The Purple Mother at Home.

MRS. KATHARINE TINGLEY'S LIFE AT POINT LOMA.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 18.—Mrs. Katharine Tingley, head of the Universal Brotherhood Association at Point Loma, San Diego, Cal., is now engaged in pressing a libel suit for $50,000 against the Los Angeles *Times*, perhaps as a distraction from her disappointment over the resusal of the immigration authorities at New York to permit eleven Cuban "Lotus buds" to enter the country and go to the Raja Yoga school at Point Loma.

This suit grew out of the printing of certain charges against the Point Loma institution made by Mrs. M. Leavitt, who was represented to have said that the members of the establishment were ill-treated and that many of the ceremonies were nonsensical. Mrs. Leavitt later denied that she had made the statements printed.

Unless Mrs. Tingley gets a cut rate for her legal expenses she must spend a liberal proportion of the contributions from theosophists among the lawyers. For the last few years she has figured frequently in court proceedings.

About three years ago she appeared in four civil suits brought by theosophist lodges to recover property claimed by them. Then in October, 1901, she was taken into San Diego on a writ of habeas corpus by William E. Griswold of Denver, who said that she was holding his daughter in her community and that she had acquired an undue influence over the girl. This was a very painful case, as the daughter in court appeared to be dominated by Mrs. Tingley and treated her father with such neglect and contempt that he shed tears.

He appealed to the court to give him custody of the girl, but as she was of age the Judge permitted her to choose whether she would go with her father or remain at the community, and she coolly replied that she didn't care to go with her father but that she was perfectly content at Point Loma.

On Dec. 17, 1901, Judge Shaw of Los Angeles decided that John J. Bohn of Chicago was entitled to the custody of his two children, who were in Mrs. Tingley's hands. The Bohn case shows how homes are broken up by theosophy.

Mr. Bohn sent his wife to Point Loma from Chicago for her health. Mrs. Bohn became a believer in Mrs. Tingley and induced her husband to send her two children to her. He alleged that she didn't say that she intended to place the children in the association school.

When he finally came out to San Diego to get his wife and children and take them home, he found that his wife's mind had been poisoned against him. She actually declared that he had been making love to her own mother and that he was unfit to have the custody of the children. This charge against the husband was supported by Mrs. Tingley, who declared on oath that Bohn and his mother-in-law exerted a diabolical influence over Mrs. Bohn and the children.

Dr. Mary E. Green of Charlotte, Mich., Mrs. Bohn's mother, is a well-known physician and established army kitchens in Cuba during the war. She testified to the evil influence of theosophy over her daughter, and wept while recounting the daughter's strange bitterness against her husband and herself.

Bohn testified that when he first went to Point Loma he was greatly surprised to find the place surrounded by a high fence and guarded by uniformed sentinels, who blew bugles when any one approached. About 200 people seemed to be living within the grounds.

He took his boys for a walk, and on his return his wife said he had been invited to the temple. He went along with others in a procession. He said:

"Every one of the brotherhood wore a hood and held up the right hand. In the rotunda under the dome were gathered children, and they were called upon to tell of spiritual experiences.

"These children, I was told, were mostly from Cuba and belonged to the Raja Yoga school. Mrs. Tingley spoke of a great lesson to be learned by watching these children, and then the meeting broke up.

"I left the temple very depressed, and told my wife I didn't want our boys to join the Raja Yoga school. I was terribly shocked when she cried out to me:

"'You —— hypocrite! You ——, low-lived hypocrite! I will take the children to old Mexico and you will never see them again!'

"I had never heard her use profane language before, and I went out stunned and bewildered."

After this Bohn testified that he could never see his boys without securing an order of court. Mrs. Tingley testified that Bohn and Dr. Green were not actuated by the feelings which they professed, but were being used by enemies of the brotherhood to make a covert attack on the Point Loma institution. She created a sensation by saying in an excited way:

"I believe the thread traces back into the heart of the Catholic Church; and if it takes thousands of dollars and years to accomplish it, I shall find out this conspiracy."

Mrs. Tingley did not show much theosophical calm on the witness stand, as she scolded the opposing counsel for asking questions she did not like and talked back to the Court, so that the Judge was obliged to warn her repeatedly to exercise more self-control or he would be forced to punish her for contempt of court.

When the custody of the children was given to the husband, the mother showed no other feeling than chagrin over the loss of the contest. Bohn returned to Chicago with his boys and there secured a divorce.

Mrs. Tingley has spent a very large amount of money in making attractive the Point Loma headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood. The main building is an imposing structure of Byzantine architecture, with domes, and with wide porches extending around it.

The grounds are beautifully ornamented with trees and shrubs. In the furnishing of the Temple of Isis everything is Egyptian.

Many of the members, however, live in tents and most of the children of the Raja Yoga School dwell in this primitive way. Even the schoolhouses are tents.

Mrs. Tingley welcomes a certain number of transient visitors who are interested in theosophy, and she maintains a large publishing plant in San Diego from which is issued the monthly magazine *Universal Brotherhood Path*. This periodical is full of very dreary and technical matter about theosophy, and the general articles are commonplace. Special attention has been called to the children's department by the effort of the superintendent, Miss Gertrude W. Van Pelt, M.D., to bring the eleven children from Cuba. In an article which she contributed recently to the San Diego *Union* Dr. Van Pelt described the workings of this "International Children's Lotus Home."

She dwelt on the open-air life and the teaching of kindness in all things. She said:

"As marked as the self-reliance and unselfishness of the children is the sunshine in their eyes. Visitors say, 'What wonderful eyes!' but they are only such as many, many might have with proper care."

In another place she dwells on the fact that "with only about one-third as much food as is usually considered necessary these children gain rapidly in weight, health and strength." Criticism of this feature has been made by children who were inmates of the school. They declared they were always hungry.

One of the leaders at Point Loma and a member of Mrs. Tingley's cabinet was Dr. Jerome Anderson of San Francisco, who last March resigned his place. At that time he talked very favorably of Miss Tingley's work and her influence.

He declared that her autocracy went to the point of demanding actual worship from every one in the brotherhood. If you did not kotow to her you must go. He said:

"Mrs. Tingley has stopped the great work of promotion inaugurated by Judge, because she demands this personal homage which the best men will not give. She bought this land at Point Loma and went to live there with a court such as has never been seen off a comic opera stage.

"She has spent $300,000 at Point Loma, and with every dollar that has gone into the establishment she has invented new court regulations. I have seen men and women of wealth, education and high social position humble themselves before her in a way that sensible people can hardly conceive of.

"I stood it myself for a while. I wore long gowns and ridiculous hats in her presence and tried to take part in the foolish ceremonies. But I know that pretty soon we would have to crawl into Mrs. Tingley's presence on all fours.

"It grew worse with every visit I made, and I finally threw the whole thing up."

Mrs. Tingley is known as the Purple Mother. Her costumes are gorgeous. Her private apartments are furnished in sumptuous style. Her office is imposing.

All this great property at Point Loma, worth fully a half million, is in her name, and the large sums contributed by believers in all parts of the world are banked in her name. She is the whole thing.

DARING OF SOME WORKERS.

The Housesmiths Brave Death Daily and Think Nothing of It.

They had been watching a man ascend to the tenth story of the framework of a new bank building by the simple expedient of standing on a large beam and holding on to the hoisting rope.

"It's against the rules," explained the contractor, "but they will do it. You can't stop 'em. It is just as quick for a fellow to go up by the ladders as to risk his life in that way, and mighty little more trouble, but familiarity with danger breeds contempt of it. That's why there are very few big buildings put up in this town without at least one man being killed in each.

"Only the special providence which watches over the reckless as well as over babies and drunkards prevents a whole lot more deaths among these housesmiths. The insurance companies hate to take them as risks at any price and I don't blame them. There's a hairbreadth escape a day, at least, on one of these tall buildings.

"Some of the things I've seen myself I'd hardly have believed if any one had told me about them. I'll tell you just one and though I don't expect you to credit it, my reputation as a truthful and sober man may be good enough to carry it. I was an eyewitness.

"We were putting up a big hotel. The framework had just reached the eighth story and the masonry and the flooring of one or two of the intervening stories were already in. I was up on the top with the gang of housesmiths, and they were hoisting up a big girder. The foreman was kneeling on the edge of the frame, shouting directions down to the street, and the girder had just reached the top.

"As they were swinging it into place the men let go of it for a moment and the end swung around upon the foreman, hitting him behind as he knelt and sweeping him over the edge into the street, 120 feet or so below.

"There seemed to be no possible chance for his life. Somehow, though, he fell against the slack guy rope which was dangling from the beam.

"His leg and arm got tangled in it three stories below, and he stuck to the rope. More than that, the slack rope actually swung him into a window in the fifth story. This happened to be one of the few in which the flooring had been put in, and the rope dropped him on the floor, unhurt.

"He had been working for our firm for years, and I knew him and liked him as good foreman. When he went over the edge of the framework I was horror struck.

"It was a minute or two before I recovered my self possession. Then I hurried down expecting to find his mangled body in the street.

"As I went down the ladder I met him coming up, bruised but unhurt, and all he was thinking of was how he could best tell the men who let the beam slip what sort of a blanked set of blankety blank shiftless good for nothings they were.

"He did. Though he had had as narrow an escape from death as I can conceive of a man's undergoing, he went right back to work and bossed the gang for the afternoon after firing the man who he believed was responsible for the accident.

"Some folks were surprised to read of the bridgemen and housesmiths who only thought of being paid for their overtime when they went back with the firemen up the tower of the East River Bridge and fought the fire, standing on the burning bridge while they hacked away the timbers. I wasn't. I know the kind they are and for sheer reckless daring they're hard to beat."

Six-Tenths Drunk.

From the Washington Evening Star.

"The testimony of a policeman in the police court the other day caused quite a bit of laughter," a member of the bar said to a couple of friends yesterday afternoon.

"A man was on trial for violating the temperance clause of the vagrancy law, which means that he was charged with being an habitual drunkard.

"'How drunk was this man when you arrested him?' the prosecuting attorney asked the officer when he was called on to testify against the man with the appetite for firewater.

"'About six-tenths drunk, I guess,' the bluecoat replied.

"'How did you arrive at that conclusion?' he was asked.

"'Well, I heard the Judge say the other day that ten drinks would make a man drunk, and this man had taken about six drinks before I arrested him,' the guardian of the peace answered in all seriousness."

EVER TRIED LIP CULTURE?

MADAME NOW BLOWS A HORN TO MAKE A PRETTY MOUTH.

Also the Practice Is an All-Around Incentive to Plumpness and Good Shoulders—Special Horns Devised to Meet the Neighbors' Objections.

"Her lips were red and one was thin
Compared with that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly."

If you see a girl with two red lips and neither of them thin, like that one of the two in Sir John Suckling's ballad, but instead both full and pouting into that delicious cupid's bow of which the poets have sung ever since there were any poets, you need not jump to the conclusion that she is running an apiary and the bees have been frolicsome. Not at all. In all probability she has merely been practising the newest form of beauty culture.

SHE IS CULTIVATING A PRETTY MOUTH.

To have a beautiful mouth, to acquire a classic neck and the shoulders and torso of the Venus of Milo, in fact, to be plump altogether, not to speak of being healthy, a woman now must round out the other tricks in the art of curve growing by blowing a horn. To receive the full benefit of the exercise it is desirable to take it while free from the corset that binds, or after the manner of the performer here pictured.

To round out this arms, exercise them. Everybody knows that. To obtain the full, red lips the poets and others admire, use them.

That is an old story, but this particular means of using them is new. It used to be done differently in the days of the lady whom Dickens introduced as inculcating gentility and beauty in the Dorrit family. Her method was to say many times a day the charmed words, "papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes and prisms," all of which, especially prunes and prisms, exercise the lips very nicely.

But the horn method of lip culture improves on that, because at the same time it also exercises other muscles. Besides, bringing the lips into the proper pout the performer must fill her lungs with air and expel it gradually. This is a healthful thing to do, as all students of respiration agree, and improves the circulation of the blood.

But it also aids in the formation of a classic torso, because as the air is taken in and expelled in turn, the muscles of the diaphragm expand and then relax, the muscles of the neck and shoulders are exercised also, and the whole body above the hips is brought into use in a manner calculated to improve its lines.

You may add to all this, as one of the advocates of the method argued, that gracefulness is imparted because the horn blower can learn to lift them and hold them as they should be held.

Lifting the arms helps to give the chest muscles free play, which is another argument for horn blowing as an improvement in mere healthy exercise.

Nobody ever saw a thin, pale, lipped cornet or trombone player, and there are no hollow, chested players of wind instruments—or prima donnas either, for that matter. The beauty culturists have simply noted that fact and applied the principle to their art.

Now, any old horn would do to blow if the family and the neighbors would stand it, but as discordant notes might jar on other folks and make the horn-blowing beauty culturist unpopular, the people who have worked all this out and are introducing the method for the improvement of fair femininity have devised a special horn.

It has the best kind of mouthpiece to suit the pout, and the right sort of shape to be held with the idea of inculcating grace in using hands and arms. Best of all, for the neighbors, no amount of wind can produce from it more than a series of low notes, which are not unmusical, if not as melodious as the cadences of *Siegfried's* horn.

These horns are to be found in one or two beauty parlors only for the present. The directions for use are that fifteen minutes a day should be devoted to practising on them.

The effects are warranted to be such that no beauty factory will be without them. In fact, in time horn blowing may take the place of the backboard and become an institution in the girls' schools.

UNCLE SAM'S SAMOAN WARDS.

School Even for Them, Though They Seem to Run Wild in the Woods.

Almost exactly in the middle of the islands sprinkled over the south Pacific Ocean to the eastward of Australia, lies the Samoan group, four islands of which Uncle Sam recently took under his care.

On the largest of these, Tutuila, he has built a naval station.

There are about 6,000 people on these islands and about a thousand of them are children.

The people are not black. They are of a light brown and yellow complexion. As it is warm there all the time, they do not bother themselves with much clothing.

When the Americans came to the islands they found that, while the children were apparently running wild in the thick tropical woods, they knew what an education meant and many of them were attending school.

The children are intensely curious about the United States and ask strangers all sorts of questions concerning the great country of which they are part now. They call the Governor, who is a naval officer sent out by the United States, "Your Susuga," and they speak of the President as "His Afoga."

Of all the possessions of the United States the Tutuila group alone lies south of the equator. Children there, looking into the heavens at night, behold some of the constellations which you see, but they also see many which you can never see—the Southern Cross and all the starry groups of the skies of the southern hemisphere while they miss many which you see every night, such as the Great Bear and the Pleiades.

The children of Tutuila and Manua are fond of singing and reading aloud.

As soon as a child of these islands is old enough to work, he leaves school and goes to help his father collect cocoanuts, the white meat of which is dried and sold to traders under the name of copra. The children also work at farming on the small plantations where tropical fruits and vegetables are raised for domestic use.

Their homes mostly are mere huts, set in the clearings of the dense forests or stuck away among the trees of a grove of tropical trees.

All the boys are good sailors. They begin to go out on the water with their fathers when they are very young, and by the time they are 10 years old they can handle the native boats with great skill and dexterity.

Granted the Preacher's Queer Request.

From the St. Louis Republic.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Nov. 16.—At the close of the service at the Baptist Church this morning, the pastor, the Rev. O. S. Russell, presented to the congregation for their signatures a resolution declaring against card-playing, dancing, the use of intoxicating liquors for beverages, visiting saloons and the pursuit of any manner of worldliness which keeps the members away from God and destroys their influence as Christians. The resolution was passed among the congregation and willingly signed. It also grants to the pastor the right to preach on any social or other evils at any time and in any manner he desires.

The adoption of the resolution is considered a radical step, and its purpose, as the pastor explained, is to define the line between godliness and the world, and to make this church at Jefferson City an object lesson to the State, and to correct the report that the church countenances worldliness in any form.

NOT FOR THE POOR YOUNG GIRL

BUT THE POOR YOUNG MAN MAY GO TO WEEK-END PARTIES.

Social Discrimination Against Woman in the Matters of Clothes and Chaperons—A Popular Form of Entertaining That Is Expensive for Her, but Not for Man.

Week-end parties at country houses, the most popular form of entertaining at present, do not win from women the enthusiastic commendation which they receive from the men who have cultivated the custom of being invited to these jolly gatherings.

Bachelors are in great demand for the week-ends, as social aids at the dinners and dances, as companions for the young matrons and also as hands at billiards, riding and golf. Single women who must travel with a chaperon or a maid are not in such demand as guests at the end-of-the-week parties, and only girls with well-filled purses can afford to accept this form of entertainment.

Just as a great number of young men manage to keep up a certain social position on next to nothing a year, so there are many girls who cleverly keep in the swim on annual allowances so small that the amount would amaze those that entertain them at their houses, see them constantly at fashionable events, and are even entertained by them at teas and luncheons, modest, but correct in style.

The girls, however, have a much harder time to manage than the equally impecunious young men, for the reason that, as has been demonstrated many times, young men in society are so necessary at dances and at dinners that they can manage to get along very well on a meagre income. This income the young men are even permitted to earn, while the poor girl of position may not on any account eke out her scanty means by earning money.

But she must live in a good neighborhood, no matter how small her home may be or how poorly, perhaps, she may breakfast and dine in order to maintain it. One of the richest of the younger married women prominent in society to-day lived in rooms in a cheap boarding house with her mother before she made a good marriage, which was rendered possible because of her position in society. This position, poor as she was, she refused to relinquish by taking up any branch of work by which she could help to maintain herself and her mother.

The younger man in society who may be poor manages to live in a nondescript manner and he does not require a chaperon and need not receive, which function is sometimes most impressively performed by the poor girl in a lodging house drawing room which for the time passes as her own. The man has only to secure a membership in a club, and while this is not a low-priced luxury, it repays him in the end more than it costs by far.

In the matter of clothes he is easily and inexpensively equipped, although the list of garments that a fashionable tailor recently published as necessary to a man's comfort is appalling in its length and variety. But every one knows that a man can even go riding in a business suit if he has the proper leggings and a crop, while a woman's riding dress and boots cost never less than $150, and she can have no substitutes.

On the contrary, a man provided with an evening suit and dinner coat is equipped for 365 nights in the year if need be, while a girl requires constant additions to her wardrobe, and no matter how wonderfully she may manage to get them up they nevertheless cost enough in a year to make the most important expense for her social life.

Neither can she go about to dinners or dances in evening clothes without cats and a party cloak. A man's one overcoat will easily serve all season if he is hard pushed by his tailor. A man's laundress and his bootblack can turn him out in capital shape; while for a woman an amount of dressing is necessary that always calls for the aid of some other woman's hands.

She must have fresh slippers, gloves, laces and flowers, combs and pins and chains; while a man's gloves and handkerchiefs are his chief requisites of this description.

But even though a girl may accomplish wonders through home dressmaking and the ingenuity with which ambitious mothers, sisters and aunts will work for her social success, and though she may keep up appearances when she is sent out to the theatre party or the dinner in a hired cab with the maid-of-all-work in a cap and apron serving as a companion, still the week-end invitation causes her to give up the battle, in this direction at least.

For in these parties none of the usual makeshifts which have to be part of the poor girl's system can have any place. Women to-day manage at slight expense to make a wonderfully good appearance, deceiving even their best friends with their cotton velvets, imitation laces, jewels, furs and hats concocted at home and finished with a French milliner's label. Other women seeing them can give only a casual scrutiny, and to the untrained eye these things pass muster without trouble.

For the week-end, however, the impecunious girl's frocks and frills must be equal to passing the examination of strange and critical maids; they must be suitable for morning and noon, as well as night, and they must be fresh and in good condition.

Here no percale linings or imitation silk petticoats will answer. The girl's things must be neither too old nor too new; in fact, the week-end party is an occasion that the impecunious society girl avoids, giving all sorts of wonderful excuses when she gets the gracious note of a hostess who may never have imagined that her invited guest is not so well provided for as she is herself in her great house with servants, horses and automobiles at her beck.

The three days' stay is a short one and while the visitor's outfit must be beyond reproach as to quality and fashion, it must not be too plenteous, although this rule is sometimes altered by the programme that has been arranged at the house where one visits.

A coaching party will call for one more complete outfit; a hunt or cross-country riding demands a habit and so on. But as these things are generally noted in the invitation, the girl without money can always stay at home and send some excuse about the number of her engagements in town.

A dance is often part of the programme and it will always call for something far more informal than a frock that will serve nicely for dinners. Wonders can be done in the way of gowns for week-end party dinners with dotted swiss and white mull and lace which women of all ages are wearing nowadays, but a dance is different, and the simple muslin gown effect is good only for one occasion at the week-end.

The travelling gown must be in that state of perfection which comes from intelligent sponging, pressing and rebinding. So unless the young woman with the meagre purse has obliging relatives or is clever at such things herself, a tailor gown that is not at least of the season's vintage will not answer, though the older gown well taken care of is always presentable.

Then there must be half a dozen shirts in flannel, silk and heavy linen or duck, for those useful garments serve for many purposes outdoors, for golf, riding, walking and tennis, and can be even worn at breakfast when they are well set off with the proper collars, ties, stocks, links and buttons, which last, by the way, should always be of gold or pearl and never of the plated and celluloid sort that so many otherwise well-dressed women and men persist in wearing.

A golf skirt and coat serve for the outings, and a girl who knows will never wear her travelling frock for any purpose but her coming and going, boots, hat and gloves being used accordingly. Modern fashion calls for extremely smart travelling clothes. Whatever else may fail this costume must not.

In most houses the golfing and riding clothes of men and women are kept on through luncheon and afternoon tea, especially where the party is of young people. So this afternoon informality calls for a good dinner gown. It must be fresh and never the slightly worn dinner frock that women may wear at home. The guest owes this to her hostess and those whom she is to meet.

One good dinner gown is enough to take to a week-end party, for a late arrival on Friday, as a rule, calls for a dinner alone in one's room, and one formal dinner is generally all that marks the week end, if one other night be given to a dance.

Over-elaborate gowning must be avoided for such occasions, just as correct dressing is imperative. And if a woman travels without a maid, too much luggage is always a nuisance, even though she has the services of an attendant while she visits. For this reason the inevitable hatbox, with which so many people insist on travelling, is eschewed by the sensible woman, who packs in her trunk a soft hat for outdoors, and often goes without one in the country.

Unnecessary to say that boots, gloves, lingerie, veils and toilet things must be plentifully provided. Even though such things are set out in guest chambers they are for the emergency guest rather than the formal visitor. And not the least important matter is a well-filled purse of gold pieces for tipping servants, which custom is now the rule at the week-end. Sometimes the men and maids to be tipped number a dozen and more.

One convenience which has been provided in town for the modern young man without money is the visiting valet, who for as low a price as $1 a week in some of the big bachelor apartments will keep his clothes brushed and pressed, his hats and boots blocked and treed, his laundry in condition and his wardrobe, therefore, in immediate readiness for a visit out of town.

But a maid is the last luxury the poor girl can afford, and no matter how neat she may be in the care of her gowns she finds that a little trip to the country calls for an amount of preparation that daunts all but the strenuous social climber who refuses to neglect an opportunity.

The impecunious young man, on the contrary, never fails to accept his week-end invitations, picks up his golf sticks and sets out confident of a good time and pretty sure that he will not be apt to meet any young women so poor as he is himself.

SOUTH MANITOU NOT SINKING.

Capt. Abbey Denies the Story That the Island Is Disappearing Gradually.

The story which has lately been going the rounds of certain Western newspapers that South Manitou Island in the northern part of Lake Michigan is gradually sinking and is likely to entirely disappear at any time has been received here with mingled amusement and indignation by Capt. Abbey and his associates in the United States Life Saving Service. Capt. Abbey denounces the story as a fake and says it is the finest illustration of how a lie can grow in the telling that he has ever seen.

The reports from the West about South Manitou have been rather sensational. The island has an area of about 5,000 acres and outside of the life savers, whose quarters are on the southeast point, the sole inhabitants are a hundred or more families of Hollanders who are engaged in farming. These families have lived on the island for generations, the farms passing from father to son and many of the young men never leaving the island for the mainland.

The island is about ten miles from the mainland and is one of the best-known refuge harbors on the lake. Hundreds of vessels have escaped being wrecked by running in there and during the winter when the storms are very severe vessels are sometimes obliged to remain there for weeks at a time without communication with the mainland. Frequently vessels which have been practically given up for lost have turned up safe and sound, having spent their time snugly in the harbor of South Manitou.

During the summer the island is one of the most beautiful spots on the lake and when the present alarming reports were started a syndicate had made plans to build a big summer hotel there. In the centre is a great lake in which fish are plentiful and the island enjoys many other advantages which make it attractive.

The Government regards the island as of sufficient importance to place one of the best-equipped life-saving stations on the lake on it and this winter an appropriation is expected for laying a cable from the island to the Sleeping Bear station on the Michigan side, so that news of vessels laid up there may be received on the mainland during the winter.

It was several weeks ago that reports began to get abroad that South Manitou Island was gradually sinking. First a few feet of beach disappeared, according to report, and then it began to be noticed that where for years there had been only a few feet of water, the depth had suddenly increased.

From this small beginning fantastic yarns were evolved until the remarkable story of South Manitou which was copied in THE SUN last Sunday appeared. This story was to the effect that South Manitou was slowly but surely sinking into Lake Michigan, that the inland lake was creeping outward and that a panic prevailed on some parts of the island. The explanation given for the sinking was that the island is of volcanic origin and had been affected by seismic disturbances.

Two men who read this tale of South Manitou and were somewhat amazed by it were Capt. Abbey and E. B. Bacon, one of his chief assistants. Mr. Bacon recently returned from South Manitou and is the innocent cause of all the rumors that are now afloat about the island. How the story was started is best explained by Capt. Abbey himself. He says:

"All the talk of South Manitou's sinking grew out of an accident to a wharf that we were building near the life-saving station there, which was just such an accident as might happen anywhere. Mr. Bacon went out there to build this wharf some time ago.

"It was to be 40 by 60 feet and the outside of it was 100 feet from shore, and the inside about fifty feet from shore. It was connected with the shore by a footbridge. We meant to build a boathouse on this wharf, but never got a chance to.

"The shoal on which we built the wharf extended about twenty feet beyond the end of our wharf and there it took a sheer drop of twenty or thirty feet. Now our hammering away at the shoal with a pile driver loosened the sand, and there was a grand sliding away of the shoal on which we had built our wharf.

"Our wharf, our pile driver and our engine all toppled over and are still partially submerged. It was the simplest and most natural sliding away of a sand shoal imaginable and when I saw that it was the basis for a sinking island yarn, I was a little surprised.

"It seems that Robert Smith, a life saver at the Sleeping Bear station, heard of the accident from one of the South Manitou life savers. He wrote to a friend in Chicago about it.

"The friend wrote to some one else, and gradually the story grew. It finally got into the papers, was copied and recopied until it finally appeared in its present magnificent shape.

"Now there is nothing absolutely volcanic about the formation of South Manitou, there has been no sinking of the island in any part, there has been no creeping of the lake and there has not been any panic or anything approaching a scare on the island. Such a thing as a seismic disturbance, or a submarine avalanche, which I see some of the papers refer to, has never been felt there."

A Horse's Costly Meal.

From the Nashville Banner.

HUMBOLDT, Tenn., Nov. 12.—Yesterday afternoon W. A. Duffy of this city drove to his farm near town, and having some business to attend to on the place, took the horse loose from the shafts and hitched him to a wheel of the buggy. Mr. Duffy left his coat in the buggy, and on his return he found that the animal had just finished eating the last of a package of notes aggregating $1,076.

WALL PAPER WORTH $200,000.

AN ALBANY ROOM DECKED WITH STAMPS WORTH $100 EACH.

There Are 2,000 of Them and They Were Pasted on the Wall by a Little Girl—Their Value Discovered Later—Now No Man's Hand Can Grasp the Treasure.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 22.—Part of one of the walls of an old-fashioned residence in Albany is adorned with wall paper valued at upward of $200,000, or about $50 a square inch. This high-priced wall paper consists of very rare revenue stamps, priced in current stamp catalogues at $150 each and readily selling at $100 each.

Fairy tales of apartments having walls plastered with stamps of great value have gone the rounds of stamp journals, but this is a true story. A local stamp dealer has investigated the matter personally and vouches for the accuracy of the statements.

A quarter of a century ago V. R. Powell of Albany manufactured a certain preparation which at that time required the affixing of a proprietary revenue stamp upon each package.

After a time the law imposing stamp taxes was repealed. Having several thousands of the unused stamps on hand and there being no further commercial use for them and no market for their sale to collectors, Mr. Powell, rather than throw the pretty things into the stove, took them home to his little daughter, then 10 or 11 years old. That was the last the busy father thought of his surplus revenue stamps.

One small room in the house had been set apart for the exclusive use of little Miss Powell as a playroom. The room was located in an "L" and the partitions were of boards instead of lath and plaster.

She had long wanted a papered room and one day, when the novelty of the stamps as playthings had worn off and she was debating the problem what next to do with them, it occurred to her that she might paper her room with them. Without delay she set about the task and in the course of three or four days had affixed the entire lot of stamps, some 2,000 in all, one by one upon the wainscoted wall.

There were enough of the stamps to cover practically one side of the room as high as she could reach, and with the help of some of her girl friends she succeeded in producing some pretty designs and figures upon the wall.

Years passed on; the little girl outgrew her dolls and playthings and blossomed into the real Miss Powell. The playroom, with its boarded partition and its unique decorations, was abandoned by her and thereafter became the storeroom for the family. Some years later Mr. Powell erected a residence in another part of the city and the old home was rented.

A couple of stamps escaped the papering process and found their way into one of the books in the library, although just how this happened is not known. In after years a young man, while visiting at the new Powell home, came across the two stamps in the book.

This young man belonged to a guild known as philatelists, to use the scientific term, or, in the common vernacular, stamp cranks, and the instant his eye fell upon one of the old stamps he was nearly overcome with philatelic paralysis, a disease common to the craft. He knew he was beholding the rarest and highest-priced specimen of proprietary stamp and it made him faint.

When the young man spoke about the stamps and asked where they came from and if there were any others, Mr. Powell laughed and assured the young man that there were hundreds and perhaps thousands of them pasted upon a wall in the old house. The young man evinced a desire to know more of the old house, and Mr. Powell accompanied him to the scenes of his earlier married life.

The room referred to by Mr. Powell was readily located and the wall was of boards, as had been said, but there were no stamps upon the wall; nothing but light-colored paint.

The young man whipped out a penknife and attacked the painted wall, and after some little scraping and peeling came upon the wood. Sure enough, there upon the board could be detected the coloring, and faintly, the design of the stamp, but the paper itself seemed to have disappeared; there appeared to be no texture or fibre.

Inquiry developed the fact that some years before, when the house was undergoing repairs, the board walls had been treated to two coats of paint. The present occupant of the house remembered that there had been some doubt as to whether it would be best to soak off the old stamps before painting, but the painters had assured him that would be entirely unnecessary, that there would be no stamps there after the first coat of paint.

The brush artists were good guessers. There was not the slightest outward evidence of the existence of $200,000 worth of stamps upon the wall!

Various schemes were employed in the effort to recover some of the stamps, by soaking the paint with chemicals, by scraping, by planing off the back of a board until the paint had been reached, but without success.

It was found that there was no longer any body to the stamps, the action of the oil in the paint had incorporated the paper in the paint itself. The stamps had originally been printed upon very thin, tissue-like paper, and upon this flimsy material the paint had wrought its deadly work.

And there 2,000 stamps, more or less, each one catalogued at $150, remain to-day, hidden from view and beyond the reach of man. Like the uncounted gold lying in the hulks of wrecked galleons upon the ocean's bottom, it is known the treasure is there, but no man's hand can grasp it.

TROUBLES OF DEER HUNTING.

Hard to Get the Deer on Long Island and Then Hard to Dispose of It.

This is the month when the enthusiastic sportsman risks his life to get a deer on Long Island. As a rule on the days when hunting is permitted there are many guns out for every deer on the Island.

The deer seem to know the law as well as the gunners and are particularly shy on the days that the law says they may be shot at and many of them run into the preserves of the sporting clubs, where they are safe.

An enthusiastic sportsman who lives in Brooklyn made a trip out on Long Island on one of the open days and succeeded in getting a fine buck, which he brought home, satisfied with his day's work. He is a druggist and when he got the deer to his home he began to wonder what to do with it.

He had it cut up by his butcher and gave choice portions to his friends and even then he had much more than he could use himself. So he sent other portions around to some of his best customers.

One customer visited the store and was asked if he would like to have some venison. He said he would be delighted and asked where it came from.

"I went down the Island on Tuesday and early on Wednesday morning got a shot at a deer, which was successful," replied the hunter druggist. "Since then I have been working hard to dispose of the meat. It has kept me busy all day and I have been taking it around to all my friends. It is hard work first to get the deer, and then it is harder to get rid of it."