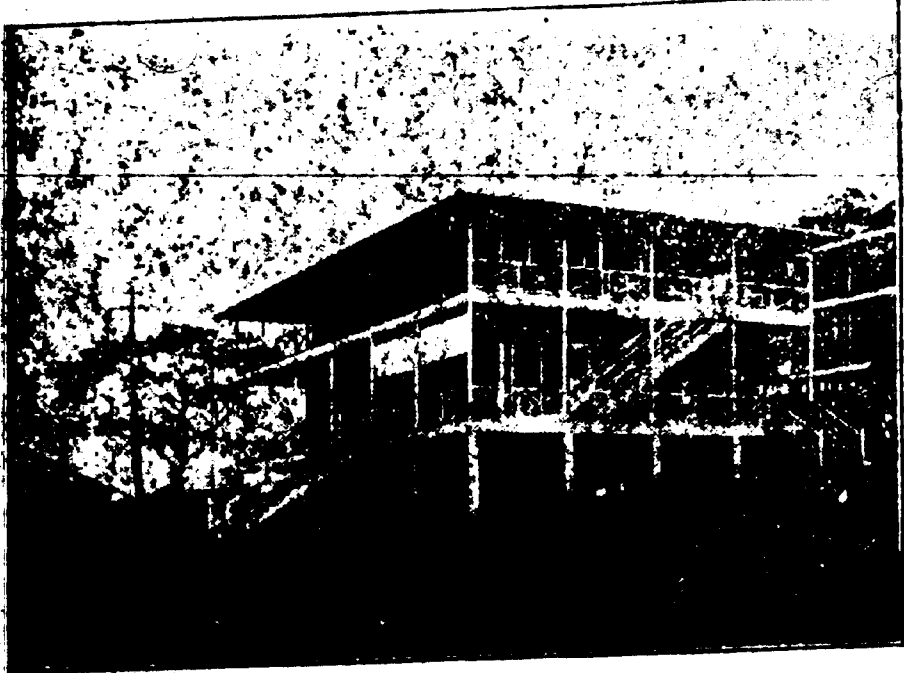


HOSPITAL IN PANAMA CANAL ZONE



Uncle Sam, when he undertook the tremendous task of digging the Panama canal, made ample provisions to care for those of the big number of men necessary to do the work who might be taken sick. Up to the time of the beginning of the work the isthmus was noted for its unhealthy climate, but with the installation of modern sanitary methods and an up-to-date hospital service the dreaded tropical diseases have been practically wiped out and illness is no more common than in the United States.

SERVANTS OF WEALTHY

SHARP INQUIRY MADE INTO THEIR ANTECEDENTS.

Do Not Be Mad for the Asking—Doubt as to Authenticity of Story Regarding Upton Sinclair.

New York—Until more evidence is produced as to its truth it is better to doubt the story that Upton Sinclair secured employment as a house servant in Mrs. Vanderbilt's residence, "The Breakers," at Newport.

Mr. Sinclair would undergo trouble and hardship, no doubt, to obtain first-hand material for another novel so which to exploit his particular brand of socialism, but it is unlikely that he would masquerade as a menial if he could, and much more unlikely that he could if he would.

Servants for nearly all large domestic establishments are hired by paid housekeepers who deal generally with employment offices which are known to make sharp inquiry into the antecedents of the servants they recommend. This precaution is not directed against ambitious authors eager to know what life is below stairs in the homes of the very wealthy, but to protect their patrons against the constant and skillful efforts of professional thieves to secure servants' places in such homes.

The measures taken against this do not always succeed. English professional thieves buy or steal the credentials of genuine house servants and come to this country to work out schemes with them. They sometimes succeed.

The big jewelry robbery from the residence of the Townsend-Burdens was an "inside" job as the police call it, arranged by a professional London thief who had secured employment in the house on stolen letters of recommendation. But usually the experienced employment agents sift out the pretenders and they are helped by equally experienced housekeepers.

The foregoing suggests another phase of domestic employment in which young men as glibly bred as Mr. Sinclair earn profit and dinner invitations. Many a hostess has on her domestic staff a young man of fashion who performs practically all the duties of a butler. But there are few butlers in this country who are competent to do the work, so these needy young men of good social standing step in and do it.

All very large suppers served in private houses, and very many of the large dinners, are provided by one or the other of two prominent caterers. The caterer furnishes food, drink, music, flowers, cigars, cigarettes, and services. The young man stands between the hostess and the caterer; he decides a score of details which a butler would decide if the supper were a home supplied affair; he inspects the decorations, determines the brand of champagne (and gets a commission from the wine agent), he even helps the caterer's steward in managing the actual service, sees that it is prompt, smart and that not too much wine is opened for consumption below stairs.

If it is a collation supper he selects the favors (and gets a commission), or, if it is a musicale, he deals out the managers of the stars employed and gets a commission. The hostess tells him in a general way what she wants; he sees that she gets it, and that his rakeoff does not fail. She rewards him by looking to it that he always has enough social prominence to insure him a good living at this job.

Potatoes Lead to Gold Find.

Ogden, Utah—A rancher near Craig, Col. dug his potatoes the day after a heavy rain and a quantity of wet soil adhered to them. He sold the potatoes at a hotel and an employe at the hotel, an old placer miner, in washing the potatoes saw some particles of gold in the bottom of the pan. Closer scrutiny revealed a number of the tiny particles in the dirt. This led to an examination of the ground where the potatoes were grown, and it was found to be rich in placer gold and always very high. Several hundred acres have been staked.

WINS AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

Heir to Valuable Estate is Victorious in Suit Begun Long Ago.

Laconia, N. H.—After 20 years of successful search and litigation, E. S. Cram has returned from Crossville, Tenn., and resumed work in a factory of the Crane Manufacturing company. The litigation was over valuable Tennessee property. From Mr. Cram it is learned that nearly 20 years ago, while looking over papers belonging to the late Robert Cram, his great uncle, a broker in New York city, he found some documents relating to land in Tennessee, which had not been taken into account at the time of the settlement of his uncle's estate.

Mr. Cram learned that his uncle had purchased of a physician, Dr. Evans, who owned 27,000 acres of land in Tennessee, two tracts of 5,000 acres each, for which he had paid the sum of \$6,000. He later sold one of these tracts. Further investigation showed that the Evans heirs, having no knowledge of the original sale to Cram, sold the entire Evans estate. This fact has given rise to no end of litigation and trouble.

The heirs, 66 in number, scattered through all parts of the United States, and Alaska, were hunted up, one by one, by Cram, but without exception they refused to take an active part in the investigation of the claim, and the burden of the battle fell upon the shoulders of the New Hampshire man. He believed he had a good title and fought various large companies in the courts. The heirs are now in possession of the premises, which are said to be very valuable.

Some 20 or more families of the "poor white" class occupy portions of the Cram land. Cram says there is no intention of dispossessing these squatters, but they will be given clear titles to the land they are now occupying under certain conditions.

WEDDED IN MIDSTREAM.

To Add to Romance the Bride is an Indian.

Denison, Tex.—An elopement and marriage on horseback in the middle of the Red river, directly followed by a gunshot from ambush which wounded the bridegroom, was the experience of Joseph Anse, a Texas ranger, and Miss Annie Buntz, a Choctaw Indian girl. The bullet shattered Anse's left arm.

Anse had courted the Indian maiden for six months. Clandestine meetings followed the objection of her father to Anse. He did not want her to marry outside her own race.

Anse and the girl fled on horseback in the moonlight. A minister, waiting at the junction of the Red and Kiamita rivers, performed the ceremony in midstream. The party wheeled their horses to continue on their way, when a rifle shot rang out and a bullet buzzed past the minister's face and pierced Anse's arm. The rifle was fired from the woods on the river bank.

Anse as a flash the ranger whipped his revolver from its holster and fired into the woods near the spot where the flash was seen. Fearful lest the would-be assassin might be one of her tribesmen, the bride tugged at her husband's sleeve until he consented to flee from the spot on the gallop. The bridal party galloped into the nearest village, where Anse received surgical attention.

TEDDY BEAR PROPOSAL.

How They Propose in Texas According to Latest Manner.

Elwood, Tex.—The "Teddy bear" craze has struck Elwood in a new form, and the salutation of about half of the population of the younger set is: "Say, please let me be your Teddy bear." This came about through a surprise wedding which took place the other evening, when Clinton Sidwell, a son of a local jeweler, and Miss Maggie Barnett were married. She was standing in front of a store window a few weeks ago, seeing a display of Teddy bears, and remarked to a friend: "I would love to have one of those cute little things." Sidwell was passing and heard the remark, when he said: "Let me be your Teddy bear." This "broke the ice" and the wedding took place.

TRICK OF ACCIDENT FAKER.

Class of Man Who is the Bait of Insurance Companies.

"Accident insurance companies are very suspicious of all accidents involving injury to the knee, for it is on his knee that the accident faker mainly relies."

The speaker, a surgeon, frowned and went on: "There are men who make a living out of fake accidents. They travel from city to city; they insure in every company that issues accident policies; then, with a fake injury they proceed to collect dues."

"An accident faker—for so we call these men—has usually a knee that he can slip out at will. He purposely stumbles over an open trap or some hard, sharp obstacle, puts his knee out deftly, raises a big holler so as to secure a lot of witnesses, and then hobbles home."

"He doesn't notify his insurance companies till the next day. By then his knee is so swollen that an accurate examination of it is impossible. We cannot tell whether it is one of those fake, self-slipping knees or not. So we pay the man his money, and he seeks new pastures."

"There was one man—he is in jail now—who in nine years collected over \$11,000 in accident policies with the help of a knee that he could slip out as easily as I slip my hand out of my glove."

TOO LAZY TO SIGN NAME.

Philadelphia Drummer Reaches the Limit on Abbreviation.

"There's the latest man who ever signed a hotel register," remarked Col. Peacock, the veteran managing clerk of the Hoffman house at New York, indicating a large, well-set-up stroller about the corridor.

"He's a drummer for a big Philadelphia silk house, and his name is Samuel Parker Sedgewick Elliott. When I first knew him, ten years ago, he used to sign his full name in a very deliberate and careful manner, using considerable flourish. A couple of years after he began to abbreviate it slightly, like this: 'S. P. G. Elliott.'"

"The following trip disclosed a further slight ellipsis, 'S. P. G. Elliott.' 'Coming in one night rather late, he took the proffered pen and wrote 'Sam Elliott.'"

"On his arrival here last week I saw he had the habit incurably, and there was no hope for him whatever. Here is what he scrawled: 'S. Elliott.'"

Germany's Nork Industry.

Consul T. H. Norton of Chemnitz writes regarding Germany's mask industry: "There is an extensive demand for masks throughout Germany for the carnival season and other merry-making occasions. In central Germany there are several large establishments devoted exclusively to manufacturing this article. They not only meet the needs of Germany's trade but also supply a very large demand from foreign countries. The materials used in mask making are chiefly pasteboard and gauze, with small amounts of silk and wire. Each establishment employs its own artists, and there is a constant effort to place novelties on the market. It is largely due to the great variety of these novel designs that a promising trade with the United States has grown up during recent years, which is reported to be steadily increasing."

Lamp for Dante's Tomb.

The Italian Dante society is to furnish the tomb of the poet of Ravenna with a lamp which, it is proposed, shall be kept perpetually burning at the expense of the municipality of Florence. The lamp is in the fourteenth century Venetian style, its main feature being an ostrich's egg surrounded at its greatest diameter by a circlet of copper with ornaments of gems, lapis lazuli and malachite. The top of the lamp will be of the finest Venetian crystal. The work is pronounced worthy of the best traditions of Florentine craftsmen. It will probably be placed in position at Ravenna in the course of October.

Black Walnuts Good Fuel.

Black walnuts are better for fuel than coal. They burn easier, make a quicker and hotter fire and last well. There is a big crop of black walnuts in Owen county this year. Gather them and dry them in the barn with the hulls on them and use them just the same as you would coal. You can mix with coal or wood if you prefer. A ton of black walnuts will make more and better heat than a ton of coal. Coal is very high this year. Save your walnut crop and you will save just that much money. Try it and you will be convinced.—Owen County Democrat.

Time Sometimes Flies So.

"Mabel," asked the dear girl's mother, "what time did that young man leave last night?" "Why," replied Mabel, "I believe it was nearly 11 o'clock."

"What? I am sure it was later than that," said the mother. "How strange!" remarked Mabel, dreamily. "We both thought it couldn't possibly be that late."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

Unhappy Mean.

Katker—Do you like the four day boat?

Bocker—No; too short either to have a good time or recover from having one.

MICHIGAN CLOCK A MAJOR

This One is a Music-Box as Well as a Time-Keeper.

Gladstone, Mich.—Possibly the most elaborate clock in the state, probably the most unique, is that which John Novack, a jeweller of Escanaba, has installed at his home across the bay from this city at a cost of approximately \$1,000. It is a massive affair, 8 feet 10 inches in height and weighing nearly as much as a piano. The framework and all the working parts were made from special orders, and on delivery were assembled by the owner of the clock.

By an arrangement of silver tubes ranging from four to seven feet in length and installed in the interior of the timepiece the Westminster and Wellington chimes are struck every quarter hour by hammers resembling those of a piano. Each hour also is marked by the playing of the chimes, and is followed by the requisite number of strokes given on a large tube eight feet in length and toned one note lower than the final note of the chime. The chimes have striking resemblance to those of a church's chimes in the distance, the tones being graduated to produce that effect.

The dial of the clock is a beautifully executed plate of pierced gold and silver work, with the hours marked on a raised silver plate. Above the dial is a plate which records accurately the different phases of the moon. The frame is of quartered oak, handsomely carved by hand, and the whole has been given a solid wax finish.

The orders for the different parts of the clock were placed by Mr. Novack over a year ago.

YEARLY MURDERS IN GOTHAM.

Average of 240 Committed, but Only 65 Arrests Made.

New York—On an average 240 murders are committed in New York city every year.

Sixty-five arrests are made for these murders. Thirty-three alleged murderers are brought to trial.

Twenty convictions result. Two of the convicted men are sentenced to death.

Three others receive life sentences. A murderer in New York city stands a chance of one in a hundred of escaping the penalty of his crime.

In the first 25 years of the 19th century there were only two unsolved murder cases in New York. From 1900 to the present day there have been over 300 unsolved murder cases in New York city.

These figures were furnished by William C. Clemens, the criminologist. The causes, Mr. Clemens says, are inefficient and ignorant detectives, men who are excellent patrolmen, but who know nothing of the science of tracing crime and criminals.

Besides the known murders in this city every year, he says there are at least 25 which are never heard of. These take place in every walk of life and are usually accomplished by the use of poisons, although frequently a knife or a pistol inflicts a death wound and members of the family conceal the facts. Appendicitis, heart failure or some similar cause is marked down as the medium of death.

WRITER AS SERVANT GETS FACTS

Employed by Millionaires, Upton Sinclair Will Tell Experiences.

New York—Upton Sinclair, professional socialist and author of "The Jungle," is not popular in Newport. Sinclair is engaged in novelizing his peculiar views on the distribution of wealth. Three novels from his pen will soon clog the presses of a publishing house, and in order to obtain color for one of them he decided to invade Newport society. He hit upon the scheme of enlisting on Howard Gould's yacht, the Niagara, as a steward. After a few days spent aboard the yacht he resigned and took a position as servant in The Breakers, the home of a Vanderbilt.

One of Sinclair's fellow servants noticed that every night before retiring the young man filled the pages of a notebook with observations made during the day. This he reported to headquarters and Sinclair was summarily ejected. He says that he was ready to leave, inasmuch as he already had absorbed the salient features of Newport culture.

LONG-LOST BOY IS FOUND.

Left New Hampshire Home Years Ago—Now in St. George, N. B.

Exeter, N. H.—Word has just been received by Chief of Police Gooch and the boy's parents that Edwin Mullin, the 12-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Francis A. Mullin, who disappeared November 4, 1906, has just been found at St. George, N. B.

Young Mullin's departure was widely heralded at the time, and it was thought that he would proceed at once to St. George, where his grandmother lives, and with whom he had made his home for eight years. As time went on and he was not heard from, it became a settled opinion that he had been drowned or lost his life in some unknown manner so that the news came as a joyful surprise to his parents.

Young Mullin left Exeter on a Sunday, after being dismissed from Sunday school and going eastward spent 11 months of his exile in Maine traveling about, and is supposed to have haunted the large towns, ending with Bangor. The details of his wanderings will make interesting reading.

PROPER CARE OF THE BODY.

Mistake Frequently Made by the Cranks on Diet.

It is a wonder some people ever have any health at all. The way to get the most out of one's ability is to trust it, to believe in it, to have confidence in it. But some people seem to think that the best way to get the best results out of the digestive apparatus is to constantly distrust it, pity it. They swallow a mouthful of fear and dyspepsia with every mouthful of food, and then wonder why the stomach does not take care of it.

Before the child can even speak plainly it is taught to talk about its "poor little tummy," and this nonsense is kept up through life.

We often hear men talking about taking the best care of their health when they are really doing the worst thing possible for it. They are the worst possible enemies of their stomach when they are always talking about their digestion and expressing a fear that they cannot eat this and they cannot eat that, when they are thinking all the time about how many bites they must take of every mouthful of food and how long they must masticate it before they swallow it.

What do you mean by taking good care of your body? Just to bathe it, and to weigh and measure your food with the same precision that a druggist would dangerous drugs, concentrating your mind upon what you eat and thinking about what will hurt you—that is not taking good care of your body.

Do you wonder that your stomach aches that it is inflamed, when you are all the time thinking about it, worrying about it, and expecting that everything you eat is going to hurt you?—Success Magazine.

STOPPED TO FINISH CIGAR.

When President McKinley Kept Mayor of Boston Waiting.

City Messenger Leary tells a story of his official experience with President McKinley and his famous four-long black cigars at the time won the presidential election.

"I went into his room," said Mr. Leary, "to find out when he would be ready to meet Mayor Quincy. He was puffing at one of those big cigars that he had made specially. 'Hit down and have a smoke,' said he. 'I came to find out how soon you would be ready to meet the mayor,' I said. 'In about five minutes,' he replied. 'Perhaps,' I suggested, 'you would like to finish your smoke.' 'I should, very much,' was the reply.

"And so I sent up word that the president would be ready in three-quarters of an hour, and we sat and had a long smoke on those big black cigars."

Leo Stevens' Daring.

Capt. Homer W. Hedge, whose speciality is founding automobile and aeronaut clubs, and who has made many balloon ascensions, was asked if he felt nervous when thousands of feet in the air.

"I make just one answer to that question,—which is often asked me," replied the captain. "It is, 'You forget that I am an advertising man.'"

"But for daring and nerve," he continued, "I know of no one who equals Leo Stevens. Once when we were up together, about 3,000 feet, something went wrong with the balloon. Before I had fairly seen that, there was anything amiss, Stevens had jumped on the side of the basket, hauled himself up by the ropes, clambered on to the outside of the balloon and was clinging there like a fly, repairing the damage with one hand."

What They May Have Said.

There was no official stenographer present when King Edward met Emperor Wilhelm at Wilhelmshohe the other day, and consequently this is what they might have said:

"Hallo, Uncle Ed."

"Hallo, Willie. How are the kids?"

"Fine. How's Aunt Alex?"

"Pretty well. Seen your mother lately?"

"Not lately. Guess she's all right, though. I met Nick the other day."

"How did he seem?"

"Looked a little thin. Said he was feeling all right. Nick worries too much over his business."

"That's foolish. What's the use of worrying? Look at me."

"You're as fine as a fiddle. Let's go in and have something."

"Let's."

Fire Fighters for Panama.

A letter has been received from the secretary of the Panama canal commission by Chief Engineer James R. Hopkins of the Somerville (Mass.) fire department, the oldest fire chief in the country, requesting that he recommend men for firemen at Panama. The men wanted must be between the ages of 21 and 35, and they are to receive \$100 a month, with free transportation from New York to New Orleans and six weeks' vacation each year. Since the fact became known that the veteran chief was appointed a scout for the Panama fire department he has been besieged with requests from young men, all ambitious to go to the isthmus.

In Harness. "It must be fun," suggested the friend, "to dally daily with these shafts of wit."

"Not when you're hitched between 'em," replied the proud humorist with a sickly smile.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

BEANS AS HUMAN FOOD.

Have Great Value—Will Figure More as Meat Figures Less.

This country has raised 5,061,811 bushels of beans in 1900 and devoured 433,867 acres to their cultivation, says the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle. That is at the rate of a little over 11 bushels to the acre, or a little less than the average yield for wheat the country over. New York state raises more beans than any state except Michigan, and California is third in the list. Roughly speaking, New York's bean belt is the western half of that state.

Here, as in Michigan, beans have partly taken the place of wheat as a staple crop. They have proved more remunerative and they have had the additional recommendation of improving the fertility of the soil through their ability to gather nitrogen from the air. As a paper prepared by L. C. Corbett for the department of agriculture remarks, it is the bean's peculiar distinction to provide food for both man and beast, and at the same time to improve the soil. That makes it invaluable in a scheme of crop rotation.

To the average American, beans mean string or snap beans, plucked when green from the small gardens or canned in their green state. Thus produced they yield largely, as much as 200 bushels to the acre, the price ranging from \$1 to \$5 a bushel, according to the season and access to a market. Yet the bean means something more. Certain varieties, like the cowpeas, are valuable for grain, for hay, as good as alfalfa, and for green manuring unscrupulously. The kidney, the marrow bean and the pea are prime foods in their dry state.

Like other of the ancient crops of mankind, the bean requires more hand labor than the more recent food staples. In the advance of farm science, however, satisfactory harvesters and thrashers have been devised. As an item of diet in this country beans will figure more as meat figures less, and the annual production is sure to be much enlarged.

FIELD FOR ELECTRIC FURNACE.

Can Be Used to Advantage Where Water Power is Cheap.

While the electric furnace cannot compete with other processes in the general production of iron and steel, Dr. R. S. Hutton, the British metallurgist, finds that it may be used to advantage where water power is cheap, and that it has a fairly clear field in the manufacture of iron alloys not easily made in the blast furnace. Many electrical plants have been established in Savoy and laere, in the south of France, the furnaces ranging from 200 to 2,000 horse-power. At Grenoble five furnaces of 1,200-horse-power and four of 2,000-horse-power are used to produce ferro-silicon, ferrochromium, silicochrome of varying composition and manganous-silicon, and the output is between 7,000 and 8,000 tons a year. The Grand works, soon to be enlarged, now have an output of about \$1,700,000 per year from furnaces of 18,000-horse-power. The product is 6,000 tons of ferro-silicon of 50 per cent, and 1,000 tons of 20 per cent, 2,000 tons of ferrochromium, 900 tons of ferro-nickel, 50 tons of ferro-molybdenum and ten tons of ferrovanadium.

A Model Ex-Husband.

"I don't know where there is a greater example of generosity than right here," said he as they sat together at the Italian cafe. "You see the young couple running the place the proprietor and his wife. That small boy sitting with the oldish fellow over there at the corner table—don't look right now. Of course, I knew you would, but that man was the husband of the young pretty woman. That is their child, the boy sitting with him. The wife fell in love with the young man, the oldish man let her get a divorce, gave them his blessing, set them up in this business and now comes nearly every evening to see how they are getting along and to take dinner there at that table with his little son. Yes, every evening he pays for his son's dinner along with his own."

Imported from Paris.

The woman was calling on her friend, who lives in East Thirty-fourth street, says the New York Press. It was a ground floor flat. Every little while she would raise her right hand and cross herself. It was on Sunday afternoon.

"What in the world are you doing that for?" asked her friend after she had done it about seven times.

"Funeral processions," explained her friend, "going down the street."

"Are you Catholic?" asked her friend. "I never knew that."

"No," explained the woman further. "I learned in Paris to cross myself when a funeral procession passed. Everybody does it there. I don't know why, unless it is because they haven't any religion."

Wellington's Dispatch Table.

Mrs. Maxwell (better known as Miss Braddon) has many treasures at Lich field house, her charming home at Richmond-on-Thames. One of these is the remarkable dispatch table which the duke of Wellington carried with him throughout the Peninsular war. So ingeniously constructed is this piece of furniture that it can be made to serve the various purposes of a writing table, dispatch box, chest table and dining table.