

MORE COALING STATIONS.

Naval Officers Anxious to Secure Facilities at Chee Foo in Northern China.

Rear Admiral Bradford, chief of the bureau of equipment, is conducting negotiations looking toward the establishment of a coaling station at Chee Foo, in northern China.

Since the secretary of the navy has decided to strengthen the Asiatic station, and inasmuch as an squadron may be organized for service in Chinese and Japanese waters, it has become evident that the United States should have a station in China.

The matter of the selection of coaling stations on the isthmus of Panama is held in abeyance pending the assumption of more definite shape to the canal negotiations now being pushed by the departments of state and justice.

PUSHES SPACE TELEGRAPHY.

United States Government Doing Its Best to Promote the Wireless System.

The experiments conducted by the United States coast and geodetic survey at the Marconi station at Sagaponack on the south shore of Long Island are still under way, but so delicate are they and so infinite the calculations that it will be some time before they are completed.

The feasibility of utilizing wireless telegraphy for the determination of longitude was demonstrated first by government tests at the Marconi station on Nantucket Island, at which time the ticking of a chronometer was transmitted 50 miles.

The early results indicated a new field of usefulness for wireless telegraphy in regions like Alaska, where telegraph lines are few and yet where numerous longitudes must be determined for the purpose of accurately charting the vast extent of coast line.

The navy department is considering plans for a wireless telegraph system in San Francisco harbor, where the signal corps of the army already has a system in operation.

ARMY SERVICE IN FRANCE.

Strenuous Opposition Being Hated to the Bill Proposing a Reduction of the Term.

More than passing interest has been created at Paris over the bill reducing compulsory military service from three years to two. One of the most vigorous opponents of the measure is the veteran Marquis de Gallifet.

M. De Gaulaine and other speakers also insisted that any moral training of the soldier would be impossible under the two-year system, and that it was the old armies which had accomplished the most heroic exploits.

A Dog's Bravery. Seeing a man jump into the Seine one of the life-saving dogs kept by the Parisian police jumped in after him, and, seizing the would-be suicide by his clothes, brought him safely ashore.

REAL CO-EDUCATION.

Woman Attends University as Her Husband's Proxy.

Carries On His Classroom Work While He Touches School—Her Devotion Pays Him Three Months Ahead.

Sharing her husband's ambitions, toiling by day and by night to carry studies in the University of Chicago while he earned a living by teaching school, a young wife, Mrs. Robert Gordon Jeffrey, has yielded her task to the husband, when he took up his work at the university, three months ahead of his class by reason of the devotion of the woman.

The student-wife registered under her husband's name at the beginning of the summer term at the university, and struggled with the intricate problems of the college course. At night she taught her husband, who had spent the day in a Chicago schoolroom as the family breadwinner.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey are candidates for a bachelor's degree, but lack of means prohibited both from entering the university. Giving every moment of her time ungrudgingly, Mrs. Jeffrey began her studies under the name of "Robert Gordon Jeffrey."

When the summer term at the university began Mrs. Jeffrey, who, with her husband lives at 746 West Seventieth street, asked Dean James H. Tufts for permission to register under her husband's name, and it was granted.

When the day's work was gone over she would begin her studies for the next day. Each morning at an early hour the husband and wife left home for their work.

Robert Gordon Jeffrey, school-teacher, finished his work last week. Robert Gordon Jeffrey, college student, began his work the other day. At the home on Seventieth street there is a tired little woman—tired, but willing to work on until she sees her husband's ambition realized.

When Jeffrey entered the university the other day he surprised his fellow-students by his proficiency. The "new" student seemed conversant with every question brought before the class, and he was familiar with every incident that had occurred during the period particular studies had been pursued.

He was three months ahead of the other students, and was allowed the advance credit by the faculty, who have watched the progress of the substitute student and knew of the advancement of the absent Robert Gordon Jeffrey, whose young wife is being pointed to as a living argument in favor of co-education.

MAY REQUIRE SEA SERVICE.

Congress May Be Asked to Pass Act Compelling Naval Officers to Perform Active Duty.

Naval officers of the line have suggested to Secretary Moody that he recommend to congress the passage of a law providing that naval officers should spend a minimum length of time at sea before they are promoted.

Mr. Moody has the subject under serious consideration, and inasmuch as it offers an opportunity to get rid of the obnoxious social pull which some officers use to avoid sea duty, he is inclined to regard it favorably.

Secretary Moody called upon Capt. Sigbee, of the office of naval intelligence, for information as to the policy followed by other nations in this direction. He was informed that the United States was about the only great naval power which did not have a law providing that naval officers should perform a certain amount of sea service each year.

In a 38-foot launch, christened A. A. Low, after the mayor's father, and accompanied only by his 16-year-old son, Capt. Henry Newman, a well known New England boatman, has sailed from New York for Falmouth, England.

English in Egyptian Schools. English is studied by 95 per cent. of the students attending the higher schools in Egypt.

JUMBO II. IS VICIOUS.

Big Elephant in Baltimore Was Once Used in India to Trample Criminals to Death.

Jumbo II, the big elephant now here, has a very black past. Since he became an inhabitant of this country he is said to have killed four men whom he did not like, and stories are told of his being used in India years ago to trample hundreds of native criminals to death.

According to John Miller, the only man, it is said, who dares to go near the beast, he sadly misbehaved on the trip from Boston here. In the first place, he got "bad" near Albany and smashed a few boards in the side of the traveling car, so as to get more air.

The following is said to be an accurate history of the beast: Jumbo II. is an Asiatic male elephant, and was formerly the war elephant of the Gaikwar of Baroda, an East Indian prince. He was then called Rastum Single, and was all through the Abyssinian war hauling mountain batteries of field guns.

After being brought to this country, he became what the Hindoos call must. This literally means that he is mentally unbalanced, and is a "rogue" elephant of the very worst character.

After this attempt to destroy him failed the heart of his owner softened, and he was relieved. He has since been chained up with over 1,200 pounds of heavy anchor cables. He is about 45 years old, and may live to be 300.

THE REAL PANAMA HAT.

A Michigan Man's Discovery on a Visit to the Native Heaths of the Artelle.

"There was another just such Panama hat craze about 15 years ago," said a Michigander as he removed his "genuine" and fanned his heated brow, relates the Detroit Free Press.

"I've heard all that tommyrot a good many times before," he said. When I was a boy back in Ohio I used to hear it from people who had made a memorable trip to New York at some remote period and set themselves up as an authority on all the beneficent influences of the metropolis and vicinity.

"No sooner had we left Philadelphia than I began to sniff like an impatient warhorse, an eager was I to smell the widely advertised ocean breeze. It was an evening in early May, and the country we passed through was fresh and green.

"I'll send you to a place where you can get the real thing. In fact, you can see the braid woven and make sure you are not deceived."

"It was a journey of five miles out in the country," said the searcher, "but I went to the spot and found three or four women braiding and sewing. There were a dozen finished hats, and I picked out my fit, paid 25 cents for it, and let my mule wear it home on his head.

"The One Great Need. 'It's a funny thing to me,' soliloquized the one with the pole, 'that in these days of progress in invention somebody hasn't got up a labor-savin' device for catchin' fish. Now, I s'pose that soon I'll get asleep some fool fish'll grab that bait an' I'll have to wake up an' pull him out.'—Indianapolis News.

PITH AND POINT.

Those who insist on doing as they please soon reach a point where nothing pleases them.—Town Topics.

"Do you know, I am reminded of Miss Ellen Stone whenever I think of myself?" "Why?" "I've been plucked for cash lately."—Harvard Lampoon.

"Marriage," reflected the large-voiced philosopher, "is unique as a firmly established institution which is still universally regarded as an experiment."—Indianapolis News.

A Reasonable Request.—Jinks—"Phew! Looks like rain." Winks—"We're going to have a thunderhower." Jinks—"Guess that's so. Lend me one of my umbrellas, will you?"—N. Y. Weekly.

The Greedy Man.—"Grabber is the most voracious man I ever met." "I should say so. If he got the chance to go to paradise he would take a chisel along to take up the gold that the streets are paved with."—Chicago Daily News.

Visitor—"Why do you have 'Keep off the grass' notices all over this park? You don't seem to enforce the restriction." Policeman—"We do it so that people will the more thoroughly enjoy being on the grass."—Glasgow Evening Times.

The Drummer's Advice.—First Passenger (on railroad)—"Traveling man, eh? Familiar with Boom City, I presume?" Drummer—"Yesiree. Take it in on every trip." "Glad to hear it. I have never been there. What hotel would you advise me to stop at?" "The Boomtown house." "Do you always go there?" "No, I have never stopped at that hotel. But I've been to all the rest."—N. Y. Weekly.

WESTERN VIEW OF OZONE.

The Mistake of a Man from Ohio Who Thought He Smelt the Atlantic Sea Breezes.

The man in the gray suit was delivering an encomium on the invigorating properties of ocean breezes.

"The minute I get in the neighborhood of the Atlantic," he said, "I feel like a new man. Even when away back in Jersey I catch delicious whiffs of the salt breeze, and it acts like a tonic on my system and dispels the sluggishness that always creeps upon me during my trips inland. You folks may dose yourselves as much as you like with patent medicines and doctors' glib-edged prescriptions, but as for me, just let me go down to the sea shore and breathe in the salt air, and I'll warrant that I'll be all toned up before you even get a spoonful of your nauseous concoction measured out."

The man who had been losing money listened with undisguised disgust to these enthusiastic praises of the Atlantic ocean in the capacity of family physician, says the New York Times.

"Ah," said the old gentleman, "it is fragrant as the spices of Araby." "Now, my knowledge of Araby and its accents was not one of my strong points. The only kind of spice we used at our house was nutmeg, and that was hardly fragrant enough to be taken as a criterion of all oriental odors. However, I supposed that Arabian accents and consequently Atlantic sea breezes must be particularly pleasant to the nostrils, and when I finally got ready for my maiden trip to New York one of my chief concerns was the salt air.

"No sooner had we left Philadelphia than I began to sniff like an impatient warhorse, an eager was I to smell the widely advertised ocean breeze. It was an evening in early May, and the country we passed through was fresh and green. Still, even all this springtime verdure failed to give to New Jersey meadows a fragrance more pronounced than had been remarked further west, and I knew we had not yet got within range of the sea breeze.

"Not until we had passed Elizabeth did my nose apprise me of the proximity of the sea. Then, all of a sudden there burst upon my nostrils the anxiously awaited odor. There was no mistaking it. It was sweet, it was languorous, it was intoxicating, if such a description is not paradoxical. I understood then why all travelers to the east had been able to distinguish it and to revel in it the minute they came within the dominions of the sea breeze. I, too, wished to do justice to this wonderful elixir, and, turning to the man next me, I said:

"I have always wondered at the enthusiasm with which travelers speak of the salt air, but I wonder no longer. Why, even a tenderfoot born and bred in the west can tell the difference the minute he enters its zone."

"The man stuck his head out of the window and sniffed suspiciously. 'I don't smell it yet,' he said. 'I hardly think we are near enough to the coast.'"

"I looked at him pityingly. 'Don't smell it?' I said. 'Why, man, where is your nose? You don't have to stick your head outdoors to smell it. Even the ear is redolent with it.'"

A HAWAIIAN PLANTATION.

Calling the Pictographic Laborers to Work—Cane Carried Miles Through Flumes to Mill.

My friend G— is manager of a large sugar plantation on the island of Hawaii, writes John D. Wright, in the New York Post. His home, simple house of two stories, with broad piazzas, surrounded by green lawns studded with royal palms, algarobas and mango trees, was charmingly located on the edge of the fertile slope that drops sheer off in black, jagged cliffs to the blue Pacific, which dashes itself to foam against the perpendicular wall—that black wall of ancient lava, down which we had seen hundreds of waterfalls leap in foamy whiteness from the green thatch of cane-fields above, as, for hours, we had steamed along the coast on our way down from Honolulu.

I expressed a wish to share one of the manager's days; to accompany him while he performed his ordinary duties as if he was alone.

"That means getting up early," said my friend. "The night watchman starts the dynamite at three, so the men at the stables can have light by which to harness the horses and mules; but I do not get up till five. I will call you at a quarter after five, and if you wish to see the beginning of my work, you must be at the front gate by 5:30."

On the northeast coast of Hawaii it rains nearly every day of the year, often several times during the day, and not infrequently all day and all night. It was raining gently the next morning when, promptly at 5:15, my friend rapped on my door. It was quite dark, but the turn of a button lighted the room brilliantly. As I completed a hasty toilet I saw G— a tall, soldierly form passing, with his accustomed rapid step, across the path in the dim light that precedes the dawn. A moment later I stood beside him at the gate in the shelter of an umbrella, while in a few low, quick words he gave his orders to the lunnas, or overseers, who came up singly from the dimness, and, having received their orders, swung into their saddles or went off on foot as quietly as they had come.

In 15 minutes he had assigned the day's occupation for 2,000 men. Then, glancing at his watch, he raised his finger, and it was sunrise, though there were no signs of that luminary anywhere on the horizon, and it would still have been difficult to read by the uncertain light. But the plantation sun rises at 5:45 the year round, regardless of the solar phenomena.

A man who stood rope in hand at the plantation bell, at once rang it loudly. The gate stood at the meeting of two roads. At the first sound of the bell I was conscious of strange shapes approaching from both directions through the mist. In silent single file they came: a weird procession in the gray dawn; Chinamen, Japs, Portuguese, and a few native Hawaiians, very few, for the cane-loving South Sea islander does not take kindly to plantation toil. Each wore an old oiled coat and a pair of blue denim breeches wrapped tightly around the ankles, and tied fast, carrying a sash over his shoulder with one hand and a dinner-pail in the other; all manner of headgear, from a ragged felt to the great parasol hats of the Chinese coolies. There were women, too, trudging along in the strange line.

Each one had his and her head closely wrapped in cloths covering the ears and neck, to protect them from the sharp saw-like edge of the cane-leaves. Each division had its head lunnas, who rode his horse in advance, while under lunnas walked along with their squads.

It was half-past six when we mounted our horses that a groom was holding for us at the gate. We rode to the mill, which was perched on the face of the precipitous cliff, where a deep gorge reaches the sea. On the northern side of Hawaii the rain is so abundant that artificial irrigation of the plantations is unnecessary. The land slopes gently back from the sea, and the cane from the fields is brought down to the mills by water flowing in open wooden troughs or flumes. The mill is, therefore, placed at some low point by the sea, and to it converge the hundreds of flumes that like spiders' webs across the cane-fields, and span the deep valleys on lofty wooden trestles. Much of the cane is cut miles from the mill and carried down to it by the swift rushing water of the flumes.

It is one of the exciting and somewhat dangerous amusements of the plantations, to don an old suit, and, sitting in one of the main flumes, far up in the hills, come whirling down with the rushing stream. We be to him who loses his balance while passing over a high trestle, or catches a splinter at any point of his journey. The cutting and grinding season usually lasts from February to May or June. As soon as the crop is ground, and the sugar is in bags in the storehouse, the mill is completely dismantled. All the machinery is taken apart and thoroughly cleaned and repaired, and that is the time for any improvements that are to be made. The result is that between grinding seasons a sugar mill looks as if it had been struck by a cyclone, and such was the situation on the morning of my visit.

On a Hawaiian Railroad. How the United States is spreading out! "When the Kona Kau railroad is fully completed," says a Hawaii correspondent, "one will be able to leave Honolulu at six o'clock in the evening, sleep all night and wake up at six in the morning ready to land at Kaalawala." But will the passenger be able to tell phonetically where he is at?—Chicago Tribune.

PULLED THE BULL PUP'S TAIL.

The Secret of Making the Fighting Dog Leave His Wife Swearing by a Seedy Man.

The bull pup that was going away to the country with the young man in the checked suit and the irascible little fox terrier that was taking the nice looking young woman in the yellow silk dress to the station, and were tangled up in a whirling cloud of dust and dog hair, relates the Chicago Inter Ocean.

The check-suited young man was making wild but ineffectual attempts to throttle his own pet, and the nice looking young woman, with hands uplifted, was walling for a policeman to come and club the brute who was killing "dear Fozie." The other women passengers were feeling, and the men were suggesting in turn snuff, pepper, a pail of water, and other things equally unavailing at the moment to break the bull pup's hold.

From somewhere there appeared a square-jawed, seedy-looking person, chewing a straw, and he took command of the situation. With one sweep of his arm he pulled aside the check-suited young man, and with a swift grab with the other hand seized the bulldog's collar and tugged him, head downward, under the other arm.

The fox terrier, loudly proclaiming that he had had enough, hung in the air, wildly clawing at the seedy man's legs. Not a sound came from the bull, and not a muscle of his jaw relaxed.

The seedy man sobbed histall. Then, with a smothered yelp, the bull pup opened his mouth.

The terrier fell, gathered himself together, and fled to the shelter of his mistress' skirts. The bulldog, turning an inquiring eye, apparently more in sorrow than in anger, upon the seedy man, was hauled away by his owner to cool off, and he who had stopped the fight, followed by the admiring glances of the crowd, returned to the cab stand.

There a snub-nosed youth with an inquiring air accosted him. "Say," said the snub-nosed youth, "that's a new trick on me, an' it's neat. How'd yer pull it off?"

"Dry your talkin'," remarked the seedy man, with an eye on the third-queebing establishment on the corner.

"Sure," responded the inquisitor. "Have one on me." And a small procession of men interested in dog lore crossed the street and lined up at the bar to hear.

"Ever go skatin'?" asked the seedy man, with some apparent irrelevance, during a pause in the bartender's labors.

Everybody had gone skating, it appeared, but discerned no connection between that exercise and dog fighting.

"Ever sit down, sudden like, on the ice an' wonder why you see so many stars?" pursued the seedy man.

It seemed that everybody had had that experience, too.

"Well," continued the seedy man, "there you are. It's all a matter of medical knowledge an' application of practical experience."

"There ain't no more sensitive p'nt in the human frame, so to speak, as the end of yer spine. That's what a doctor as ought to know tells me, an' what I remember of skatin' makes me believe it. Now I applies that to bull pup's an' it works."

DOCTORING BY TELEPHONE.

The Question of Pay That is Involved Fets the Doctor in Some What of a Metaphysical Quandary.

We heard a doctor complain recently that one of his patients, in order presumably to save his time, sometimes called him up on the telephone when she wanted him to give advice about the baby. The good dame would sit at the other end of the wire, pencil in hand, and ask the unfortunate doctor to dictate his instructions while she took them down. This continued until one day she asked him to dictate his prescription. At this he rebelled, says the Philadelphia Medical Journal. He was willing to take the baby's temperature and pulse by telephone, and even to inspect the character of the dejection; he was even willing to tell all he knew about babies in general, and about that baby in particular; he did not even object for awhile to give the lady the full benefit of a professional call and charge it as an office visit; but his conscience smote him when it came to dictating a Batin prescription by telephone and having the thrifty-minded housewife sign his name to it before her own initials.