

ENDS ALASKA TRIP

Steamer McArthur Completes Successful Survey.

Staff of Ship Locates Big Submerged Rock at North End of Douglas Island That Caused Many Wrecks.

Seattle, Wash.—Completing a successful season in Alaska waters, the United States steamer McArthur of the coast and geodetic survey service has arrived in Seattle. The McArthur, in command of Capt. C. G. Quillan, did valuable work in triangulation, hydrography and topography on the west side of Cook inlet, at the entrance to Fritz cove, and obtained data for the government on the position of La Perouse glacier on icy bay.

The great mass of ice has been shifting its position and the Washington (D. C.) officers of the survey service ordered a survey of the glacier. The data now obtained by the McArthur staff will be sent east and a comparison with the data made at the former survey will determine just how much the big glacier has moved.

The staff of the McArthur also made a survey of the shoals off Martin Island, where the steamship Portland of the Alaska-Pacific Steamship company struck, and definitely located the big submerged rock at the north end of Douglas Island, which has caused several wrecks and has been a constant menace to navigation. The rock, although nearly 500 feet square, had never been charted. Officers of the McArthur assert that the Portland did not strike on an uncharted rock, as at first supposed, but stranded on a sharp ledge of rocks on which the government had considerable data.

NEW BRANCH OF MEDICINE

Bearing of Dreams in Relation to Nervous Conditions of Patients is Discussed.

New York.—Cures by means of telling the physician what the patient think of him are among the possibilities in psychoanalysis, says the Medical Record.

Dr. E. W. Scripture of this city, who has been working on Dr. Freud's method of studying the condition of patients through their talk and dreams, recounts some of his experiences.

One of his patients, when asked to talk impromptu, made such remarks as "Doctor, you always wear a collar with turned corners," or "You part your hair on the right side."

"I pointed out to him," writes the physician, "that those thoughts were not about me personally, and that he was merely putting me off in order not to express what was really in his mind. Finally he reported to me that it occurred to him that the doctor was a very timid man. I explained the principle as in the preceding case, and he at once told a long tale of suffering from intense timidity—a suffering almost beyond belief—that was the ruin of his life. After the resistance had once been broken down the thoughts came freely and the cure successfully proceeded."

Another patient reported as impromptu thoughts that the doctor's hair was getting thin and that he was beginning to be stout. This was the remark the patient made to Dr. Jung. The doctor discovered there was nothing of the kind as far as he was concerned, but that the patient was worried about himself and his own advancing age.

Dr. Scripture is one of the physicians in this country who has made a special study of dreams in their relations to certain nervous states, and he finds also that the study of these visions is helpful in directing the correction of character. One young man was constantly reporting that in his dreams he attended receptions and various public functions and there met many celebrated people. Inquiry developed that this young man was so bashful that in his waking hours he ran away from everybody on sight. The physicians, on learning the nature of this sensitiveness, were enabled to help the youth overcome his natural timidity.

SOLVING THE TIP PROBLEM

At Least, One Man Thought He Had, But in Time There Came a Great Awakening.

"To my own satisfaction I had solved the tip problem," said the man. "When I took refuge in a hotel during the renovation of our town house I said: 'Hundreds for legitimate expenses, but not one cent for graft.' From the moment we struck the hotel sidewalk I adhered valiantly to that policy. In vain did waiters, cabmen and porters extend an itching palm and importune with hungry glances. I resolutely kept my hand out of my pocket, with results astonishing even to myself. Instead of the neglect that had been prophesied as inevitable, servants embarrassed us with lavish attentions. I grew vainglorious. 'See,' I crowed. 'That is the way to manage these fellows. Just make them understand that you don't intend to tip, and they will give you decent service without it. If everybody would pursue that policy the tip evil would soon be abolished.'

"Yesterday we moved back to our own house amid the salaams of the hotel crew. To the last I stuck to my guns, but I fancied that I noticed a suspicious movement of my wife's hand toward her purse.

BOY WAS BOUND TO RISE

Originality Displayed in Early Youth Marked Him as One Destined for High Position.

O. S. Marden was talking at a dinner in New York about his specialty, success.

"Initiative, originality," he said, "go far to make success. I'll illustrate that. A little boy—he's a multi-millionaire today—entered the office of a great insurance company, asked to see the president, was ushered in, and said: 'Mr. President, my father's life is insured in your company. He's very sick and we can't afford a doctor. Don't you think it would pay you to get a doctor for him?'

"The president smiled. 'How much is he insured for, my child?'

"\$2,500, sir."

"And what is his name?'

"John E. Brown, sir."

"The president whispered to his stenographer, and then, patting the youngster on the head, he said: 'Run on home. You'll find the doctor there on your arrival.'

"And the upshot was," concluded Dr. Marden, "that John E. Brown recovered, and the company escaped a probable loss of \$2,500. The boy, I mean hardly had, had acted entirely on his own initiative. Is it any wonder he is now a millionaire?'

The Limit on Toughness. They were seeking to impress the stranger.

LOSES FORTUNE AND WIFE

Californian Reduced to Poverty, Due to Discharging Debts, is Sued for Divorce.

San Francisco.—From the highest position in the commercial and financial world to a condition of penury where he is compelled to cook his own meals in a cheap lodging house that he may be able to conserve his money to keep up his appearance before his former associates, Harry Sherwood, formerly general manager of the Sperry Milling company and vice-president of the San Francisco Merchants' exchange, is being sued by his wife for divorce.

Disheartened and broken and suffering from a complication of physical ills, Sherwood was in court and told the story of his downfall, the more pitiable because it is apparently due to no fault of his.

Mrs. Sherwood has been living on a homestead near Georgetown, El Dorado county, given to her by Sherwood when she left him two years ago, he says.

Sherwood brought action for divorce, but when Mrs. Sherwood asked for a change of venue he asked that the suit be dismissed, for he had not the means to contest the application. Then Mrs. Sherwood filed an action for maintenance in El Dorado county.

The former associates of Sherwood say he was known as a man of the highest business integrity, who discharged every just and some unjust obligations. He is obviously a man of the finest sensibilities, and his unwilling discussion of his misfortunes as sad a recital as human misery could give rise to. It was the story of a proud man brought almost to desperation. It was the story of a man proud of his reputation for business integrity reduced nearly to penury. It was the story of a man proud of having contributed to 35 years of wedded happiness, during which seven children were reared and married, dragged into the humiliating limelight of the divorce courts. It was the story of a man, proud of a vigorous body and mind, reduced to mental and physical distress.

SAYS SHE WAS HUMILIATED

New York Court Awards Woman \$250 for Injured Feelings at Bathhouse.

Albany, N. Y.—The court of appeals has decided that a woman who is ejected from a Coney Island bathing establishment after she has paid the price of admission is entitled to recover damages for the indignity and wounded feelings suffered by her when she was ejected. The court accordingly affirms a verdict of \$250 in a suit brought by Ada S. Aaron against William J. Ward.

The opinion in the case, written by Chief Justice Cullen, states that the plaintiff, intending to take a bath in the surf, bought a ticket from the defendant's employe for 25 cents, and took her position in a line of the defendant's patrons leading to a window at which the ticket entitled her to receive a key to a bathhouse. When she approached the window a dispute arose between her and the defendant's employe as to the right of another person not in the line to have a ticket given to him in advance of her. As a result the plaintiff was ejected from the premises, and the defendant's agents refused to furnish her with the accommodations to which she was entitled by her ticket.

NOT A SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT

Woman Guest's Mistake in Using Shoe Shelf Cost Her An Anxious Hour.

New York.—A handsome woman guest at the Waldorf-Astoria, from Georgetown, D. C., is again in the possession of \$900 in cash and jewelry valued at \$6,000 after believing that her valuables had been stolen. She mistook a small wooden box built into the wall of her room as a receptacle for shoes, to be shined, for a safety deposit vault and placed her valuables in it before she retired. When she awakened she found the money and jewels missing.

A hurried telephone call was sent to John Hobby, assistant manager, and just as an investigation was being started, William Peterson, a hotel valet, handed Hobby the missing article.

"While making the rounds for the shoes," he said, "I found this money and jewelry in the box where the shoes are placed by the guests for shining."

Rich Youth to a Mill.

FINDS BABY WAIF

Daughter of New York Banker Discovers Bundle on Steps.

Child Thought Cries Were Those of a Kitten—Is Anxious to Claim Ownership of Orphan Deserted by Mother.

New York.—Bright and early one morning little Rosemary Hollister, the eight-year-old daughter of George T. Hollister, banker, 107 East Sixty-ninth street, raced breathlessly downstairs to the telephone and called up Bellevue hospital.

She could hardly wait for the connection to be made, and then, with an eager catch in her voice, asked: "How is my baby today?'

Delight radiated over her features as she heard that the baby had slept soundly in the infants' ward.

"Thank you, I'm so glad," said little Rosemary. "You will be sure to take good care of her," she implored. "And may I come to see it today? Yes? Oh, goody, goody," and she hung up the receiver and raced about the house, hurrying mother, hurrying the governess, hurrying the cook, hurrying everybody, so that she might be off to the hospital as soon as possible to see the baby, and, maybe, hold it in her arms once more, as she did for the first time the other afternoon.

Little Rosemary found her baby just like in the fairy book. This little girl is not like most rich little girls, but is a sweet little home-body, and is a great friend of the cook.

One afternoon, when it was raining so hard that a little girl couldn't be in the park anyway, she went down into the kitchen and stood watching the cook baste the roast.

Suddenly, when the wind died down a little, there came the funniest little noise from right outside the window.

"Oh, cook, what is that sound?" asked little Rosemary. The cook didn't know, but thought it might be a little, stray pussy aking for shelter.

Rosemary ran to the door and threw it wide open.

"Come, pussy, come, pussy," called little Rosemary, but she didn't see anything. So she poked her head through the door, not minding the rain, and there, on the mat, she saw a tiny little bundle. And there came again the funny little sound, and the little bundle moved. Little Rosemary picked up the bundle and ran back to the kitchen with it.

Beside the warm stove she opened it and there was the cutest little baby, dressed in a white silk dress, silk cap and veil. And the baby had the loveliest black hair, and the cutest big, blue eyes, and it cooed and gurgled as the warmth reached its little body. The cook said it couldn't be more than a month old.

Little Rosemary clasped her hands with glee and ran upstairs to the reception hall shouting:

"Mamma! Mamma! Come quick! Somebody's brought us a baby!"

All over the house they heard Rosemary's cry, and all came running to the kitchen—Mrs. Hollister, Mr. Hollister, Sisters Dorothy and Catharine, the butler, the footman and all the servants. They formed a ring around the little baby, and Rosemary and all laughed as the little waif caught Rosemary's finger in its chubby little hand and cooed some more. So they let Rosemary feed the baby with a spoon, while papa and mamma went upstairs to talk it over.

Pretty soon Rosemary went upstairs again to find out if she could keep her baby, and as she passed the vestibule she saw a girl, not more than twenty, wearing a fur coat and black beaver hat, peeping in through the glass door, and there was an anxious look in her eyes. Rosemary ran to the door, opened it, and asked: "Are you looking for a baby?" "No, my dear, I am waiting for a friend," answered the young woman, but there was a catch in her voice as she said it. Then she ran away.

ONLY THOUGHT WAS TO HELP

Showing, to Paraphrase, How One Touch of Powder Makes the Feminine World Kin.

She was going to get off the car a few blocks further on and had a great longing to powder her nose before she alighted so that when she kept her tryst with him she should not present a shiny tip. The woman sitting next to her was of the critical sisters, who had looked her up and down from boots to bonnet when she entered the car. The woman with the shiny nose felt certain if she surreptitiously tried to extract her powder rag from her purse and dabble her tip with it the woman at her side would glare horribly. But as her street drew near she determined to risk it anyhow and trust to Providence that a quick dab would accomplish the desired result. She dabbed blindly and hurriedly. But the woman saw her. She could feel the glare turned in her direction. Then, to her infinite amazement, the woman whipped open her reticule and extracted a small mirror. This she handed to her neighbor with an understanding smile. "Better take it, my dear—there's a gob of powder on the left side near your eye." The other woman, in her gratitude, forgave the glare previously administered, and remembered the good old adage, one touch of powder makes the feminine world kin.

PUT END TO FROG-FARMING

Audubon's Scheme Might Have Been Good but for One Small, Unforeseen Incident.

There is an amusing story told in connection with the first venture in frog-farming ever made in the United States.

Early in the last century Audubon, the great ornithologist, went down the Ohio river from Pennsylvania in a little steamer of his own, stopping at various points to obtain specimens of little-known birds.

While at Hendersonville, Kentucky, which he made his home for some time, he built a mill and proposed to raise frogs on a large scale, preparing for that purpose a pond near the river.

The frogs multiplied wonderfully, and on warm summer evenings it was the practice of Audubon to sit under a tree near the pond, listening to the concert given by his stock, and calculating the amount of money he should derive from the sale of the grown frogs.

But one night, when the frogs were nearly grown, they heard the booming of bullfrogs in the Ohio. Their curiosity was aroused, and hopping out of the pond, they made their way to the river, into which they plunged and disappeared!

Systematic Writing.

All busy women know the value of system, and every busy woman should systematize her daily tasks.

In the matter of letter writing many women are great procrastinators. They persistently leave important letters unanswered until the last possible moment, and then have to write a hurried note, often forgetting to take up important subjects for discussion.

The best way to do is to have one day or evening set apart for weekly letter writing. One woman reserves Tuesday morning for this purpose, and she allows none but the most pressing duties to interfere with her writing.

While reading a letter she will jot down any particular thing she wants to mention in the reply on the back of the envelope, place it in the letter rack on her desk and when Tuesday comes has all the week's correspondence ready for answering before her. If during the interim of the receipt and answering of a letter she thinks of any point she wished discussed, that, too, is noted on the envelope.

With this system letter writing is a real pleasure—one that is looked forward to every week with keen interest.

The Mystery.

An old lady was going over the zoo, and after some time she went up to a keeper and tapped him on the shoulder with her umbrella. "Well, mum," said the keeper. "I want to ask you," explained the old lady, "which of the animals in the zoo you consider the most remarkable." The keeper scratched his head for a while. Then "Well, mum," he replied, "after careful consideration, as you might say, I've come to the conclusion as the biscuit goes to the laughing hyena!" "Indeed," said the old lady in surprise; "and why do you consider the laughing hyena so remarkable?" "Well, mum," answered the zoological expert, "he only has a meal once a week. So what he's got to laugh about is a bloomin' mystery to me!"

Then There Was Trouble.

There was an old Scotchman in Glasgow who was moving from one house to another on the same street. Being of an economical turn of mind, he had moved his bits of furniture on the wheelbarrow himself. The last thing left for him to carry was one of those old grandfather's clocks. It was rather heavy and awkward to handle. As he toddled up the street to his new home, with grandfather's clock over his shoulder, he met a friendly Scot, who had been imbibing. "Tak' me advice," said the intemperate, "buy yerself a watch."

\$400,000 FOR HER HUSBAND

Young German Girl Forfeits Right to Fortune to Marry Man of Her Choice—Met Him by Accident.

Galveston, Tex.—Isabella Koenig, a winsome girl of 20, gave up a fortune estimated to be worth about \$400,000 for the love of a young man she met while on her way from her home in Germany to join an aunt who had selected her as an heir.

The aunt, Mrs. George Elsborg, is a wealthy widow without children residing near Fredericksburg, Tex., and owns several farms and landed interests. She is 70 years old and has selected her favorite niece, the youngest daughter of her sister, living near Hanover, Germany, the heir to her estate, and arrangements were made for the girl to come over and make her home with her wealthy relative and become acquainted with the estate of which she would become owner upon the death of her aunt.

At Bremen the young heiress met and fell in love with Wendon Phillips, whose home is in Los Angeles, and who is employed in the real estate office of his father. Phillips was returning from a vacation trip and had engaged passage in the steamship Hanover, bound for Galveston. It appeared to be love at first sight for both the lovers.

Upon returning here it was found that the aunt seriously objected to the marriage. The niece and her fiance visited the aged lady and had a long interview, but she declared she would disown the girl and cut her off without a cent. In her will if she married within five years, so the heiress made the sacrifice and the ceremony was performed; but the aunt did not attend and did not relent, and the newly wedded couple took their departure for California without receiving her blessings.

HUCKSTERS' CRIES IN NAVY

Ropes and Sails on Turkish Fleet Are Named for Vegetables and the Result is Amusing.

London.—The discussion incident to the present unpleasantness between Italy and Turkey of the unpreparedness of the Turkish fleet has recalled an unusual difficulty experienced by the founders of the original Ottoman navy.

They were hampered by the fact that there were no words in the Turkish dictionary for the various ropes and sails of the warships of that day. An ingenious officer solved the problem by tying different vegetables to the various ropes and spars of the rigging, and the sailors received orders to "Hoist the tomato!" "Let go the potato!" until a more formal vocabulary could be supplied.

Novel as this procedure was, it was not an innovation, as it was exactly the method adopted by Almeida, the Portuguese admiral and discoverer, when he was outfitting a fleet for just such a descent on the Turkish colony of Mozambique as the Italians made on Tripoli.

It was at the beginning of the sixteenth century and Portugal still lacked a navy, and the Portuguese tongue was devoid of naval terms. This fact did not daunt the doughty Admiral Almeida, and, hanging up strings of garlic and onions on the port and starboard sides, respectively, of his ships, he instructed his helmsmen to "garlic" or "onion" the helm, as necessity commanded.

JAVA GROWN TEA IS GAINING

It May Displace Japan Product in Popularity Before Long—Cultivation Increasing Fast.

The Hague.—Java comes immediately after Japan as a tea producing country and takes the fourth place in the tea exporting countries of the world, of which British India with Ceylon is first and China second. It looks now as if Java would soon beat Japan in the markets of the world for the cultivation of tea is increasing rapidly, and the product is gaining in quality. At present the United States is the only nation to which Japan exports its tea and perhaps it will not continue to patronize Japan very much longer, because its tea has been found to be "colored" and is lacking in flavor.

In Java it is otherwise; both the government and the planters are co-operating to insure improvements in the growth, preparation and packing of the product. Java tea can now be kept for upward of two years and even improve in flavor by the keeping. This has been found out already in Australia, which promises to become the principal tea market for Java.

Tea grows exceedingly well in the Dutch Indies, especially in the Treanger province of Java, where there are already 400 tea estates. The export in 1910 was 41,000,000 pounds.

Raise Price of Shaving.

London.—There will be a host of new recruits to the ranks of those pains-taking individuals who shave at home if a proposed general advance in barbers' prices is carried into effect.