

HEAD OF KEEP COMMISSION



Copyright by Wallace Everett. Charles Hallam Keep, formerly assistant secretary of the treasury, is chairman of the commission appointed by the president to reorganize the old-time methods in use in practically all of the government departments.

COWBOY TO RICHES

ED. L. DOHENEY OF TEXAS HAS MADE RAPID ADVANCE.

Plainsman Accumulates Millions by Ventures in Oil in State of California and in the Republic of Mexico.

Denison, Tex.—Thirty-five years ago Ed. L. Dohoney rode out of Texas on the back of a paint pony, driving a herd of cattle toward Wichita, Kan.

The other day, after a trip back to the old state, he knew as a cowboy, Dohoney again departed from Texas, this time in a special car of which he is the owner.

Times have changed for Dohoney. Baited away in California banks he has a dozen millions or so, and planted in Mexico he has the monopoly of the oil production which is netting him millions more.

While in the state on his last trip he visited Columbia and the oil district being developed by Capt. Lee, son of his former employer, associated with W. C. Hoggard and others. It is on the banks of the Brazos river, from where Dohoney formerly drove the long horns to Wichita.

The 35 years that have intervened between the wild life of a cow puncher and the wild life of high finance were those of experience. A year before Dohoney came to be a millionaire he was riding around Los Angeles on the high seat of an oil wagon, guiding a team and measuring gasoline to customers.

Afterward he steered a drill into the oil sand and made the stake upon which he started. Then he turned the screws of a contract into the Santa Fe Railroad Company and made a fortune. At the same time he made things so interesting for President Ripley that the two became business associates.

Mr. Dohoney did not say whether he expected to invest in the Columbia oil field, but the association of his trip there caused a number of others to invest. He said he did not want his name to influence anyone to make an investment.

"They seem to have found some oil down there," he said. "What they are going to find remains to be seen. As for my going in, I cannot say. It is possible, but at present I do not know."

Asked concerning his rapid rise and career, Mr. Dohoney said:

"Any man's career is interesting if you get down to brass tacks. Thirty-five years ago I was a cow-puncher in Texas. That's about all there is to it."

From the saddle on the back of a paint pony to the upholstery of a private car represents what the career of Mr. Dohoney happens to be. The first thing he bought when he became rich was the car he rides in now. That was all for comparison.

Mr. Dohoney is president of an oil company in the southern republic that is selling 600 barrels of oil daily to the Mexican Central railroad. That means almost as many dollars every 24 hours.

A Prime Requisite. "There is one thing absolutely necessary to make this medical command of war vessels effective."

"What is that?"

"The public view of the situation must be rendered antiseptic."—Baltimore American.

WILL ABANDON SING SING.

Famous Prison Is to Be Replaced by a New One.

Albany, N. Y.—Sing Sing prison, known and dreaded by criminals all over the United States, is to be abandoned owing to its insanitary condition, according to the annual report of the state commission on prisons.

The commission declares that the special commission appointed to select a site and construct a new prison to take its place has selected such a site on the west bank of the Hudson river, near Iona island, and that this selection has been approved by the governor.

It consists of 500 acres and includes Highland lake, which is to be the water supply of the new institution. It is expected that during the coming year much progress will be made in the construction of the new prison.

It costs the state of New York almost twice as much to care for a woman prisoner as it does to provide for the wants of a male inmate in any one of its several prisons, according to the report.

Another interesting feature of the report is that the state prisons in October last had a larger number of inmates than at any time within ten years, with two exceptions. The total number was 12,277.

Much progress in the education of illiterates in the prisons is reported by the commission to have been made during the year.

ON TRAIL OF OLD WHISKY.

Gen. Chaffee and Sherman Find Traces of Sunken Liquor Cargo.

Los Angeles, Cal.—One hundred and fifty barrels of Kentucky's best whiskey that has lain and aged in wood since 1859 may be recovered as a result of an exploring expedition by a party headed by Gen. Adna R. Chaffee and Gen. W. H. Sherman. In anticipation of a rare treat Californians who take an occasional drink as well as old toppers are smacking their lips.

Gen. Chaffee and Gen. Sherman, and members of their party have just returned from a trip down the Colorado river from Yuma to the Tiburon islands in the Gulf of California, up the Hardy river to the head of navigation, and across the delta of Colorado to the slopes of the Cocopah mountains.

In a day devoted to treasure hunting discoveries were made of traces of the sunken schooner Arna and her \$100,000 whiskey cargo which may lead to the ultimate recovery of the prize. The vessel was wrecked in 1859 on the Colorado river island, a few miles below the mouth of the Hardy, and for half a century 150 barrels of liquor she carried have been lost. Frank Norris worked the story of this sunken whisky into his novel, "Blix," and many treasure seekers have vainly tried to locate it.

Log Wrecks Miner's Home.

Spokane, Wash.—John Bernard, master mechanic of the Success mine, and his family escaped death by a narrow margin the other day when a log 75 feet long and 18 inches thick plowed through the family home near Wallace, Idaho, and after doing so buried ten feet of its length in the ground beyond.

Bernard's house is at the base of a mountain. The log got away, presumably, from cutters, and shot down the mountain side nearly half a mile. It struck the rear end of the house and tore a hole from end to end.

The family, consisting of Bernard, his wife, and three children, were in the kitchen, and, though the log passed between them, all escaped with a few minor bruises.

KING OF MODERN VIOLINISTS.

Kubelik the Son of Poor Bohemian Market Gardener.

Kubelik, the famous violinist, is a living proof that even in Europe merit may carry a man from a peasant's hut into exclusive society, says the Daily Leader.

Twenty-seven years ago the poor Bohemian market gardener Kubelik, to whom a son had just been born, would have called insane anybody who predicted that the baby would live to marry into the most exclusive aristocracy in Europe. In his part of the world music is the supreme art, and it seemed natural that the king of modern violinists should wed Countess Marianne Czaky, daughter of one of those ancient Bohemian houses that trace their origin farther back than any other aristocracy in Europe. Kubelik was but 38 years old at the time of his marriage and the little countess was even younger. They live at Kollin, Bohemia, where the famous violinist has bought a castle, and there they divide their time between music and the care of their twin daughters. If there is anything in the adage that a good son makes a good husband Mrs. Kubelik should be very happy, for her husband is devoted to his old peasant mother and deeply reveres the memory of his father, who made every sacrifice for his son's musical education. The first money Jan earned by playing he spent in buying a wreath for his father's grave.

HAD MIXED UP THE GARMENTS.

Amusing Comedy of Clothes with New Yorker in Star Part.

He was the sort of man one always turns to look at the second time. His fine silvery head was carried proudly. The glance, however, which followed him the other morning as he walked through Forty-second street from the Grand Central station were not of admiration unadulterated; there was at least a half-portion of mirth in the mixture. But under the heavy gray sky through the drizzle he walked, unmindful of the smiles and giggles he was exciting all along the way. His deep-frowning eyes seemed pondering some abstruse law problem or dwelling upon one of the speeches for which he is famed. At last, however, a voice pierced his consciousness. "Say, boss," said the voice, "why don't you put your shirt in your grip and put on your coat? It's ratlin'!"

The big man came out of his day dream with a start. He looked with rising color at the garment over his arm. Then he looked at the small "newsie" in front of him. He put down his bag. "Right!" he said, confidently smiling at the small boy. "Right, son! I've got 'em mixed."

When, a minute later, he resumed his journey, he walked with that upright, respectable feeling one has when one knows that his raincoat is upon his back and his fannel night-shirt is packed safely in his bag.—New York Press.

A Memory Test.

A professor of mnemonics had gone to lecture at or near Canterbury. After the lecture was finished he had to wait for his London train. It was a most comfortable day, and he retired to an inn for shelter and refreshment. To pass the time he began to exhibit his feats of memory to the yokels in the inn parlor, and one and all were thunderstruck except the waiter. There is always one skeptic in every communion, whether of saints or sinners. Do what he would he could not mitigate the acrid smile of acrid incredulity of that glorified potman! In the midst of one of his most difficult feats the whistle sounded of the "Rushed train to London to-night!" and he was obliged to catch it. He caught it at the station, and his reputation caught it in the inn parlor, for the waiter—coming in with some ordered refreshments and finding him gone—pointed to the corner where he had been sitting and exclaimed: "Silly 'umbog, he's forgot his umbrella!"—The Young Man.

Polar Automobile.

A queer automobile was shipped from London recently for New Zealand, whence it will be sent on board the Nimrod for the use of Lieut. Shackleton in his dash for the south pole. The car has wheels like those used on motor omnibuses, but whose use has to be traversed the rims will be fitted with four-inch spikes, set in pairs, to afford a grip. In these circumstances, too, the front wheels will not revolve, but will be fixed to broad runners, resembling skis. The exhaust gases will be used to heat a snow-tank, on the car, thus providing a supply of drinking and washing water. The gases will also heat a foot warmer fixed to the side of the car.

Conscientious.

The counterfeiter faced the court. "Your honor," he said, "it is true that I made a few coins, but conscience impelled me to do so." "State your reasoning clearly," said the court. "I had been shocked by the absence of the motto," continued the prisoner; "you will observe that it appears on every one of my manufactures."

Paternal Care.

"Na," said the girl's father impatiently, "you and Fred can't have the automobile to sleep in." "Now, papa," replied the girl, "do be reasonable." "I am reasonable," rejoined the old man. "D'ye think I'd trust Fred with that machine? Maybe you forget it's brand new."

GOT RECOGNITION FROM STAR.

How Mansfield Made Student the Envy of His Comrades.

When Richard Mansfield produced "Cyrano De Bergerac" in Cleveland the production necessitated the use of a large number of supernumeraries. Most of these extra hands were Adelbert students, who greatly enjoyed the opportunity of supporting the eminent star. Of course Mansfield's personality was the prime source of interest to them, and every super in the mob—courtiers and Gasser cadets—was wildly anxious to gain a personal recognition from the great Cyrano, but he appeared entirely oblivious of the presence of each and all.

But one night toward the end of the week a student-super who had strayed away for a few moments rejoined his comrades. His face was radiant.

"Well, fellows," he said, "the old man spoke to me."

"Mansfield spoke to you?"

"I was standing in the runway at the right."

"Yes, yes."

"Mansfield was hurrying to his dressing-room. I smiled and nodded. He saw me. Then he spoke."

"What did he say?"

"He said: 'Out of the way, you idiot,' and passed along."

And the envied youth remained the only super to whom the star extended a personal recognition during the engagement.

CARRIED ECONOMY TO EXCESS.

Good Story Told by James J. Hill on New York Firm.

James J. Hill, the well-known railway magnate, was talking in Kansas City about railway economy:

"Economy is excellent," he said, "but even economy must not be carried to excess. Railways must not be managed as a certain New York necktie manufacturer manages his business. A drummer in this man's employ showed me the other day a letter from the firm. It ran thus:

"We have received your letter with expense account. What we want is orders. We have big families to make expenses for us. We find in your expense account 50 cents for billiards. Please don't buy any more billiards. Also, we see \$2.25 for horse and buggy. Where is the horse, and what did you do with the buggy? The rest of your expense account is nothing but bed. Why is it you don't ride more in the night time?"

"John says you should stop in Boston, where his cousin, George Moore, lives. John says you should sell Moore a good bill. Give good prices—he is John's cousin. Sell him mostly for cash. Also, John says you can leave Boston at 11:45 in the night and get to Concord at 4:35 in the morning. Do this—and you won't need any bed. And remember, what we want is orders."

Skilful Telegrapher Who is Deaf.

Peter A. Foley, the "lightning taker" of Portland, Me., is the most wonderful telegraph operator in the world.

Foley is totally deaf, an affliction which ordinarily would be supposed to make telegraphy an utter impossibility to him, but since he became deaf eight years ago Foley has developed what may be called a sixth sense and by touch and sight he can detect the finest movements of the instrument and correctly interpret them. His nervous system is part and parcel of telegraphy and by means of the sense of touch in his finger tips he takes messages transmitted from the ends of the continent. He can read a message by watching the sounder.

With his left forefinger placed lightly on the sounder he can by his wonderful sense of touch take a message as accurately as any man in the office.

Easing His Conscience.

In a Scottish town a commercial traveler who called upon a tradesman at long intervals made a visit at Christmas time. "Here's a box of cigars," he said to the tradesman, "and I hope you'll enjoy them." "Na, na," replied the trader; "I couldn't tak' them—I never dae bustlees that way."

Taking No Chances.

Henry Clews, the banker and author was talking about a certain financier. "No wonder the man is so successful," said Mr. Clews. "He is the most careful, the most suspicious fellow I ever heard of. In fact, he reminds me of a Staffordshire farmer my father used to tell of."

Queen Runs Drug Store.

The queen of Portugal has a chemist's shop in Lisbon, registered in her own name. The establishment is conducted solely in the interests of charity and, consequently, when the queen attends to the wants of customers personally—she often makes up prescriptions herself—she is working it a good cause, and need fear no artistic class.

Unique.

"Eggs for invalids" read the sign at the market. "What is there unusual about those eggs?" asked a curious observer. "Why, them eggs is an absolute novelty," said the dealer briskly, adding in awed tones, "Them eggs is fresh."

Opinion of a Connoisseur.

"Mr. Spoonmore, don't you think a kiss 295 seconds in duration is a great deal too long to be agreeable?" "Well, that depends entirely on the—desirability of the kisses."

GREAT "PUG" AFRAID OF RATS.

Explanation of Sullivan's Predilection for Tight Trousers.

John L. Sullivan fears a rat as much as an elephant does. Circus people always put a small terrier in with the elephants to keep the rats away, and the big animals, knowing this, make great pets of the small dogs. Before Sullivan ever appeared in the prize ring he was working in a tin-shop in South Boston repairing furnace flues. While busy at his trade in an old building one day a large rat ran up Sullivan's trousers leg and gave the big fellow a fierce battle before it was killed. John was bitten on the leg in two places. "That's the reason," said Sullivan to a friend one day, "that I wear tight pants. I'd never take a chance with a rat in loose pants again. It was a lesson I'll never forget." When Sullivan first made his appearance in New York in 1880 he wore the slickest skin tight trousers ever seen on a man in this city, and with a short pea jacket he presented an unusual picture. When John L. became the champion, therefore, the other fighters and dead game sports copied the fashion set by him and even today the big fellow wears the same kind of leg coverings. This is one reason why Sullivan has always had a valet, for it is no easy task for a corpulent person to pull off tight trousers, especially after a night in the Great White Way. Sullivan, like the elephants, has often taken a good rattling dog to his room at night when he had a suspicion that rodents were at hand.

HE WANTED ONE BRIGHT SPOT.

Newspaper Man's Visitor Tired of Continued Tales of Gloom.

In some way he managed to reach the city editor, and before that important personage could say a word the visitor blurted out:

"You meet with many sad tales in the course of your day's work, eh? Murder, homicide, suicide, moving accidents by flood and field, hairbreadth escapes—"

"Well," said the city man, "—"

"Oh, I know, I read the papers," continued the garrulous one. "I know what goes to make up the news of a great city. It's all sadness, horror, degradation, vice in a hundred forms—"

"Come," said the news man, "my time is valuable—if you have an item—"

"Oh, I forget. I just dropped in to say that I feel sorry for the harrowing experience you have to go through. You see, business is booming, my wife and I get along amazingly well together, the weather suits me to a T, no one borrows any money from me, my watch keeps time, my shoe laces stay tied, and—"

"Good day," said the editor.

"Good day," said the voluble one, "but before I leave I just want to add that I think it would do you good if you'd put in a little item stating that you met one happy man to-day—needn't mention any names. Here's my card. Good day!"

Lace Dressing Not Unhealthy.

Lace dressing has been considered a necessarily unhealthful occupation on account of the intense heat required to be maintained in the room. In some cases the temperature exceeds 100 degrees Fahrenheit and much moisture is evaporated from the wet fabric. The evidence brought forth at a recent investigation in England, however, shows it to be an exceptionally healthful pursuit. New hands are often temporarily upset at the beginning by the high temperature, but no cases could be found where health had broken down. On the contrary, some ailments—colds, for instance—were found less prevalent among lace dressers than among the workers in other branches of the industry. Time-keepers' books showed few absences from illness. No special tendency toward lung diseases could be found, notwithstanding that most of the workers lived in poor and insanitary localities and held irregular lives. Many lace dressers now enjoy vigorous old age after doing this work from childhood.

Fewer Works of Fiction.

It is interesting to notice that fewer new works of fiction were issued last year than in the year before. The modest total of 2,108 in 1906 fell to 1,882 in 1907. Theology, however, went up considerably and one may imagine that literature dealings with the new theology may have taken the place of fiction.

Avuncular Advice.

Anxious Mother—O, John, I'm afraid baby has the whooping cough! What ought I to do? Bachelor Brother—Let him whoop, Miranda. Do you want to take away the only amusement the little fellow has?

Those Dear Friends.

Nan—I could wear as small a shoe as you do if I wanted to. Fan—Yes, dear—if you wanted to take chloroform.