

PRAYING FOR SONS



The picture shown here represents a curious Kabyle superstition witnessed by an artist while traveling through the Little Atlas mountains in Asia. Before one of the great cedars of the mountains, a Marabout tree hung with fetishes, were three women, stretching out their hands in supplication and bowing their heads in the dust, that sons might be born to them.

NEWWEALTHSEEKER

GOTHAM BROKER TO HUNT FOR CAPT. KIDD'S TREASURE.

Enters Into Contract with Owners of Lease to Dig in Nova Scotia Pit—Modern Machinery to Be Used.

New York.—H. L. Bowdoin has signed contracts to dig to the bottom of a hole in Nova Scotia and determine for all time whether \$10,000,000 in pirate gold lies buried there.

There is a hole in Oak Island, Nova Scotia, at least 100 feet deep and 13 feet in diameter. It was dug more than a century ago. Why was it dug? History records that Oak Island was a rendezvous for pirates and tradition says that Capt. Kidd had his headquarters there.

He has diplomas as a hydraulic and mechanical engineer and is the inventor of the appliances used in the spectacular water scenes at the hippodrome. He says he will not organize a company to defray the expenses of his quest, preferring to play the game with a lone hand and take a chance at raking in the whole pot.

"Oak Island is celebrated as one of the places where it is alleged that Capt. Kidd's treasure is hidden. In 1782 three New Englanders found here evidence of a buried mystery, coinciding with a tradition of that effect. Digging down, they passed regular layers of flagstones and cut logs, and their successors penetrated the earth over 100 feet, finding layers of charcoal, pottery, West Indian grass, sawed planks and other curious substances, together with a quantity of carved stone.

"The pit became flooded with water and was pumped out steadily. Halifax and Truro merchants invested in the enterprise and great stone drains were discovered leading from the sea into the pit. After much money and labor was spent in the excavation it was given up ten years ago, and the object of the great drains and concealed pit remains a profound mystery.

What would the world do without women? Nine-tenths of the tradesmen would go out of business. That is what the world would do without women.

FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH FOUND.

Man aged 94 Tells How Magic Well Has Kept Him Young.

South Orange, N. J.—That the Fountain of Youth, for which Ponce De Leon searched diligently in Florida, and could not find, is in South Orange, and always has been, is a fact attested by Job B. Tillou, who has reached his ninety-fourth birthday.

The "fountain" is well known to all in the vicinity, and is in the form of an old wooden well, driven 150 yards ago by Mr. Tillou's father, Joseph Brown Tillou, one of the first settlers on the mountain side.

Never has the aged and hearty Job partaken of other water, and to this he attributes all his remarkable vitality. For so straight and hale is he that it is hard to believe he is four-score and fourteen years. His only infirmity is partial deafness.

TOWN WITH 500 MAIMED.

Lumbering Community Takes First Rank Among Cripples.

Hoquiam, Wash.—This little city of 6,000 population has, it is believed, more maimed, crippled and scarred people than in any other town of like size in the world. There are 500 men who have either lost a leg, arm, hand, foot, finger, toe or ear. There are many more who will carry to the grave ugly scars.

None of the men has ever been in an Indian fight, nor have participated in battles. They are loggers and sawmill men, who have met with accidents in one of the most dangerous occupations. Not a day passes in the sawmill districts of this state but that some one is killed or injured.

The city officials recently took a census and the tabulations now on the file with the town clerk show: Sixty-five men with one leg each, five legless men, two men have lost both legs and one hand, 23 have one foot, three handless men, four men have one leg and one arm, nine men have lost one ear each, one man lost nose and ears, 11 men have but one eye each, two men have been scalped, 150 men have scars on faces, 100 maimed them for life.

Convict Calls for Missing Hand.

Wilkesbarre, Pa.—Burglar J. W. Sullivan, now serving a five-year term in the penitentiary, is eager to get back his right hand. It was blown off when he was dynamiting a safe at Ashley, near here, three years ago. At that time John W. Fenner secured it and preserved it in alcohol. When Sullivan started for the "pen" Fenner offered it to him, but he refused it. Lately, however, he has been troubled with rheumatism and superstitiously believing that it can be cured by the touch of the missing hand, he has sent word here that he wants the hand. Fenner is now trying to find it for him.

DESERVED RAISE IN SALARY.

Theatrical Advance Agent Had Neat Scheme That Brought Him Popularity.

The value of the ability to know faces and the names that go with them is a recognizable asset among salesmen and all people who have dealings with a large number of persons. An advance agent of a theatrical concern, finding that he was not gifted that way, hit upon a new scheme for helping matters along.

"Why, hello, Jackson! The last time I saw you we were still laughing over that fellow who slipped on the ice with a pail of milk in his hands. I have thought of it a thousand times since."

FAILED TO MAKE THE SALE.

Sidewalk Merchant Was Badly in Need of Lesson to Curb Tendency to Freshness.

Carey Johnson Ludlum, the southern philologist, in the course of a lecture on "Neologisms" in Charleston, said: "Another neologism is 'salesmanship.' The advertising columns of the magazines have for several months abounded in this word.

"The aged scholar smiled. "And speaking of schools of salesmanship," he said, "I hope that the salesman who accosted me on my way here this evening will take in one of them an eight or nine years' course I'm sure he needs it. This salesman, a shabby young man, laid his hand on my arm and said: "Say, friend, lemme sell ye a box of this here patent cement."

Edison's New Wireless.

About seventeen years ago Thomas A. Edison startled the world by carrying on telegraphic communication between a moving train and stations along the railroad without any wire connection therewith. The system employed was to mount a board covered with tinfoil edgewise on the car roof. The tinfoil formed part of a local telegraph circuit, which inductively affected the telegraph wires that paralleled the track, and in this way the messages were made to "leap" from the train to the telegraph lines.

Log Far Underground.

Wood 404 feet underground in a perfect state of preservation was found at the Alabang stock farm while boring for the second artesian well there. The drill had penetrated to a depth of 400 feet and had just been striking a log which was five feet in diameter and in a perfect state of preservation.

Chinese Women Educated.

Li Ping Shu, president of the town council of Shanghai, has provided funds for the last three years for the Medical School for Women of that place. Recently six diplomas were granted women. There are 30 students, and the principal is a Chinese woman who has had the higher education herself.

When Women Are Included.

Miss Crystal McMillan, M. A. B. Sc., explained to the women at a recent suffrage meeting in Scotland that women were only "the people" when there were taxes to pay or they committed crimes. When there was only voting to do "the people" means only men. A university woman suffrage union has been formed in Scotland.

Locating the Blame.

"You sometimes make mistakes in forecasting the weather." "Not I," replied the expert. "My methods are strictly scientific. I can't help it if the climate insists on being a nature faker."

His Role.

The actor of the stranded troupe protested at the prospect of footing the ties. "Quit your kicking," said the manager, impatiently; "you signed as walking gentleman, didn't you?"

PROPER CARE OF THE INSANE.

City of Ghent, in Holland, Takes Care of These Unfortunates as Its Guests.

One of the most remarkable places in Europe, of which no tourist on pleasure bent ever takes notice, is the "City of the Insane," by which name Ghent, near Antwerp, has been known for generations. About 1,500 men and women, afflicted with insanity in all its forms, live there, and have a happy being as the "guests" of the inhabitants, who know by experience how to treat the unfortunate ones.

HORROR OF AFRICAN NIGHT.

Traveler Describes Peculiar Conditions That Exist in Regions of the Dark Continent.

Caroline Kirkland, in her book on "Some African Highways," writes of night in the dark continent: "There is nothing so black as an African night, and I think that it is because the earth, being a deep red, offers no reflection to the faint starlight, such as we get in other lands. Instead it wallows up what slight glow there may be, and gives to the darkness a dense, velvety quality not to be found anywhere else.

In a single sentence the same writer gives a forcible idea of the sleeping sickness: "While there is nothing acutely distressing about this manner of dying, nothing to equal the terrors of other vital diseases like cancer or tuberculosis, there is something peculiarly sinister in the slow, stealthy, irresistible approach of death, whose course no known remedy can stay or alter."

Of African lions Miss Kirkland writes: "As a rule it is only old lions who attack human beings. They grow too decrepit to be able to catch the more agile antelopes who are their lawful prey, so, goaded by a hunger which age cannot wither or lessen, they pounce on unwary mortals."

Boots and Gloves.

In a recent divorce case in Scotland it was testified that a lady, searching in her maid's trunks, found 200 pairs of her own old gloves therein.

"Abroad," said a dealer, agent this happening, "it isn't unusual for a woman of fashion to have 200 pairs of gloves. At the sale of the duchess of Somerset's things, over 2,000 pairs, all as good as new, were put up."

It Was the Cat.

The yellow-haired hostess rushed suddenly to the center table, took all the papers off and smoothed down a thick, fluffy yellow skin that lay there. "It's my cat," she explained. "My poor little pet cat that died last spring. Isn't it beautiful? She was a lovely cat. You see her picture up there on the wall when she was alive. Lovely little kitty!" she purred to the skin, while some of her guests shuddered and one whispered to the other: "I don't see how she could do it. I'd rather have the skin of my husband on the table or floor than my pet cat."

Children Are Victims.

A member of the Society for Political Study in New York said the other day that the factories claim more victims than the rivers in China ever did, more little children going to their death from these places. The mines and the sweatshops are worse than the factories, she said. In the course of the discussion the point was brought out that there is doubt as to whether the mothers in China ever do throw their children into the rivers.

Willin'.

A certain newly-elected congressman met a society bud of Washington at his first reception. "Do you like Baisac?" she queried. "Well, I never palpated," drawled the westerner. "But I'm willin' to take a hand."

The Touch Artistic.

"I'd like to take you to the theater to-night, old man." "Thanks." "And I would if I had the price. Could you spare a five?"

BIRTH OF THE GERMAN NAVY.

A Few Facts Showing the Wonderful Progress Made in Building Up a Marine Power.

Some idea of the wonderful progress of the German navy is gained when one realizes that Vice-Admiral Reinhold von Werner, whose death is announced at the age of 84, saw practically the birth of that navy as we now know it. When the German fleet was sold by auction in 1852 Werner secured a commission in the new Prussian navy, and during the war with Denmark he commanded one of the three steam frigates, then the principal ships of the Prussian navy. At the date of the formation of the federal navy Werner was director of dockyards at Danzig. In 1869, however, the deceased vice-admiral returned to active service, and at the time of his retirement in 1878 he held the command of the Baltic station. He devoted the last 30 years of his life to the patriotic task of popularizing the idea of that sea power which he had seen grow from insignificant proportions to a strength which has done so much to stimulate the shipbuilding of other nations.

OVERLOOKED FOR THIS TIME.

Substantial Reasons Why Business Firm "Stood For" Impertinence from Employee.

The New York dry goods firm of Blumstein & Rosenberg had a traveling salesman named Richards. Richards was a good salesman, and when sober a genial fellow. Once, however, after an unusually successful trip he indulged in an unusually successful celebration, and ended by going to sleep in the public office of the company.

"Get up," said Mr. Rosenberg, shaking him violently. "Rosey, go jump on yourself," said his sleepy employee.

The senior partner tried it next and was blumsterned with the words: "Blumstein, you go to thunder."

The firm held an indignation meeting, decided to dispense with Richards' services, and asked the bookkeeper what they owed this erring salesman.

"Fifteen hundred dollars," he reported. "Richards has sold \$60,000 worth of goods in the past three months."

The partners looked at each other in silence. "Rosey," said the senior partner, "you go chump on yourself. I'm going to thunder."—Success Magazine.

In a Pearl Factory.

The pale, bent workmen were, most of them, drilling costly pearls, but here a man in kid gloves performed the operation of skinning, the operation of removing a pearl's outer, discolored coat so as to give it again its original luster, and by the window another man shook industriously three pearls in a bottle.

"It is a secret of the trade, of the pearl driller's trade," he said, "this bottle-shaking. You see, in pearl drilling, a drill point often breaks off in a pearl, and to get it out may take a whole day's work—that is, if you don't know the secret."

He looked closely at the bottom of the glass bottle, and then, continuing his shaking, he resumed:

"But if you put your pearl in a bottle and shake it up, the drill point in a few minutes will fall out of itself. Look! There's another out already. The third'll come soon now."

Hallway of Carved Sicilian Carts.

A young woman in New York with a purse long enough to satisfy her craving for artistic expression in her home has constructed a hallway and stairs out of carts used by Sicilian peasants. These carts, as every globe trotter knows, are painted in the most vivid colors, and frequently show fine examples of wood carving. The hallway is paneled with the sides, fronts and tailboards of carts, and the carvings include cherubs' heads, angels and saints. Spokes are used for balustrade spindles, and shafts have been spliced for the stair railing. The effect is somewhat barbaric, but has been admired by many artists. The young woman is proud of her conception and execution, and flatters herself on the probability that she owns the only exhibit of the kind in the world.

Holds Prominent Positions.

Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, who for ten years has been the president of Lake Placid conference, was elected president of the American Home Economics association at its last meeting in Washington. Mrs. Richards also has charge of the home economics department of Massachusetts Institute of Technology. First vice-president elected was Miss Isabel Bevier, professor of household science in the University of Illinois. A council of 25 was elected and this council will elect five of its members who, with the five executive officers of the society, will be the executive committee.

A Philanthropic Idea.

In the town of Westford, Mass., many children are brought to the public schools in barges from the surrounding country, and warm soup and cocoa is furnished them by one of the townswomen, Mrs. John C. Abbot, who appreciates the fact that, leaving home so early, they need something warm with their luncheon at noon.

TOOK MUCH TO MOVE BURNABY.

Collision with Gigantic Footballer Left Soldier Undisturbed.

In the recently published biography of Col. Fred Burnaby there is a characteristic story told by his friend, Lord Binning, of that soldier of Herculean frame and reckless courage. We were engaged in a football match on the green inside Windsor cavalry barracks, and the verandas were crowded with onlookers as the colonel, dressed for London in frock coat and tall hat, with a cigar in his mouth, came out of the officers' quarters and proceeded slowly across a corner of the ground, apparently oblivious of the fact that a match was in progress at the time. At this moment our full-back, a gigantic Yorkshireman, named Bates, who must have weighed near 15 than 14 stone, charging impetuously for the ball, dashed full into Burnaby. The impact was terrific, but while the Tyke, hurled backward by the shock, as though he had collided with a mountain, lay gasping on the ground, neither Burnaby's hat nor the angle of his cigar was in the smallest degree disturbed—in fact he scarcely seemed to realize that a collision had taken place. When he did so he removed his cigar from his mouth, and with his pleasant smile, said: "Dear me, I hope I am not in interfering with the game." The shout of delight which went up from the verandas was a thing to remember.

STILL KEEP ANCIENT CUSTOM.

Curious Medieval Ceremony in Law Courts of London.

One of the most curious survivals of the quaint methods of other times was witnessed the other day in one of the London law courts. Here the solicitor of the city of London attended before the king's remembrancers to render quit rent services in respect of certain properties in the city of London and the county of Salop. On the table were a block of wood, two fagots of twigs, six horsehoes, and a bag of nails. Warrants were read calling upon the tenants of the properties concerned to "come forth and do their service," whereupon the city solicitor gravely placed one of the fagots on the block and cut it with a hatchet. Then he cut the fagot with a billhook and afterward tendered the six horsehoes and counted out 60 nails, in heaps of ten, adding one extra nail, at which the King's Remembrancer said: "Good number." Then the city solicitor asked: "Has his majesty any orders with regard to these implements?" and the King's Remembrancer replied: "I will take them to be at the disposal of his majesty." This ended the ceremony, which dates from over 600 years ago.

Chimney Money.

One bygone tax that Mr. Lloyd George is not likely to revive is "chimney money." Pepya records on March 3, 1862, that "on this day the parliament hath voted two shillings per annum for every chimney in England, as a constant revenue forever to the crown." But it was desperately unpopular from the first, says the London Chronicle. At the end of June, 1862, "Much clamor against the chimney money; and the people say they will not pay it without force." It was not until October, 1866, however, that it was successfully "moved" that the chimney money might be taken from the king, and an equal revenue of something else might be found for the king, and people be enjoined to buy off this tax of chimney money forever at eight years' purchase, which will raise present money, as they think, £1,600,000, and the state be eased of an ill burden and the king be supplied of something as good or better for his use.

Truthful Child.

It was at a children's party. The youngsters had just done more than justice to the luxurious spread provided by their hostess, and games were now the order of the evening. "Now, children," said she, "we will play the zoo, and each of you must represent a different animal." Then, going to a little girl, she asked: "Now, Carrie, what are you going to be?" "I'll be an elephant." "And you, Reggie, what are you going to be?" "I'm going to be a lion." "And what are you going to be, Hilda?" "I'm going to be a tiger." Then, crossing to the other side of the room, the hostess, noticing a youngster sitting all alone, asked: "And what are you going to be, Tommy?" "Please," was the halting reply, "please, I—I'm going to be sick."

Not Calve's, But Calves.

That butcher shops are the places for startling revelations of various sorts was illustrated the other day when a passerby, glancing in at the window of one of them, saw two surprising exhibits. One was a tray containing brains; the other was a very fine liver. On the first was placed a placard neatly lettered by hand; on the second was another. One read: "Calve's brains;" the other "Calve's liver." There was no spacing between the last two letters of the first word in either case, and the possessive mark was over the letter "e." But the shock soon passed when the butcher assured the passerby he had no desire to convey the impression that the famous French singer had been dissected.