singers in history. He sang the tenor roles in support of Carlotta Patti, then famous, a sister of the diva. He was associated with William Vincent Wallace, who wrote the operas "Maritana" and "Lurline." He alternated in many important roles with the famous Italian tenor Brignoli.

One of his most notable appearances was in the series of concerts given by Jenny Lind in Castle Garden, New York, under the management of P. T. Barnum. Squires sang all the tenor numbers in those concerts and on the programs appears the name of Theodore Thomas, then but an obscure violinist, but with a marvelous technique and rapidly securing recognition.

Mr. Squires had a marvelous memory and during his public career he memorized the tenor roles of 52 grand operas and never forgot them. One of his pleasures during his latter days was to regale his intimates with accounts of his experiences. Unfortunately no written record was kept of these and the world lost much that would be of great value to it in musical anecdote and history. He did keep a diary, which became quite bulky, but unfortunately upon the death of his wife he cast it into the flames as though he wished to bury with his beloved dead the intimate history of their experiences together in public and private life.

Mr. Squires was married in 1870 to Miss Lucy Hayes, then the prima donna of the Lister Grand Opera company, of which Mr. Squires was the leading tenor. Subsequently he retired and settled down in Paris, where he resided until the death of his wife in 1896. He then came to America, and spent some time in various cities chiefly Bennington, Vt., and later in Burlington, where he had since resided.

MUST SHOOT LIKE IN BATTLE.

Orders Issued to Regulars Changing Target Practice.

Washington.—In practice firing of soldiers with the rifle or pistol in the future the war department will insist that it be under conditions similar to those which obtain in battle. It will not do for the men to do the firing from sheds or shelters, but it shall be conducted "in the open" and with the weapons with which each arm of the service is regularly equipped.

Infantry and artillery, except field batteries, are required to practice with the rifle, cavalry with rifle and pistol, and field artillery with the pistol.

In general orders issued by the war department it is declared the object of all instructions, of which range firing merely forms one of the final steps, is to increase the soldier's accuracy of fire with the small arm as he will take it into action. It is therefore held to be requisite that his practice should be conducted with the rifle or pistol exactly as it is supplied by the department having charge of the fabrication of arms, except that the sights may be blackened if desired. Temporary shades for the sights, detachable spirit levels, and other devices, which in the field would practically never be applied to the rifle or used in aiming, will not be used in practice.

Finds Anchor of Merrimac.

Norfolk, Va.—As a result of its mud hook getting afoot of something at the bottom of Hampton Roads a fishing schooner brought about the recovery of the lost anchor and chain of the confederate armored Merrimac, which was invincible until the Monitor was built.

NEARLY BURNED UP IN MOSS.

Rosebushes Shipped in Midwinter Are Found Almost Ablaze.

St. Louis.—Two large refrigerator cars of young rosebushes were received at Hannibal, Mo., from a nursery in California. They were shipped in wooden cases containing numerous sugar holes for ventilation and were carefully packed with wet sphagnum, or California swamp moss, to prevent chafing and to support their vitality. No ice was put in the cooling tanks and the covers of these as well as all other openings in the cars were closed as tightly as possible. The cars were ten days in transit. The outside temperature was 60 degrees Fahrenheit at the start and 15 degrees at the end of the trip.

Upon the arrival steam was issuing from every crevice of the cars. Upon removing the tank covers it rushed out in a large volume. The doors were opened and ice was put in the tanks, the free circulation of cold air soon cooled the contents of the cars.

In unloading it was discovered that some of the upper layers of boxes were badly damaged by heat, which naturally was most intense near the top of the cars. No signs of actual combustion were found, but this would probably have occurred in a short time had not the cars been quickly cooled. The temperature must have been nearly up to the burning point, as many of the green stems of these plants were black and brittle. Wet sawdust in large quantities frequently becomes hot in the interior even when exposed to winter weather; in fact, the lower the temperature of the atmosphere the hotter usually the sawdust.

JOHN D.'S NEW WIG HELD UP.

Billed at \$1, but Customs Officials Say That It Is Worth \$75.

Cleveland.—John D. Rockefeller will not be allowed to wear his new French wig until he pays full duty on it. It is being held by the revenue officers here because its value is given at \$1, while the officials insist it is worth \$75.

Mr. Rockefeller ordered the wig when he was in Paris last summer. It was billed in December, and the statement of its maker says it is worth five francs, or about \$1.

When the wig arrived here J. T. Ball, clerk in the customs office, examined it. He admired the soft gray locks.

"Fine piece of work," he said.

Then he looked at the bill.

"That wig's worth more than a dollar," he declared.

Ball showed the wig to the proprietor of a Euclid avenue hairdressing establishment.

"What's such a wig worth?" he asked.

"About \$75," was the reply.

The decision was reached that Rockefeller should not have his wig until he paid duty on a price nearer its value.

Mr. Rockefeller has had many and varied experiences with his wigs. When he first wore one he appeared at the Euclid Avenue Baptist church and caused a sensation. The wig was an amateurish affair, ill-fitting and full of bumps and eccentricities.

Later he got another wig made in New York. That was better. The French wig is supposed to be the best of them all.

APPLES PROPAGATE MOTHS.

Germans Give Warning Against Keeping the Fruit in Dwellings.

Berlin.—Germany has found a peril in apples. They are the principal medium for the propagation and spread of the destructive house moth (Glycophagus domesticus), according to observations recently made.

The discovery was the result of a plague of moths at Griez and the villages surrounding it. The larvae were traced to the stores of apples kept in the houses and outhouses and thence to the trees themselves.

The larvae are found first of all in the apple blossoms. As the fruit grows they cluster in the conical depression about the stem.

When the fruit is taken into the house it is laden with the eggs. The propagation of the eggs is said to be prodigious.

When the fruit is taken into the house the eggs find their way into clothing, hangings, carpets and upholstered furniture, and the insect is hatched out, with the well known ruinous results. The eggs are also said to be the cause of the white mottling that is so often noticed on dried fruit.

As a result of the discoveries, it is urged that apples never be taken into dwellings without careful cleaning, and even then they should never be kept in living-rooms, and the peelings should be promptly removed.

Steers Head Master's Call.

Columbia, Mo.—In response to their master's call, heard a quarter of a mile away above the roar of raging waters in the blackness of a stormy night, a herd of 67 steers, penned in a lot surrounded by a barbed-wire fence, leaped into the roaring stream from the spot where they had taken their last stand on high ground in the middle of the lot, swam over the fence and, swimming in a body, reached the shore without a single loss. Such is the report which reached Columbia from Perche creek, seven miles west of this city. The creek, which joins the Missouri only a few miles from the point in question, was on a rampage and had flooded the country for miles.

OLD CURIOSITY SHOP

QUAINT NEW HAMPSHIRE STORE FILLED WITH ANCIENT RELICS.

Historic Clock Brought to Little Town of Walpole About 150 Years Ago Among Possessions of D. W. Smith, the Shopkeeper.

Walpole, N. H.—Walpole has an old curiosity shop of more than local fame. For a number of years Walpole has been noted for its summer visitors. Through them the little old curiosity shop has gained a wide reputation, and with its property, a lifelong resident of the town is now pointed out as one of the sights of the village.

Walpole is one of the most historic places in the state, and lies in a historic country. Just across the river the first blood of the revolution was shed at the Westminster court house and the first bridge across the Connecticut was constructed. Here was the first settlement in this part of New England. Most of the houses are 125 years or more old and many date back even earlier.

About ten years ago Daniel W. Smith, then quite an old man, became interested in family relics and heirlooms and began slowly to gather together a collection of antiques. Since that time he has picked up many valuable and historic articles from the most improbable places. He takes the material collected from miles around to his little red shop, near the center of the town, and there it lies until under his masterly touch it is transformed from a rusty relic of the past into a thing of beauty.

Mr. Smith's shop itself lacks its part. It is situated well back from the road, and is an ancient looking affair, the contents within. Mr. Smith himself is a quiet, unassuming person. He is white-haired and old, but his kindly eyes shine forth a welcome to all visitors.

If one is able to strike him in a reminiscent mood he will tell interesting tales of his most valuable pieces, relating the deeds and lives of the first inhabitants of the town over 200 years ago.

Many articles were picked up under peculiar circumstances, and their history is most entertaining.

This building is his workshop and home, where he spends all of his time when not traveling about the country. One of the most interesting rooms is filled with the skeletons of former glory, which he has gathered together from every direction. In one corner is an apparent pile of iron junk, but from this will come an ancient clock of majestic proportions. Bits of broken china almost worth its weight in gold will be cunningly glued together. Battered pewter sets will be hammered into shape again.

In the next room may be seen the objects ready for the finishing touches.

As soon as he finishes an article Mr. Smith stores it in his rooms upstairs. Here several rooms are filled with beautiful pieces of furniture, precious china brought over from the old country many years ago, pewter plates and platters cherished by the thrifty Puritan housewife, as well as the many curious implements used in those days.

The most valuable thing in the shop is a clock which Mr. Smith picked up several years ago in a farmhouse away back on the hills. The children had played with the works until they were almost beyond repair, and the case was about to be consigned to the woodpile. Its exact age is not known, but it is certain that it was brought to Walpole by one of the early pioneers, John Kilburn, about 1750. This clock is especially valuable to the town, as Mr. Kilburn was prominently connected with its early history.

It is Mr. Smith's intention to present it to the library of Walpole.

Mr. Smith has several high-boys, bureaus and desks brought from Holland and England fully 150 years ago, some of which are beautifully carved and inlaid. A picture embroidery made before the revolution is another valuable relic, as is a flintlock pistol captured from a British officer in the battle of Bennington by one of the ancestors of a prominent family near here. Other ancient firearms, including a sword from the battle of Bunker Hill, are numerous.

In china Mr. Smith has several rare pieces of old Dedham ware which are estimated to be at least 125 years old.

Record for Christmas Past.

Berlin.—Something like a record has been established in Berlin in the matter of Christmas parcels. The various post offices in the city have received and sent out no fewer than 2,453,015 parcels. The ordinary employes could not cope with the rush, and besides 1,520 auxiliaries, 281 soldiers were engaged to escort the parcel vans through the street. The parcel is still kept up. The preparations for the feast of St. Sylvester have solely taxed the post office authorities.

Cow Built 23 Years Old Ends.

St. Louis, Mo.—Twenty-three years ago a bull belonging to Thompson E. Sublette, an Adair county farmer, was killed by a St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern train and Farmer Sublette's judgment in a justice of the peace court for the approximate value of the bull was handed down in the St. Louis court of appeals holding that the railroad company must pay the judgment, with interest, amounting to \$276.95.

DOWN TO THE LOWEST NOTCH.

Farmer's Last Prayer Had Surely Settled Amount Owed.

John R.—a traveling salesman of Dorchester, Mass., tells this story: "I was driving across the country in New Hampshire last summer on business, and a jolt of the farmer's wagon threw me out on my head and bruised me so badly that I was laid up at a farm house for two weeks. The farmer was a good-hearted but close-fisted man, and as soon as I was able to sit up he began to worry as to what he ought to charge me. I caught scraps of the conversation, and made out that he wanted to do the right thing, but did not wish to let me off too cheaply. The day before I was to go he had another talk with his wife, and she advised him to make it an object of prayer. He went out to the barn, and came in in half an hour later to say: 'Wall, Hanner, I've bin prayin' over that feller's case, and as nigh as I kin find out I order charge 'bout \$10 a week for his board and care.'

"If you did, I should be 'shamed to ever look him in the face agin,' she said. 'You'd best go 'n pray agin.'

"He held out for a time, but finally went to the barn again. When he came back he said:

"I guess \$10 was a 'little steep, Hanner, and I guess 'bout \$8 a week will be all right.'

"Samell, was you in real earnest when you prayed?"

"I was, Hanner."

"Then 'tho' sunbin' wrong some, it hain't with no such price as that Lor' he ain't eat much till this week, and 'twant much to take care o' him. The neighbors would call us robbers. Go back to the barn once more, and kneel in a new place."

"But I not see how I'm goin' to git it below \$8, he protested.

"Wall, go 'n try."

He went away and was gone longer this time and when he came back there was a smile on his face.

"Made our better betted yet, Samell?" she asked.

"Seven dollars a week, and I'll drive him to town to-morrow."

BREAKING THE NEWS GENTLY.

Flute Player at That Time Was Beyond Reasoning With.

The tenant faced the landlord with a determined look. "That man you let into the vacant suite last week," he said, "plays the flute."

"Does he play much?"

"No, he only plays a little. He plays a great deal of the time, but he only plays a little."

"You mean that he's a poor player?"

"I mean that he's a player with poor taste. Any flute that gets up at two o'clock in the morning and tootles out scales and things isn't much on taste to my way of thinking."

"I'll have to have a talk with him," said the landlord.

"It's no use," sighed the tenant. "He won't listen to you."

"Well, soon find out about that," said the landlord as he reached for his hat.

"It's no use, I tell you," repeated the tenant. "Him and me had a fight last night 'an' I broke his flute and he moved out this morning. That's what I came to tell you."

Forgot Sir Charge.

The valiant Sir knight had been boasting of his victorious deeds before the fair company.

"I heard of one engagement, which you have failed to mention, forsooth," remarked Sir Gregory.

"When I killed the 80 knights with—"

"No, this was a certain charge in which you were the leader," replied Sir Greg.

"But I have led so many, I cannot remember," said the valiant.

"But," returned Sir Greg, "this is still remembered. It was for a suit of clothes you had from Snp, the tailor, some two years since, and the charge still appears on the book."

And then they scrapped right merrily.—Toledo Blade.

Tobacco Smoker Scared Deer.

A new way of preventing deer from doing damage to a holding, has been adopted by the occupier of Haddon farm, in the heart of the Devon and Somerset staghound country, in England.

Discarding the use of tarred ropes and other strong smelling materials in fences, he walks through his turnip fields two or three times a night, smoking a strong pipe, the smell of which, he says, frightens the deer away. Before he adopted this device his farm used to be visited by scores of deer nightly.

Cure for Yellow Fever.

The Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine claims to have solved the cure of yellow fever, says the London Express. The expedition dispatched by the school to Brazil forwarded a cablegram recently stating that it had successfully applied the antidote discovered by Sir R. Boyce and used successfully on monkeys. Sir R. Boyce, who traced the spread of the disease from President Roosevelt to lay his theory before the United States government.

Quite a Different Thing.

"Like most men," he said, "I have my shortcomings, I suppose, but—"

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS

Les annonces de l'Etat de tous les Etats du Sud et de la Louisiane ont des avantages exceptionnels. Prix de l'abonnement par an: \$1.00. Edité quotidiennement à \$1.00.