## NEED OF WOMEN'S HOTELS.

### THE LIVING PROBLEM HARD FOR THE SELF-SUPPORTING HERE.

**Practically No Provision for Women of Refinement Whose Pay Is Small—Working Girls of Lower Social Grade as Badly Off—Homes and Boarding Houses.**

In a recent interview a woman prominent in sociological work made the statement that the greatest stumbling block in the path of the self-supporting woman in New York was the approximate impossibility of getting decent and comfortable board and lodging at a price within her reach.

"Fully 90 per cent. of the working girls who do not live with their own families," she said, "are living in a way that is disastrous to health and morals, and the wonder in my mind is not that so many girls go absolutely wrong, but that, under the circumstances, any girl practically alone in this city escapes demoralization. I know of no finer philanthropy than an effort to solve the living problem for the self-supporting woman and furnish her a safe and pleasant home at a reasonable price.

"Not one girl in one hundred is strong enough to resist the atmosphere surrounding her, and the average working girl's life is likely to vulgarize her, if it does nothing worse. After all, I believe the most distressing thing in this city's life is not its wickedness, but its vulgarity, and in my work among working girls I find them handicapped not so much by original sin as by a vulgarity that is the natural result of their habit and condition of life."

What this one woman put into words all seeing persons with an interest in social problems have been recognizing in the last ten years, and, in a tentative fashion various efforts have been made to present a solution for the difficulty. The woman's hotel idea has been a hardy perennial for many years, and an understanding of the need for it has grown steadily, though not so rapidly as the need itself has grown. Now, once more, promises of the hotel are held out to waiting womankind, and it seems an assured thing that the undertaking will be carried through; but, after all, many women who have been pinning their faith to the coming hotel are disappointed.

The hotel that has been talked of for a number of years, and that often seemed on the verge of materializing, was intended for self-supporting women of a rather high order of intelligence and refinement, for the women who could afford to spend from $9 to $12 a week for board and room. That particular woman has a hard time in New York. She is, ordinarily, of good birth and breeding and of cultivated tastes. She makes a fair income, but an income that justifies no style of life more satisfactory than a hall bedroom existence. She would not live in a model tenement or a girls' home. She would be miserable in the atmosphere of a twenty-dollar a month apartment house, and yet there is literally nothing between a twenty-dollar a month flat and one at $50. That is, apartments under $50 are invariably unsatisfactory to a woman of refinement, and even at $50 the satisfactory place is rare.

A hall bedroom in a good boarding house costs $10 or $12 a week and is forlorn. In a second or third-rate boarding house, room and board are cheaper, though still dear enough, but there are a host of disadvantages and the life is unwholesome if not positively harmful. So, for this woman whose taste is in excess of her income, there has seemed to be no provision, though a number of experiments in the line of homes for the ordinary working girl have been made.

It was for the girl of this type that the Woman's Hotel was promised, but in the realized plans the hotel's scope seems adapted less to this woman than to her sister of less refinement and lower wages. Instead of the cosey suites at a fair but moderate price, the plans show single rooms along straight halls. The result is a large lodging house, rather than an aggregation of little homes. The rates are to be from $5 to $8, which is lower than boarding-house rates, and is not beyond the reach of even the more successful factory girl and shopgirl.

Such a hotel is needed sadly and will fill a want, but the self-supporting women who dreamed of a hotel where they could get for a fair price something resembling the comfort of the ordinary bachelor quarters so plentiful in the city are sorrowful. They will have to wait a little longer, but their hotel will come. It is a growing necessity, and the legion of women demanding it is growing greater every year as new and lucrative fields of business open up for women.

It has been the fashion to say that no woman's hotel can be a success, that women will resent rules and regulations, and yet that the place could not be run respectably without rules and regulations; that there will be constant fault-finding and scandal. As an illustration in point, the old A. T. Stewart Woman's Hotel, now the Park Avenue Hotel, is always dragged into the light. There was a well-equipped woman's hotel. It was an absolute failure. Therefore, any woman's hotel must be a failure. This proposition, usually advanced by men, would do credit to the traditional feminine logic.

As a matter of fact, conditions have changed radically since the A. T. Stewart experiment was made. When he built his hotel, he had in mind the employees in his own store. It was for the girl of that class and of that income that the hotel was designed. Since that day an army of young women has sprung up in the city, of women who make more money than the shop girl, who are more used to independent life, who come from good homes and bring fine traditions with them, who are willing to pay well for comfort and privacy, who want to be let alone and are willing to let their neighbors alone.

Moreover, these are the days of coöperative living. The time is past when two women could not live together without jarring. Two girls can lessen individual expenses by combining. They are both at work all day, too busy to bother each other. They want to go home to comfortable quarters, a private room each, a common sitting room where they can see friends without the horrors of the boarding house parlor, and a good bathroom.

They can't get such quarters without paying an exorbitant price. So they live in a cluttered studio, in company with a can opener and an oil stove, and they ruin their dispositions and digestions. Or else, they drift into the hall bedroom. The right sort of woman's hotel would give those girls what they need, and there is no reason why it should not be a paying investment.

It was on the matter of rules and regulations that the A. T. Stewart hotel foundered, but it is an open secret that those rules and regulations were imposed for the express purpose of doing the foundering. Persons in authority said frankly that the whole thing was an absurd waste of good money and that the sooner the project failed completely, the sooner the investment would bring a return to the estate. The failure was precipitated and it is absurd to take that hotel experiment as a warrant for believing that under present conditions and rational management a woman's hotel cannot succeed.

However, any one proposing to manage such an undertaking must fling away, at the start, any idea of imposing rules and restrictions. The bachelor girl of the best type, the girl who can make the hotel a success, will not endure them. She is able to stand alone and take care of herself. She wants to go into a respectable house, but she does not care for supervision of her going and coming, and will hotly resent it. She demands the same freedom that her brother would have in his bachelor apartment, so long as she does nothing to offend the proprieties. The penalties of her independence are too heavy to make her willing to give up its privileges.

Whatever restriction and supervision is to be part of the up-to-date Woman's Hotel must come before the woman is admitted. Iron-clad references must be required and scrupulously investigated. Once admitted, the woman should be absolutely free from interference or restriction, until she openly shows that she is not reputable. Only on this basis could the hotel achieve popularity with the class of self-supporting women who can pay enough to make such a hotel a paying investment.

Another point carefully overlooked by many of the promoters who have planned women's hotels, is the vital necessity of putting in charge of the establishment some one who can not only run a hotel, but who has, to at least some extent, studied the problem of the modern working woman of the higher ranks, and understands her needs and conditions and tastes. An innkeeper from a New England town cannot drop down in New York and run a hotel for the New York bachelor girl.

For the working girls of a lower grade socially and intellectually some small provision has been made in New York, but what has been done is only a drop in the bucket compared with what is needed. There are perhaps six boarding houses for working girls in the city, which, while avoiding a taint of charity, were started on a philanthropic basis and aim not to make money, but to furnish working girls with safe homes and comfortable living for from $3.50 to $6 a week. All of these homes have had a degree of success and are always full, though many of them have serious flaws, and their scope is limited.

Here again the puzzling question of curtailed liberty comes to the front. The factory girl does not take to restrictions more cheerfully than her more fortunate sister. She wants her latch key, and her freedom. She wants to have her "steady" come early and often without surveillance and interference. If she chooses to go to Fort George with him in the evening, she doesn't want to announce that fact to a matron and ask for permission to carry a key. Her life is dull enough and hard enough at best, and she doesn't readily give up freedom to snatch at any opportunities for larks that may come her way.

On the other hand, the vice association or committee, or whatever is the power behind the throne, feels, naturally enough, that it is dangerous to give the girls absolute freedom. The matron of the home feels that conscientious care of the girls requires restrictions in regard to late hours, visitors, &c. So the rules are printed and framed; and the average girl would rather rent her poorly furnished lodging house room and eat in scrappy fashion than bow to those rules and have better lodging and food for her money.

A SUN reporter talked to a number of working girls about the homes and the living problem in general. Some few of them appreciated the advantages offered by the homes and thought them worth the sacrifice of a little independence. The big majority declared in favor of furnished rooms and the cropping of promiscuous herbage in unfettered liberty.

"I can't stand bossing," said the girls.

"I hate charity places," added others.

"But the homes aren't charity places," urged the reporter.

"Well, that's what they say, but they make you feel as if you ought to be almighty grateful for being taken in, and as if you were getting more than you pay for," insisted the girls.

"Then they know so much," volunteered one handsome girl with a chin that suggested opinions of her own. "They study us like bugs, and think they know all about what's good for us. I tried one of them. One night I was going to Fort George with my gentleman friend, and I went to the matron to get a latch key. She looked awful pained. 'Oh, Mamie' she says, 'why will you go to such low, vulgar places? If you must go out with your young man, why don't you have a refined quiet evening, going down on the Staten Island boats or that sort of thing?' 'That's all you know about it,' says I. 'Up at Fort Geoge there's something doing, something amusing and no time for nonsense, and you go up in a crowd and come back in a crowd, and you're all right—but going off for a quiet refined evening with a fellow in our set—my Lord!'"

Evidently there's a screw loose somewhere and the "home mothers" and the girls don't get the same point of view. In most of the homes, the rooms are very pleasan but the table leaves much to be desired. Of course one cannot expect delicacies for the price, but while coarse heavy and unappetizing food in large quantities may be all right for workers in manual work, it isn't the thing for tired brain workers, and many of the girls on small wages are girls who appreciate daintiness in food and service.

One girl who is now in a boarding home, after trying vainly to find any other decent method of living, is employed by an insurance company. She writes and reads French, German and Italian, and attends to foreign correspondence. For the work she gets $6 a week.

"I simply could not live decently outside of the home," she said, "but, for a long time I couldn't get a room in any of the homes. No; I don't like it, because I am interfered with so much; but it is respectable and infinitely better than anything else for the money."

It is estimated that the average factory girl gets $4 a week—that is, that $4 is the average pay, though many earn more. Most of the girls have families here and live with them. The rest live or exist as best they can. Eight dollars a week is a fair salary for shop girls, clerks, &c. Even that doesn't go far when all expenses must come out of it, and $4 a week for board and lodging is all the girl can afford to pay. If any optimist thinks that it is easy to secure decent accommodations at that price let him try to find them. Many of the New York work girls live in Brooklyn. Living is cheaper there. Then, too, it is nearer Coney Island.

"We've got to have more homes for working girls here in New York," said a settlement worker to THE SUN reporter, who asked her about the living problem. "Give the girls decent homes with few rules, a matron who is tactful enough to do mothering when it is wanted and not force it where it isn't wanted, a pleasant place to receive men callers, and you will give the working girl a chance for her health, happiness and morals. If I had such a home, I'd make it a sort of matrimonial bureau. I'd try to get decent young fellows in to meet the girls in a respectable way. If it isn't done that way it will be done on the street and under vulgar conditions. Half these girls never have a chance to know respectable men in a respectable way. They will have society and admiration, so they go to the streets and the halls and the pier. They ought to be encouraged to have men come to the homes. A working girls' private boarding house isn't a house of correction. We need more of them, and we need a broader understanding in their management."

The model tenements that have gone up in the last few years contribute something toward the solution of the living problem for working women, but the difficulty with them has been that their rents have been too high for the girl of very low wages, and the girl of higher income is too toploftical to tolerate the tenement in the name. The Mills House on the West Side has distinct advantages, is light, airy, clean, fireproof. A few women have taken apartments there, but almost all the apartments are occupied by families.

One of the model tenements uptown has quite a large colony of single women. A teacher who has rooms there told THE SUN reporter that for the first time since she came to New York, twelve years ago, she is saving a little money. Heretofore, living expenses have eaten up every cent she could earn.

"Of course," she said with a sigh, "my neighbors aren't all I could wish and my family groans at the name 'model tenement,' but the New York boarding house is a horror for a girl, and I've never before been able to find a little apartment that was respectable, sanitary, comfortable and within my means. Surely with the thousands of women pouring into New York to do the work the city offers to women, there will soon be some provision made for the comfort of these women. We need women's hotels of differing grades, some with good suites at reasonable prices and a first-class restaurant, some with cheap rooms and a cheap restaurant, but all offering a maximum of comfort for the outlay of money."

### The Great Dismal Swamp.

*From the Forest and Stream.*

The Great Dismal Swamp is a region strange and interesting, weird and solitary. It occupies a billowy plain some forty miles in length by twenty-five miles in breadth along the Atlantic seaboard, extending from Suffolk, Va., in a southerly direction, well into the bounds of North Carolina.

Its deep shades, great stretches of brake and its very solitude make it a region of interest. To the naturalist and sportsman it has much to offer. In its silent fastnesses, the black bear finds a home admirably adapted to his protection and in every way favorable to his increase. Here amid the dense growth of underbrush and timber, he may live in comparative safety. And there is perhaps no locality in the whole eastern United States of like extent which can offer a larger bear population than this great morass. The white-tailed deer is also an abundant denizen of the swamp, frequenting the elevated parts.

In addition to the deer and bears, there is a big-game feature of a rather unusual nature. The swamp abounds in wild cows. These animals, of a brown color and somewhat smaller than the ordinary cow, having for many years been under the peculiar conditions of the swamp, until they are almost completely specialized, are extremely wild. They are feralized from the herds of the farms adjacent to the swamp, and are the descendants of cattle which many years back wandered into the fastnesses and were lost to their owners, finally becoming wild. Being no longer recognized as property the sportsman may call game all that he may have the prowess to shoot.

Lake Drummond, some ten miles from Suffolk, Va., is the only great body of water in the swamp. It is a beautiful sheet of water, of an oval contour, and fringed with a heavy growth of timber, mostly cypress, white cedar and black gum. Its water is of a dark color, owing to the decaying vegetation of the surrounding country, but is suitable to drink, and possesses the quality of remaining pure longer than most other water. For this reason it is often carried to sea by sailors on long voyages.

The characteristic mammalian fauna is of a semi-tropical nature as regards the smaller forms, while there are many tropical plants. Of birds there are not many kinds, prothonotary, hooded and Swainson's warblers and the Maryland yellowthroat being the principal smaller forms. The trees, some of which are primeval, are large and beautiful, while there is a luxuriant growth of ferns and aquatic plants. Cane grows in profusion.

## WHY HE QUIT DRAW POKER.

### THE UNDOING OF A FRIEND TURNED HIM AGAINST THE GAME.

**How a Cowboy Failed in Trying to Win a New Start in Life, and What Came of a Clash Between Four Kings and Four Queens—Holders of Both Hands Not Playing Now.**

"No poker for me," said the breezy, big Texan, who sat with a few friends on the piazza of a seaside hotel, drinking in ocean air and things, with a zest begotten by the heat and humidity of last week. They had "done the town" very thoroughly for some days, and had gone to the shore to rest and cool off. An elaborate and not painfully economical dinner was followed by perfectos and a supply of ice floating and tinkling in fragile glass, and the group sat in serene content with all the world.

Some one proposed a game of draw as a pleasant pastime for the evening and the Texan's refusal to play was as unexpected as it was laconic. They waited a little for some explanation, for his tone seemed to imply that there was a story somewhere around. After a pause one of his friends said:

"When did you come out of Egypt, Harry? As I remember it you were one of the most inveterate players in the club before you made that break for the West and left us all wondering what had become of you. There isn't anything in the Texas air, is there, that's fatal to the poker microbe? If there is, I know some who might do well to migrate."

"No," said the Texan, slowly, "it isn't the air. In fact, the climate of the whole Southwest seems to agree remarkably well with the game, but it was down there, all the same, that I was cured. I never made any good resolutions, or anything like that. I simply conceived a violent hatred for cards, and I never got over it. I don't think I ever will.

"I might as well tell you the story," he continued, after another pause. "It won't stop anybody else from playing, but it will explain my feelings. As you all know, I was a desperate player before I left. What you didn't know was that I played away the whole of a respectable fortune. When I realized that it was gone I made a break for the open. The idea of staying among friends and accepting help from them in the struggle that was ahead of me was intolerable, so I quietly sold out everything I had left and started for God's own country. I didn't know, by the way, that it was specially his till I got there, but I had to get away and the stories I had heard of life on the cattle ranches were attractive.

"I had no particular regret for my losses. The money had cost me nothing and I had had the fun. Moreover, the fascination of the game was on me, and I had no more notion of stopping play than I had of ceasing to breathe. The only thing was that I had to earn my living and I didn't care to do it in an office.

"It wasn't hard to do after I reached the plains, for polo had made me a fairly good rider and I was active and willing to work and I had sense enough to stand the good-natured hazing of the other cowboys without a kick, so I made friends fast and after the strangeness wore off I enjoyed myself hugely.

"No small part of the enjoyment came from the fact that it was always possible to get up a game of poker when there was no work on hand. We played almost every night and, after I had grown used to the slight differences in the game peculiar to the locality, I held my own fairly well—better a great deal than I had in the keen games we played at the club.

"What I couldn't do was to win when we went to town, as we did always after pay day, and played with the professionals that were there looking for us. Of course I was on the lookout for crooked play all the time but I never detected any till long afterward, and I actually believed it was either bad luck or poor play on my part that sent me back to the ranch dead broke every month. I was no bigger fool than thousands of others are, and if I was a fool it didn't worry me I earned my money and had my fun and paid for it, and I was entirely satisfied.

"There was a man on the ranch with me, though, who didn't take things so pleasantly, and as time went on I came to understand the reasons. He called himself George Carey, but was careful to say, whenever he thought he was called on to do so, that that was not his real name. As he and I came to know each other better we became fast friends, and he told me his story. It was one that is common enough in books, and perhaps more common than we realize in actual life. Anyhow, I learned afterward that it was true to the letter. He had given up the most of his patrimony to save a worthless younger brother from disgrace and had settled the remainder on his mother, and had then started out to make a fortune for himself and the girl who was waiting for him, back here in the East. And he had taken an assumed name to save the pride of his relatives.

"I reckon he would have made his fortune all right enough, if he hadn't been in such a hurry about it. He had every chance that I had, and was fully as capable as I, and I had no trouble in making money after I cut out the poker. But George was a born gambler and he played as constantly as I did, with this difference—he played for the money and I played for the excitement and the fun. Losing was no great hardship for me. I would rather play and lose in those days than not to play, but to him, losing was a foretaste of hell. I had rather a contempt for him because of his being such a hard loser until I came to know his story and saw the picture of the girl who was waiting for him. Then I understood it better.

"Well, all this was over five years ago, now. We kept on playing and going broke each month for more than a year and George began to grow moody, but he wouldn't cut out the poker. He was no further along than when he started, but he got furious when I suggested that if he'd saved his wages instead of gambling he would have had enough for a first payment on a small ranch. We came near quarrelling over it and I decided that I'd rather keep my friend than to quarrel hopelessly. I never spoke to him again about it. I never played against him again, though, and I'm glad of that much.

"The last time we went to town together he was in high spirits. He had had luck in a small way for a couple of weeks and with his wages he had between $200 and $300 with him; enough, as he said, joyously, to sit in at a steep game and win a really worth while stake. It seemed as if he were going to do it, too, for a while after he got playing, for luck was with him for half an hour. We usually went to a saloon kept by a California gambler named Bob Ayer, and we supposed as every one else did, that we were up against as square a game as there was in the West. The liquor was good and the place was well kept. Ayer used to boast that he was used to the best himself and proposed to give his patrons only what was good enough for him. It was crude talk, but it went in that community, and even George and I took his bluff talk as evidence that he was on the square.

"I played faro for awhile, for, as I tell you, I had made up my mind not to play against George any more, and he had sat in at a poker game with two other cowboys and two gamblers who were always hanging around Ayer's place. Whether he stood in with them or not I don't know, but I presume he did. It didn't take so long for me to lose my money at faro as it usually did at poker, and I strolled over to where the others were playing, to watch the game. As I said, George was winning and when I came up he had perhaps $500 in front of him. It looked to me like a good time for him to quit, but of course I knew too much to offer him any advice while he was playing. What I did was to say to him laughingly: 'I'm cleaned out, George. Whenever you're ready, I'll ride over home with you.'

"He looked up with a smile and said 'I can't quit just now, my luck's too good. But I'll go with you as soon as I've made this an even thousand.'

"They were playing table stakes and there was more than a thousand in sight, so it did not look unreasonable to suppose that he might clean up that much in a short time. I did not really suppose he would quit when he had done it, but I was interested enough to wait and see, aside from the interest I took in watching the game, so I stayed.

"There were two or three others looking on and presently Ayer himself who seldom played unless the game were a heavy one, came up and watched the play with us for a few minutes. He stood there, half-smiling, but intent on the game till he had seen George take in two large pots on bare-faced bluffs that never would have gone through if there had been anything out against him, and then he said: 'I think I'll take a little of this myself if there's no objection.'

"There wasn't any, so he pulled out five hundred and sat in. That did not disturb me, and I don't think it did George, for, as I said, we looked on Ayer as a square player. I know the thought I had was that if George's luck would hold a little longer he had a better chance than ever to round up his thousand. It looked as if his luck was holding, too, for there came a jackpot soon after that had been sweetened till there was nearly $60 in it when George opened it on Ayer's deal. He put up $25 and got three stayers, so there was over $275 in the pot when cards were called for.

"The first man drew three cards and the second stood pat. George came next and as he called for one he held his card so that I could see he was drawing to three queens. As his draw fell in front of him he threw away his discard, laid his four on top of the one he had called for and tossed a white chip into the pot. The dealer took two cards. It being his next play, he chipped along without looking. The pat hand was sure to raise, and he could afford to do what George was doing—wait for somebody else to play his hand. The next player, who had drawn three cards, gave them a hasty glance and threw his hand in the discard pile. It was one of the cowboys, and he told me afterward that he had caught a third eight, but knew that he had no show in the play that was sure to come.

"The next man, who had stood pat, raised it a hundred dollars. He was one of the gamblers and I never knew what he had, but I judged it to be a high flush or a small full. At all events, that was the last that was heard from him. George looked at his hand, and finding the fourth queen, raised him a hundred. That put it up to Ayer and he looked long and carefully at his cards before he spoke. At length he said: 'I raise you what I have here,' and he shoved all his chips into the pot. It was a little over $450 in all, which made a raise of $250 over George's bet. The other gambler threw down his cards without a word. He knew he was beaten.

"George covered the last raise promptly, saying, 'I'm sorry you haven't anything more in, but it's table stakes and of course that ends it.' And he was about to show his hand when Ayer said, 'Hold on. I know it's table stakes, and I don't claim the privilege of playing any further, but as it is down to you and me with nobody else in, I'll make you a bet on the side of anything you like that my hand beats yours.'

"Now that was where George ought to have had sense enough to stop, for when a professional gambler says a thing like that on his own deal he is betting on a sure thing, but, as I said, we thought Ayer was all right, and poor George was none too cautious at any time. He fairly jumped at the bait, and I must say I thought at the moment that he was justified.

"'I'll bet you all I have,' he exclaimed eagerly, and fingering his chips he counted out nearly $800. Then going through his pockets he fished out about forty more and shoved the whole sum into the pot.

"Ayer covered it without a word and the two hands were shown down. George had four queens all right, but Ayer had four kings.

"Even then it did not occur to either of us to dispute the play and Ayer raked in the money silently, while George rose and turned to leave the room. He was as white as a sheet, but he said nothing. I was watching him closely and kept right at his side for I thought for a moment that he might fall. I knew he had lost more money than that before he went West, but I also knew that he never had lost a sum that meant to him what that did.

"Before we reached the door, however, Ayer spoke. 'Wait a little,' he said with ostentatious heartiness, 'I'll set up a wine supper on this.'

"'No,' said George. 'I don't want supper and I don't want wine, but I'll take a slug of whiskey with you, if you don't mind. I haven't the price with me.' And he smiled gallantly though he remained ghastly white.

"We took the drink, and another one, and then George and I rode home. He said nothing on the way and I didn't try to talk to him. 'I wish now that I had. Only when we were turning in for the night he said, with an evident effort to speak in an ordinary tone: 'I wish you would give my satchel to the girl, Harry, in case anything should heppen to me. Don't send it, but wait till you can give it to her yourself. There's some little things it it that she'll want.'

"His meaning was plain enough, but I could not believe that he meant what he implied, and I had the notion it would be best to treat it lightly, even if he did mean it, thinking that he would recover himself after a sleep, so I answered him carelessly: 'Of course, George, I'll do it if I have to, but you'll see her before I ever will.'

"That was the last word he ever heard, for a few minutes after I'd put out the light he shot himself through the heart.

"Maybe you fellows can understand now why I have never played poker since then.

"I never had a chance to come East till this summer, and I came this time to bring the satchel. It was about the hardest thing I ever did in my life, but I'm glad now that I did it."

There was a long silence. Then one of the party said, with the suggestion of a query in his tone: 'I believe you said that at the time you thought this Ayer was a square player.'

"'Oh, yes," said the Texan, rousing himself from his reverie, "we all thought so, then, but I was in his place two or three months afterward, and from curiosity I looked on at a game in which he was playing. You know lookers-on always see the most of the game, and I distinctly saw him deal from the bottom of the pack."

Then there was another silence, and then one of the party said: "Well?"

"Well," said the Texan, slowly, "Ayer doesn't play poker any more, either."

### THE FEAT OF THE GUERNSEY'S MEN.

**Shipped a New Shaft and Propeller While at Sea in the North Pacific.**

*From the Morning Oregonian.*

When the Norwegian steamship Guernsey finally turns up at this port or at Vancouver, B. C., where she is to load, her master and engineer will find themselves famous, for according to reports they have succeeded in performing one of the most remarkable feats ever attempted in marine engineering on the high seas. Advices from Victoria state that they have succeeded in shipping a new shaft and propeller in mid-ocean. The feat was accomplished by another of the Pacific Export Lumber Company's chartered fleet, the Oak Branch, in the South Seas, a number of years ago, but the seas are not so heavy down in the tropics as they are in the North Pacific, and the work of the Guernsey's officers is without an equal on this side of the world.

The story of the remarkable work out in midocean with the big ship rocking and tossing helpless in the swells, is thus told by Captain J. W. Elkstrand, master of the Japanese steamer Kaga Maru, which spoke the vessel in her disabled condition:

On July 1, at 11:15 A. M., when in latitude 46 degrees north, and in longitude 169 degrees 40 east, he sighted a steamer broad on the port bow. Noticing also that she was not under control, he altered his course and bore down on her. On approaching the tramp the latter signalled that she would send a boat on board, and shortly afterward her captain came alongside. He stated that the vessel was the Norwegian steamer Guernsey thirteen days out from Muroran, and bound for Portland, Ore. They had broken their tail shaft and lost their propeller, and the condition of the helpless vessel in consequence was grave in the extreme. Fortunately under recent regulations of the underwriters, which compels such vessels to carry an extra shaft and propeller, these were on board, but the difficulty of shipping them was so great as to be almost insurmountable.

Favored by the calm weather and quiet sea, however, the captain decided to make the attempt. The ship being in ballast, the cargo was moved forward until her bow was deep in the water and the stern was elevated until the propeller shaft was clear of the water. Rafts were improvised and the nine-ton propeller lowered. The propeller shaft was placed in position without great difficulty, but the swell of the ocean and the crude appliances at hand made the task of shipping the huge screw almost mountainous. Repeated attempts only resulted in failure, until finally, by the skippers orders two opposite blades were cut off. Thus lightened the screw was at last got into position, and Captain Kroghanson expected to get under way with his dual bladed propeller the following day.

### Nutriment in Quail Eggs.

*From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

"Few persons are aware of the fact," said a well-known physician yesterday, "but it is true, nevertheless, that the egg of the partridge is one of the most nutritious things in the world. They are not used for eating purposes except in very rare cases, and then it generally happens in remote rural districts. I have known negro families in the State of Louisiana during the laying season to live on the eggs of partridges. And they would flourish handsomely and grow fat on account of the rich properties of the eggs. These eggs, of course, never find their way into the market, because they are never taken from their nest except by such persons as I have mentioned, and they rob the nests, I suppose, because their principal food supply comes from this source. Quail meat comes pretty high in the market at all times and the average man will find it more profitable to spare the eggs and wait for the birds when the hunting season rolls around. These men would pass a hundred nests in one day without disturbing an egg. The sport of hunting the birds is an additional incentive.

"The average negro does not care so much about this aspect of the case. He figures that the white man, having the best gun and the best dog, will beat him to the bird. So he goes after the egg. One partridge will lay anywhere from a dozen to twenty eggs, and a nest is a good find. I know of many families in rural sections who feast on these eggs in the laying season. I have tried the egg myself as an experiment. I found it peculiarly rich. It has a good flavor, is very palatable, and, in fact, is altogether a very fine thing to eat. Really, I believe that the egg has more nutrition in it than the fully developed bird, but, of course, as one of the men fond of the game in the field, I would like to discourage the robbery of the nests."

## ALMOST BEYOND BELIEF.

### THE STORY OF AN OLD STREET CAR CONDUCTOR IN DENVER.

**Innocent Little Grasshoppers Taught by Wicked Drivers to Help Them Rob the Cash Boxes on Bobtail Horsecars—How Detected.**

*From the Washington Post.*

"Did you ever hear of a grasshopper helping a man to steal?" said an old street railway conductor to a reporter. "Well, I remember in Denver several years ago there was a street car driver who learned the trick, and then resigned, devoting all his time to providing other street car men with bugs of the required size and strength.

"In those days bobtail cars were used, in which every passenger deposited his own fare in a cash box at the front. This driver, or conductor, in trying to pull out coins with wire and other things had but little success. One day he was fooling with a grasshopper and noticed the fierce clutch of its front feet when he tried to lift it by its hind legs. The thought struck him that he could use the insect to rob the cash box of his car, and he tried it. It worked to a charm. The conductor held the hind legs of the bug and pushed it head foremost down through the coin slot. Mr. Grasshopper flung his front feet around wildly, feeling for anything to clutch, until he reached the little pile of coins and grasped the first one he reached so firmly that the bug and money could both be withdrawn.

"This conductor worked his money box so hard with grasshoppers that he was cautioned about the small receipts of his car. Then he decided that his opportunities as a driver were too limited and he resigned. He caught a lot of the biggest hoppers and even trained them. He found that a little practice in picking up nickels, dimes and quarters made the bugs much more intelligent and they worked faster. After getting in a supply of thoroughly well-posted hoppers he interviewed the street-car drivers all over the city and offered to provide them with a supply of grasshoppers warranted to pull a coin at every attempt, for a certain amount daily. In a few weeks the receipts of the Denver railroads fell off about 30 per cent. and the officials were nearly crazy as they could discover nothing in the traffic conditions to justify such a state of affairs.

"In the meantime the inventor of the grasshopper scheme was rolling in luxury. He had nearly a hundred clients each of whom paid him from 50 cents to $1 a day according to the importance from a revenue standpoint of the streets his car traversed. The men could have caught some grasshoppers themselves but it was too easy to pay the toll and get educated bugs.

"Why, that old fellow got so much wrapped up in his scheme that he claimed he could pick out big grasshoppers with large, intelligent, though rather protruding eyes and bulby heads, and after a course of severe training could educate them to a height of efficiency which made them pick up quarters instead of nickels or dimes. He charged extra for these post-graduate bugs, and the conductors told me that they really would grab the biggest coin in the bottom of the box and leave the nickels until all the quarters were gone. They would begin on the nickels next, however, and leave the dimes till the last, because in spite of their education, they could not tell that the smaller dime was worth more than the larger nickel.

"The great pet of the grasshopper trainer was one big bug, which could 'spit tobacco' like a canal boat captain, and looked as if it could swear as hard if it wanted to. That old man said he had taught this 'hopper that a dime was worth more than a nickel. One day, after it had been thoroughly grounded in arithmetic, he said, he was giving it its usual afternoon spin down through the coin slot of a dummy cash box he kept at home to train the bugs. The big grasshopper pulled out the quarters one by one and never made a move for the other coins until all the twenty-five cent pieces were safely clutched in his claws and removed to the outside. When all the quarters had been removed the old man put the 'hopper back to get the dimes. He said it gave him a sort of sly look as he pushed its head through the coin slot. Holding its hind legs, he let the insect's forefeet touch the pile of nickels and dimes remaining in the bottom of the box.

"The prize bug will not promptly reach for the nearest dime and grip it in its strong forefeet. The old man was horrified to see it apparently about to return to the paths of ignorance, but he waited and watched. He told me that his pet bug deliberately pushed away nickels and scraped together dimes until it had three right under it, and then it put its toes under the bottom one, and, hugging the three coins to its breast, looked around as if to say, 'All right, pull away.'

"When he got the bug and the three dimes out of the box and put them down on the table, that old man told me the grasshopper dropped the coins and then hopped around in a glad proud way that brought the tears to his eyes.

"It surely was a great scheme, but it was too good to last. The officials knew there was something wrong, but they could not locate the leak. A driver had lots of chances to go in the car when it was empty on some part of his trips, and the hoppers were so well trained that they worked like a steam hoist, and a driver with a really good bug could lift a couple of dollars out of the cash box in two or three minutes. It caused some little delay at times, because the hoppers were kept in a little box hung to the dashboard rail, and after participating in a successful raid on the company's cash box they always expected some fresh green wheat or rye straw. The drivers had to forage for this stuff along the roads in the suburbs, and sometimes it made the car several minutes late.

"All the spotters the company put on could not discover how the robberies were committed. It did look pretty bad to see drivers beginning to wear silk hats, red neckties, and button-hole bouquets while on their cars, but there was nothing really criminal in that. Most of the men soon got to hiring hostlers to do the stable part of their work, and they all got into such luxurious habits generally that several had to retire on rather modest fortunes because their health suffered from the exposure to the weather.

"The old man was making money so fast that he stopped counting it, and began to buy city blocks. But his greatest interest was in his bugs, and he took a real pride in having them up to the mark in education. The graft was so good that the men kept the secret, and the roads would have been cleaned out of business in a few months if they had not decided upon desperate measures. Bankruptcy was staring them all in the face, dividends were a thing of the past, a new horse had not been bought in three months and things were going to the dogs generally, when a meeting of the Presidents and managers of all the roads in Denver was called.

"It was plain to be seen that the deficit in receipts was due to robbery on the cars, and after a long palaver they decided that it would be best to employ the smartest detective they could find. They had to send East for one who was way up on street railway stealing, and they got the best.

"That fellow was a wonder. He took hold as soon as he lit in town, and the first thing he did was to have the cash box taken off the first car that turned in. The detective carried it away and examined it carefully, every part of it. He tried all sorts of ways to get the two nickels that were left after a trip through the business section of the city and a transaction in the suburbs by the driver and his bug, but could not get anything in the slot that would take out the coins.

"Then he opened the thing and closely inspected the inside. In a minute he saw a dark stain and then another. He looked closer, and saw that it was apparently tobacco juice. He could not imagine how a man could spit tobacco into the box, even if he wanted to, and this detective, being, as I said, right smart, concluded that the stains were not from tobacco. He took the box to a chemist, and after an investigation, the chemist reported that the stains were made by the liquid a grasshopper expectorates.

"Then the detective went and got a grasshopper, and he did not go out in the fields, either. He figured that it was no country-bred hopper that had been spitting in a cash box. He loafed around the car stables until he saw a great big hopper that seemed mighty tame jump out of a car and light on a load of green grass that was standing in the yard.

"The detective caught the hopper, which did not seem the least afraid, and took it to his room. Then he put some coins in the cash box and pushed the hopper head-foremost in through the slot hole. Now, by a mighty bad stroke of luck that detective had got hold of the pet hopper of the old man who discovered the scheme, and that bug was a wise one sure enough. It thought it was being taken out for an extra training stunt, and it made it mad to be torn away from that fresh, sweet grass. It determined to show that fellow just who he was fooling with, and when it got at the coins it just reached round and pulled in everything in sight. Its forefeet had lengthened out some by constant practice and it was growing all the time, anyhow, so when it scooped up everything in the box, about $1.50, it just had an armful.

"Then it pulled one of its legs to let that rake, which is on one side of the hind leg of every big grasshopper, scratch the man's hand—a signal for it to be pulled out. That was another trick it had picked up itself.

"Well, when the detective pulled out that big hopper and saw it hugging an armful of coins, he nearly fainted. He put the bug down, and the hopper opened its arms and laid the money on the table. Then it lit out through the window for that grass again. Well, it was all up then. The detective thought he had made the greatest case of his life. He went to the officials and explained to them how they were being robbed.

"But he did not make any hit at all. Three of them called him a liar right off the reel, and the whole mob jumped in and denounced him as a fraud. He struck to his story, and then they paid him off right there, and told him if he was in town by sunrise they would have him put in an insane asylum. So he jumped for the East.

"Well, after they'd run the detective out of town they got to thinking over the matter, and one of 'em says: 'That scoundrel was certainly trying to swindle us with his lies, but if the drivers are stealing from those cash boxes I think we had better get some new ones that they can't get into.' And then they sent away and got some of those kind of boxes where a coin runs down one way and then the other way, and then across again, and that closed up the grasshopper business.

"It was right hard on those fellows to come down to living on their wages again, but it was hardest on the old man. His hobby was training those bugs, and it nearly killed him to give them up, but there was nothing else to do. He kept the big hopper that could count for many years, until a chicken caught it one day and gobbled it up.

"The old man did try to train garter snakes to work in the criss-cross cash boxes, but the drivers did not take kindly to them, and one fellow who was using one let go of its tail and it dropped into the cash box at the far end of his route. The first man that got in after that had been drinking for a couple of weeks, and he laid himself up in the corner near the glass front of the cash box. When the driver woke him up and told him to put in his fare, he saw that snake curled up on top of the coins. He made one jump for the driver and another for the street, and the door not being handy he went through the windows with the driver. The driver lost his job and went to the hospital, and that broke up the snake game.

"Yes," concluded the old street railway conductor, "there are strange things in our business, just like everybody's else."

### THE GOVERNMENT'S STRONG BOX.

**The New Vault in Washington for the Safekeeping of Millions of Dollars.**

*From the St Louis Globe-Democrat.*

WASHINGTON, July 14.—Late Saturday evening the last steel plate was put in place sealing up the new vault which Uncle Sam has just finished for the storage of his money. The new vault is in the northern wing of the Treasury Department building, and exactly over the site of the old State Department building. It is 20 feet square, and its steel walls rise 12 feet in height. It will be used by the issue division of the Department, of which Mr. Watson W. Eldridge has been chief for the past thirty years. The vault was placed where had formerly been the office of the clerks of the division, two windows being closed for the purpose, and a large door entering the corridor being bricked up to make it secure. The only method of entering the new vault will be through the old one just beyond.

The old vault has been in use for more than thirty-four years, and is now literally gorged with money. Yesterday the old vault contained $135,000,000 in bank notes. They were piled on a rough stand in the centre and in cases rose to the steel-covered ceiling so that two men can not pass each other in moving about inside. A gallery four feet from the floor of the vault has made it possible to reach the packages of money stored near the ceiling.

The old vault long ago became too small for the needs of the issue division, and the chief has been obliged to borrow the use of a vault in the basement from the Treasurer of the United States, who complains that the capacity of his vaults is sorely taxed by the demands upon them. It is difficult, if not impossible, to locate the vaults from outside the building. Although solid masonry and sheets of steel protect them on the street side, false windows have been allowed to remain, and between the glass on the inside and the walls of the vault proper hang window curtains of the same shade as those in other windows. These windows are thirty feet from the level of the street in front of the Treasury Department building. The curtains of the old vault windows have been imprisoned in this manner for the period of thirty-four years since they were first sealed in.

In the new vault there is a perfect arrangement of steel pigeon-holes in which the packages of bank notes of regulation size easily slide. The new vault will be turned over to Messrs. Davenport and Briggs, the two vault guards, who for years have guarded the Government notes which the old vault contains. Neither of the men is able to enter the vault without the other. No one else is allowed to enter without both being present. During the thirty years in which Mr. Eldridge has been in charge of the issue division not a note has been stolen or misplaced. In that period about $2,000,000,000 has passed in and out of the doors of the vault. Before his incumbency a colored messenger named Schureman secured a package containing $12,000, which he had been ordered to carry to another division in 1869, and walked off with it. He was captured later and most of the money recovered.

About twice a year all the money in the vaults of the division is counted. Fifteen expert counters, all women, are employed at the work. They are selected for their expertness from different divisions of the Department, and do not know of the duty to which they will be assigned ten minutes before being ordered to go to work. It requires three weeks for the fifteen counters, working seven hours a day, to count the money in the vaults. There are approximately 4,100 national banks in the country, and a supply of money is kept on hand for every one of them.

It is the intention of the Government, after the new vault is ready, to greatly increase the supply of bank notes on hand. An order to this effect has been sent to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, which is now enlarging its capacity. In times when money is scarce the demands on the issue division of the Treasury Department are great. Under normal conditions the division sends out supplies of notes to 200 banks each day. In 1893, during the panic, there was a sudden demand on the division for $40,000,000 in notes, but as there was not more than $5,500,000 on hand, the banks had to wait from thirty to sixty days. This caused a great hardship to the banks interested and the department has tried to obviate this condition since. No bank can get the notes in lots of less than $500, and the shipments average from $5,000 to $50,000 for each bank.

The redemption division of the Treasury Department receives the old notes of banks which must be redeemed by the Government as soon as they show the wear and tear of much handling. The redemption division keeps these worn out notes on hand, sorting them out until it has at least $500 for each of the banks, and then it orders the issue division to issue new notes. The old ones are destroyed by the "destruction committee," which is one of the standing features of the Department. The old notes are macerated and then sold to souvenir companies who shape the pulp and fragments of notes into designs showing the outlines of the Capitol, the department buildings, or Washington Monument, and sell them to visitors at the capital.

### CHINESE LABOR AND THE SOUTH.

**Proposition to Repeal the Chinese Exclusion Act Opposed by a Southern Paper.**

*From the New Orleans Times Democrat.*

It is assured in advance that the question of renewing next year the Geary Chinese Exclusion act will be one of the important questions which Congress will have to consider and pass upon. Very few of the papers which have so far discussed the subject offer any objection to the renewal of the act.

The most unexpected quarter from which opposition has come to the renewal of the Geary Exclusion act is our able contemporary, the *Mobile Register*. "What we need," says the *Register*, writing on the subject, "is a million active Chinamen in the South to wake the negro population into activity. There is work enough for them and for the negroes, too. We ought to have them; yet here is this un-American Exclusion act in the way, barring from us the labor we most need and condemning us to put up with incompetents who know we cannot get along without them, and take advantage of their knowledge."

The *Times Democrat* freely admits with the *Register* that negro labor in the Southern States has not been wholly satisfactory since emancipation. But, supposing that we were to have a million Celestials come into the South, and do the work satisfactorily which the negroes are now doing, what assurance have we that after a few years we should not have an added race problem on our hands over and above the present one? If we admitted one million, two or three other millions would be sure to follow; and between Celestials and negroes the last state of the South would be worse than the first.

THE SUN describes so well the evil results that would arise from the promiscuous admission of Chinamen into this country that we need not add a word to it. The Chinaman "carries moral and social degradation with him wherever he goes," and he will on no pretence and under no circumstances be allowed to swarm over the United States.

**Events in Society and Other Matters of Interest to Women**

**are more fully and intelligently handled by THE SUN and EVENING SUN than by other daily mediums.—Adv.**

## OUR COUNTRY'S BEGINNING

### THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS AT WHAT IS NOW PROVINCETOWN.

**There, It Is Asserted, They First Set Foot on Shore, and There Was the First White Child Born in What Is Now New England.**

*From the Boston Evening Transcript.*

PROVINCETOWN, July 15.—It is a very old story, so old that it is new again; for full many have forgotten it and other some have never heard it. For it is the fashion among men, and women, too, forsooth, to say and to say again that at New Plymouth in New England did our Pilgrim Fathers first see land in this country, and that upon the Rock did they first set foot in the New World. And indeed, mayhap, it may be that upon the Rock did young Mistress Chilton first set her dainty feet, while she cried: "I land first." But yet it may be true that her mother and the other matrons who, in the harbor upon the Cape's tip, did essay to wash their clothes after the long voyage—it may be, I say, that as they washed, they employed Mistress Mary and the other maidens to spread the clothes upon the bushes and in the sun to dry.

Know, then, that the good ship Mayflower, after much tribulation, did set sail from Southampton in England on the 6th day of September, 1620 (old style). She had on board a party of English Separatists, 102 in number, who held a patent from the King, which authorized the making of a settlement in the northern parts of Virginia. And so intended this company of Pilgrims to settle, and not on the bleak and barren coast of New England. After a long voyage of about two months' duration, in the which they were much troubled with violent storms and were greatly tossed about they espied land which they knew to be Cape Cod. Turning southward, they headed their good ship "to finde some place aboute Hudson's River for their habitation," but they were soon beset by shoals and surf, a region which could have been none other than Monomoy and its adjacent shoals, now so well surrounded by lighthouses and lightships. He must have been a fearful pilot who commanded the Mayflower, for could he not have reached his yards, thrown down his helm and borne away to the eastward and so avoided the "deangerous shoulds and roring breakers" which Gov. Bradford recorded as the cause of the vessel's putting about and heading for the goodly harbor of Cape Cod?

For so they did, and there did the good ship Mayflower drop her anchor on the 11th day of November, 1620; and there did the Pilgrims make their landfall. The story of their landing here and of their stay is one of the most interesting in the annals of our country; and yet, scant notice doth it receive at the hands of them who essay to tell the tale of our country's beginnings. For two months had the voyagers been tossed about in their endeavors to reach the shores of the New World and there establish a home. What wonder, then, that when they entered the goodly harbor of Cape Cod, "compassed about to the very sea with okes, pines, juniper, saxafras and other sweet wood," they were fain to land to refresh themselves and to search for a habitation.

But first of all, before setting foot upon land, a solemn and important public duty was performed. Some there were among the party—for among them all were some who were servants and some who were artisans, and who came not so much to worship God as to get gain for themselves—some there were who had said among themselves: "Behold, there is no Governor among us who is appointed to command us, and, forsooth, we will each of us do as seemeth to him good." When, therefore, it appeared as if there would be factions among the it was determined among the wisest of the company that a compact should be made between them to which each and all should assent, binding themselves with a promise of all due submission and obedience unto such wholesome laws as the body politic should ordain. And so it came that in the cabin of the Mayflower, as she rode at anchor in the harbor of Cape Cod, was drawn and signed that compact of government upon which to-day is based the Constitution of the United States. This having been done and performed, the company made their landing upon "a small neck of land on this side the bay and the farther side the sea, the ground or earth sand hills much like the downes in Holland." And here "they fell upon their knees and blessed ye God of heaven who had brought them over the vast and furious ocean." And none doubts that this "small neck of land" is the same narrow neck which men now call Long Point and whereon standeth a lighthouse and a station for the saving of life from the perils of the sea.

This, then, was the Pilgrim's landfall; and even to this day abides the "small neck of land" even as has been set forth. And not for a day alone did they here abide, but for a full month did they rest in this "good harbor and pleasant bay."

But now, their politics having been arranged, and their devotions made, their next duty was "to see what the land was and what inhabitants they would meet with." And, so, the same day a band of explorers was sent forth both to espy out the land and to gather wood, for that on board the ship was all spent; and at night they returned laden with juniper, which smelled very sweet and strong. The day was Saturday when the Pilgrim fathers did first cast anchor in the harbor of Cape Cod. The next day being the Sabbath, they rested and did no work. But upon the next morning, being Monday, the 13th day of November, they did begin the week with energy. One party unshipped the shallop—a small boat for cruising in bays and shallow waters—from the place where she had been stowed between decks for the voyage. She was found to be in no good condition, for she had been too large for bestowal between decks and it had been necessary to cut her down. Full three or four days were passed in this labor; and meantime a formal expedition by land was fitted out that the purpose of the reconnoissance of the first day might be fully carried out. The women, too, set forth that the clothing of their families did greatly stand in need of washing; and so they were conveyed on shore, at a place where a creek of fresh water did empty into the harbor; and so they did set up the Monday washing day, which even until the present day hath been piously observed in the homes of New England.

And now did the expedition set forth, in all twenty men. The soldiers were armed with musket and sword and each wore a corselet for protection against the arrows of the savages. In command of them went Capt. Myles Standish and with them as advisers went William Bradford, Stephen Hopkins and Edward Tilley. It was Wednesday, the 15th of November, when the expedition at length set forth, and many and interesting were the adventures that befell them.

They skirted the whole shore of Cape Cod, and after many tribulations—including in them an attack by night by Indians—they came to the harbor, which we now know as Plymouth. And here they determined to make their home and so retuned to the ship. And when they returned they found that while they had been absent it "had pleased God that Mistress White was brought to bed of a sonne, which was called Peregrine." And so it was that in the harbor of Cape Cod and not at Plymouth, as many do say, that was born the little lad that was the first white boy to see the light upon these shores.

And so I have set forth these lines to make sure that all may know and remember that it was at Provincetown, on the far tip of Cape Cod, that the Pilgrim Fathers did make their landfall and that here they did sign their far-famed compact, that here they did find their first draught of sweet water, and that here was the first white boy born in this New World.

### Grasshoppers in the Philippines.

*From the Kansas City Journal.*

"One thing I have found out since coming to the Philippines," writes a Kansas boy, "and that is how to catch grasshoppers and prepare them for food. The Filipinos not only make grasshopper pies and cakes, but they pound them into powder and, steeping them in water, drink it.

"There are several methods used by the natives for catching grasshoppers. The most effective is the net. This a large butterfly net, arranged with netting placed over a loop and to the latter is fixed a long handle. The native takes this handle and with the mouth of the net toward the grasshoppers, he rushes forth, bagging considerable numbers at a time.

"Then we have the paddle method, which consists in using a long stick, to the end of which is fixed a piece of flat wood about ten inches in diameter. If the grasshoppers pass over one's own property this method is used, for then all the grasshoppers killed by swinging this instrument through the clouds of grasshoppers as they pass over are dropped to the ground and can be picked up at leisure. Another method consists in exploding cartridges in the midst of the swarm. After an effective explosion the ground is covered with them. But this is very expensive and is seldom used. Grasshopper catching is a profitable business in the Philippines. They sell at $2 a sack.

"I never saw a native eat a green grasshopper but I have seen them eat the dried ones by the pocketful. The housewife in the Philippines takes considerable delight in placing a nice grasshopper pie before you. Great care is taken in preparing them, so that they do not lose any of their form."