

DODGING FREE LUNCH LAW.

Saloons Find It Easy to Evade Maryland's New Statute.

Baltimore, Md.—If the law recently passed by the legislature forbidding saloons furnishing free lunch to patrons can be enforced the old gratuitous gastronomic routes—as a patron described them—will have to be abandoned.

The law expressly says that nothing but crackers and cheese can be furnished in saloons free of charge, and consequently the man who depended on the food given "free" by the saloons for his midday lunch will be obliged to patronize the regular lunch-rooms, the proprietors of which were anxious for the law to be passed and still more anxious for its enforcement.

Whether it can be enforced literally or not is as yet an open question and one that will probably be answered in the negative, for not only is the constitutionality of the law doubted by many legal men, but there are some thousands of ways in which it can be evaded.

One of the ways which has not been generally practiced as yet is for the saloon man to inform his patrons that he is selling beer at four cents a glass and is charging one cent for the lunch. Of course the average patron will pay his five cents in toto, and even after he pays the one cent for the lunch there can be no law enacted, amended or enforced compelling him to eat unless he wants to.

On the majority of the "free" lunch counters throughout the central section of the city the following sign is displayed:

Lunch 5 cents a Portion.
Pay at the Bar.

The evasive purpose of the sign is well understood by the patrons, and it can be safely said that not two out of a thousand make any pretense of "paying at the bar," nor are they reminded that they are in debt for the food.

CONVENTION OF HOBOES.

Wandering Willies to Meet on Banks of Black River.

South Bend, Ind.—South Haven, a little town between South Bend and St. Joseph, Mich., on the Three-I railroad, is to have a convention of tramps on June 6. Word to this effect has gone out to all the hoboies in the middle west, and they are already headed this way to take part in the proceedings, which promise to interest not only the members of the "profession" but also members of the police department of this and all surrounding cities. The convention site will be along Black river, two miles out of South Haven.

South Bend, Kalamazoo, Niles and St. Joseph have already felt the result of the calling of the wanderlust disciples to this vicinity, scores of them having apparently decided to remain in this neighborhood until after the close of the session, which, if all arrangements are carried out, will be directed by Dr. Ben Reitman of Chicago.

According to the police of Kalamazoo, 150 vagrants were in that city the other day, and for the first time in years the knights of the road were refused lodging in the city jail. Chief Allen has ordered patrolmen and detectives to keep the railroad yards clear and to run every vagrant out of town.

"Kelley, the Mush," who took part in the Chicago meeting of tramps conducted by Reitman, refused to obey orders, being determined to remain in Kalamazoo until he saw fit to leave. He was immediately locked up and the jailer instructed to see that he did not leave the bastille until he was willing to move on.

EXACTLY AS HE FORETOLD.

Vicksburg Paper Published in 1863 Tells of Grant.

At Reno, Okla.—J. H. Wright, who was in the federal army during the civil war, has two copies of the Daily Citizen, published at Vicksburg, Miss., July 2 and July 4, 1863, containing references to the entrance of Grant's army into that city. An item in the first issue says:

"That the great Ulysses, the Yankee Generalissimo, surnamed Grant, has expressed his intention of dining at Vicksburg on Saturday next and celebrating the Fourth of July by a grand dinner and so forth. When asked if he would invite Gen. Jo Johnson to join, he said: 'No, for fear there will be a row at the table.' Ulysses must get into the city before he dines in it. The way to cook a rabbit is to first catch the rabbit."

The issue of July 4 contains the following item: "Two days bring about great changes. The banner of the great Hoops over Vicksburg, and he did bring his dinner with him. The Citizen tries to see it. For the last time it appears on wall paper. No more will it outgrow the luxury of wile meat and fricasseed kiltom—wise southern warriors to each diet neversmore. This is the last wall-paper edition. It will be valuable hereafter as a curiosity."

War Papers Bring High Price.

New York—High prices paid in the sale of autograph letters from the correspondence of "Uncle Sam" Ward and Peter Force, the historian. The top figure, \$16, was paid for a civil war letter of Gen. U. S. Grant, dated April 4, 1865, only a few days previous to the surrender of Gen. R. E. Lee.

ODD BEDROOM SUIT

PHILADELPHIA HAS FURNITURE COVERED WITH STAMPS.

Work Has Taken Eight Years to Complete and 75,500 Pieces of Colored Paper Used—Set Is Valued at \$5,000.

Philadelphia.—When Robert Blanken retires he goes to sleep in a bed which, outside of the value of wood, is worth in the neighborhood of \$2,500. He keeps his collars, shirts and other apparel in a bureau worth probably \$1,000. The table by which he sits as he reads or studies in the evening he values at something like \$875.

Mr. Blanken is not an unusually wealthy man, but he has a fad. Every inch of the three pieces of furniture, including the casters of the bed and bureau, is covered with a United States postage stamp.

It has taken him eight years to complete the work of covering his furniture. During that time he has collected and used 75,500 of the little pieces of paper which carry letters through Uncle Sam's mails. They range in value from 5¢ to one cent and in date from 1850 to the present. They include virtually every stamp issued by the government during the 58 years. Of the number 48,000 are pasted on the bed, 23,000 on the bureau and 6,500 on the table.

In the lot are 35 designs. On the footboard of the bed is a large key-stone composed of 560 pieces of stamps and a diamond shaped design containing the American and Cuban flags crossed, above which is an American eagle and below a liberty bell. On either side are the dates 1776 and 1898, the years of American and Cuban independence.

Mr. Blanken probably has one of the most complete collections of Columbian stamps in existence. Three thousand of them are pasted on the thousand of them are pasted on the three pieces of furniture. He also has 600 stamps of the Buffalo exposition issue. On the top of the table is a circle of messenger boys cut from special delivery stamps. All of these were obtained from an Arch street coffin firm, and originally were on letters with rush orders for coffins.

From the opposite side of the room the various designs bear the appearance of intricately colored Dresden china or cleverly executed mosaic of pink and green. Probably the handsomest design is that on the headboard of the bed. It is an American shield, only three inches in height and one and a quarter inches in width, but it contains pieces of 250 stamps.

The most valuable stamp of the lot is a 5¢ revenue stamp issued during the civil war. It is one of a complete set of revenue stamps printed during the struggle between the states.

Mr. Blanken, who is a draftsman for the J. G. Brill Car Company, began his decorative work when he was a boy of 16, eight years ago. He is very much attached to the handwork. To prevent possible harm to his treasures he makes his bed himself every morning, working with the greatest care. Except for one favored chum, no person but himself has ever slept in the bed.

While the real value of the stamps used on the furniture was \$4,375, he says several curio dealers have valued the set at \$5,000.

COUNTESS IS LONGWORTH FOE.

Noted British Socialist to Oppose President's Daughter on Stump.

Bellefontaine, O.—The countess of Warwick, England's famous socialist agitator, will be pitted against Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth, daughter of President Roosevelt, in the congressional campaign in the Eighth Ohio district next fall.

That both women will make speeches from the stump has just been learned. Some weeks ago Representative Nicholas Longworth told Ralph D. Cole, Republican nominee, whose lucky flipping of a coin broke in his favor a deadlock that has caused a second convention, that he and Mrs. Longworth would make speeches in the district for Cole, against whom a bitter fight is being made.

E. G. Wharton of Kenton, Socialist candidate, has announced that the countess of Warwick had agreed to visit the district on a speech-making tour in his behalf. It is said the countess will make a money contribution to the campaign, believing a chance to put a real Socialist in the United States congress is at hand.

NOTE PAYABLE AFTER DEATH.

Iowa's Richest Man Makes Queer Donation to Charity.

Des Moines, Ia.—P. M. Hubbell, the wealthiest man in the state, the other day signed a note for \$20,000 payable "Ten days after my death." The note is in favor of the Iowa Home for the Aged, and Mr. Hubbell's two sons, F. C. and Grover, signed the note with the father, as executors of the Hubbell estate. The note was turned over to Secretary Watts of the Home for the Aged. It will bear interest at six per cent from maturity.

Hubbell came to Des Moines 55 years ago and entered the employ of P. M. Casady, at \$100 a year and board. Judge Casady still lives here. Hubbell owns the Des Moines Union railroad terminals, the Equitable building and more real estate than any other man in the city. He is 70 years old, is in the best of health and has never taken a vacation.

"TREASURE" OF LITTLE WORTH.

Forefather's Buried Coins That Proved a Disappointment.

A highly respected man of old family had a "chamber of secrecy" in his house which the sanitary authorities one day insisted on entering. Beneath the floor the servants found a large antiquated earthen pot, which was at once taken to the master, Kitayama, who opened it in expectation of finding something, and true to his anticipations the pot was filled with ancient gold coins.

His joy was unbounded. The valuable find, evidently an intended gift of his forefathers, was carefully deposited in the family shrine, to which sake and other offerings were made in profound obedience to the memory of the good ancestors who left such a splendid gift to posterity. A banquet was given on the following evening in honor of the auspicious event, to which several friends and neighbors were invited.

Here a curio dealer proceeded to inspect the coins to the breathless interest of the whole group, and the critic at once pronounced them all lead washed with gold.—Japan Times.

SECRET OF VERNAL HAPPINESS.

Reflection of the Joy That Was Felt by Primeval Man.

"The coming of spring makes us happy," said an ethnologist, "because, millions of years ago, it made happy the hairy, gibbering creatures that men then were. Primeval man lived in trees, in caves and burrows. He could not build and he had not yet discovered fire. Hence winter, with its sleet and snow and ice, was a time of terrible suffering to the poor naked wretch. With the spring's coming, the return of the flowers, the birds and the blue skies, with the return, above all, of the warm sunshine, naked man rejoiced with an intensity we can hardly imagine. He lay on the green grass, the sunlight poured its gold floods of warmth on his reddish hide, and he was profoundly happy in the thought that for five or six months he would be quite comfortable. It is a faint, dim memory of that happiness which makes us to-day vaguely rejoice in the beautiful spring weather, vaguely hope that something pleasant is going to happen to us."

Don't Clog the Pores.

Why does a quick sunburn cause fever? Because it suddenly closes the pores and stops perspiration. You may recollect that a few years ago a man in an abbreviated bathing suit was left by the ebbing tide on a small point in Jamaica bay the greater part of a day. The direct sun almost literally parched him. The temperature was 156 degrees. When rescued, the poor fellow was delirious. Every sweat gland had been closed, and his skin was the color of a Japanese. It was like searing a steak for broiling, or cauterizing a wound. Physicians were powerless to relieve him, and he died in great agony. All of us have suffered slightly by sunburning the arms alone, from the elbows down; imagine having the entire body scorched!

Kaiser Makes the Biggest Book.

The Kaiser, who has not until now given the world assurance of being a bookmaker, has, as might be expected, started with a record. The volume which he has presented, through the German ambassador at Washington, to President Roosevelt, bulks so big as to be beyond the wit of man to give it natural conveyance, and Baron Speck von Sternburg was fain to convey it to the White House in a vehicle. The volume stands some six feet high, and is rather more than half as thick. It further differs from all other books in being without a title. It is, it appears, a gigantic encyclopedia of Germany, and from its place in the congressional library it will tower a lofty monument of the Fatherland.

San Diego's Harbor.

So completely sheltered and so completely land locked is the harbor that within the entrance, which is only 1,500 feet wide, there are over 22 square miles of anchorage ground for vessels of ordinary draught. There is a depth of water over the outer bar, some five miles outside the entrance, of 25½ feet, and there is a depth at the pier head line of 51½ feet. The channel depth is greater than any harbor of this country save that of Boston, which is 54½ feet; Portland, Me., which is 38½ feet; Portsmouth, N. H., which is 49 feet, and San Francisco, which is 39 1/4 feet.

Kill the House Fly.

The fly transmits typhoid through its feet. It can carry thousands of bacilli on each foot, and if it lights on food and the food is eaten disease is apt to follow. The fly does not wipe his feet, and there is no use in trying to train him to do so. The only recourse is to get rid of him entirely. All careful housekeepers have their windows and doors screened, but this is valuable largely as a matter of comfort; it does not get to the root of the trouble. The flies infest butcher-shops and grocery stores, and we shall never be immune until we attack the fly as an enemy of society.

Another One of Them.

Mrs. Nagget—Really, she's the worst gossip in the neighborhood. Why, I heard this morning that she—
Mr. Nagget—Come, now, don't try to beat her at her own game.

PANAMA 'SKEETERS'

NINETY KINDS ARE FOUND IN THE CANAL ZONE.

Scientist, After an Investigation in the Isthmian Region, Makes Remarkable Collection of Little Disease Bearer.

Washington.—A government bug hunter has been down on the Isthmus of Panama collecting mosquitoes in the canal zone. He secured larvae of 83 species, of which 30 were new to science. With seven additional species already known, this constitutes the largest number recorded from any one locality on earth.

Anybody who is interested may see the mosquitoes for himself in the National museum, where they have been deposited. August Busck is the name of this scientific collector. He spent three months on the Isthmus during the mosquito breeding time, covering the end of the dry season and the early part of the rainy season.

It has cost, and is costing, a lot of money to protect the lives of the men working in the canal zone from the 90 separate species of mosquitoes now known to exist along the route of the waterway.

Mosquitoes do not fly very far from the place where they are born. They keep close to their food supply. Those that affect the inhabitants of a town or camp normally do not come from a distance greater than 200 yards. It is this fact that renders the sanitary work of the canal commission possible.

The land about every settlement is cleared by the removal of all brush, undergrowth and grass; only shade and fruit trees are left, and these are thinned out to admit sunlight and free ventilation. When practicable, swamps and low lands are filled in with some of the immense supply of material taken from the Culebra cut.

Then the whole area is drained so that the surface water will run off. Ditches and slow-flowing streams are kept clear of mosquitoes by drippings of oil or of copper sulphate. Swamps and pools are oiled at least once a week.

Water barrels, buckets and pails must be screened or oiled, and all tin cans must be buried. Even the cast-off machines, brush-covered relics of French occupation, are drained of their puddles of water. If many insects infest a camp or town, it is fumigated. By carrying out these methods of general extermination exceptionally thorough results have already been obtained.

One important feat already has been accomplished. The yellow fever mosquito, the only kind in America spread by its infection, scientifically called *Stegomyia*, is very scarce. It is possible to live for weeks on the line of the canal without seeing a single specimen. This mosquito is a strictly domestic insect, never found away from man. It breeds only in artificial receptacles, such as barrels, water coolers, tin cans, etc., in and around human habitations. Knowing this, it is well within the power of the authorities to eliminate absolutely this dangerous insect, and render a yellow fever epidemic impossible on account of the total absence of the only agent which spreads it.

The malaria carrying varieties, included under the general name of anophelids, are also subject to rigorous attack. Usually the species of this group deposit larvae along the edges of slow-flowing streams and stagnant pools, but specimens were also secured from the bottom of an old boat, from an abandoned dump car, from holes in trees and in similar out-of-the-way spots. It has not yet been determined whether all of these are instrumental in carrying malaria, and therefore they may furnish a fertile field for investigation.

Certain genera, technically called megarrhini, psorophora and lutzia, were found, which, instead of spreading any disease hostile to men, wage war on their weaker cousins, and at times even on their brothers and sisters. They are cannibals of their sort.

ASKS "PUG" TO BLACK EYE.

Sailor Requests Jeffries to "Swipe" Him as a Souvenir.

Los Angeles, Cal.—John Lyle, a seaman of the destroyer Whipple, made a unique request to "Jim" Jeffries the other day. Lyle wandered into Jeff's place and said: "Mr. Jeffries, I'm just off the Whipple and I've never been west before. I come from Philadelphia and back in that town we have one fighter, Jack O'Brien, but he doesn't class with you. 'I've always wanted to see you and I had instructions from Philadelphia friends that if I ran across you in this country I should bring back a souvenir of you. So, if you will oblige me and lots of friends back east, kindly swipe me just once in the eye, so it will be good and black. Then I can tell the folks that Jeff did it.'"

Jeff refused.

Chicken Thief Loses Teeth.

Bloomersburg, Pa.—While Theodore Deat of Buckhorn is mourning over the loss of ten of his finest chickens, he has the satisfaction of knowing that the person who stole them cannot enjoy them until he secures a new set of false teeth.

Becoming frightened after securing the chickens, the thief evidently left in a hurry, leaving behind him in the pen his set of false teeth and a pair of gloves.

HOW TO TREAT HUSBANDS.

New Jersey Pastor Lays Down Epigrammatic Rules for Wives.

Jersey City, N. J.—Rev. Dr. J. L. Scudder, of the First Congregational church, has preached a sermon on "How to Treat Your Husband." These are some of the rules and comments made on married life by the preacher: "No wife can be as free and frivolous as she was before her nuptial days. Her station demands a certain matronly dignity.

"Don't be one of those autocratic creatures that say 'Marriage makes two one and I'm the one.'

"The man who is married to one of those female tyrants with firm chin and haughty demeanor has no need of purgatorial fire in the life to come.

"A qualification of a model wife is to keep her temper and control her tongue.

"A cross, cantankerous jade loves to give her husband a piece of her mind, and usually, like a mosaic, her mind is composed of many pieces.

"Scolding wives live long and die hard. They possess vitality, volubility and sometimes vituperation.

"If a husband persists in going round in his shirt sleeves and leaves his clothes about the room when he should put them in the closet, never mind such trifles. They are only spots on the sun."

FARM FOR HUMMINGBIRDS.

New York Woman Will Raise Tiny Birds for Pets.

New York.—Convinced that hummingbirds will make good household pets, Miss Gwendolin Brooks of Central Park West, is going to raise them in Central Islip, L. I. Miss Brooks has bought a farm there and has obtained plans for aviaries from W. Albert Swasey.

She proposes to sell the tiny birds, and said she already has a lot of commissions for them. In spite of their small size they are not difficult to keep in good health, she declared, and they are most interesting to study. She has experimented in raising them in the south and west.

At Central Islip Miss Brooks will keep a specialty of the species known as the "ruby-breasted" birds. Their real home is in South America, but they migrate to this climate in the hot weather, nest here and return to the tropics in August before cold weather can nip their frail bodies. Just how they manage to survive the hardships of their long journey here and back to the tropics has long puzzled naturalists.

Miss Brooks says that if the birds have considerable space to fly about in and are well fed with honey and insects they are not hard to raise.

NEWSPAPER TO TELL TRUTH.

Publication Will Deal with Society Regardless of Libel Laws.

London.—According to the Financial News, arrangements are being made to publish an English daily newspaper, the chief feature of which will be an absolute defiance of the libel laws.

It will publish comment of any kind upon any person, will deal with society scandals and financial gossip with unrestrained frankness, not concealing the names or the most intimate details. Cases before law courts on which comment is not allowed will be discussed regardless of the law, in a manner "calculated to take the curls out of counsels' wigs."

Judges will be criticised as freely as witnesses. If the latter are regarded as committing perjury they will be pilloried. Therefore the paper's conductors propose to avoid prosecution or suppression of their sheet by printing it in Belgium or France and mailing copies to English subscribers.

There will be no offices in England. If the postoffice refuses to circulate the paper in wrappers copies will be inclosed in envelopes.

MYSTERY OF ILLNESS SOLVED.

Fish Bone Works Its Way Out of Man's Thigh.

Columbus, Ind.—Marshall McLaughlin of Sandcreek township has a fish bone which, he says, has cost him \$250. The bone is about three inches long and about the thickness of a darning needle. The other day it protruded through the skin of Mr. McLaughlin's left hip and the mystery of an illness of several months was cleared.

Mr. McLaughlin does not when he swallowed the fish bone. He began to suffer from what he thought was rheumatism several months ago and came to Columbus for treatment. He was treated for this disease for some time, but the physician discharged him, saying the patient did not have rheumatism. A surgical operation later did no good. Finally he was compelled to go to bed. Recently he felt a tearing and pricking sensation in his thigh. This continued until the fish bone worked its way out. Mr. McLaughlin is now out of bed and says he believes he will be entirely well within a few days.

Cough Jars Jaws Off Hinges.

Candlen, N. J.—With her jaws wide open, Jennie Hutchinson, 26 years old, was admitted to the Homeopathic hospital. After some desperate pulling and twisting the physicians succeeded in replacing the jaws, which had become dislocated.

Mrs. Hutchinson said that she has been suffering from a cold and during a fit of coughing the jaws became unhinged.

GROWS RICH ON TIPS

WAITER RETIRES FROM WORK ON COMFORTABLE FORTUNE.

Sheds Apron to Collect His Rents and Manage Farm—How He Obtained His Popularity with Restaurant Patrons.

Chicago.—From the first day 15 years ago, that he began making a living as a waiter, John M. Myatt never felt any delicacy in accepting tips, however small they might be. Some there are who think it humiliating and too suggestive of the class who extend their hands for alms, but such was not the case with Mr. Myatt. He has given up his situation with the Saratoga Hotel company and retired with a fortune variously estimated at from \$50,000 to \$100,000.

Myatt is on a hunting expedition in northern Michigan. He has several farms in that vicinity, and when he is not tending the deer he is overseeing a number of farm improvements.

The story of Myatt and the "pils" he has made out of tips is not unlike that of latter-day popular fiction, with the difference that the hero of the present tale has bank books, fats, farms and other commercial proof that he is not the flimsy character of a book.

For the past 15 years all of Myatt's associates have thought him to be a poor waiter who was "down on his luck" most of the time. It was only recently Manager O. B. Stimpson, of the Saratoga restaurant, discovered that the supposedly "poor" waiter was a real estate holder of no little importance.

"The first I knew of Myatt's having money," said Stimpson, "was when prominent real estate men began to drop into the restaurant to inquire for him. One day a man pointed to him and said:

"See that fellow? Looks like a common garden variety of waiter, don't he. Well, he's not worth more than \$50,000 at the present time, although his prospects are good. I sold him a flat on the South side the other day for \$25,000."

"When I spoke to Myatt about it he laughingly said that it was a joke. The matter got whispered around among the other waiters, and finally Myatt came to me and said he thought he would quit, as he had other business that required most of his time. I don't know how much he's worth, but I guess he's got enough to live on comfortably."

Although Myatt has made a big success and money, all through his knowledge of the art of securing tips, he is exceedingly modest.

"Of course, I'm not exactly a pauper," said he, "but I am not a millionaire yet by any means. I've saved a little money now and then, have a flat or two and a farm or so up in Michigan. That's about all there is to it. I don't think I'm anything wonderful at that."

Here is the way Myatt gained popularity as a waiter and always secured larger tips and more of them than his associates:

"In the first place," said he, "I always treated a man just as well when he didn't give me a tip as when he did. Therefore, when he came to my table again and expected shabby treatment because he did not come through the first time, and was treated just as well if not better than he ever was before, there was nothing to it at all. That man usually gave up more than double the usual tip and was forever a valuable friend and patron."

"Then, again, I learned the habits of all the men who came to my table. I knew exactly which man took two jumps of sugar in his coffee and which man liked a double portion of cream. Little things like that make friends for the waiter and absolutely insure large numbers of tips. A waiter to be successful must be pleasant. He must smile whether he feels like it or not. Treat every man like he was your friend—and he will hand you a tip every time."

Myatt formerly lived at No. 34 Rush street, where he had a suite of well-furnished rooms. Then he and his family moved to the South side. They closed their flat to go to Michigan.

HINDUS ARE NOT WANTED.

Canada Regards Invasion of East Indians with Mistrust.

Ottawa, Ont.—The Dominion of Canada is seriously alarmed at the menace presented to the labor problem by the influx of Hindu coolies. It has become apparent that the statesmen of Great Britain have been converted to the view of those of Canada as to the undesirability of oriental immigration, and that Canada should be a country for the white man. The fact is announced by Deputy Minister of Labor W. L. MacKenzie King, who has just returned to Ottawa from London, where he has been negotiating an understanding through the imperial ministry with the authorities in India relative to Hindu emigration to Canada, a movement which has become alarming to Canadians.

King announced that the imperial authorities view the question of immigration of orientals into overseas countries as one of the largest and most complex of the present-world problems. They appreciate the Canadian view that the question could best be met by sympathetic co-operation on the part of Great Britain, India and Canada.