

RUINS ITS PATHOS

LITTLE INDIAN BOY PLAYS HAVOC WITH "HIAWATHA"

At Critical Point of Glen Island Play Genesee Breaks in With "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?"

Genesee is a seven-year-old Indian boy who lives in a wigwam on the shore of the sound at Glen Island. There a tribe of Ojibway Indians is producing "Hiawatha," the Indian love play for city children, who have been hearing Indian music on the recording plant this summer. Genesee never heard of Arthur Farwell's rendition of Indian music, though he has learned from his father some of the two and three-tone native songs of the Ojibways, and he knows, of course, the chants of the Indians as they dance and perform Longfellow's great poem.

The other day Genesee, who was born up on the Cattaraugus reservation and is the grandson of the Indian who holds the medal for being the finest physical type of Iroquois left alive after the inroads of civilization, wanted to introduce a flying machine into the most critical part of the performance. He has been looking at the papers and has seen pictures of Curtiss sailing through the air. With a cracker box the boy had made a fair flying machine model and wanted Brathes Hard, his father, to have a big one made so that the soul of Minnehaha, after she had been "buried" in the branches of the trees "in the forest deep and darksome, underneath the moaning hemlocks," could get back to earth.

Old Nokomis, his grandmother, who takes the poem play very seriously, refused to listen and his father cuffed him for the unholy suggestion. This made Genesee feel bad. "It's too old fashioned," he secretly told the ancient arrow maker's daughter while he was dressing for the part of the boyhood of Hiawatha. "But wait!"

The next day he went over to the beach dressed in a little shirt and leggings, to swim with the other bathers, and there he heard a song that had more than three tones. It was full of notes, and they rippled up and down the scale to the ravishment of his little ears. There was one line that pleased him very much. It began, "Has anybody here seen Kelly?" He got away by himself and sang it over and over.

The next morning there was a rehearsal in full dress. The play had reached the point where Hiawatha paddles away across the lake to the tent of the ancient arrow maker and, killing a deer, throws it down at the feet of Minnehaha and her father. Across the lake the voices of the Indians rose and fell in harmony. The voice of the hidden reader came: "At the doorway of his wigwam sat the ancient arrow maker, at his side, all to be beauty, sat the lovely Minnehaha."

Just then in the tense silence out of the forest at the lower end of the lake appeared a tiny Indian boy, his feather head dress trembling with excitement at the example of modern progress he intended to give, and, stretching up his arms skyward to the spirit of the Great Spirit, he sang in a joyous soprano that could be heard all over the island:

"Has anybody here seen Kelly, Kelly with the green necktie?" That was as far as he got, for Kwanda, the young man, dodged out of the doorway and bore him away.

How He Found Out.

There was silence for a moment. Presently she spoke, and the tone of voice she elected to use was tremulous and pleading.

"Gustavus, dearest, do—do you ever drink?" Reluctantly he admitted that there were occasions when he glanced carelessly upon the wine when it was ready.

"Ah! dearest," she continued, with anxiety depicted on her lovely features, "what do you suppose papa would say if he should discover that his only daughter's future husband drank?"

"He disapproved yesterday afternoon," responded Gustavus, with some of the same old reluctance. "Oh, and what did he say?" she inquired, breathlessly.

"He said—the manly young fellow's voice trembled—"he said, 'Well, Gustavus, my boy, I don't care if I do; mine is the same, with just a dash of bitterness.'"

There was silence for a moment—possibly two moments.

The Ideal Mourning.

Appropos of the unexampled extravagance and luxury of New York millionaires, Mrs. August Belmont said at a dinner at Tuxedo:

"Then there's young Kalokerbocker. Look at young Kalokerbocker now. He has 19 regular servants at his town house, and yet since King Edward's death he has hired four extra ones—colored ones, you know—just to bring up black-edged letters and to look after visitors dressed in mourning."—Los Angeles Times.

Relative Risks.

"You know the risks of the pitcher that goes to the well too often." "Going to the well never hurt any pitcher yet. It's going to the corner saloon that sends him back to the bush leagues."

MUNICH SCHOOLS ARE BEST

Valuable Lessons Taught by Great Industrial System at Disposal of Chicago People.

Berlin.—Edwin G. Cooley, former superintendent of schools in Chicago, is making arrangements to place the valuable lessons taught by Munich's great system of industrial schools at the disposal of Chicago. He came to Germany as a special commissioner of the Chicago Commercial club and on his return will make a report to the board of education dealing especially with industrial education.

"Munich has made great progress in this field," said Mr. Cooley. "Dr. G. M. Kerschenshtiner, who is at the head of its schools, is one of the foremost educators in Germany. By the systematic co-operation of organized labor and employers he has succeeded in developing this phase of school work to a high degree of excellence. England and America are looking to him for leadership and one of his books will be translated into English."

"I have obtained this translation for the use of the Commercial club. The subject of the work is 'Training for Citizenship,' and it takes the ground that a man or a woman unable to work effectively cannot be a useful member of society. The author condemns mere training for skill in trade. His motto is 'Through vocation to man.' I believe the book will arouse widespread interest in America, and societies to promote industrial education probably will be given an opportunity to co-operate with the Commercial club in its distribution. Professor Kerschenshtiner has consented to lecture in Chicago, New York, St. Louis and other American cities."

Mr. Cooley is going to Brussels to attend the international congress of technical schools as representative of the United States government. On his return he will continue his investigations in southern Germany, Switzerland and Austria.

HISTORIC SPOT IS DOOMED

Old Mansions of Lincoln's Inn Fields Are to Be Pulled Down—Famous Men Lived There.

London.—The march of that vandals, "Progress," which is gradually clearing London of its ancient, historic landmarks, has now reached Lincoln's Inn Fields, the largest and most beautiful square that is left. Two centuries ago, and down to the later Georgian period, Lincoln's Inn Fields was the abode of many distinguished men. Then came the days of degeneration, when society went westward, and in recent times the historic mansions have been used as chambers for professional men, chiefly lawyers.

The whole of the west side is now doomed. The house occupied by the duchess of Portsmouth, one of the favorites of the "Merrie Monarch," was demolished several years ago, so that a new garden street might be formed. No. 62, where Thomas Campbell occupied chambers after the death of his wife, has been pulled down, and on the site an imposing block of commercial buildings is raising its head. Alfred Tennyson when a young man occupied chambers at No. 55, and it was there that he used to meet his friend Hallam of the "In Memoriam." This house is to be pulled down very shortly, and so is No. 48, with which are connected many Dickens associations. The mansion was occupied by John Forster, author of the "Life of Dickens," and in "Bleak House" it is referred to as Fulkington House. It was there that Charles Dickens in 1844 read "The Chimes" in the presence of a distinguished company of friends.

Probably the most notable mansion of the lot to be demolished shortly is No. 67 Lincoln's Inn Fields, or Newcastle House, which stands at the northwest corner, and which is enriched with the crests and shields in colors of three or four noblemen. It takes its name from the Duke of Newcastle, who was prime minister in the reign of George II.

LIFE IS CHEAP IN EUROPE

Dr. Lobdell So Declares After Passing Four Months Abroad—Franchmen Inferior.

Chicago.—Human life is the cheapest thing in Europe, according to Dr. Edna Lobdell, who has just returned to her home in Chicago after passing four months in various parts of Europe.

"There is a lack of system in the fighting of disease in the countries across the water," said the doctor, "and as a result typhoid fever and cholera are killing thousands. The doctors there receive only 10 to 40 cents a visit, yet they do the best they can with the facilities at hand."

"Americans especially are subject to the prevailing disease across the water," continued the doctor, "on account of their carelessness in eating and drinking."

Doctor Lobdell's admiration for the average Franchman was not increased by her visit to that country. She declares the men are far inferior to the women in general business and management, being content to let the women do the work, while they fill the positions usually filled by sixteen-year-old girls in this country.

One thing that impressed the doctor forcibly in Europe was the remarkable cheapness of labor, and the fact that several persons are required, as a rule, to perform the same task that one person performs in the United States.

BACHELORS NO GOOD

That Is Opinion Expressed by a Married Woman.

Says Mateless Men Are 'Married' if Over Thirty-Five—Claims They Deteriorate Rapidly After That Age.

London.—Should a man marry before the age of thirty-five to save himself from becoming a sort of social pariah? "Men who do not marry deteriorate rapidly after they have reached the age of from thirty-five to forty," is the opinion, expressed by a married woman.

"There seems to be a natural law in operation," she said, "which ordains that if a man does not marry in the early thirties he breaks down socially, and becomes only fit for the club smoking room, the music hall and dog fights."

"I know a large number of my husband's men friends, and, of course, I have friends of my own. Many of them are married, and they are charming people, who seem to understand."

"But several of them are bachelors. 'Now the bachelors below the age of thirty-five are quite endurable, but those who exceed those years are not. They are mentally relaxed, and their manners have lost their edge. They are awkward, ill at ease in the society of women, and they have begun to assume that every girl is trying to marry them.'"

"When they came to dine with us they devote themselves entirely to their food and their efforts at conversation are perfunctory and paltry."

"Left alone, with other men, one can hear they are wakened up to a great extent, but I am perfectly sure it would be better if they had gone to sleep."

"Their sense of how to dress seems to have withered, for there is a laxity in the way they wear their clothes that shows they want nothing so much as a wife to see they garb themselves with some approach to civilized neatness."

"In fact, though they do not, of course know it, their whole appearance is a confession that they 'go not matter.'"

"And that is the key of the problem. They do not matter, and their outward air confesses their inward self-satisfying conviction. A mateless man is a married man."

"Their homes, when they allow their friends' wives to penetrate to them, show the same thing. Pipes, in all stages of foulness, are littered everywhere. Dust lies on everything. A decanter of good whisky, a siphon of soda water, and several lary chairs constitute their ideas of home comforts. Untidiness, and a sort of squalor, are the distinguishing features of their rooms."

"They have adopted the doctrine of pandering to their own whims, and the older they get the deeper that selfish instinct sinks into their minds."

"They are intolerant of anything that give them the least trouble, and the older they get the worse they are in this respect. Nothing else matters. The real vital things of life pass these self-centered people by."

"They shut their eyes to the beauty of children, their minds are hermetically sealed to the really sacred human emotions. They drift about town and out of their clubs. They help no one. They like no one. Their best instincts perish for lack of nutriment."

"If they are invited to go anywhere their only questions are: 'What is the shooting like?' 'Is the chef good?' 'Is there decent going to be had near?'"

"Literature means nothing to them, for they are out of sympathy with love, and books about racing cannot be called literature."

TRANSPORT BEES TO MOORS

Annual Migration of Busy Little Insects Is Assisted by Man—Taken Long Distances.

London.—Bees are in the midst of their annual migration—assisted by man. They are now about to start on their fourth crop—the heather crop.

By cart, tram and even motor terry the insects are being conveyed to the moors, that they may gather that most delectable of delicacies—heather honey.

"The insects are sent in their hives over distances from ten to seventy miles," said an expert on beekeeping.

"Motor lorries are now being largely used as a medium of conveyance. There are four crops of bees—the fruit blossom in spring, the clover three or four weeks later, the lime trees in July, and now the heather. Heather honey is considered the finest honey."

"Bees are dispatched in thoroughly ventilated boxes or in hives. In the latter case the top of the hive is removed and a piece of perforated zinc substituted. The entrance to the hive is also closed up with a piece of perforated zinc. An average hive, containing 40,000 or 50,000 bees, would weigh about half a hundredweight."

Athlete Rewarded for Heroism.

London.—The well known international footballer, Sam Thompson, of Preston North End, has been presented with the Royal Humane Society's certificate for rescuing two boys from drowning in the River Ribble.

RUSSIAN STURGEON IN GULF

Big Fish, Which Provide World's Supply of Caviar, Migrating From Europe.

New Orleans.—Russian sturgeons, the fish which have been the source of millions in revenue to the Russian empire on account of the eggs, or roe, which provide the world's market with caviar, are migrating to the Gulf of Mexico. Hundreds of them are reported to be along the gulf coast, and there is in the possession of the state game commission a specimen caught in Barataria bay which weighed 167 pounds. This was the largest sturgeon ever captured in these waters and is preserved for exhibition purposes by the game commission. It was purchased by President P. M. Miller for \$35 from the fisherman who captured it in his nets.

The meat of the fish is said to be the finest known and brings about 25 cents a pound wholesale. The fish caught had almost sixty pounds of roe, which is worth \$1.75 a pound. The meat and roe was sold to a local restaurateur, where the caviar was served as a great delicacy.

Assistant Secretary Henry Jacobs of the game commission says that the Russian sturgeon's habitat is in the Caspian and Black seas, where hundreds of persons make a livelihood capturing and preserving them. This industry has been in progress for many decades, and the caviar has been shipped to every part of the world, netting millions to the corporations engaged in the pursuit. The fish is migratory, however, when closely pursued and it is said that for years they have been moving towards the Atlantic. They are becoming almost extinct in Russian waters, but it is said it will not be long before great fisheries for the sturgeon can be established along the gulf coast.

On account of the scarcity of the sturgeon roe in Russia the roe of the spoonbill catfish, which has its habitat in the Atchafalaya river, has been shipped for months to Russia.

The meat of the Louisiana spoonbill catfish sells for 17 cents a pound and the roe for \$1.50. It is caught only in the Atchafalaya river, and in order to protect the fish and propagate it more rapidly a fishery is to be established by the game commission somewhere along that stream.

FENCE IS 1,000 MILES LONG

To Be Built Along Mexican Border to Keep Out Ticks and Illicit Immigrants.

San Antonio, Tex.—The longest fence in the world and the queerest artificial boundary established between two countries anywhere will be in the near future separate the United States and Mexico. According to a dispatch in the Mexico Record, a final agreement to that effect has been drawn up between the two governments and the fence will be built in the very near future.

It will be constructed of stout posts, possibly reinforced concrete, and five-strand, steel-tight barbed wire. In all places where the United States government owns the land the fence will be set up 20 meters, or about 60 yards, to the north of the true boundary line, and where the ground is owned individually the fence will stand on the exact border. Mounted Mexican rurales will patrol the fence on the south and United States rangers will do the same on the north.

The immediate purpose of the fence is to prevent cattle from the two countries straying onto foreign soil. It will also be useful in the prevention of infectious diseases among cattle, especially the tick. However, the fence will have usefulness in other directions. It will render smuggling and the illicit immigration of Chinese and others into this country more difficult than they are now. About 1,000 miles of fence will have to be erected.

LOST CEMETERY IS LOCATED

Bones of Men Killed in War of 1812 Discovered on River Bank Near Monroe, Mich.

Toledo, O.—What is believed to be a famous lost cemetery of the War of 1812 has been discovered along the north bank of the River Raisin, just east of Monroe, Mich., by the contractors engaged in excavating for the mill of the River Raisin Paper company.

As the work progresses piles of human bones are uncovered, evidently bodies that had been buried in one large grave; then will come a skeleton of some white man, while a few feet away the remains of an Indian will be uncovered. The other day the body, evidently that of a soldier, was uncovered, with the skull cleft, as if a tomahawk had pierced the brain.

A large brass letter "C" was with the bones, showing that the wearer was a member of C company. A short distance away the skeleton of an Indian squaw was uncovered.

This locality in the war of 1812 was the scene of the battle and massacre of the River Raisin, when 4,000 American troops, mostly Kentuckians, were surprised by the English and Indians and massacred.

The bodies were left where they had fallen, but were buried several months later by the old settlers in one grave. The internment of the bones was forgotten and those who buried them passed away, so that none of the present generation knew the location of the old cemetery.

NEW GUN POWERFUL

Weapon Could Wipe Out Whole Army in a Jiffy.

Machine Invented by Swiss Fires Million Bullets an Hour Without Use of Powder, So Press Agent Claims.

New York.—A gun that, its inventor says, can shoot 1,000,000 bullets an hour at a cost of \$20; that uses neither powder nor compressed air, and that fires bullets that do not require shells, was shot for the enlightenment of a delegation of New York reporters the other day. They saw the gun shoot, but they were not permitted to see that part of the gun out of which the little steel bullets came with such rapidity.

A Swiss named Bangarter was introduced as the inventor, and the press agent who staged the exhibition stated that Bangarter used to make watches.

The reporters asked nearly as many questions as the number of bullets this terrible weapon is said to be able to discharge, but there was no information coming as to what made the gun so lavish in the distribution of its little steel missiles. In order that the secret should be maintained that part of the mechanism that it is said causes the rapid shooting was covered with oiled cloth. Only the motor that operates the gun and the little bucketlike receptacles into which the bullets are poured by the quart were visible to the reporters.

The exhibition was on the third floor of the building at 79 Broad street, Stapleton, S. I. In a little room adjoining that in which were placed the reporters was the gun. There were targets made of a series of big boards arranged in box fashion, each plank about a foot behind the one in front of it. There were four boards in each target.

At four p. m. the shooting began. The first of the targets were dragged into position. A moment later the motor started up. Then the bullets started to fly. They riddled the target into a pile of splinters a foot high, and they did it in less than a minute. All in all, it was estimated that no less than 15,000 bullets pierced the target. Not only the first of the big boards was riddled into a shapeless mass, but each of the other three as well. There was hardly enough left of the target to make a dozen decent sized safety matches.

The reporters were permitted then to enter the gunroom. They saw a motor, from the wheel of which a belt was operated. The belt connected the motor with another wheel, which was a part of the mechanism on the top of which was the oiled-cloth-covered weapon out of which the bullets came. They also saw the little buckets, on either side of the gun, into which the bullets are poured as they are needed.

The reporters asked to see the gun in operation. Mr. Bangarter ordered another target swung into position. There was another whirl and a second storm of bullets struck the target. Again was the target demolished.

But Mr. Bangarter and his associates refused to say anything about what was under the oiled cloth in the little gunroom. They did give out a typewritten statement, however, saying that one of these guns "could face an army of thirty regiments of soldiers or 30,000 men, and could mow down that entire body of men as easy as a knife cuts the grass. There is no earthly possibility for any army to successfully face the fire from a gun of this kind, which pours a veritable hailstorm of bullets into the attacking forces, who must either sacrifice their lives or turn in retreat."

FAT MAN IN STOLEN CLOTHES

Police Stop Man of Enormous Proportions and Find Him Arrayed in Many Suits.

New York.—That fellow just ahead is a lot too fat for his height," said Acting Captain McLaughlin of the Alexander avenue police station to Patrolman Foster as the two were strolling along Third avenue.

"He does seem about as broad as he's long," assented Foster. "Let's follow him," said McLaughlin. So the policemen trailed the fat person to the bridge at One hundred and Thirty-fourth street and Third avenue and there stopped him. Inspection showed that he was wearing an unusual amount of clothing.

"What's the matter with you?" asked McLaughlin. "I was sick and afraid I'd take cold," was the reply. The walking clothing store was peeled in the police station. The police say he wore twelve coats, six pairs of trousers, a waistcoat, and one unfinished skirt of the hobble variety. He did not exactly wear the skirt. It was strapped around his waist.

The prisoner said he was William Young, twenty-four years, a plasterer, with no home except when he lived with his sister at Paterson, N. J. McLaughlin says Young admitted that he broke into a tailor's shop at Glover and Westchester avenues and took the clothing.

Pure Copper in Streets. Reno, Nev.—Street workmen in the center of Reno uncovered a ten-foot ledge of almost pure copper. The ledge is apparently permanent. It lies ten feet under the surface.

WAS A JOINT OF STOVEPIPE

The Editor Thought It a Poem, and Was About to Eject His Visitor.

He walked into the editor's office as quietly as might a shadow, and when that busy man looked up, startled, he was in the act of laying upon the desk a circular roll of something done up in brown paper. It was about 28 inches long and eight inches in diameter, and upon this roll the editor fixed his eyes, while the hair on the back of his neck began to rise like that of an enraged porker.

"I wish," said the visitor, smiling upon him, "that you'd look over—" The editor arose with speed, kicking over his chair. With dramatic motion he pointed at the door.

"G'out!" he gulped hoarsely and brokenly. Then his lost voice came back to him on the wings of indignation and he hopped up and down, pointing at the fat roll on his desk. "What d'ye take me for?" he screeched, "take that thing away. Do you s'pose I haven't anything to do but wade through a bunch of guff like a 13-inch gun? Take it away." The visitor regarded him with some alarm.

"Bar, old man," he said, "are you sick?" The editor waved his arms. "Don't you 'old' me!" he howled; "get out!"

"Here," said the visitor, sternly, "I came in here to pay my bill, and if you don't want it—" "Pay—bill?" said the editor, weakly, sitting on the edge of the desk. "Yes, I did," said the indignant visitor; "I wish you'd look over your book and see—"

The editor seized him by the hand. With the other hand he pointed at the fat roll on the desk.

"Then," he gulped, "it ain't a poem?" The visitor scowled. "No, it ain't a poem," he said; "it's a joint of stovepipe."—Galveston News.

SIMPLE REMEDY FOR SNORING

An Amusing Story of How O. Henry, the Author, Had a "Corking" Time.

Comparatively little was ever written about Sidney Porter, the short story writer, under the name of O. Henry, until his death recently, but since then no end of stories have crept out. A New York bartender who boasts of a close friendship with the late author tells an amusing tale of his introduction to Mr. Porter.

Mr. Porter dropped in late one winter night and ordered a hot toddy. A hanger-on, whom the bartender had tried to pry loose from a chair in the rear of the place, was snoring loudly, and had refused to be deposed.

"Why don't you cork him?" suggested Mr. Porter.

"Cork him?" What in the world is that?" inquired the bartender.

"Very simple remedy—very simple. It's what we get down in Texas when we drop off to sleep in a honky-tonk."

After being granted permission Mr. Porter started in to give an exposition of the "corking" game. He took a large cork and split it half way up the center. Then he arranged several wooden matches in the other end, like so many quills in a porcupine's back. Cautiously he fastened the split cork over the sleeper's nose and asked for a large pal of water.

Standing at the side of the unsuspecting sleeper he lighted one of the matches. At the top of his voice he shouted "Fire!" One match after another ignited with a sharp crack, and as the frightened sleeper jumped to his feet Mr. Porter let go with the water and drenched him from head to foot. The man bolted for the door, half dazed, but wide awake enough to think the place was on fire.

The Modern Daughter.

"What time did you get to bed last night, Matilda?" inquired the young woman's father.

"Parent," replied the haughty girl, "if you will address me by my right name I will endeavor to answer your somewhat abrupt query. I do not answer to Matilda because my name is Matilda."

"Very well, Matilda, go ahead with your answer."

"I do not know what time I retired," the fair girl responded. "Mr. Robinson Jones offered to remain here until the appearance of the comet."

"Good gracious!" cried the excitable parent, "it must have been half-past 3!"

"For that," said the girl with calm indifference, "you must blame the comet."

Origin of Nuptial Kiss.

The nuptial kiss, with a meaning akin to that of the kiss of peace, had its origin in a most serious and practical church ceremony known as the espousals. Among mediaeval people, as among some classes of Jews today, it was customary for the bridegroom and the bride to meet before witnesses in the church some days or even weeks before the marriage and there make a pledge of future union, and at such times a ring was usually presented by the prospective husband. Sometimes, however, the man was too poor to buy the ornament, and instead presented a kiss, which was doubtless more pleasant, and was considered a binding pledge before man and God.

One Retort—and Another.

Joe Coe—A chemist ought to be quick at repartee. Mrs. Rose—Why so? Joe Coe—He is always ready with his retort.—Browning's Magazine.