

HOUSES BUILT IN CIRCLE

Architect of Buenos Ayres Has Evolved New Idea Which Seems to Possess Attractions.

Buenos Ayres has an architect in Prof. Pierre Roveda, who has devised a special plan for building whole districts of houses for the workingman.

Instead of erecting the houses on the ordinary square block Professor Roveda has used a circle which has a diameter of from 100 to 130 yards.

This circle of ground is divided into ninety-nine radial lots converging to a center. The circle is concentrically divided to form an interior avenue four yards broad to allow communication with the center of the circle.

Each avenue leads to external sidewalks and to longitudinal and transverse streets.

In the center of the circle is a plot of forty yards in diameter where children may be left to themselves without their parents' care, in charge of a specially designated person.

In this garden a playground, a school, a hospital, a fire-station and an administration room are to be found.

Naturally this circular plot of ground leaves free four corners. In each of these four corners the professor proposes to build four chalets, each as grocery shops, dairies, haberdasheries and the like, which are intended to be carried on in a co-operative way.

In each of the ninety-nine radial plots a workingman's house is to be erected on the English plan.

Prof. Roveda argues for his circular arrangement that it will give continuous sunshine at all hours of the day and plenty of light and air.

VETERAN OF TENNIS COURT

Englishman, Lately Deceased, Played and Enjoyed the Game in His Seventy-third Year.

Mr. Thomas White, the keeper of the royal tennis court at Hampton Court palace, died Friday in his seventy-fourth year. Mr. White, who was the oldest tennis player in England and probably in the world, was able to take an active part in the duties up till about six months ago.

A native of Cumberland, Mr. White learned to play the old game of tennis in a court at St. James' street, Maymarket, and had taken part in many notable tennis matches both in this country and in America. The last match he played and won was a handicap at Manchester in October, 1892, in which he had to meet some of the best professional exponents of the game.

On this occasion his son, Alfred White, who for 17 years was keeper of the Duke of Fife's court at Green Lodge, Richmond Park, and who has played with the king there, was second to his father in the match.

Thirty years ago Mr. White was appointed to be the keeper of the famous old tennis court at Hampton Court palace, which is believed to have been built by Henry VIII, and in its time it has been the scene of many interesting matches in which English and foreign monarchs have taken part.—London Daily News.

Concerning Lovely Woman

Woman's "chief moral blemish," according to Professor Zuehlke, is "circumlocution." We are indebted to the professor for so lucid an explanation. We had never been able to understand before just what was the matter. The synonyms of circumlocution are, verbosity, for instance, diffuseness, periphrasis, all of which means indirect and roundabout expression, or the use of many words where few would suffice. So the women have high sociological authority for knowing just what they mean. Of course, we cannot adopt this heartless analysis, but our opinion is another here nor there on so important a matter. It is the professor that speaks, and if there is any controversy it is with him and not with us. But the professor's use of this unworldly fact is what makes the observation significant. He says the cure of this blemish, as he calls it, is woman suffrage; that is, if she wants to escape the sad ordeal of beating around the bush she should go into politics.—Ohio State Journal.

Keeping Hubby at Home

A New York matron proudly exhibited the lock of her front door to the afternoon caller. It was an intricate locking affair, resembling a gum machine more than it did a door latch. "You turn this," explained the woman, pointing to a tiny knob inside the door, "and you have freed the bolt so it can't be shot back with the key. To release the tumblers you've got to drop a coin in the slot outside. The only piece of money that will fit is a five dollar gold piece. The idea is my own. A locksmith downtown worked out the mechanical part of it for me. Every night at 10:30 I adjust the coin attachment. My husband is out after that hour and costs him five dollars to get in. He stays home evenings, as a rule."

Why the Worm Turned

A prominent feminist in France, Mlle. Claire de Pratz, who is also known in England as a novelist, was telling the other day why she became a feminist in the first instance. It appears that when the men students at the Sorbonne realized that women not only could compete with them but could beat them, they were annoyed and when on one year's list three women's names came out on top the authorities decided that in future two lists must be published, one for men and one for women. In that way no comparisons could be drawn and the amour propre of maitresse les étudiants could be guarded from rude jars.

JUSTICE HAD LONG MEMORY

The Late David Brewer Said to Have Recalled Tragic Incident of Thirty-Five Years Ago.

Many years ago the late Justice Brewer of the Supreme court was a county judge in frontier Kansas. Traveling one day in a stage coach, he met a young man who, accompanied by his wife and red-headed two-year-old boy, was just moving into the state. The judge became acquainted with the father and mother and insisted—for the austere judge of later years was in those days a mighty good politician—that that boy was a fine chap, who would surely make his mark in the world. The proud parents beamed appreciation, and the judge reached for the infant and took him on his lap. Instantly there was insurrection. The prodigy did not propose to be jollied by an old chap out looking for votes. He kicked the judge viciously, and finally, reaching out a very determined little paw, scratched off three furrows of skin, and there was great concern and a very small trifle of real bloodshed.

Thirty-odd years passed, and one night at a White House reception Judge Brewer walked up to a young man and asked:

"Pardon me, but I am Justice Brewer. May I ask your name?"

"I am Representative Victor Murdock of your own state of Kansas, and I am very glad to meet you, sir," replied the young man.

"Well," said the judge, "I was sure you were the one. You're the red-headed brat that scratched all the skin off my face in the stage coach near Wichita about thirty-five years ago. Young man, you're in contempt of court, and if you ever get before me in due judicial form I'll make you smart for it. Why, I'm strongly minded to take you and spank you for it right now. You look to me just about big enough to begin to be spanked."

MEN AS FASHION'S SLAVES

Indignant Damsel Arises to Defend Her Sex, Using Some Feminine Arguments.

"Women slaves of fashion! Don't talk to me!" she exclaimed animatedly, while she stood in front of the glass trying to put on straight the huge rolling flower-and-feather trimmed hat that had just come from the hands of a fashionable milliner. "If you'd just stop to think you'd know that men are the real slaves, and not we women at all. Slaves of fashion indeed! Why, just to prove that we are not slaves to fashion, but that fashions are slaves to us, notice how the fashions in women's hats change every season. Do men's hats? No, you bet they don't. Men slavishly follow the same fashions year after year. In the same summer, when the light is strong all over and the sun hot, women wear great big hats as a protection. Do the men? No. They wear small stiff sailors that are no protection at all, simply because they have always done so. A few college youths and others, who are a bit progressive, get Panamas with brims a trifle wider than those of the sailors. But as a rule all the men stick to the old time sailors. Women some seasons grow tired of the big hats and they show their freedom from slavery by turning around and wearing little bits of hats perched upon their heads. Don't talk to me about women being slaves of fashion. That's all I have to say."

With a final pat the great heavy hat was ready for its street appearance, and with a parting sniff the girl turned away. "Women slaves! Huh!"

Is Good Speechmaker

The speech in which Mrs. Frances Squire Potter responded to the attacks of Dr. Emil Reich in London on American women is said to have been the best speech of its kind ever made. She made the speech at the American embassy in London in the presence of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, the only other speaker being the suffragist, Mrs. Henry Fawcett. She was formerly professor of English in the University of Minnesota and relinquished it to become a leader in the College Equal Suffrage league. She is a member of the committee on the international scholarship for American women and is interested in the bestowal of these scholarships.

Wild Animal Bounties in Oregon

Bobcats are common enough in Jackson county, if the county court records for the past month are a criterion. In March the scalps of eighty were presented to the county clerk to secure the bounty of two dollars each. Scalps of other animals for whose extermination bounties are offered were presented as follows: Coyotes, 25 at \$1.50 each; one mountain lion at \$10; three panthers at \$10 each; and one gray wolf at five dollars, making the total cost of bounties for the month \$242.50.—Ashland Correspondence Portland Oregonian.

The Hat and Royalty

The hat plays a considerable part in civilization as a sign and a symbol, quite apart from its purpose as a shelter against the weather. In the Mother of Parliaments, the etiquette regarding it is so elaborate that new members frequently find themselves involved in difficulties. There are two peers who to this day possess the right of remaining covered: 1, the presence of royalty, if they care to exercise it. And the king always puts on his field marshal's hat before he reads the speech to the assembled lords and commons.—London Chronicle.

HAD FUN WITH HIS CRITICS

Chief Moore of the Weather Bureau Joined in Abuse That Was Being Heaped Upon Him.

On one occasion Prof. Willis Luther Moore, head of the United States weather bureau, traveled from Washington to New York in a smoking compartment with three men who, when he encountered them, were busily engaged in roasting the very bureau of which Moore was the chief.

"Why, that fellow Moore," said one of the strangers, "ought to be run out of the government service. He always predicts, but he's generally wrong."

"He's a dub. Like all the rest of those fellows," said the second, apparently indicating with a sweep of his hand the whole government service.

"Look what he did last Inauguration day!" chimed in the third. "Said it would be clear, and we had enough snow to tie up every railroad system in the country."

Moore, who has a sense of humor, got into the roasting bee at this moment.

"Rotten!" he said emphatically. "I'd like to meet that fellow and tell him what I really think of him."

"But he's got the farmers bluffed," conceded the second speaker.

And so the abuse was heaped on the professor for more than a hundred miles, Moore himself helping in the trade. Before it was over, the weather bureau and all connected with it had been put in the pan and roasted to a rich dark brown.

When the party left the train, Moore called a taxicab, and so did the other three. Just as the professor stepped into his vehicle and left his companions standing on the sidewalk, he handed them his card, on which was engraved:

"Willis L. Moore, Chief of the Weather Bureau, U. S. A."—Popular Magazine.

SOCIETY PLYING THE NEEDLE

Most Feminine of Implements Comes Into Fashion Again Chiefly as "Real Cure."

"Those who are quick to observe changes in the moods and tastes of society will tell you," says a writer in the Lady's Pictoria, "that the doing of fine needlework is growing into great favor with even the most fashionable of our mondaines, whose own fingers are producing work that is fully equal to the best specimens of their much lauded and perhaps over-lauded grandmothers."

"A lady who has had the honor to be the instructress of royalty in this craft says that hundreds come to her for counsel where tens came but a few years ago. The cause of this reversion to the pursuits of a more placid age is not difficult to discover. Such an occupation becomes virtually a 'rest cure' in this epoch of rush and motor cars, and that is why many of those who have been the most indefatigable seekers after novelty and excitement are now among the most industrious Penelope of society."

"The rhythmic movement that accompanies the plying of the needle is peculiarly soothing to the nerves, and produces much the same effect as the prayers of the Orientals, with their swaying to and fro and their apparently vain repetitions. It is a mistake to suppose that needle work is injurious to the eyesight. Old needle women rarely wear glasses."

Milk Delivery in South Africa

Until quite recently the dairymen of Salisbury, South Africa, used the native in preference to the usual cart for delivering milk. The native wears a canvas bottleholder, capable of carrying 18 bottles with the minimum risk of breakage. This mode of milk-carrying was really forced upon the dairymen by their losses in the early days from horse sickness, and from the inability of the raw native to handle horses and mules, much less drive the cart itself without capsizing. The last year, however, has seen the passing away of this custom, milk now being delivered in prosaic but businesslike fashion by carts and by boys on bicycles. In the latter case the canvas bottle carriers are still worn.—Wide World Magazine.

Marriages in France

It is an interesting and noteworthy fact that since the promulgation of the law of June, 1907, the effect of which is to simplify the formalities which are the necessary preliminaries to marriage in France, there have been more weddings in France than at any period since the beginning of the last century, with the exception of the years 1813 and 1872. In the former of which men contracted unions to escape being sent off to fight, while in the latter many weddings took place which had been delayed by the war with Germany.

Plowing by Searchlight

Several score immense power breaking outfits are at work in western South Dakota, and at points in the Missouri valley east of the river, breaking the prairie at an astonishing rate, which means that many thousands of heretofore raw prairie land in those sections will this year for the first time be devoted to crops. Some of the power outfits have been provided with day and night crews and with immense searchlights which enable them to be operated in the night as well as in the day, they being kept in operation continuously throughout the 24 hours.—Sioux Falls Correspondence St. Paul Dispatch.

HOOKED TROUT; LANDED COW

Murorous Happening to English Circle of the Immortal Izaak Walton.

An incident of a somewhat amusing nature was witnessed a few days ago near the Gower bridge, Llanrwst, says the London Field. It appears that a visitor armed with rod and line was plying the gentle art and enticing the wily trout by insinuating his flies on the placid surface of the deep pool which forms that portion of the Conway river.

Above him on a high bank stood a cow. Suddenly a big trout rose like a flash and secured one of the flies, with the result that the reel immediately began to whirl.

The angler, with galvanic suddenness, jumped back and struck. His unexpected maneuver, however, startled the cow, with the result that she slipped and with a somersault and a heartrending "Moo!" fell with a mighty splash into the pool beneath.

The rod was struck from the angler's hand and after a few spasmodic movements floated gently down stream, while the trout, adapting himself to such favorable opportunity, disgorged the indigestible mockery on the hook and dashed out of the zone of danger and turmoil. The angler, who had undergone the pleasures of a generous shower bath, having collected his scattered thoughts and convinced himself that he was not implicated in the throes of a violent earthquake, hurled a torrent of theological terms on the innocent cow, which was making futile efforts to regain terra firma.

It soon became evident, however, that the animal was drowning, so the angler, with the generosity of his kind, called for assistance, and ultimately the half-drowned cow was rescued by means of ropes. It is anticipated that the angler when he next visits his club in England will regale the company with reminiscences of his fishing exploit in the Conway when he hooked a trout and landed a cow.

PROTECT NEW ZEALAND BIRDS

Stringent Laws Found Necessary if Any Are to Be Saved—Killed by Imported Vermin.

Nearly every native bird in New Zealand will be absolutely protected by law this year. The animals protection act provides that 1910 and every third year after that may at the discretion of the governor in council be declared a closed season for native game. The absence of bird life in New Zealand is already most noticeable. T. Mackenzie, a member of the government, as the result of a recent journey through the country, writes:

"Between Nelson and Hokitika hardly any bird life at all is to be met with; the imported vermin have done their work of bird destruction only too well. In the region from Ross to the south, however, the tut and the pigeon are to be seen making bright the landscape with their presence."

"At the Forks I met a gentleman who took a great interest in bird life on the coast, and he told me that the weka, kiwi and kawakawa had disappeared, and he believed that the stoats and weasels killed every bird in the country. He had himself just lost a half grown black swan which he had reared. He had found it lying on its back with a gash in its throat."

"The stoats and weasels were often seen in the neighborhood of the lakes where the ducks made their nests, and it was suspected that the vermin paid due attention to their eggs."

Literary Ambition

"Oh, I simply can't go downtown this morning. I must stay at home and write to the editor of the Whirl." "Why on earth should you wish to write to the editor of the Whirl? Do you know him?"

"No, I mean a letter for publication, you know—among the 'Communications From Our Readers.' Don't you ever read them? They're awfully interesting."

"Yes, I read them sometimes. But what do you wish to write about? I didn't know you were specially interested in any public question."

"I'm not, but I have just learned a French phrase, and I thought it would be so nice to have my name signed to an article in which it was used—printed in italics."

The Gentler Sex

"I wish," she sighed, gazing ardently into his beloved one's eyes—"I wish I were a star."

"I would rather," she replied dreamily, "that you were a comet."

His heart beat tumultuously against his ribs, his eyes glowed.

"And why?" he asked tenderly, taking her unresisting little hand within his own. "Why?" he repeated imperiously.

"Because," she answered, with a brooding earnestness that fell freezing upon his soul, "then you would come round only once in every fifteen years."

Modern Necessities

One of the reasons why it is expensive to live today is that people buy wholly unnecessary things. The fact is illustrated by a conversation which took place in a novelty shop. A reporter went in to look round. A shiny object attracted his attention. He inquired its use.

ANANIAS IN FOURTH PLACE

Famous Prevaricator Not Even "Placed" in the Company of Theatrical Romancers.

Henry E. Dixey listened at the Laubs club the other night to the phenomenal adventures of three matinee idols. Then he said to the waiter in a loud voice that caused the romance weavers to start:

"Walter, fetch me a Bible."

"If there is one free, sir," said the waiter. And he hurried off and soon returned with a Bible. "This one, sir, happened to be not in use."

"Walter," said Mr. Dixey, "turn to the Acts of the Apostles, such and such a chapter, such and such a verse. Got it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then read."

The waiter read, and the matinee idols, ceasing their fantastic and improbable tales of love, listened intently. What they heard was the familiar story of Ananias and Sapphira. When the waiter came to the words, "And Ananias went forth," Mr. Dixey stopped him.

"Stop there," he said. "And now, tell me, why did Ananias go forth?"

"There was no answer. Neither the waiter nor the handsome young actors could reply. Then Mr. Dixey said: 'I'll tell you why Ananias went forth. It was because Brown, Jones and Robinson (the three matinee idols) went first, second and third.'—New York Times.

MORE ABOUT MRS. NEWLYWED

Eugene Zimmerman the Latest to Tell of the Doings of That Much Abused Lady.

Eugene Zimmerman, the well-known financier, whose daughter is so happily married to the Duke of Manchester, said in a recent interview in New York:

"The wedding season is now at hand and a good receipt for a happy marriage is for the bride to know all her duties and to fulfill them conscientiously, the husband, of course, doing the same."

"Too many young couples are so ignorant of their matrimonial responsibilities as a young Cincinnati bride was of housework."

"This bride's husband, the servants being off for the day, bustled into the kitchen and said impatiently: 'You know, we'll be late for the theater if you don't hurry dinner.'"

"Well," sighed the bride, "I can't tell what's the matter, but these coffee grains simply won't boil soft, and as for the eggs, they've been boiling at least two hours, and they're still as hard as ever."

"But the dinner was concluded at last, and then the young husband declared he couldn't find his silk hat."

"Oh," exclaimed his wife, "you said it needed ironing, you know, so I sent it this morning to the laundry with the wash."

Farmed Lands

An exhaustive census investigation of farm interests throughout the United States showed that in the last ten years the total number of farms has increased 18 per cent. In the older states, from Ohio eastward, there has been going on for 20 years a tendency toward the amalgamation of farms distant from market into larger holdings. There are now almost three times as many farms as in 1870, and an unprecedented increase in the value of farm lands and live stock is the even more momentous fact revealed by this inquiry. The land in farms, with their buildings, improvements and live stock, is today almost \$30,000,000,000, a gain of 44 per cent. in ten years. Present values are 2 1/2 times the farm values of 30 years ago. In the north central states the increase in the value of farms is 43 per cent.; in the south central states, 58 per cent.; in the north Atlantic, 13 per cent.; and in the south Atlantic, 34 per cent.

Use of Magnets in Flour Mills

Explosions are often caused in flour mills and breweries by nails or other iron particles that find their way in the grain and which when they strike the steel rolls of the mills produce sparks and ignite the finely pulverized material about them. Recently a large malting concern that has been troubled by many such explosions installed a set of electromagnets over which the grain is passed before being prepared for shipment to the breweries. All iron particles in the grain are picked up by the magnets and 800 to 1,000 bushels of grain are cleaned an hour. When the magnets have collected a large amount of metal they are swung to one side, de-energized and swept clean of any particles adhering to them by residual magnetism. Since the installation of these magnets there have been no explosions in the mills.—Scientific American.

She Got the Money

Comtesse de Martel, the well-known novelist, who writes under the name of "Gyp," has a pretty wit. She was on one occasion assisting at a charity bazaar in Paris, to which came Baron Rothschild as a visitor. The writer immediately pressed him to buy something. "What am I to buy?" said the wealthy nobleman. "I have an idea. Sell me your autograph. I should like that. Without delay the lady took a sheet of note paper and wrote: 'Received from Baron Rothschild the sum of one thousand francs for charity.' Gyp. The baron read, handed over the money willingly, and departed well pleased with the comtesse's ingenuity.

THE CONFIDENCE OF YOUTH

New York Judge Tells How, When a Boy, He Wanted Whitelaw Reid's Job.

It isn't often that a man will tell a story the point of which is barbed in his own flesh. But Judge William Hornblow is responsible for this yarn of his youth. He even declared that he profited by the experience, for he has been less cheery ever since. "I had determined to enter the profession of journalism," said he, according to the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star. "And I could hardly wait to say good-bye to the members of my graduating class before hurrying to New York. The morning I arrived I sent down for all the papers and spent the day in my hotel room, reading them over thoroughly. I wanted to decide, you see, which one I should favor with my services. Finally I decided on the Tribune, then edited by Whitelaw Reid, who is now its principal owner. That night I dressed in my best and strolled down to the editorial rooms."

"It isn't always easy to get in to see a city editor, but it may be that my swelling chest impressed the door boy. I was ushered in and sat down to tell the autocrat what I desired. He smiled upon me—a smile, as I later became aware, full of guile and venom. He said that he had no place vacant on his staff. Encouraged by that fatal grin, I gave him a more thorough insight into my capacity, and finally suggested that as the Tribune could not afford to miss such a chance, he might make a place for me. 'That is,' said he, 'discharge some one to make room for you.' I modestly admitted that, translated into cruel words, that is what I meant. 'But you wouldn't want to be a reporter,' said he. 'You would prefer to write our editorials, no doubt? A vision of the glory that awaited me made my head swim. But I kept a cold and unmoved countenance as I assured him that he was correct. 'You'll have to give me a week or so to make the arrangements,' said he, turning the deceitful brilliance of his smile upon me. 'You see, before I hire you I shall fire Whitelaw Reid.'"

CARVED OUT HIGH POSITON

Wonderful Rise of Sir Ernest Cassel From Obscurity to Companion of Monarchs.

Sir Ernest Cassel, one of King Edward's hosts at Biarritz, has had a career full of romance, the romance of a fair tale that the unknown lad of the '70s should now be the friend and counsellor of the king of England and the German emperor.

It is rumored that he is one of the six men who move in the mysterious background of the government of England, says the Gentlewoman. He has been the bulwark of his own fortune. Money has grown under his hands, and banks and railways have made his vast riches.

One of the most dramatic moments in his career was a Boer war incident. The British government stood in need of a big sum at short notice. It was obtained by Sir Ernest in three hours. Luck seems not to attend him on the turf, although he once won the Two Thousand.

Much has been written on Brook house, his Park Lane residence, but there has been scant mention of the Turkish baths which occupy part of the ground floor, nor of the marvellous range of kitchens. There are six of these, with marble floors and walls, and they include pastry kitchens, grilling, roasting and boiling kitchens, a vegetable kitchen and a room for fruit and flowers.

Playing for Safety

"Why don't you move up the aisle?" roared the incensed conductor on the Cedar line. "Yes, I mean you! There's lots of vacant room between you and the lady."

"The little man with the sandy mustache unsteadily shook his head. 'All the room that's there will shanty there,' he called back rather thickly. 'I know when I'm well off, boss your life.'"

"Nothing's going to hurt you," cried the conductor.

"Nothing's going to hurt me," the little man repeated. "Whash you call those four hatpins?" And he pointed with an unsteady finger at the woman's hat.

Of course there were only two pins, but they were long enough to sear a much braver man.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Pennsylvania Elk Herd

Former Congressman Alexander Billmeyer of Washingtonville, Montour county, Pa., since the successful wintering over of his herd of elks, declares that he now has the largest and finest herd of elks anywhere in captivity.

He has 20 in all, headed by one of the finest young bulls that ever stalked a preserve. The young fellow has been named Jumbo, in honor of the old one that was made famous when he was taken to Philadelphia during the Elks convention.

Watch Crystals of Celluloid

Celluloid watch crystals have appeared and are guaranteed not to break like those of glass. The celluloid crystals are not favored by dealers in the higher grades of watches, but are placed on cheap timepieces.

Of late the German manufacturers have been employing these crystals. They cost a little more than glass, but are liked because of their durability.—Scientific American.