

UNCLE SAM PURSUING A MINISTER



REV. NORMAN PLASS

BOSTON, MASS.—The federal authorities are still seeking for Rev. Norman Plass, president of the Redeemable Investment company whose offices were raided by them recently because it was accused of being an illegal "get-rich-quick" concern. The manager was arrested but Plass escaped and is believed to be in British Columbia. Plass is a graduate of Williams college and of the Yale Divinity school, has held pastorates in Detroit and other cities and was president of Washburn college in Topeka, Kan., from 1902 to 1908.

\$190,000 FOR A BED

Top Price Paid by Stephen Marchand for Bedstead.

Massive Piece of Ebony Bought by American—Carvings Alone Cost \$84,000—Masonic Affair in French Collection.

London.—Nowadays bedsteads are comparatively cheap, and \$100 is considered a big price for even a rich man to spend on a couch whereon he may pass away in comfort his sleeping hours. Occasionally, however, a millionaire will spend a few hundreds or thousands of pounds on the furnishing of his bedroom and he will not be satisfied unless the bedstead equals in splendor the bedsteads to be found in the world's royal palaces. Stephen Marchand, an American of vast wealth, made up his mind to possess the most expensively fitted bed-

chamber in the two hemispheres, and with this purpose in view he spent not less than \$100,000 on a bedstead alone. It was constructed of massive ebony, with elaborate carvings of solid ivory and inlaid with gold filigree. At the head of the bedstead was a huge trophy cut from one solid piece of ivory. A special journey was taken to Africa to obtain a massive tusk for the purpose. The bedstead was made by a large firm in Paris and it occupied the finest artisans of France for over two years before it was completed. The hangings were of a special purple damask, costing nearly \$25 a yard. Mr. Marchand's bedchamber, which was of elliptical form and measured 78 feet by 22 feet, had its wall paneled with elaborately carved enrichments in the style of Louis XV., costing no less a sum than \$64,000. The ceiling of this apartment was carved and decorated by Parisian artists who were paid \$19,350. A rich London lady, a year or two

ago, spent over \$50,000 in furnishing her bedchamber. The carpet—a grand, hand-tied purple Axminster—cost \$7,500.

The chairs and other furniture are of solid, carved ivory, with ebony and gold inlay. The toilet fittings are of oriental alabaster and cost some hundreds of pounds. In the center of the room is a Cochin China table, inlaid with mother of pearl and worth \$750. The bedstead is of brass, inlaid with fine pearls, and at the head is an artificial landscape of crystal, ivory, amber, pearls and other stones.

The bedchambers in the palaces of Turkey are most magnificent and the majority of the royal couches within them are worth small fortunes. When the German empress once visited the ex-sultan Abdul Hamid a room was placed at her disposal which contained a bedstead constructed entirely of solid silver, artistically chased in many elegant designs. The curtains which surrounded it were of oriental material and design, heavily embroidered with gold.

The shah of Persia possesses one of the finest bedchambers in existence. Its suite of furniture is manufactured from ivory and inlaid with gold and precious stones. The curtains and curtain hangers are of the finest Brussels net, interwoven with silk.

The chef d'oeuvre of the whole apartment is the bedstead. It is composed entirely of crystal and delicately chased fountains on the sides eject jets of scented water at the will of the occupant. Above the bed is a huge chandelier, which, when lighted, looks like a mass of monster diamonds, all reflecting their brilliance at the same time.

In the French state collection of furniture there is a Masonic bedstead, surmounted by a large canopy. It is of extraordinary height and is ornamented with some of the most delicate carving it is possible for the hand of man to turn out. The French government has had several tempting offers for this beautiful couch, and it refused, some time ago, 15,000 guineas for it.

MAGISTRATE PICKS THE ACE

New York Justice, Instructed by Detective, Proves to Be Apt Pupil in Monte Game.

New York.—The singular prowess of Ah Sin, the heathen Chinese of Bret Hart's celebrated poem in playing "the game he did not understand," was matched by Magistrate Freschi in the Yorkville night court.

Detectives Cassassa and McKenna, of police headquarters, brought before him Edward McAllister and John Leaver, whom they caught when they raided a three-card monte game at Sixth avenue and Twenty-eighth street.

Detective Cassassa tried to explain the game to the magistrate, who still looked puzzled. Finally Cassassa put three cards on the desk before the Judge.

"Now, your honor, pick out the ace," he said.

The magistrate did. Cassassa was surprised, to put it mildly. He dealt the cards again. The magistrate again pointed to the ace. Then he did it a third time. Respect for the majesty of the law prevented Cassassa from acting as Bret Hart's character did under similar circumstances toward Ah Sin.

When the laughter in court had subsided Magistrate Freschi fined McAllister \$10. Leaver was discharged.

Mystery in a Box

By HOPE DARING

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As Roger Wayne passed along the hotel corridor on his way down to dinner a door on his right opened. A girl of 20 stepped into the corridor and advanced straight to Roger's side, holding out to him a black box, six inches square and two inches high.

"Will you do me a great favor?" she asked in a clear, musical voice. "Please throw this into the bay to-night. And you are not to open it. Will you do it—for me?"

There was a slight pause before the last two words. Roger took the box, staring blankly at the girl. She was well dressed, petite, with frank gray eyes and masses of dead-black hair.

"But I do not understand." Tell me that you will do what I ask."

"Of course I will do it, and—"

"Thank you! Thank you!" She turned and re-entered the room from which she had emerged.

Roger thrust the box into his pocket and went slowly down the stairs. He had arrived at Pine Bay, a summer resort on one of the great lakes, but two hours before. Thus far he had met no one at the hotel whom he knew. What was the meaning of the girl's strange errand?

He had hardly finished his dinner when she entered the dining room. With her was a pretty blonde maiden of about her own age, a hatchet-faced chaperon and a genial, middle-aged man whom Roger was positive he had seen before.

When Roger had finished eating he left the house and sauntered leisurely down to the shore. A wharf ran far out into the bay, affording a stopping place for the steamers that touched at the tiny village. The young man stooped down and gathered his hands full of flat stones that covered the beach. As he walked along the dock

cool breeze swept in from the bay. As they adjourned to the parlor, Roger fell into step with Audrey Fuller.

"Did you see, Miss Fuller, that I obeyed your command?"

"Oh? What do you mean?" Oh, you refer to your accepting the invitation to go sailing with us in the morning. You will never regret it, for the bay is beautiful.

It was evident that she had no intention of gratifying his curiosity. Roger compressed his lips; he would be patient but persistent.

The next morning he managed to secure a place at the table with the Fullers. Before the meal was finished the landlord entered the dining room to announce that a bold robbery had been committed the afternoon before.

A small tin box containing valuable jewels had been taken from the room of Mrs. Darrow, a Chicago woman. Already a detective had arrived at the hotel, and the landlord hoped that the guests would patiently submit to any questioning that seemed necessary, as the detection of the thief would be a protection to them all.

"Oh, papa! Let's go home!" Audrey cried.

Roger stared when he saw how pale she was. Mr. Fuller laughed.

"Now, don't be frightened, puss. You know that I insisted that you and Mildred should leave your jewelry in the safe. Why, Audrey, how white you are! You are not really frightened?"

She tried to smile, but it was easy to see that she was nervous. Her breakfast was untouched, while the discussion of the robbery went on around her.

A reward was offered for the apprehension of the thief, but he was not found. For several days an officer haunted the hotel corridors, and his presence, or even the mention of his errand, was enough to drive the color from Audrey's cheeks. At first she avoided Roger. He strove to make her feel that he was her friend, and gradually she came to trust him.

"She is the victim of some one's wrongdoing," was his decision. "It is not curiosity alone that prompts me; I will set her free from the fear that so often looks from her eyes."

At last Audrey recovered her usual gay spirits. The hotel was very gay. The throng of young people picknicked, danced, sailed over the bay, explored the pine woods and sped the summer hours with joy and laughter.

The hotel guests were at lunch one dull, rainy day when a telegram was brought in for Roger. An exclamation of dismay broke from his lips as he read it. Bobby looked across the table, genuine concern on his good-humored face.

"Not bad news, old man?"

"Only that I am summoned to the city on a matter of business. I must leave on the evening train."

"You will return, will you not?" Mildred Fuller asked, carelessly.

"Not for a fortnight, at least, and by that time the season at Pine Bay will be over."

There were many expressions of regret. Lunch over, Roger went up to his room. He had begun his packing when, glancing from the window, he saw Audrey pacing back and forth on the wharf, unmindful of the rain. He hastened out to join her. She did not see him until he called softly:

"Audrey!"

A cry broke from her lips. The face she lifted to him was wet, not with raindrops, but with tears. He took her hand, drawing it through his arm.

"Little girl, I love you."

"But the box! Roger, it stands between us," she cried, a note of terror in her voice.

"I threw it into the bay. Let things between us be as if the box had never existed."

"But, Roger! How can you be sure that I am not a thief? Remember Mrs. Darrow's jewels?"

"You are the woman I love. I trust you. Never mention the box again; I do not care what it contained, or why you wished to get rid of it."

She let her hand slip down into his, laughing gleefully.

"If you feel that way, I can tell you, but it was so dreadfully silly! Mildred and I saw you when you arrived and recognized you as the famous author. We talked of your stories. There is always a mystery in them, and we wondered how you thought them out. Mildred dared me to give you the box."

"What was there in it?"

"Pennies and thumb tacks. We thought we would give you a mystery at first hand. Then, next morning, there was that robbery, and I thought—"

"O Roger! If some one should be looking out of the hotel windows!"



"Please Throw This Into the Bay To-night."

he threw one stone after another into the water. At last he drew the box from his pocket, and after a searching glance at it, sent it flying after the stones.

"It is tin, painted black, and there is something in it that rattles," he said to himself. "I feel like the villain in a melodrama. Now I am going to make it the occupation of my vacation to form the acquaintance of the girl who was so anxious to dispose of this box."

Fate favored him. As he ascended the steps leading to the hotel veranda, where a large party was gathered watching the sunset flush the sky and water with crimson, he heard his name called. The speaker was Bobby Green, and by his side stood the mysterious girl.

"Glad to see you, old fellow," Bobby cried heartily. "Ladies and gentlemen, I want you all to be good to this lad. He is Roger Wayne, the magazine writer whose work you all know."

Then Bobby proceeded to individual introductions. The girl of the box was Audrey Fuller, and the blonde was her cousin Mildred. When Roger heard the name he understood why their male companion at dinner had looked so familiar. The man was Thomas Fuller, the wealthy mine owner, and the girls were his daughter and niece.

The group on the veranda chatted away merrily until the sunset's afterglow had faded from the sky and a

SOME PUMPKINS



SOMEWHERE DOWN THE ROAD

the engine stopped to get a drink. There was nothing in it for the passengers, the day being Sunday and the lid well clamped down, even in the Ozark country, where the moon is said to shine in the darkness occasionally. Nevertheless the passengers got something worth while stopping for. What they got was a picture. It was a simple composition with a background of crimson autumnal foliage, a weather-stained log house in the middle distance, well screened in woodbine and trumpet creeper, the frost-tipped remains of an old-fashioned garden, and a right in the middle foreground, not a stone's throw from the track—the solitary figure. He stood beside the squat gatepost, just as if he had been painted there a good half century ago, a cob pipe in his mouth and a somewhat tattered straw hat pushed well back from his florid brow and straight gray hair. His lean arms embraced, as far as human arms could reach, a mammoth pumpkin that reposed on the gatepost, and into the side of the yellow rind he had cut, "Prize-winner, 216 lb."

"I thought he'd be there," one of the passengers laughed. "He hasn't done a thing but flaunt that pumpkin at the passengers the past four days since he got it back from the county fair. You know it isn't easy to raise big fellows like that in these Ozark hills. It takes rich bottom soil to make 'em grow to any considerable size, and the Ozark farmer needs his little bottom patches for something besides show fruit. That old chap got some of the best pumpkin seed that ever was brought into market and he's been at 'em ever since."

That 216-pounder did actually capture the prize in a certain Missouri county, but there was a pumpkin shown at the Merchants Exchange in St. Louis that would have broken the old Ozark farmer's heart. It was the great achievement of Tom Powell, who has been raising big pumpkins a good many years and who supplied the seed from which that one great hill pumpkin was developed. It took a three-horse team to haul thirty pumpkins to St. Louis for the display. The combined weight of the load, exclusive of the wagon and driver, was something over 5,000 pounds, and the largest of the pumpkins tipped the beam at 237. The heaviest pumpkin ever brought to St. Louis. It was converted into 160 succulent pies.

The demand for pumpkin has not increased in proportion to the population's increase. In the days of our grandmothers canned things were almost unknown. And there was the tradition that in the fall, from the middle of October to Christmas, there must be a long row of pumpkin pies on the pantry shelf every Saturday night. For a moderate-sized family ten pies would suffice, but there were many a housewife who made her tired boast, "I've baked two dozen this morning, and I do hope there will be enough left for Monday dinner."

In the old days, the pumpkin was put to another use. It was the basis for a very delicious soup—strange as this may seem. Even now in the markets of Paris there is the custom of crowning King Pumpkin the last Saturday in September. The largest and shapeliest is elected king, and there is a regular ceremonial, an hour of the afternoon being given up to the parade through stalls and adjoining streets of the market, the trades people in costume and the pumpkin adorned with a gorgeous crown of tinsel and imitation jewels. When the parade is over the fruit is uncrowned, cut into sections and these auctioned off to the highest bidder, to be taken home and made up into soup.

Long before the Thanksgiving season of pie baking, many pumpkins have been diverted from their normal purpose of food and have served the merry-makers at Halloween, made over into jack-o'-lanterns, with grinning or sorrowful countenances.

Centuries ago in Europe there was another kind of jack-o'-lantern, the marsh fire or will-o'-the-wisp, either of whatever you wish to call it, that was frequently seen in low, marshy places at night, flitting about like tiny lanterns in the gloom. When these phosphorescent lights appeared at the time of All Saints' day they were said to be the souls of sinners that had

escaped from purgatory and returned to earth to beg their former friends to pray for the remission of their sins. Whether the pumpkin imitation of the marsh light originated among the peasants of Italy or the negroes of our own southern states, is still a mooted question. At first they were all sorrowful faces, befitting the counterpart of the soul that is suffering the consequences of a wicked life. But once upon a time an embryo sculptor made a mistake in the carving of a pumpkin mouth, causing the corners to turn up instead of down, and the effect was so jolly and comical that all who saw this spirit came to the conclusion that either the sins had been forgiven or the gate to purgatory had been slammed in his face and he need not return. Since that time it has been assumed by the Halloween hostess that sins are actually pardoned and departed spirits are happy, for the reason, rather flat pumpkin that can be made to grin is the one most in demand.

Italy lays claim to the origin of the jack-o'-lantern and some time ago the botanists of Europe laid entire claim to the pumpkin itself, asserting that it was an imported product in America. This label was given the lie in a little while by the American, who was in no humor to be robbed of his annual Thanksgiving pie. Pumpkins were grown in the rich alluvial soil along the Missouri river long before the white man invaded the interior of the continent, and in the cliff dwellings of Mancos Canyon, Ohio, that were abandoned even before the com-



In the Pumpkin Field.

ing of Columbus, perfectly preserved pumpkin seeds have been found by the excavators, in hermetically sealed jars. This fact is of no particular interest to any but the botanist, and the archaeologist; yet it is a source of gratification to us to know that we can eat our national pie without returning thanks to any other country than our own.

Surprising the Sultan. Recently a party of American visitors visited Constantinople and were permitted to enter Yildiz Kiosk. The sultan, who was walking alone in the gardens, entered into conversation with the visitors and addressed himself to a bright looking girl. His majesty said: "We speak here French, English, German and Russian, but our visitors seldom know our language. I suppose, miss, you do not know a word?"

"Pardon, sire," replied the girl, "I know two Turkish words."

"What are they, miss?" asked the sultan. Assuming the whining tone of the mendicants, she replied: "Baschich, effendi" (a sou, monsieur), pointing at the same time to the sultan's pocket. His majesty presented her with a gold coin, and then she answered, sweetly: "Tachauerdarim, ghani!" (thank you, seigneur).

The sultan wondered, for he was ignorant of the little pocket dictionary, Turco-English.

The Letter of the Law. Cholly—May I have the next waltz? Widow—Yes, but dance slow, as I only recently went into mourning.—The Club-Fellow.

PIGS AND COWS ARE OUSTED

Steak, Fat Hog Is Supplanted by Wheeze and Gas of Joy Car—Animals to Background.

New York.—Not even the pig can escape the onward march of the automobile. The Mount Holly (N. J.) porker has heard its honk and fled to the background and oblivion.

Where once the thrifty patrons of husbandry were wont to gape and marvel at the sleek, fat sides of the prize hog between races at the Mount Holly fair, hereafter will reign supreme the wheeze and the gas of the joy car. The officials have ruled that no more cattle or pigs are to be shown at the Mount Holly fair, because the space they used to occupy is demanded by the automobiles.

Menelik's News Agency. Adis, Ababa.—The Abyssinian government announces that it has founded a correspondence office under the ministry of foreign affairs for the dissemination of authoritative official intelligence concerning Abyssinia.

Parasol a Wireless Phone. Omaha, Neb.—Using a parasol frame as an antenna, Dr. Frederick Millener, an electrical engineer, perfected a wireless telephone which worked well in a "try-out."

DESTINY BY SCIENTIFIC MEANS

Measurements Will Show What Career You Are Most Suited For—Instruments Not New.

Pittsburg.—The general system of mental and physical diagnosis of Dr. Watson L. Savage, head of the department of health of the Carnegie Technical Institute, is destined to revolutionize educational methods. Dr. Savage believes, also he is sure it will better the health and increase personal effectiveness in all walks of life when it is generally practiced.

Dr. Savage means to size up a student by measuring him with fine instruments from head to toes. A certain type of mouth and throat, charted after infinitesimally fine measurements, may show that the student should become a clergyman. Taken in connection with other measurements of head and internal organs they will promise a career for him as a ward politician.

NEW TYPES OF RIVER BOATS

Steady, Successful Navigation Is Now Assured—Introduce New German Oil Engine.

St. Louis.—It is stated that a company actively interested in the navigation of the Missouri river between St. Louis and Kansas City will not only introduce propellers on a vessel now in preparation, but also employ the oil engine that invented in Germany, has made rapid progress in that country and is to be employed on a liner of the first-class. A survey of navigation as now conducted impresses the fact that the material improvements in the size, speed and general attractiveness of vessels have been on the oceans and lakes, says the Globe-Democrat. In no case have permanent deep channels failed to lead to the enlargement of the boats used and to add to the comforts and safety of the passage. At the same time a few places where a sense of security is better justified than on an ocean liner with its steel hull in compartments and its wireless instruments communicating with other ships within a range of hundreds of miles. Since lake channels were deepened, by government appropriations, from six feet to more than twenty, the type of vessels has been

greatly enlarged, the speed increased and the facilities for loading and unloading bettered much more than tenfold.

As yet little has been done for a permanent deep channel in the Missouri, but the appropriation for work in the latest rivers and harbors bill is encouraging and insures a beginning on the right scale. River boats of a new pattern will come in when a channel is assured, as has been the case on the Rhine and numerous other rivers of Europe. Two steamboats recently lost in the Mississippi river by striking the bank or other obstruction, would not have gone to the bottom if provided with steel compartment hulls. Existing river boats have been built on the old models, and the uncertainty in the depth of channels has been a barrier to a general spirit of improvement.

Steel construction, propellers, turbines and a speed of over twenty miles an hour have become an old story on ocean and lakes. Little that is new has been tested on the rivers. But in the light of what has been accomplished in Europe, the steady, successful navigation of rivers is not a problem at all, but an assured thing. A demonstration of improved navigation on the so-called intractable Missouri would be a fine start for new river conditions.

Painted Wife's Face. London.—At Blackburn a clerk named James Ramsbottom was summoned by his wife for assault and desertion. The complainant, a good-looking, fashionably-dressed young woman, said her husband was intolerably jealous. On one occasion he asked her if she painted her face and when she replied "No," he blacked her face with boot polish.

Some time afterward he painted her face and neck with green enamel and then spent two and a half hours removing it with petrol.

For Coronation Plumes. London.—A movement has been started in South Africa with the object of securing special recognition for ostrich feathers by making the plumes, with the approval of King George and Queen Mary, the prevailing fashion at the coronation. It is suggested that Queen Mary should be requested to accept an ostrich fan as an expression of loyalty from Cape Colony.

EUROPEAN STARLING ARRIVES

Looks Like Blackbird With Yellow Bill, and Has Increased Amazingly in Numbers in Five Years.

In the winter of 1905-6 a strange bird made its appearance in the "City of Elms," almost under the shadow of Yale university.

At a distance the bird seemed the color of an ordinary blackbird. But close by its black plumage had a greenish gloss, showing bronze reflections when the rays of the sun struck it at certain angles, while on the back were dainty little arrowhead speckles of brown. But most striking and characteristic of all was its slender, bright-yellow bill. Who had ever heard of a blackbird with a yellow bill.

It was the European starling, perhaps a delegate from the horde of foreign invasion sent to spy upon the land of the so-called. Be that as it may, it was not many days before he saw a small party of the strange

birds, then more and more of them. The next season there was a small resident colony. And now, in less than five years from the time of their first appearance, they are flocking by hundreds, multiplying by leaps and bounds. In five years the one local spay had become 5,000, how long, pray tell, will it take the 5,000 to become 500,000?—Outing.

Importance of the Letter. Letters are the very nerves and arteries of friendship—nay, they are the vital spirits and elixir of love, which, in the case of distance and long absence, would be in hazard to languish and quite molder away without them.

Something of a Novelty. "Come on and go to the theater with me this afternoon." "Anything special?" "A professional elocutionist is going to try to recite 'Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight,' with her hands tied."—Houston Post.