CONGRESS AND COMMONS.

LONDON PAPER THINKS LATTER IS THE MORE REPRESENTATIVE.

Sixty-six Per Cent. of Lawyers in Congress and Only 22 Per Cent. in Parliament—Other Interests Represented—Herr Kress's Airship—An Interview With the Engineer of the Fastest Train in the World.

LONDON, Dec. 22.—The *Daily News* has been analyzing the personnel of the British House of Commons and of the American Congress, and asserts that the former is far more representative of the various interests of the country than is the latter.

"In this country," says the *Daily News*, "the lawyer is the most popular of all candidates. In the United States not only is he the most popular candidate, but he is virtually the ruler of the country. In the American upper house there are sixty lawyers in a total membership of eighty-seven; in the lower house there are 283 in a total of 357 members. Lumping both houses together, there are 293 lawyers in a total of 444 members. This is equal to 66 per cent. Our own Parliament has 140 lawyers, or only 22 per cent. of the whole House. The farming interest in America is better represented than in England, there being twenty-five farmer members of Congress to sixteen British M. P.s. Bankers and financiers are about equally represented in both countries, the numbers amounting to slightly over 3 per cent. in America, and nearly 3½ per cent. in England.

"There are thirty-three English journalist M. P.'s, equal to 5 per cent. of the House, while there are only fourteen American press Congressmen—equal to 3 per cent. of Congress. Doctors are singularly scarce in the American legislature. There are only two of them, while our Parliament has nine. There is only one brewer in Congress, only one representative of the vast tobacco industry, only one cotton planter, one oil producer, one grain dealer, one fruit packer, one miller, and five members interested in the coal and iron industries and mines. We, by contrast, have seventeen colliery proprietors and coal merchants, twenty-three brewers, distillers and wine merchants, and eighteen iron masters and metal merchants. Education has four, compared with our thirteen representatives. There is not a single ship owner or builder in Congress. We have eighteen M. P.'s of this class. The American Congress has eight merchants, three railway Presidents and agents, five real estate men, one contractor, one printer, two civil engineers, one dealer in advertising signs, three "retired" gentlemen, six public officials (we have seventeen), two members of no occupation, and a score or so of nondescripts. There is no Parliamentary class to correspond with our sixty-five gentry and landowners, our thirty-one peers' sons and brothers, nor, curiously, with our thirteen labor representatives."

Herr Wilhelm Kress, who, owing to the Emperor Francis Joseph's gift and contributions which are expected to follow, will now complete his aerial machine, first began to work upon it twenty years ago. His idea is to support his "ship" with the help of great wings of silk or hemp extended by means of steel ribs resembling the spokes of a bicycle wheel. These would in themselves act as parachutes and allow the car beneath to descend gently. This car or boat rests on runners like those of a sledge, which would enable it to glide on ice, snow, or grass, and the boat itself would sit on water.

The machine is to be raised and moved by two propellers similar to a ship's screws. These while propelling the vessel will make the wings or sails face the air. With these latter or part of them directed upward a power will come into action which will first support the weight of the boat and then raise it in the air as it grows stronger. The screws are to be set in motion by a benzine motor of twenty horse power and of such exceeding lightness as has never been before constructed. It is believed that it will not weigh more than from eight to ten kilogrammes per horse power. It will be made of aluminum.

Herr Kress to set his model in motion uses india rubber springs, and though the little machine never "flew" longer than a matter of minutes, the experiment, however often it was repeated, always succeeded. Prof. von Radinger, a high authority, is convinced that Herr Kress will succeed. The inventor attended the technical schools to study machine construction when he was almost 50, because he did not like to trust any detail of his invention to other hands than his own. He hopes that the first experiments with his full-sized air ship will be made in the spring on the Lake of Neusiedel across the Hungarian frontier, not many miles from Vienna. He calls his invention "Dragon-flyer."

An English journalist gives the following account of his interview with the driver of "the fastest train in the world," the Calais-Paris express:

"Ninety-seven kilometres (about 60 2 miles) an hour," said the driver, "is my lowest speed over the 300 kilometres between here and Paris. On the level stretch after Boulogne and before Abbeville I run generally up to 106 kilometres an hour. M'sieur, a tting in the luncheon car, cannot know what such a speed means. On the engine the vibration is so terrific that I have had a special wooden platform made to prevent the contusions of legs and arms I used to constantly sustain. Every joint in the metals causes the engine to jump—sometimes so much that any one but a locomotive driver would be frightened. You have no such speed on your English railways, I have heard.

"There's only one dangerous spot. Just before going in Boulogne there's a nasty curve, which sometimes causes the restaurant car to swing, but the train is so heavy that there is really no danger. It is only unpleasant for the passengers, who, because the plates upset, often think that we are about to leave the rails and take a trip across the country. Since the disaster down at Dax the other day, however, the company have given me strictest orders to report any inequality of the line, and make any suggestions I wish to secure the most perfect safety. Yes, I could run the whole way into Paris if it were not for water, which I am compelled to take in at Abbeville.

"Cool head? Certainly, m'sieur, but you see it is habit. I ran the new engine the other day on a trial trip from Calais to Paris with merchandise, and got up to 111 kilometres an hour. I would have gone quicker, but signals were unfortunately against me.

"As it is, I am doing the run to Paris daily without varying five minutes in arrival, but when those new engines are put on the service will be accelerated by fully half an hour—that is if your Chatham and South Eastern trains keep time. I have been told they are very slow—are they, m'sieur?"

This week the French papers described the career of an adventurer named Laforge, which makes one think that Carlyle was not far out in his famous division by dichotomy of the human race. Two years ago, it seems, Laforge was practically a vagrant.

Being often without a lodging, he slept in the open air or under a bridge. He was known to the police, but he suddenly disappeared from Paris, and was not heard of again till a few months ago. He was then a very different man. He had always plenty of money, was well dressed, kept a carriage and had a little yacht on the Seine. His *pied à terre*, in a fashionable quarter of Paris, was elegantly furnished, and he no longer called himself simply Louis Leon Laforge, but Don Leon, Prince Laforge de Vitauval, Duc de Saint Leon. If he had contented himself with the glory attached to so great a name he might have lived happy in the generous hospitality offered him by a credulous people. His ambition was, however, higher. He founded the order of the Knights of Saint Leon, of which he was naturally the Grand Master. He soon found means to get himself admitted into French society, where on festive occasions he appeared dressed in a gorgeous costume covered with gold lace and, of course, wearing the Grand Cross of his order. In return for the civilities which were lavished on him, he distributed freely the insignia of the Order of Saint Leon, and, it is said, received in exchange several foreign decorations.

The influence of the "Prince" in his household grew rapidly. He was always addressed in the third person, every one bowing before him. He was on visiting terms with many of the rich and even noble families of France and is described as having on several occasions made his appearance at the receptions held at the Elysée and various Ministries. On one of these occasions, when he was at a Ministry, where he had, as usual, been announced by the usher as Prince de Saint Léon, a gentleman whom he had recently decorated came up to him to complain that his secretary, Louis Révol, who had assumed the title of Count de Grigny, had called upon him, claiming 300 francs as chancellery dues for the order. After listening to the story Don Leon, Prince Laforge de Vitauval, replied: "I hope you had him arrested. The individual who called on you must be a swindler."

The list of the alleged dupes of the "Prince" and his secretary is said to be very long, Laforge being accused of no fewer than forty offences. He would, however, probably have remained at large, as people do not care to proclaim to the world they have paid for the decorations they are vain enough to covet and wear with ostentation, had it not been for the fact that, emboldened by his success, he, it is said, sought to gain the hand of the daughter of a very rich gentleman. As is customary in France, before consenting to the marriage, the father made inquiries concerning the suitor. The result was of such a nature as to cause him not only to refuse the "Prince's" demand, but also to communicate with M. Cochefert, Chief of the Detective Department. It so happened that M. Cochefert had just received the confidences of the "Prince's" naval attaché, Louis Révol, alias Count de Grigny, who had been arrested for having illegally donned the naval uniform. That being the case, M. Cochefert had no hesitation in at once arresting Louis Léon Laforge, alias Don Léon Prince Laforge de Vitauval. The arrest took place only a few days before the Knights of the Order of Saint Léon were to give a banquet at the Grand Hotel in honor of the Grand Master of that order.

This morning's London papers, with one exception, contain serious criticisms of a new play by Bernard Shaw. It would be unnecessary to quote any of the dramatic critics on this play. "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," for any one who is interested in British dramatic criticism will know at once the criticism, or critical formulae, always employed when Bernard Shaw is under consideration. One critic, however, has boldly departed from the beaten track. He fancies that he has discovered what has hitherto baffled every one, including Shaw, that is to say the real object of one of that literary socialist's plays. "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" was produced yesterday afternoon at the Criterion by the Stage Society, who are described by this daring critic as "earnest students of the drama, who regard with scorn all existing theatres and every drama that attracts the public." He then proceeds to unfold his discovery.

"Mr. Shaw," he says, "is of course one of the Stage Society's idols. He is, in fact, the one dramatist out of Scandinavia whose existence they recognize, and he, being a man of sense and wit, is amused by the fact, and has played an elaborate practical joke on his admirers. He observed that they regarded his merest small talk as profound wit and wisdom, and he concluded that if he fathered the crudest possible example of the dramas they professed to despise they would accept it as the highest art.

"He accordingly invented a wildly melodramatic story, putting in all the old ingredients—pirates, a long-lost nephew, a wicked uncle, even a comic cockney—and then, to make the joke the more complete, mixed it all up in the clumsiest manner possible. He threw in a few Hyde Park gibes at law and religion to show he was 'advanced,' and finished his play with a ten-minute scene without the slightest sense or meaning to prove himself 'subtle.' That hoax was a great and glorious success. The audience, most of whom obviously had never seen a Surrey Theatre drama or a Drury Lane pantomime, gasped at the sentiment and shrieked with laughter when the comic gentleman cried for mercy or had his face washed. The acting was, on the whole, very excellent. Mr. Lawrence Irving, who was evidently in the author's confidence, played the hero with all the raving rant of melodramatic tradition. It was a most amusing afternoon, though to the hardened playgoer the audience was more amusing than the play, in which there was not one original idea or one really witty line."

The sight of a crowd of French conscripts resulted in the following "impression" from the pen of an English journalist:

"The train drew up suddenly at Dijon station. It was nearly midnight, and the weary passengers, who were unable to sleep, rubbed their eyes and stared out at the scene on the platform. It was a curious spectacle to English eyes. Although the hour was late, the long platform, from one end to the other, was crowded with a motley collection of humanity. At first one wondered what all this unusual bustle could possibly mean. Why were all these men waiting so patiently in dejected groups? It was strikingly like a scene which any one can witness at one of the great Irish ports, when the weekly band of emigrants are leaving the old depopulated country for America. Suddenly through the close packed mass a soldier stolidly forced his way and the gaslight gleamed and glittered on the long lithe steel of his bayonet. Two others followed him at a close distance, and compelled the men to keep a good distance from the drawn-up train. The presence of these soldiers explained it all. It was the annual conscription, and these men were the conscripts, whom a despotic militarism had drawn from the surrounding district.

"They formed, indeed, a motley though an intensely interesting group. The conscription spares no one, and the conscripts themselves represented nearly every class and phase of French life. A man in sombre, respectable black, with a steel watch chain hanging from his waistcoat pocket must have been a mechanic in a good position. His keen gray eyes and prominent forehead denoted him a man of intelligence. He seemed to watch the scene with a sense of loathing and distaste, and a fierce light shone in his eyes when one of the sentries forced him backward. Next him stood a typical French workman in his blue frock, looking for all the world like one of those voices whom Caldecott delighted to draw in his children's books. His face wore no expression whatsoever. He seemed to blindly accept the situation in which circumstances and the law of his country had placed him with exactly the same lack of zest with which he would have accepted a job at digging drains. Another little group were more lively. They had evidently been drinking to keep up their spirits, and their voices were hoarse with shouting and singing.

"They represented the representable portion of the French community, like sons of that undistinguished crowd who, on a certain hot fourteenth day of July, swarmed through the streets of Paris, shouting their inebriated yell of 'A Berlin!' 'A Berlin!' They cracked jokes, and played a thousand tricks on their more morose companions. A tall, gigantic peasant, a head and shoulders above his somewhat diminutive fellows, stood with his arms folded, looking out fiercely on everybody from beneath his heavy egebrows. An officer in tight-fitting gloves, spectacles, and an immaculate uniform, strolled up. He looked with approval at the gay, bacchanalian group; they would make the type of soldiers of whom France is most proud. Then his eye caught the almost insane glance of the big peasant conscript. Something in the man irritated him. Pushing aside the others who stood in his way, he went up to him. A few sharp, inaudible sentences were uttered. The man, still standing stolidly with his arms folded, looked down at the officer from his superior height, and his lips seemed to twitch with contempt. He made some reply. For answer the officer lifted his gloved hand and struck him across the face.

"I have seen that diabolical look of a frustrated madman, but it was mild and gentle compared to the awful expression of almost animal animosity which spread across the peasant's face. With the utmost difficulty he controlled himself, and his fingers gripped his arms nervously. It seemed as if there must be an explosion, but the man, almost by a miracle, mastered himself. Uttering a sharp ejaculation of command or contempt—it was impossible to tell which—the officer turned on his heel, and continued his promenade up and down the platform, followed by the hatred of the peasant's eyes.

"I would not be surprised to hear of that officer being shot accidentally. Such things do take place in the French Army, and cases of a similar nature are not unknown in our own. The man who will shoot him will be that giant peasant. Such men as he never forgive a blow. Our train moved on. We had witnessed an interesting little scene. We had seen what militarism and conscription—words which in our ignorance we use so freely in England—really mean. In the faces of those men on the platform the lightest student of human nature could read depression and disgust. They were, perhaps, about two hundred decent, respectable workmen of various types about to be forced into a community, to leave which many a French soldier has voluntarily committed suicide by striking a superior officer."

The streets of London have never been "up" to such an extent as they are just now. In addition to the normal amount of roadway always under repair in a great city, the installation of the new Post Office telephone system has made necessary an amount of excavating that has made locomotion in some of London's busiest parts almost impossible. The work is being done with even more than usual deliberation, and the loss of time to business men, and of money to business houses on the route, has been and is enormous. A plan has been suggested for the avoidance in the future of this source of exasperation. This is the construction of the subway that could accommodate every kind of pipe or wire used. The objection made to it is the prohibitive cost. Careful consideration of the question, however, makes it an open question whether or not the expense, after the initial outlay, would really be prohibitive.

A well-known contractor has estimated that a huge tunnel could be constructed under the principal streets of the metropolis at a cost of £25 a foot. The subway would be sufficiently large to include every kind of pipe and wire, and allow of a 5-foot 6-inch man walking upright through it. It is calculated that at present not more than seventy-five miles of London streets would need to be tunnelled, as minor side streets could be left as at present. This would involve an expenditure of £15,000,000.

This of course is a large sum and would have to be provided by the ratepayers. But it is suggested that in a few years' time the rent from various companies using the tunnel would show a handsome profit. This calculation is based on the fact that during the last five years the principal "road breakers" have spent no less than £10,563,741 4s. 5d. The three chief gas companies, taking no account of seven others that supply the suburban districts, have in the last five years spent upon road breaking £3,747,154 12s. 2d. In the same period thirty local authorities and companies who have the power to pull up roads when anything goes wrong with their electric light cables have spent on that work £2,554,900. The water companies have given the professional road breaker work to the tune of £2,892,188 in the five years, and the telephone companies have disembowelled the streets at a cost of £1,369,498 12s. 8d. in the same time.

The price of coal in this country continues abnormally high, as it has been for six months past, but owing to the exceptionally mild weather that has prevailed the poor people have not suffered as much as they would have done in ordinary circumstances. In fact, the chief sufferers so far have been the great corporations, the railway companies and manufacturers. The former have been particularly hard hit and dividends have fallen in consequence. About six weeks ago the leading railway companies combined to bring pressure upon the coal masters to reduce prices, and incidentally there was much talk as to the feasibility of bringing over coal from the United States and even from Australia to redress the balance. The coal masters were at first obdurate and a serious deadlock was threatened, but a compromise has just been reached and large contracts are being placed at the collieries at fourteen shillings a ton, a reduction of two shillings on the price paid up to a month ago. What this means to the railway companies may be judged by the fact that one company alone, the Midland, which uses 1,350,000 tons a year, will save $676,000 a year.

THE STRUGGLING YOUNG AUTHOR.

A Barrier That Only Serves to Help Him Along on His Way.

"Really and truly," said the struggling young author, "the only thing that I have encountered in my experience thus far that might even tend to discourage me in my efforts, is just one single word that I find written—and that I am sure with the kindliest intention in the world—upon the courteously worded printed form that accompanies the rejected manuscripts that I get back from one publishing establishment.

"This kindly meant but ominous word is: 'Overstocked.'

"Every thing that I have sent them, for now about two years, has come back with a rejection form marked 'overstocked.' The first time I got one thus marked I said to myself: 'All right. If you are overstocked in that line of goods, I'll send you something else.' But I rather liked the word, and I was pleased that they should take the trouble to write such a thing on a form sent to me. And the word that was written, so far from seeming to imply that my stuff was not good seemed to say that it was good, for were they not already overstocked with such matter? Had they not been so drawn to it, by its attractiveness and desirableness that they had brought of it at a rate more than they required for current consumption? So, on the whole, I found reason for pleasure in this rejection, and I sent them something else.

"In due time this came back, and written on the rejection blank was the word overstocked. They had already on hand more than they wanted of that line of goods, too. And so I sent them something else, and in due time that came back, and what's this marked on the card? 'Overstocked.' And, not to burden you with details, even this formula, the written word 'overstocked.'

"They are overstocked in everything, apparently. I've tried them on psychology and physiology, on humor, wit, and pathos, on astrology, biology, and demonology, on paleontology, geology, conchology and zoology, on all manner of subjects, indeed, on everything that one could think of, but they are overstocked in all.

"Well, now, you know, that being the case, it might seem at length further effort on my part in my chosen direction would be a waste of time, that now would be the time for me to turn to the woodpile and take up the saw, that wood-sawing, and not literature, was my true vocation, but I do not so interpret the sign. On the contrary I am only the more stimulated by it. I must give them things so good that that word can not apply."

JOE MULHATTAN'S HOAXES.

A FAMOUS INVENTOR HEARD FROM IN TEXAS, IT IS SAID.

There Had Been Rumors of His Death After His Retirement Five Years Ago—Famous Hoaxes Which He Invented and Circulated Throughout the World—Even Science Fooled.

News comes from a remote corner of Texas that Joseph Mulhattan, the most ingenious contriver of hoaxes of his time, has recently turned up in that part of the country. It is now in order for the newspapers to be on their guard, for in his prime Mulhattan perpetrated and got into circulation through various important newspapers, hoaxes that would have made Baron Munchausen feel like an amateur, and there is no guarantee that he won't go into the business again. The last previous definite news of him was some five years ago, when it was announced that he had retired to the wilds of California to recuperate from his arduous mental labors. Soon after it was rumored that he was dead, and his years of persistent silence give support to the rumor.

Mulhattan had been a truthful commercial traveller for years before the passion for big story telling took possession of him. One day it occurred to him that the newspapers of his locality weren't interesting enough, so he proceeded to liven them up with the products of his own imagination. The Pittsburg *Leader* was the medium selected, and he kept the editors busy publishing denials of the little hoaxes he got up about well-known people. Presently these personalities pelted upon him, and he sought to exercise his genius in a larger field.

About this time the first crematory in the United States was erected at Little Washington, Pa. Mulhattan wrote an article announcing that a cremation would take place at a date two weeks ahead of the completion of the furnace, and Little Washington soon had an army of reporters to entertain, besides special artists from the illustrated papers. When they found the crematory unfinished and discovered that there was no corpse, they sought for Mr. Mulhattan to supply that important omission, but he was far away.

It was in 1875 that Mulhattan got up his first really imposing fake. He discovered that the remains of George Washington were petrified, and that some well-known citizens, who were very desirous of seeing the Washington monument completed, were about to remove the petrified body to the exposition at Philadelphia, to place it on exhibition during the Centennial year. An admission fee of 50 cents would be charged, the money to be used in finishing the monument. This was printed and reprinted the wide country over, and the newspapers teemed with letters favorable and denunciatory. Alexander K. McClure, editor of the Philadelphia *Times*, was particularly vigorous in the denunciation of Mulhattan's idea, while the Pittsburg *Gazette* supported it warmly.

For a time thereafter Mr. Mulhattan's stories, according to his own account, were what might be called "plain lies." But he went to Kentucky, and after he had breathed the inspiring air of that locality for a while he began to take pride in his work and produced some sparkling gems of ornamental prevarication. In 1877 he visited the Mammoth Cave, and promptly evolved out of his inner consciousness another great cavern fourteen miles long, containing a large navigable river, to play upon the waters of which a steamboat was being built. The editor of *Frank Leslie's* wrote for a sketch of the town near which the cave was located, and for pictures of the cave. With an artist friend Mulhattan filled this order, and the articles and pictures were printed in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, the cave was so brilliant a success that he followed it up with other caves, until he had nearly the whole of Kentucky ringing hollow to the footstep.

Animal stories were very popular then. Mulhattan concentrated his powerful intellect upon the domestic goose, and the result was a highly detailed and interesting account of a Texas cotton plantation kept in order by a flock of trained geese. The geese carried under their necks gourds filled with water so that each goose could drink out of its neighbor's gourd. Each goose did the work of two men in weeding. The story concluded with the prediction that, if the farmer experiment is as successful as he thinks it will be, it is only a question of a few years, until the whole cotton crop of Texas will be weeded out by the ordinary goose. This was regarded by many newspapers, particularly in the South, as an important agricultural department.

Mulhattan's Texas meteor story attained the proportion of an international event. This was published in 1888 in the Fort Worth *Gazette* and was the making of that paper. An Associated Press agent swallowed the story whole and telegraphed it all over the country. On the city where the story was published the *Gazette* received 114 telegrams in regard to the matter. Three of them came from Europe, one from the *London Times*, one from the *Edinburgh Scotsman* and one from the *Paris Gaulois*. The editors of these enterprising papers telegraphed for correspondents to get full particulars and to draw on them for the necessary funds. The meteor was said to have fallen at Williams's ranch. "It covered an acre of ground, it plunged 200 feet in the ground and stood 80 feet above it, it came down red hot and steaming, filling the air with sulphurous smoke and noxious gases, and killing all the cattle. A family of Mexicans were struck and buried 200 feet in the earth." The newspapers of the country contained columns of interviews with distinguished scientists regarding the meteor and thousands of letters were sent to the Postmaster at Fort Worth, asking for further particulars. He was so indignant that he gave out word that if Mulhattan ever came to Fort Worth he would shoot him on the spot. Afterward, however, he relented and invited the famous prevaricator to dine with him. The city had to employ a special corps of writers to reply to the letters received, besides getting out thousands of explanatory circulars.

Mulhattan next wrote an extended account of the discovery of the lost art of making malleable glass. The story was told with such sweet simplicity and careful and minute detail that the average reader felt that he could go right out and manufacture malleable glass himself with a few simple implements. Next, at the suggestion of a newspaper man at Lexington, Ky., Mulhattan located the Star of Bethlehem. Among Mulhattan's friends at the time was John M. Klein, a hardware dealer of Richfield, Ky. Mulhattan dubbed him "professor," and described him as a successful observer of sun spots and an astronomer of remarkable attainments and high scientific reputation. According to Mulhattan's story it was Prof. Klein who had discovered the star. The late Richard A. Proctor, the eminent English astronomer, was in the United States at this time. Unfortunately for him he didn't know about Mulhattan, and he burned with zeal to save the American public from the paths of scientific error. So he devoted several columns of labored writing to an exposure of what he termed a humbug. He said that there was no such thing and never had been any such thing as a Star of Bethlehem, and if there was such a star it would not have been discovered at Klein's observatory, which was quite true, as there was no such thing as Klein's observatory, the estimable hardware dealer having never looked through anything bigger than a pair of opera glasses in his life. Proctor's denial of the Star of Bethlehem's existence stirred up a tempest such as only Holy Writ can stir up. The pious and orthodox fell upon him with truly religious ardor, defending Prof. Klein and denouncing Proctor with a vigor which soon made the English astronomer very sorry that he spoke.

During the summer of 1888 Mulhattan, with the aid of a mechanical Prof. J. N. B. Birdwhistle of the equally mythical Lawrenceburg Academy of Science, discovered an invisible moon, the bulk of which was about two and a half times greater than that of the visible moon, while its distance from the earth was only about 30,000 miles.

"Its influence on our tides," wrote Mulhattan, "on our atmosphere, our crops and the great storms must be very great, and will in a measure account for the cyclones, tornadoes and cold and cold waves that sweep over the earth. It explains also the apparently illogical fact that between the earth and sun, in such a position, caused by the sun's powerful attraction, as to be invisible except the upper edge, as it overshadows skirts our horizon during the months of July and August.

"Then Professor Birdwhistle and I, that Prof. Birdwhistle had telegraphed the discovery to Prof. Swift of the Rochester Observatory and Prof. John M. Klein, the noted astronomer of Kentucky, and had received a reply from the latter stating that he had brought instruments to bear upon the invisible moon, and had proved it real, and that he, too, had gazed upon the invisible moon, this corroborating Prof. Birdwhistle in every particular. The invisible moon covered visible through the newspapers for two days.

Mr. Mulhattan now turned his attention to things terrestrial, and brought to public notice an ancient pyramid near Lawrenceburg, Ky. He said it was found in one of the huge mounds there abounding, and was full of golden urns and other wonderful relics of an extinct race. Later on he got up another sound sensation, in which he told how a golden calf had been discovered, and tables of stones with inscriptions on them. It was thought that these were copies of the original Ten Commandments. He also wrote of great oil wells discovered in out of the way places, and the oil men of Pennsylvania became half crazy with excitement. Prospectors were sent out to the new oil fields with instructions to lease land and put up derricks without an instant's delay.

The famous story of the monkeys, told on J. B. Parkes of Kingston, Ky., was an improvement on the cotton-tending geese. It was said that Mr. Parkes had secured seven immense monkeys from his brother-in-law in South Africa, and had trained them to break hemp. The monkeys required little care in their keeping, and received no pay, and did their work so well that the farmer discharged all his laborers, made arrangements to import a thousand more monkeys, and looked forward with joy and confidence to the time when, owing to the low cost of his labor, he should obtain a practical monopoly of the business of growing hemp and become one of the richest men in the South.

Then the story went on to say that the Knights of Labor of Kentucky had become greatly excited over the affair, that they had denounced the importation of monkey labor from Africa as being infinitely worse than the importation of cheaper labor from Europe, and that a strike of all the farmhands of Kentucky would certainly occur, and there might be riots and bloodshed and incendiarism unless the Legislature cut a stop to Mr. Parkes' project by prohibiting monkeys. This story was sent out by a press association. It attracted the attention of one of the intelligent leader writers of the London *Telegraph*, who wrote an editorial a column long about the influence of simian labor on the labor problem.

Next came the remarkable story of the lake of hair dye that was published in the summer of 1888 in the Virginian *City Enterprise*. Mulhattan discovered that Mono Lake contains one of the greatest natural deposits of hair dye in the known world. "All who bathe in the waters of that lake become blondes, and if the bathing is persisted in for any length of time they get red-headed. A man last season rented the Levining ranch on the north side of the lake. He had three scrapping daughters. As soon as the water became warm enough the girls daily went bathing in the lake, taking for their mermaid gambols a time when the men folks were all out on the ranch at work. When they began taking their dips in the lake the girls were brown haired, but they soon found themselves becoming blondes. Next the hair of the girls became fiery red. The old man and his wife tried the baths, and now the whole family are Titian blondes."

Mr. Mulhattan is credited also with preparing the despatch from Chihuahua, Mexico, dated April 22, 1889, that was published in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. This was a story of a tree that devoured birds. To begin with, there was a detailed description of how the narrator studied botany and used to make long trips into the mountains hunting for specimens. Finally the tree in question was discovered. It was something like the weeping willow, but the long, drooping, whip-like limbs are of dark and greenish hue, of sinuous appearance and seemed possessed of a horrible lifelike power of coiling and uncoiling. One day the observer saw a bird settle on the top of the tree. The branches immediately began to awaken and curl upward. They twined and twisted like snakes about the bird, which began to scream, and drew it down in their fearful embrace until I lost sight of it." The next day the explorer got half a dozen chickens and threw them into the tree. "The moment I tossed in the fowls," he says, "a violent agitation shook its branches, which swayed to and fro with a sinuous snaky motion. After devouring the fowls these branches, fully gorged, dropped to their former position, and the tree, giving no sign of animation, I dared approach it and take the limbs in my hand. They were covered with suckers, resembling the tentacles of an octopus. The blood of the fowls had been absorbed by the suckers, leaving crimson stains on the dark surface."

The despatch concluded with an account of how the explorer wrote of the discovery to Prof. Wordenhaupt of the University of Heidelburg, who replied that the tree was the *Asbor dionde*, only two specimens of which had been known to science, one growing on a peak of the Himalayas and the other on the Island of Sumatra.

Mulhattan always prided himself upon his tall stories, and was never so happy as just after perpetrating a particular atrocious hoax upon some newspaper. As he was constantly going about the country as a commercial traveller, it was difficult for the unwary editors to keep track of him. At one time the commercial travellers of the country talked of nominating him for President. This was just before his retirement to the mountains, and the supposition is that the unexpected honor was too much for his modest nature.

MANY INDIANS STARVING.

Bishop Johnson Reports Extreme Suffering Prevailing in the Southwest.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Jan. 1. Bishop Johnson of the Episcopal Diocese of Southern California has started a movement to aid the starving Indians of the Southwest. The present trouble arises from the fact that white settlers have got possession of most of the fertile land and now they are also securing control of the water, which is necessary for irrigation purposes. The situation has been rendered acute by the fact that southern California is just recovering from a three or four-year drought, and many of the Indians have been almost completely cut off from water; their trees have been killed and their crops ruined, and now starvation stares them in the face. Bishop Johnson proposes to introduce various industries among them, particularly lace making, for which many of the Indian women seem to have a natural gift, and thus in a measure to make them independent of the soil.

The situation among the California Indians is distressing enough, but it is prosperity compared to that of the unfortunate aborigines in southern Arizona, who are literally starving. This is the condition among the Pimas on the Gila River. The white movement of extermination against these Arizona Indians is very slow and subtle, but it is very sure. The whites demand all the water rights and propose to have them, and the Indian is left to his resources, which at best are very few. There are about 6,000 Pimas, Papagoes and Maricopas, who obtain their living to-day from the lands of the Gila River reservation, about 250,000 acres, but they have not been able to cultivate 1,000 acres of the tract, because white men have drawn off the water above them.

"If the United States Government intends to aid in the extermination of the Indians," said Bishop Johnson, "it is making a move in the right direction, but if it intends to accord its wards ordinary justice then it should take immediate action. I have been trying to penetrate to the remote regions of my diocese to see the actual condition of the Indians and my own people, and during ten days over rough roads I covered 300 miles through a country that was desolate in the extreme, and witnessed scenes that would seem almost impossible in the heart of a great and wealthy country.

"The country traversed by me covers ten reservations: Cantar Grande, Campo, Inaya, La Posta, Mesa Grande, Santa Ysabel, Puerto Guapito, San Jose, Rincon and La Jolla. They were all in a condition to excite the sympathy of the most indifferent, but some were better than others, notably Rincon, where there is a fine school under the direction of Mrs. Sedonia. The reservations show all the stages of poverty, and the situation is that the Indian appears to have no rights. He had good for anything has been given to the white settler, and that which the white will not have, that is, something comparatively worthless, has been given to the Indian to eke out a miserable existence.

Bishop Johnson found at Mesa Grande that the Indian families had from three to five acres, while all the white settlers had from ten to 160. Of the latter could hardly a couple of them be considered thoroughly industrious. At this place he found that 300 Indians had 150 arable acres and only three ploughs to do the work. How the natives lived it was difficult to see. Years before the white settlers came these Indians had prosperous farms and raised grain, but they had been finally forced to take up lands that are almost non-productive and are living on acorns, manzanita berries and the inside boards from the mesquite roof to be denied to them as the white farmers with their acorns and their fine fat pigs. The Indians have to pick the sprouts from the grass which they have good to make their beautiful baskets, their one source of income, has been eaten by the cattle of the white men and the farmer owners of the soil are fencing it in.

At the Indian village of Inaya he found the Indians living in grass huts, but in one one, divided into two rooms, were four women and a man, almost naked, lying on the ground on a rag, in the last stages of starvation. In every house the story was almost the same grim despair had settled down on the people, and under such circumstances could exist upon very little.

There was absolutely no food in the ordinary sense of the term, summed up, it consisted of grass and a few bags of wheat. At La Jolla the Bishop found people who actually starve to death were they not fed by charity, the leader, who was supporting them out of her own small salary.

In Either Case.

Whether you are buying or selling real estate, consult the Board of Brokers' "Want and Offer" column on real estate page Sundays and Thursdays.—Adv.

THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF LIFE.

Interested in the Experiment.

From the Argonaut.

A guide was showing an American traveller about St. Paul's Cathedral, London, the other day, and pointed out all the tombs of interest. "That, sir," said he, "this the tomb of the greatest naval 'ero Europe or the world ever knew—Lord Nelson's. This marble sarcoughogue weighs forty-two tons. Hinside that his a steel receptacle weighing twelve tons, and hinside that his leaden casket, 'ermetically sealed, weighing over two tons. Hinside that is a mahogany coffin, 'olding the ashes of the great 'ero."

"Well," replied the American, after meditating a bit, "I guess you've got him all right. If ever he gets out of that, cable me in full at my expense."

Wanted the Experience.

From Stray Stories.

The girl was very rich and the young man was poor but honest. She liked him, but that was all, and he knew it. One night he had been a little more tender than usual.

"You are very rich," he ventured.

"Yes," she replied frankly, "I am worth $1,250,000."

"And I am poor."

"Yes."

"Will you marry me?"

"No."

"I thought you wouldn't."

"Then why did you ask me?"

"Oh, just to see how a man feels when he loses $1,250,000."

Better Than a Recorded Deed.

From the Washington Post.

When the Virginian who lived in the wretched log cabin with a family of seven had told me that forty acres of his land was a solid coal bed, I asked him if his deed was all right.

"Never had no deed, sah," he rather proudly replied. "But have you no papers at all?"

"No paper 'tall, sah. I jest squatted down on this yere land thirty years ago, and her been yere ever since."

"But if you have no papers wont the owner come along some day and bounce you out?"

"Not skassly, sah—not skassly. That is to say, sah, that the real owner has come along three different times and tried it, and every time he got killed and had to give it up. Deeds and sich things are all right 'nuff in their way, but my old gun, with a bar'l seven feet long, is a heap better right around yere."

The Gratitude of Posterity.

From Brooklyn Life.

The Artist—That is by far the best portrait in your whole collection.

Mr. Wacash—You bet! Why, my wife and I are constantly quarrelling over who should have him for an ancestor.

Didn't Believe His Father Was Governor.

From the Boston Herald.

During the late ex-Gov. Wolcott's term of office his youngest son, Oliver, was in one of the primary classes of a school. The teacher was one day asking questions of her little pupils, to give them a chance to show what they knew about one thing and another for the entertainment of a lady who was visiting the school, and she finally inquired: "Can any one tell me who is the Governor of Massachusetts?"

No one could tell, not even little Oliver.

The teacher then told every one of the pupils when he got home to ask his father, so as to be ready to tell her the next day. Accordingly, when the class was assembled the following morning, she gave out the question, calling on Oliver to see what he might have to say about it. Oliver answered:

"Pa says he's the Governor. But I don't believe it, 'cause he always making fun of everybin' so!"

Avoidance and Explanation.

From the Utica Observer.

A Utica gentleman who was in New York recently invited a certain bright and charming young lady to go to the theatre with him. Her home is on the upper West Side in a neighborhood reached by either the Boulevard or the Amsterdam avenue cars. A they were leaving the young lady's home she remarked to her escort in the hearing of her dignified and somewhat astonished parents:

"We will take the Amstergosh avenue cars. My father won't let me say dam."

Heartily Congratulated.

From the Chattanooga News.

They met in front of the Read House. One was fat and black, with a wonderful expanse of mouth and a voice like a couple of fog horns. The other was black and lean and wizened.

Said the fat black to the lean black: "Why dean, yer 'gratulate me, Brudder Johnsing?"

"What fur I 'gratulate you?" said Brudder Johnsing.

"What for you 'gratulate me? Why, man, kase I done mar'd de widder Jeff'sin."

"You is, you dun mar'd de widder Jeff'sonf" squeaked out the lean one.

"I sho' is done mar'd dat lady," said the fat one with an air of great satisfaction.

"Den I does 'gratulate yer, wif my whole heart I sho' does."

The two separated, when the lean one turned to a knot of white gentlemen who had been interested and amused auditors of the conversation and remarked:

"Yas, I 'gratulate him! Haw! haw! haw!—he! he! I sho' does. He's de wus en'my I has, an' I certainly 'gratulates. Why, boss," he said, confidentially singling out one of the spectators, "I wus mar'd to dat 'oman fer a year myself. Yas, I sho' do 'gratulate dat man," and he moved off toward Market street, chuckling and muttering to himself.

Effectually Rebuked.

From the Baltimore News.

Representative Clayton of Alabama recently told this story: "I was Government revenue official down in my State, and when I started in I wanted to make a record. I haled an old fellow into court for selling moonshine whiskey. When I got him on the stand I asked him plump out:

"Did you ever make any moonshine whiskey?"

"The old man looked at me with tears in his eyes. 'Henry,' he said, 'I knowed your father, and he never would have asked me no such question as that.'

"I let him go."

Had Proved It.

From the Scottish American.

A good story was told at an election meeting the other night. An Irishman obtained permission from his employer to attend a wedding. He turned up the next day with his arm in a sling and a black eye.

"Hello, what is the matter?" said his employer.

"Well, you see," said the wedding guest, "we were very merry yesterday, and I saw a fellow strutting about with a swallow tailed coat and a white waist coat. 'And who might you be?' said I. 'I'm the best man,' says he, and begorra he was, too."

Stationery and Fuel.

From the Chicago Record.