

ENEMY OF THE TRUSTS



Senator Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin is one of the bitterest enemies of oppressive corporations in the upper house of congress.

WASH IN BATHTUBS

RICH WOMEN IN NEW YORK HOTEL ARE ECONOMICAL

Cleanse Own Hosiery and Lingerie and Use Soap Worth \$3 a Cake—Management and Chambermaids Kick on Practice.

New York.—It is wasteful, ill bred, disgusting, and a sure sign of a "tightwad" for a woman of wealth to wash her silk hosiery and lingerie in her bathtub, according to the management of the Hotel Gotham.

Therefore the management of the hotel is debating whether to give its millionaire patronesses a gentle tip in the shape of a petition against such "unfashionable" practices.

When a reporter called at the fashionable hotel he was told that for some weeks wealthy feminine guests had been cheating the hotel laundry out of its dues by turning laundresses and scrubbing their own lingerie in their private bathtubs.

No names were mentioned—of course not. The management did not deign or dare to expose the women who have the clothes cleaning idea. A petition requesting them to patronize the hotel laundry, and by so doing cut down exorbitant plumbers' bills for digging lint out of stopped up bathtub pipes, will be sufficient, it is said.

A representative of the management said that the soap which the hotel provided for its guests costs three dollars a cake. It is toilet soap, to be used for removing dust from faces, and hands, not from soiled pieces of feminine attire.

"It's simply shocking and it's even more expensive—this cleansing of garments in tubs made for people to bathe in," declared the person interviewed.

"Then, there are plumbers' bills. The lint from the clothing chokes the bathtub drains and we have to pay big money to get them clear again. Besides, there is a hotel laundry. It costs a fortune to maintain it, and if the multi-millionnaires choose to economize by turning washerwomen it will put the laundry out of business.

Chambermaids kick, too. They say it is almost impossible to get the bathtub clean after a bale of dirty clothes have been washed in it.

"Lastly, bathtubs are not laundry tubs; toilet soap is not laundry soap, and chambermaids are not laundry tub scrubbers."

Invasion of Italian Bees.

Morocco, Ind.—One day last summer Thomas Prescott, a farmer living east of this place, noticed a few Italian bees, and in a few days a swarm of Italian bees came in and took possession. Later two other swarms were found to be occupied by Italian bees, the native bees having been driven out.

Since then the "Italians" have taken full possession of Mr. Prescott's 30 acres, and a native bee remaining, Prescott had no Italian bees, of his own and knew of none in the neighborhood before they took possession of his farm.

WALKED THOUSANDS OF MILES

Distance Traveled by Men Long in British Mail Service.

There must be few, even among "men of letters" who, like Joseph Hunt, a Lincolnshire (Eng.) postman, can claim to have tramped a distance of, roughly, 240,000 miles, not much less than the equivalent of ten journeys around the earth. Not long ago George Thomson, retired from service as postman in the Langrick district of Yorkshire, after covering on foot 125,000 miles in 26 years of letter carrying, a service 14 years shorter than that of his Lincolnshire rival in 34 years. Orme M. Brown walked 111,000 miles as a postman between Cupar and Kilmany and Logie—a distance, as was stated at the appropriate presentation to him of an easy chair, nearly equal to half that which separates the moon from the earth. John Simmonds of Henley-on-Thames retired with a record of 181,000 miles of fair "heel and toe," the result of 40 years tramping; while most amazing of all, Thomas Phipps, a postman in the Chipping Norton district, was credited with an aggregate journey of 440,000 miles between the years 1840 and 1898.

SURELY AN "ORIGINAL" NAME.

Curious Error the Result of Mistaken Pronunciation.

An English country clergyman vouches for the truth of this story. Having arrived at that point in the baptismal service where the infant's name is conferred, he said: "Name this child." "Original Story," said the sponsor nurse. "What do you say?" he asked in surprise. "Original Story," she repeated in clear, deliberate tones. "It's a very odd name, isn't it? Are you sure you want him called by the name of Original Story?" "Original Story—that's right," "is it a family name?" the minister persisted. "Named after his uncle, sir," explained the nurse. And so as Original Story the little fellow was christened. Some weeks after this event the minister made the acquaintance of the said uncle—a farm laborer in another village—whose name was Reginald Story.

The Thrift Chinese.

On a recent visit of one of the United States fleet to Hong Kong, one of the coolies, engaged in passing coal, was accidentally caught in the machinery, and had his leg so badly crushed that it was decided necessary to amputate it. This was explained to the fellow, and after much persuasion he was induced to submit to the sleeping medicine and have the leg taken off. He recovered in remarkably quick time and when able to leave the ship where he had been confined was given a handful of money the officers had collected for him, amounting to about \$50 gold. In less than a day's time the ship was besieged by an army of Chinese, all clamoring to have a leg taken off.

A Smile Is the Prerogative of Man.

Nothing on earth can smile but man! Gems may flash reflected light, but what is a diamond flash compared to an eye-flash and a mirth-flash? Flowers cannot smile; this is a claim that even they cannot claim. It is the prerogative of man; it is the color which love wears, and cheerfulness and joy—these three. It is a light in the windows of the face, by which the heart signifies it is at home and waiting. A face that cannot smile is like a bud that cannot blossom and dries up on the stalk. Laughter is day and sobriety is night, and a smile is the twilight that hovers gently between both—more bewitching than either.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Longest Love Letter.

"The limit in love letters in all my long experience handling mail," said an affable of the local postoffice not long ago, "was one about a year ago that had ten two-cent stamps on it. The man must have weighed it, too, for the postage was just right—no more than needed and no less. How did I know it was a love letter? Well, I couldn't be absolutely cocksure about it, but if you had seen it, and noticed the stationery, the handwriting, the address, and so on, you wouldn't have asked for more than one guess. If I were to write a letter that long I would send it as an express package."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

California Sweet Peas.

Sweet peas have 85 divisions and some 300 subdivisions. In California, where almost all the flower seeds are grown, one farm of 500 acres is given up to the production of sweet peas alone. The total production yearly is about 350,000 pounds, and even when this amount is augmented by the yield from smaller farms it is almost impossible to meet the demand. Sweet pea are the most popular flowers in America for home gardens, except the nasturtiums, and even these can not always compete with the sweet peas.

The Wise Old Boy.

"I don't know why it is, dear," she said, "that you never have decided to run for president of the United States." "And then he coughed, and poked the fire, and said: "Molly, I wouldn't get my consent to leave home and you for such a campaign as that!"

Far from Minor.

"This is a great fuss they are making about a trolley through the park. I thought the whole matter was a minor issue." "By no means; all the fuss is because it is a major one."

BOUGHT AID FROM THE GODS.

Japanese Villagers United in Cursing Robber to Death.

This bit of local color is from the Japan Times: "At Shikokubo, a small village in S-shu, consisting of only 30 houses, several cases of robbery have lately occurred to the great alarm of the villagers. A diligent search instituted by them for the offender proved an utter failure. The community consequently held a mass-meeting and unanimously agreed upon cursing the robber to death. A virtuous priest of the locality was accordingly applied to for the purpose. He, however, declined to curse the robber to death, but set too cruel for a holy man like him to resort to, but promised that he would paralyze the robber by his powerful prayers, so as to disable him and lead him to repentance. Thus the priest commenced his incantations. But, behold, the robber continued his subtle operations to the indignation of the entire community. The priest has been condemned as a worthless fellow, and the villagers have taken upon themselves the task of repeating every day to the village temple by twos and threes to offer his prayers by which the robber is deemed to an early and fearful death."

GOOD CHANCE FOR INVENTORS.

Fortune Waiting for Man Who Can Perfect the Umbrella.

"How rich I'd be," said one umbrella salesman to another. "If I had patented the umbrella." "You might as well talk of a patent on cooking," said his friend. "Umbrellas appear to have existed always. Indeed, wherever excavations have been made—at Babylon, Nineveh, Nippur—traces of the umbrella have been found. The English didn't begin to use it until 1700. Shakespeare with all his genius had no umbrella to protect him from the rain. What you might do would be to patent some new sort of umbrella—some rain shield built on better lines. We have proof that the umbrella has existed for 10,000 years and yet in all that time it has not once been improved. To-day, as it did two or three hundred years ago, it turns inside out with a strong gust of wind and it only protects the head and shoulders from the rain. Change all that. I want an umbrella that is a complete rain shield. Then you will be a millionaire in six months."

San Francisco's Fat War.

The raid on rats at this time is not the first of the kind in San Francisco. In 1852, when the sidewalks in Kearny and Montgomery streets were as uneven as the existing walks in Market street east of Front, and were made up of dry goods boxes laid in the mud and to end, some high and some low, the town was overrun with rats of all colors—gray, white, brown and black. At night they would crawl out of their holes and run along the uneven walks. They were so thick on the streets during the spring of the year named that women were afraid to go out after nightfall, and the men who ventured forth on the poorly lighted streets often stepped on a dozen rodents in walking the distance of a block. It was no uncommon thing to see men with crooked noses on the sidewalk playing sit-down, the rats being used in place of knurs. In that way many were killed.

"Dick Turpin's Tree."

The last remaining portions of a famous old elm, which was known to all lovers of Blackheath, England, and the surrounding country as "Dick Turpin's Tree," were removed recently. Tradition goes that the famous highwayman used to hover about near the gigantic branches of this tree, well out of view of his prey, when he used to so audaciously "hold up" his horse passengers, and relieve of whatever loose valuables they might have. The elm, which had a circumference of over 15 feet, stood close to Hyde Park, almost opposite "Ye Olde House." While it was being cut up a nail, in perfect condition, was found imbedded in the center of the wood.

Divine for Alligators.

While walking near a pond in the woods, Bullie Ham, who can tell the presence of an alligator by the smell of the critter, pulled off his coat and took a header under the water. While at the bottom of the pond Bullie's leg arose to the surface and waved to the men near the shore. The warning was heeded by the men catching Bullie's leg and giving it a yank that brought Bullie to the surface, and with Bullie came an alligator that measured some four feet in length.—Apalachicola Times.

A Voice from Cathay.

A woman was at a dinner party with an eminent Chinese philosopher, when she said: "May I ask why you attach so much importance to the dragon in your country? You know there is no such creature, don't you? You have never seen one, have you?" "My dear madam," graciously answered the great Chinaman, "why do you attach so much importance to the Goddess of Liberty on your coins? You know there is no such lady, don't you? You have never seen her, have you?"

Classics on the Turf.

"Do you think scholarship assists a man to pecuniary success?" "I should say not," answered the patron of the races. "Half the time the book-makers can't pronounce correctly the names of horses on which they win the most money."

MOROCCANS USE LOVE CHARMS.

Queer Means Employed by Women to Gain Affection.

Mrs. Mary H. Heddell writes of the curious charms used by the women of Morocco: "Moroccan women resort much to charms to gain lovers or to keep their affections when gained. There is one charm which is seldom known to fail. It consists of shredding a small piece of an undergarment which the man has worn and, after certain incantations have been said over it, of rolling the particles into the shape of a small ball. This is imbedded in a larger ball of clay and, after being slightly dampened, it is kept in a pot over the embers of live charcoal. I have been assured that as soon as the heat penetrates the clay the man, whoever he may be, will lay aside whatever work he is doing at the time and fly to the arms of the woman who invokes the charms. As long as the ball is kept warm so long will the heat of love burn in the heart of the lover for that woman. Another spell much resorted to is cast by cutting off the tip of a donkey's ears, cooking them and mixing them in the man's food. He then becomes as foolish as a donkey with love for the charmer who has provided his unsavory repast."

ON THE GROUND OF ECONOMY.

Acceptance of Physician's Offer Was Lesser of Two Evils.

A Chicago medical tells of two physicians in a Wisconsin town, the one elderly, with a long record of cures, the other young, with his record still to make. The older doctor, it appears, was inclined to surrender some of his night work to the younger man. One bitter night in winter the veteran was accused by two farmers from a hamlet eight miles away, the wife of one of whom was seriously ill. The doctor at once referred them to his young colleague, but they refused the latter's services. "Very well," replied the doctor, thinking to put a convincing argument before them. "In that case my fee is ten dollars, payable now." Whereupon there ensued a remonstrance on the part of the farmers, but the doctor was obdurate. Finally one of the men asked the other: "Well, what do you think I ought to do?" "I think you'd better pay him the ten dollars," said the other. "The funeral would cost you more."—Harper's Weekly.

Untouched Morocco.

Open your atlas at the map of Africa, and there, set like a pearl on the northwest shoulder of the continent, you will see a country called Morocco. It almost touches Europe, at the narrowest part there is but nine miles of strait between it and Spain, so you might think the Moors had become quite civilized in the course of ages through having such cultivated neighbors so near. It is not so, however. And, strange to say, the more they see of western progress, the more they despise it. It is a big country, this Morocco, and explorers have left it alone for the natives' desert Christians, fearing lest they want to take away from them their lovely land, where it is always summer, and where the soil, if just scratched with a crooked stick, responds with a teaming harvest.

A Real Luther Coin.

The collection of coins of a St. Petersburg scholar, says the Berliner Tageblatt, was recently overhauled and a unique Luther coin was discovered. It came originally from Novgorod, where it was found in an old house which was being reconstructed. On one side is the head of Luther, which is also shown when the coin is reversed, but with a fool's cap upon his head. On the reverse side there is a likeness of the pope, which also appears when the coin is reversed, but the head is ornamented on the reverse side with devil horns. The Latin inscription explains that Luther becomes a fool and the pope a devil by reversing the piece. It is believed that there is no similar coin in existence.

Where the Shoe Pinched.

"If they don't quit making that child cry," sighed the fat dweller as his sons echoed pitifully through the court, "I am going to apply to the board of health and have it stopped. There's a limit to everything." "Why the board of health?" asked her friend. "I should think you would apply to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children." "I am not thinking so much of him," acknowledged the fat dweller contritely, "as I am of my own health. His constant sobbing is getting on my nerves so that I can't sleep."

Cautious Answer.

The caution of the Aberdonian in giving an answer to a direct question was well illustrated the other day, when one was asked: "Was not your father's death very sudden?" Slowly drawing one hand from his pocket and pulling down his beard, the interrogated one cautiously replied: "Aye, it was unco' sudden for him. I never kent o' ma feyther bein' in a hurry before."—Stray Stories.

No Matter About Him.

Mr. Leadout—"Yes, sir, that horse is a beauty. You'll have to hold him in. Our terms are—pay in advance when you hire." Hon. Firstmount—"How—are you 'frail—how—I shall come back without him—how?" "No, sir. But he might come back without you!"—Stray Stories.

ALL FOND OF MAKING NOISE.

It's the Way of Mankind to Seek to Create an Impression.

"Lisbon," said Mr. Macmillan, "told a story about a little steamboat running on the Washash river with a whistle so big that when the captain blew it he had to tie up to the bank for an hour or two to get up steam enough to go on. He had only a little boat, but he wanted to make as much noise as anybody on the river. And that's so, in a way, with our friends the automobilists. If you don't see if you can't tell by the sound of the horn whether the machine coming is a veritable battle ship of a car with a limousine body and with 14 extra tires clamped to it, and with lampers and baskets strapped to it all over, and with seven trunks on the roof, a regular house on wheels driven by 100 horse-power engine; or a rickety little second-hand two horse power runabout, for the floppy little runabout is altogether likely to carry a bigger and louder horn than the majestic touring car. And still, are steamboat men and automobilists; the only people that like to put up a big front? Don't we all of us, big and little, like to make all the noise we can in the world?"

UNCLE SAM IN ROLE OF CUPID.

Forced to Act as Matrimonial Agent in the Philippines.

One of the little details that fall to the Philippine government is that of finding husbands for the orphan girls of the institution bearing the name of the Hospicio de San Jose, and to do this is no easy matter. Before the Filipino will consent to go to the altar he has to be shown a monetary advantage—in fact, a bribe without a dowry wouldn't get a husband in a thousand years. Uncle Sam's agents, after searching why there was such a dearth of bridegrooms for their pretty charges of the Hospicio, finally discovered that in order to marry them As the result a matrimonial brokerage commission has been formed. Through this, \$150 is offered to any young Filipino of good character who will take one of the orphan maids as his life mate, but no bargain is closed until after official cupids have thoroughly examined into the history of the husband-to-be.

First Printer Found.

A French semi-scientific magazine does away with the discussion as to who was the first printer. Here is its story: "When the Americans observed that his soldier's doubtful success, he wrote on his hands, inventing the letters of the word 'Victory.' In Greek, of course. When the piece appeared with the sacrifice, a bull's head, the great captain laid his hand over the flesh and kept it there for some time. After he removed it the word 'Victory' was printed there, patent to all eyes, and this Greek was undoubtedly the first printer. The soldiers saw what they supposed to be a message from the gods and fought like Romans."

Russian Post Office Savings Bank.

Consul T. E. Houston, of Odessa, states that although the post office savings bank system in Russia is of comparatively late origin, it shows a healthy development. The annual increase in the deposits now averages about \$46,000,000. The amount on deposit on August 1, 1907, was \$301,600,000, and on the same date in 1907 it had reached \$366,500,000. As there has not been any real advance in the national prosperity to explain such an increase in the nation's savings, the rush to the savings bank can only be accounted for by the fact of the people not desiring to retain large sums in their homes.—Consular Report.

Warning in Time.

In his desire to use fine language, the dandy of the south frequently allows his ideas to become a trifle confused, as well as confusing. A handbill announcing a "colored picnic" to be held in a grove near Mobile was once freely circulated. After various enticing announcements concerning the delights in store for the partakers in this entertainment, the bill concluded with the following perplexing notice, printed in Italics: "Good behavior will be strictly and reservedly enjoined upon all present, and nothing will be left undone which will tend to mar the pleasure of the company."—Harper's Weekly.

Argument for Wearing.

Opposition to the wearing of feathers in feminine headgear has encountered an argument which shows that there are two sides to this as to every other question. Attention is called to the fact that were the practice of wearing feathers to be abandoned tomorrow 30,000 girls would be at once thrown out of employment in Paris alone. A champion of the working girls insists that if a bird or a girl must perish, it ought not to be the girl.—N. Y. Press.

Horse, Hog and Elephant in One.

C. G. Minnick, of 2868 Darien street, Philadelphia, a week ago cut from a tree near Scenic station a section of forked limbs for a one-piece three-legged stool. The three limbs, where they are cut off are in the perfect likeness, one of a horse's hoof, the second of a hog's split hoof and the third like an elephant's trunk. The mouth and the trunk of the elephant are startlingly true to nature. The likeness is of nature's own carving. Mr. Minnick had to do was to strip the bark off.